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WOMAN'S RECORD;

OR,

Sketches of all Distinguished Women.

WOMAN'S RECORD;

OR,

SKETCHES OF ALL DISTINGUISHED WOMEN,

FROM

"THE BEGINNING" UNTIL A.D. 1850.

ARRANGED

In Four Eras.

WITH

SELECTIONS FROM FEMALE WRITERS OF EVERY AGE.

23594 ac

BY

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE,

EDITOR OF "THE LADY'S BOOK;" AUTHOR OF "TRAITS OF AMERICAN LIFE," "NORTHWOOD," "THE VIGIL OF LOVE," "THE JUDGE," ETC. ETC. ETC.

Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates. — Solomon.

For the woman is the glory of the man. — St. Paul.

ILLUSTRATED BY TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY PORTRAITS,

ENGRAVED ON WOOD

BY LOSSING AND BARRITT.

xxd 17

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INSCRIBED

TO THE

Men of America;

WHO SHOW, IN THEIR LAWS AND CUSTOMS, RESPECTING

WOMEN,

IDEAS MORE JUST AND FEELINGS MORE NOBLE THAN WERE EVER EVINCED BY MEN OF ANY OTHER NATION:

MAY

"WOMAN'S RECORD"

MEET

THE APPROVAL OF THE SONS

OF OUR

GREAT REPUBLIC;

THE WORLD WILL THEN KNOW THE

Daughters are Worthy of Honour.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

EACH century has its peculiar tide of thought; the highest wave bearing onwards, as ocean tides bear the tossed bark to land, the human race into the promised harbour of millennial peace.

The ninth wave of the nineteenth century is the Destiny of Woman.

Within the last fifty years more books have been written by women and about women than all that had been issued during the preceding five thousand and eight hundred years. Far the greater portion of works concerning the female sex has been published within the last twenty years. Since the idea of this "Woman's Record" occurred to me — just three years ago to-day — a dozen or more of these books have appeared. Among them are "Noble Deeds of Women," "Mothers of the Wise and Good," "Heroines of the Missionary Enterprise," "Woman in America," "Woman in France," and "Woman in all Ages and Nations." Three of these works are by men; thus showing that a deep interest in this subject pervades society. Each work has its peculiar merits, but no one is satisfactory, because none contains the true idea of woman's nature and mission; therefore each work has only made my own seem to me more necessary.

Does this frank confession appear like vain boasting? Pray examine my book before deciding against me. At any rate, it has cost me three years of hard study and labour to make it.

The Publishers, all must own, have done their part nobly. The series of Engravings furnish a gallery of Portraits that, besides their usefulness in stamping on the mind of the reader a more permanent impression of each individual character thus illustrated, furnish an interesting study to the curious in costume and the adept in taste.

Then, the Selections afford an opportunity of judging the merits of female literature; the choicest gems of thought, fancy, and feeling are here treasured, sought out from works in different languages, and brought together in the uniform design of a perfect Cyclopædia of reference and comparison as regards woman and her

productions. No work extant is similar to mine; for this reason, I am sure it will be welcomed. The world wants it.

"There are so many women of richly cultivated minds," says a British critic, "who have distinguished themselves in letters or in society, and made it highly feminine to be intelligent, as well as good, and to have elevated as well as amiable feelings, that by-and-by the whole sex must adopt a new standard of education."*

Now, my work is prepared to be both an aid and incentive to such progress. In order for this, three things are indispensable: to understand what God intended woman should do; what she has done; and what farther advantages are needed to fit her to perform well her part.

"The General Preface" is designed to answer the first query; also the "Remarks" at the beginning of each Era, and hints scattered through the book, will, I trust, be of service in the elucidation.

To show what she has done, I have gathered from the records of the world the names and histories of all distinguished women, so that an exact estimate of the capabilities of the sex might be formed by noting what individuals have accomplished through obstacles and discouragements of every kind.

The third proposition, growing naturally out of the two preceding, is answered by considering their import.

If God designed woman as the preserver of infancy, the teacher of childhood, the inspirer or helper of man's moral nature in its efforts to reach after spiritual things; if examples of women are to be found in every age and nation, who, without any special preparation, have won their way to eminence in all pursuits tending to advance moral goodness and religious faith, then the policy, as well as justice of providing liberally for female education, must be apparent to Christian men. "The excellent woman is she who, if her husband dies, can be a father to their children," says Goëthe. If read aright, this would give the female sex every required advantage.

Like all moral and social changes, the one now going on in the public mind concerning woman has its absurdities and its errors. When mists are rising, they often take fantastic shapes and reveal ugly features in the landscape; but truth, like the sun, will at last make all clear and beautiful of its kind.

It has been my earnest endeavour to throw this true light over the important themes discussed.

The Bible is the only guarantee of woman's rights, and the only expositor of her duties. Under its teachings, men learn to honour her. Wherever its doctrines are

* See article on Mrs. Hemans, in Blackwood's Magazine, 1849.

observed, her influence gains in power. All human good is founded in goodness. If the Gospel is the supreme good revealed to the world, and if this Gospel harmonizes best with the feminine nature, and is best exemplified in its purity by the feminine life, giving to the mother's instinctive love a scope, a hope, a support which no religion of human device ever conferred or conceived, then surely God has, in applying this Gospel so directly to her nature, offices, and condition, a great work for the sex to do. "Christ was made of a woman;" woman must train her children for Christ. Is this an inferior office?

Wherever the Bible is *read*, female talents are cultivated and esteemed. In this "Record" are about *two thousand five hundred names*, including those of the Female Missionaries: out of this number *less than two hundred* are from heathen nations, yet these constitute at this moment nearly three-fourths of the inhabitants of the globe, and for the first four thousand years, with the single exception of the Jewish people, were the world.

Is not this conclusive evidence that God's Word is woman's shield, His power her protection, and His gifts her sanction for their full development, cultivation, and exercise?

In preparing "Woman's Record" I have been aided by several friends in Europe, who have procured for me books and portraits not to be found in our country. Mrs. Mary Howitt has been very kind in her assistance, and I am happy to thank her thus publicly. Professor Charles E. Blumenthal rendered acceptable service by furnishing translations of a number of the Sketches of distinguished women of Germany. My American friends have also been ready to assist: W. Gilmore Simms, Esq. wrote the Sketch of Miss Lee, and the Rev. Dr. Stevens and Rev. Dr. Kip furnished each a Sketch. Those to whom I have applied for information, have, in almost every instance, given all in their power, and cheered me kindly with their encouragement. I hope they will find the finished work worthy of approval.

The volume is larger than was at first contemplated, but materials increased, new ideas were to be set forth and clearly illustrated; I have not exhausted the theme.

One object is, however, accomplished: the picture of Woman's Life, as it has been developed to the world from the Creation to the present date, is here truly and completely displayed.

I am far from considering this outward semblance her best or loveliest praise. Millions of the sex whose names were never known beyond the circles of their own home influences, have been as worthy of commendation as those here commemorated. Stars are never seen either through the dense cloud or bright sunshine; but when daylight is withdrawn from a clear sky they tremble forth: so female

Genius is made visible only where God's Word has cleared from the mental horizon the gross clouds of heathen error, while His Providence has withdrawn from the individual woman that support and protection from man which is her sunshine over the rough ways of the world. Hitherto she has usually won fame through suffering: let those who envy the bright ones remember this.

But, as the stars of heaven guide the mariner safely over the night-enveloped waters, so these stars of humanity are required to show the true progress of moral virtue through the waves of temptation and sin that roll over the earth. The greater the number, and the more light they diffuse, the greater will be the safety of society.

When men fully comprehend this, they will bless female genius, and fashion their own literature to a higher standard of moral taste and a nobler view of human destiny. Says the gifted author of Pendennis, "Women are pure, but not men. Women are unselfish, but not men."

In truth, the moral sense of men, though as yet imperfect, has rarely erred so widely as to show, in works of imagination even, any ideal of masculine nature so perfect in moral virtues as the feminine. In the conflicts of contending duties, in the trials of love and temptations of passion, the masters of dramatic art, great poets and novelists, never fall into the sin against nature of making their men *better* than their women.

The ideal of the angelic in humanity is, in Christian literature, always feminine. When this instinctive perception of woman's mission becomes an acknowledged and sustained mode of moral progress, it will be easy for the sex to make advances in every branch of literature and science connected with human improvement; and the horizon will be studded with stars.

Now, some readers may think I have found too many celebrities; others will search for omissions. There was never a perfect work, so mine must bear the general lot of criticism. All I ask is, that the contents be well understood before judgment is rendered.

PHILADELPHIA, *July 4th*, 1851.

LIST OF PORTRAITS.

The larger portion of our Portraits have been obtained directly from Europe for this work; Rome, Florence, Paris and London, contributing to form our Gallery. The originals were executed by the most celebrated artists. We have not room for particulars respecting these gems of art, excepting a few of the most rare. Portraits of the living American ladies are chiefly from pictures or Daguerreotypes, taken expressly for this "Record."

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GENERAL PREFACE.

THE want of the world is moral power. Philosophy has become clear-sighted to the importance of physical and mental improvement; new discoveries in science are rife on every side, each one designed to aid man in his appointed task of subduing the earth; but who has found out the way to attain that moral power which only can enable him to govern his own spirit, and thus fit him to rule in righteousness and peace over the world he is conquering?

Schools of learning educate the mind, but not the soul; the world's school develops physical energies, sharpens the senses, enlightens the understanding, incites the passions; but does not purify the heart. Even the blessed Gospel, as set forth by its appointed teachers, fails to move the mass of mankind the right way. There is a dead weight of earthly propensities pressing down the Christian world; every advance in material prosperity and intellectual power brings in its train an increase of degradation and misery to a large class of society, and new devices of crime and sin to darken history and discourage hope.

Are these things always to continue? Is the theory of those philosophers, who hold that mankind will remain to the end of time in this miserable state of perpetual change without moral advancement, true? Not if the Word of God is true. A better time is promised,—the "good time," when "the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever."* And the time will surely arrive, as the prophet predicted, when beholding by the spirit what the nations of the earth should become, he declared—"They shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig-tree; and none shall make them afraid."†

There must then be somewhere an agent to promote this radical change, and, in harmony with the Gospel, and by the aid of the divine blessing, carry on and out the moral advancement of society.

Now I believe (allow me to use the "pronoun in the first person singular," as I only am responsible for the views this preface contains) that I have found the true source of moral power in human nature, and also the way in which this power must be regulated and applied to ensure the absolute moral advancement of mankind. I believe, and trust I shall make it apparent, that WOMAN is God's appointed agent of *morality*, the teacher and inspirer of those feelings and sentiments which are termed the virtues of humanity; and that the progress of these virtues, and the permanent improvement of our race, depend on the manner in which her mission is treated by man.

There are learned theologians who hold that the human heart is utterly corrupt by reason of the "first transgression." Other theologians, equally learned, reject this doctrine of total depravity, affirming that there are good dispositions or qualities inherent in human nature, which may be cultivated and become noble moral virtues.

Without entering into the arguments on either side of this question, permit me to say that my theory satisfies both. Man, by the "fall," was rendered incapable of cultivating, by his

* Isaiah, Chap. xxxii., verse 17.

† Micah, Chap. iv., verse 40.

own unassisted efforts, any good propensity or quality of his nature. Left to himself, his love becomes lust, patriotism, policy, and religion, idolatry. He is naturally selfish in his affections; and *selfishness* is the sin of depravity. But woman was not thus cast down. To her was confided, by the Creator's express declaration, the mission of disinterested affection; her "desire" was to be to her husband — not to herself; she was endowed with the hope of the Good, which, in the fulness of time, developed by *her seed*, that is, by Christ, would make war with the Evil, and finally overcome Sin, Death, and the Grave.

And now let us turn to the holy Bible, the only record of truths which teach divine wisdom, for confirmation of this theory I have ventured to propound.

I entreat my readers, *men*, who I hope will read heedfully this preface, to lay aside, if possible, their prejudices of education, the erroneous views imbibed from poetical descriptions and learned commentaries, respecting the Creation and the Fall of Man. Go not to Milton, or the Fathers, but to the Word of God; and let us from it read this important history, the foundation of all true history of the natural character and moral condition of mankind.

"And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.

"So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.

"And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth."*

Here we are instructed that the term *man* included *woman*; the twain in unity, the female being the complement of the male, formed the perfect being made in the "likeness of God." Such was the recorded *result* of the human creation; the particular process of the formation of man is afterwards described.

"And the Lord God made man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into him the breath of life; and man became a living soul."—Genesis, Chapter II., ver. 7.

The process of the creation of woman is detailed in the same chapter, verses 18, 21, 22, 23, 24.

"And the Lord God said, It is not good that man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him.

"And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept: and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof;

"And of the rib, which the Lord God had taken from man, made he a woman, and brought her unto the man.

"And Adam said, This is now bone of my bones and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called woman, because she was taken out of man.

"Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave to his wife: and they shall be one flesh."

Who can read this, and not fail to perceive that there was a care and preparation in forming woman which was not bestowed on man?

Why was this recorded, if not to teach us that the wife was of finer mould, destined to the most spiritual offices,—the heart of humanity, as her husband was the head? She was the *last work* of creation. Every step, from matter to man, had been in the ascending scale. Woman was the crown of all,—the *last*, and must therefore have been the *best* in those qualities which raise human nature above animal life; the link which pressed nearest towards the angelic, and drew its chief beauty and strength from the invisible world.†

Men, ay, good men, hold the doctrine of woman's inferiority, because St. Paul says she was created "for man." Truly she was made "for man," but not in the sense this text has

* Genesis, Chapter I., verses 26, 27, 28.

† See Biography of Eve, page 38.

heretofore been interpreted. She was not made to gratify his sensual desires, but to refine his human affections, and elevate his moral feelings. Endowed with superior beauty of person, and a corresponding delicacy of mind, her soul was to "help" him where he was deficient, — namely, in his spiritual nature. She was made for him, not to minister to, and thus increase his animal appetites, but to purify his tastes and exalt his hopes. She was made "a help meet for him" in Paradise; and that he there needed her help shows that he was not perfect while standing alone. She must have been more perfect than he in those qualities which were to "help" him. She had not his strength of body or his capacity of understanding to grasp the things of earth; she could not help him in his task of subduing the world; she must, therefore, have been above him in her intuitive knowledge of heavenly things; and the "help" he needed from her was for the "inner man." This will be shown more clearly as we proceed.

Permit me, however, to remark here, that I am not aiming to controvert the authority of the husband, or the right of men to make laws for the world they are to subdue and govern. I have no sympathy with those who are wrangling for "woman's rights;" nor with those who are foolishly urging my sex to strive for equality and competition with men. What I seek to establish is the Bible doctrine, as I understand it, that woman was intended as the teacher and the inspirer for man, morally speaking, of "whatsoever things are lovely, and pure, and of good report." The Bible does not uphold the equality of the sexes. When created, man and woman were unlike in three important respects.

1st. The mode of their creation was different.

2d. The materials* from which each was formed were unlike.

3d. The functions for which each was designed were dissimilar.

They were never equal; they were *one;* one in flesh and bones; one in the harmony of their wills; one in the unison of their souls; one in their hope of earthly happiness; one in the favour of God. Thus perfect was their union in Eden while they were innocent. Yet as in their corporeal forms woman was the most refined and delicate, so her *spirit* (by the term, I mean *heart, soul, mind,* including *all* the affections and passions) was purer and holier than man's. He was formed of the earth, and had in the greatest development those powers of mind which are directed towards objects of sense; she, formed from his flesh and bones, had in greatest development those powers of mind which seek the affections. But these differences did not hinder their union; such diversities only served to enhance the intensity and enlarge the variety of their enjoyments. It is not disparity of intellect, or difference in the innocent enjoyments of life, which make the miseries of the married pair; it is disunion of hearts and hopes, the conflicts of passion and will; these mar domestic bliss. There was nothing to disturb the serenity of Eden till sin entered; then we learn how the sexes differed.

In the Biography of Eve, I have given a particular account of the manner of the "fall;" showing that the man and woman were together when the serpent tempted her; and that the idea of her being out alone gathering flowers is as fabulous as the story of Proserpine. The Bible says:—"And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave unto her husband with her; and he did eat." Genesis, Chap. III., ver. 6.

Most commentators, *men*, of course, represent woman as the *inferior*, and yet the most *blamable*. She could not have been both. If man, who had the greatest strength of body, had also the greatest wisdom of mind, and knew, as he did, that the serpent was a deceiver, then surely man was the most criminal. He should have restrained or at least warned his wife.

* Chemically tested, their bodily elements were similar; like diamond from carbon, woman had been formed from man; yet the refining process which increased her beauty and purity did not alter this elemental identity; and hence they were one in the flesh.

The Bible, however, is the authority to guide us in understanding which was the guilty transgressor; which sinned because loving the things of earth more than the wisdom of God. St. Paul says that—"The woman, being deceived, was in the transgression;" thereby affirming that if she had understood what was to follow, she would not have disobeyed.

That this is the true interpretation of the apostle's words is made sure by the trial of the guilty pair, and their sentence from their Creator, who knew their motives and could weigh their sin.

Woman pleaded that she was deceived—"The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat."

The man said—"The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat."

That Adam intended, in thus accusing his wife, covertly to throw the blame on God for creating her, seems probable from the severity with which his sentence is worded. He is judged as though he was the *selfish* criminal, disobeying God from sensuous inclinations—"of the earth, earthy;"—his sin is so great, that the ground is "cursed for his sake;"—like a felon he is condemned to hard labour for life; and his death, connected with his origin from *dust*, is set before him in the most humiliating light. The only ray of hope to which he could turn was the promise made to his wife; thus showing him that she was still considered worthy of trust, and must therefore have been the least culpable. A corroboration of this is found in the sentence pronounced against the serpent or spirit of Evil which had deceived her; the clause reads thus:—"And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." Gen. III. 5.

Now mark the words:—God says,—"*I will put enmity between thee and the woman.*" Is not here the assurance that the female had still in her nature the disposition towards *good*, which should be opposed to *evil* in this world? How could there be "enmity" between her and the tempter, if her heart was wholly corrupt? The conflict with sin was to be first waged by her and with her. How could this be, unless she was then endowed with the germ of divine grace, which, unfolded by the breath of the Holy Spirit, would, in the fulness of time, be honoured by her glorious "seed," the Saviour, who would "put all His enemies under His feet?"

This "enmity" between sin and the woman, which is as positively predicted as the coming of Christ, and his conflict with the powers of Evil, has never been noticed by any writer on the Bible. Yet the history of the world proves it is true, that to degrade and demoralize the female sex is one of the first and most persevering efforts of false religions, of bad governments, and of wicked men.

The difference between the sin of the man and that of the woman, and the condition in which they stood before their omniscient Judge, may well be illustrated by a passage from the sermon of a learned and pious clergyman,* who had no thought, however, of this application. The text was from Psalms, CXIX., ver. 11. "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee." In the course of the sermon this true and striking description of human nature occurs:—"Man is what the affections make him. His body, in its physical powers, obeys the behests of his HEART. Mind, in its wondrous faculties, is also moulded by the same influence. The Will bows to the Affections; the Judgment is reversed by its decisions; Reason yields to its power; and Conscience even is taught to echo what the HEART desires."

It is the record of the Bible that the *heart* of the woman desired *wisdom*. Even in the act of disobedience she did not withdraw her heart wholly from God. True, she sinned, because she disobeyed, or in other words, aspired above her human condition, which God had forbidden. Yet her aspirations were heavenward, while the man disobeyed wilfully and from

* Rev. Dr. Stevens, Rector of St. Andrew's Church, Philadelphia.

sensuous motives; he had no faith in the tempter's promises, no hope of obtaining heavenly wisdom.

Another extract from this excellent sermon is important as an illustration of my views; the preacher truly says,—"The destinies of life lie not in the intellect, but in the dispositions and affections of man. The truths of the Bible brought to bear upon the heart will produce this change, (regeneration;) nothing else can. Hence, if God's word be *hid* in one's heart, it will lead him to renounce sin and lead a new life, following the commandments of God."

Now, bear in mind that the "word," which after the "fall" was given to direct the human race, is all contained in the declaration of God concerning the woman and her seed;—there was no other Law or Gospel, no other *word* of promise, given for eighteen hundred years. That Eve kept this *word hid in her heart,* is made sure by what she said on the birth of Cain: "I have gotten a man from the Lord." She *believed* God's *word;* she clung to His promise, even when her soul was pierced with such sore affliction as might have been almost an excuse for distrust: "God hath appointed me another seed instead of Abel, whom Cain slew," was her pious reflection, when Seth was given her. While she thus had the *word of God hid in her heart,* could she have been utterly depraved?

The sentence of her punishment proves also her comparative innocence. She is not accused of disobedience against God; the word of hope is given her before she hears her doom; and that doom shows the possession of warm sensibilities and fond affections, even a heart of flesh.—"I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception: in sorrow shalt thou bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." Gen. III. 16.

The human pair were judged apart; of course, they were severed beings; they could be no longer one in the sense of mutual reliance on God, and consciousness of perfect love towards each other, when the wife was placed under the rule of her husband. Had she been made inferior to him in *mind, heart, soul,* where would have been her punishment? She would naturally, inevitably, have fallen into this inferior position. But if her nature was more refined, more spiritual, a nearer assimilation with the angelic, and therefore the highest degree of excellence in the human, then to be subjected to the coarser, earthlier, more sensuous nature of man, would be a sad and humiliating lot. Much did she need the gracious *word* she had received and could keep "hid in her heart," that *her seed* should at last triumph over the tempter who had wrought her woe; and that although she must bear oppression and endure sorrow, yet she should not fall into the utter depths of sin; there should be "enmity" between her nature and the spirit of Evil. Moreover, that she did, at first, hold the sovereignty of the earth in equal trust with man, is as surely true as that, after the "fall," her husband was appointed to "rule over" her. God gave them joint dominion;* but she had sought to be wise above her human condition; by his door, sin had entered Eden; the effect of sin was to separate the creature from the Creator; the earthly triumphed over the heavenly, the sensual over the moral; man would rule; and that woman, with the *word hid in her heart,* was subjected to him, could not separate her happiness from his, but must work out the moral sense of her sex through the physical strength of his, was the only way of improvement, of salvation for the race.

This, then, is the doctrine of the Bible, that, when banished from Eden, man was ordained to become the *Worker or Provider; the Protector; and the Lawgiver.*

Woman was to be the *Preserver; the Teacher or Inspirer; and the Exemplar.*

Had each performed the part assigned, in love, and faith, and truth, the world would have become an Eden to the human family; but sin was with them, to poison their happiness, divide their hopes, and corrupt their inclinations. This declension would, if my views are true, naturally begin on the part of the man. The Bible shows, by the record of the first

* See Genesis, Chap I., verse 28.

murder, that it did so begin, and thus it continued; the more he exercised his physical strength and cultivated his intellectual powers, directing these, as in a state of nature he always has done, for *selfish ends*, *earthward*, the less he appreciated the delicate sensibilities of the companion God had given him, whose excellence was in the purifying power she should have held over his grosser passions. But he hated the true and the good, when these checked his animal propensities, and only prized the beautiful in woman's outward form, because it ministered to his sensual desires. He could not, or he would not, understand that her mission was to *help* him in his spiritual nature, his warfare with sin; and so he forced her to become the slave of his power or the toy of his lusts. Woman was compelled to yield; but her nature had an innate spiritual strength he could not wholly overcome. There was for her no resource but in this superior subtlety of her moral sense; she could not resist his stronger arm, but she could turn his passions against each other, and against himself. She did this. *Delilah and Sampson are illustrations of these truths. And thus the sexes, being in this false position, continued to corrupt each other more and more during the four thousand years before the coming of Christ.

It was not to exhibit the great deeds of my sex, as the world understands greatness, that I undertook the task of preparing this Record of celebrated Women. Viewed in the light, or rather shadow of earthly value, the female sex has done little worthy of fame, little to advance the material interests of society, or build up the renown of nations. But I venture to assert that, in the moral progress of mankind, woman has been God's most efficient agent, the co-worker with His Providence, in those remarkable events which have changed the fate of nations, brought light out of darkness, and given impulse and direction to the souls of men, when these sought to advance the cause of righteousness.

In order to give more clearness to my views, I have divided the work into eras, or portions of time, so that the progress of woman and her influence may be distinctly traced.

Era First includes the forty centuries from the creation to the Messiah's advent. During all this time, the female sex had only their natural gifts of a lovelier organization of form, and a purer moral sense, to aid them in the struggle with sin which had taken possession of the brute strength, and human understanding of men.†

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* See page 36.

† What this struggle was, and how the "enmity" of the "serpent," or wicked men who represent the devil on earth, was manifested towards the "woman," may be inferred from the present condition of the female sex among heathen nations. Mrs. Ann H. Judson gives the following account; no one who has visited India, or read its history, will question her accuracy.

"In Bengal and Hindostan, the females, in the higher classes, are excluded from the society of men. At the age of two or three years, they are married by their parents to children of their own rank in society. On these occasions, all the parade and splendour possible are exhibited; they are then conducted to their father's abode, not to be educated, not to prepare for the performance of duties incumbent on wives and mothers, but to drag out the usual period allotted in listless idleness, in mental torpor. At the age of thirteen, fourteen, or fifteen, they are demanded by their husbands, to whose home they are removed, where again confinement is their lot. No social intercourse is allowed to cheer their gloomy hours; nor have they the consolation of feeling that they are viewed, even by their husbands, in the light of companions. So far from receiving those delicate attentions which render happy the conjugal state, and which distinguish civilized from heathen nations, the wife receives the appellation of *my servant*, or *my dog*, and is allowed to partake of what her lordly husband is pleased to give at the *conclusion* of his repast! In this secluded, degraded situation, females in India receive no instruction; consequently, they are wholly uninformed of an eternal state. No wonder mothers consider female existence a curse; hence their desire to destroy their female offspring, and to burn themselves with the bodies of their deceased husbands. This last circumstance might imply some attachment, were it not a well-known fact that the *disgrace* of a woman who refuses to burn with the corpse of her husband is such, that her nearest relations would refuse her a morsel of rice to prevent her starvation."

Another dreadful picture of the "enmity" of sin or wicked men to the "woman," is drawn by Mr. J. J. Jarvis, in his "History of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands." He had been a resident there, and was well acquainted with the character and condition of the people. He says:—"Oppressive as

Era Second includes the time from the birth of Christ to the year 1500. Woman had now the aid of the blessed Gospel, which seems given purposely to develop her powers and sanction her influence. And that the laws Christ enjoined on his followers are pre-eminently favourable to the development of her faculties, while they repress or denounce the peculiar characteristics usually called *manly*, is an irrefragable proof that her nature was the best. We can trace the effect of Christianity everywhere by its tendency to elevate woman; that is, give her that rightful place of honour which makes her "the glory of the man;" and through the reaction of her purifying influence on her husband and children we trace the gradual improvement of society.

Era Third contains sketches of the eminent women who have lived and died since the year 1500. These were favoured with another great advantage. The Gospel had emancipated the soul of woman; the invention of printing gave freedom to her mind. Instead of the ignorance in which, like slaves, the sex had been kept, the cultivated intellect and superior manual ingenuity of their rulers were now made to contribute to their rapid advancement. The results of this mental cultivation on the female character are most cheering. The philosopher, seeking to disseminate truth; the philanthropist, eager to do good; the patriot, aiming to exalt his country; the Christian, in earnest to promote his religion; will each and all find in educated woman, as the Bible represents her mission, and this Record shows her influence and her works, their best earthly helper, counsellor, encourager and exemplar.

Era Fourth is devoted to the living, who are already known by their writings. A new element of improvement, now in course of rapid development, is destined to have a wonderful effect on the female mind and character. This element is individual liberty, secured by constitutional laws. Such freedom gives all the true light and life nations derive from the Word of God, because this liberty is of the Bible; and only where religious freedom and civil liberty have made some progress, is the Bible permitted to be freely read.

The BIBLE is woman's Magna Charta; in it is set forth her duties and her destiny. Allow me to request those who desire to learn what the Scriptures teach concerning the female sex,

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were the laws to the men, they were far more so upon the women. Their sex was but an additional motive for insult and tyranny. The right of blood gave to the highest female the power to rule; but she, equally with the humblest dependent, was subject to the iron law of the "tabus." Neither could eat with men; their houses and their labours were distinct; their aliment was separately prepared. A female child from birth to death was allowed no food that had touched its father's dish. The choicest of animal and vegetable products were reserved for the male child; for the female, the poorest; and the use of many kinds, such as pork, turtle, shark, bananas, and cocoanut, were altogether interdicted. Whatever was savoury or pleasant, man reserved for his own palate; while woman was made bitterly to feel her sexual degradation. When young and beautiful, a victim of sensuality; when old and useless, of brutality."

Nor is this "enmity" of sin to the "woman" confined to heathen nations. Everywhere among those called Christians, are wicked men, "earthly, sensual, devilish," to use the apostle's words, who strive to degrade and pollute woman. An account in this same "History" shows the worse than brute wickedness of the commanders of vessels touching at the Islands. These fiends in human shape strove to reintroduce the licentiousness which had prevailed before the arrival of the missionaries, and the conversion of the people to Christianity; and there was exhibited a complete picture of the "enmity" of the "serpent" or sin to the "woman," (that is, to her moral influence, for she can have none when becoming a slave to the lusts of man,) and also of the "enmity" of *his seed* or *wicked men* to *her seed*, or *Christian men*. The officers of these vessels were Englishmen and Americans—one* was an officer in the American navy; and these men, brought up in Christian communities, were not ashamed to allow their sailors to menace and attack the missionaries, who prevented them from obtaining their victims.

* See Jarvis's "History of the Sandwich Islands," pp. 263–4–5. Also, Tracy's "History of Missions," p. 184, for the *name* of this miserable man. I will not stain the pages of this work with the relation of the conduct of one who disgraced the American flag, by using the power it gave him for the pollution of woman, and degraded the mother who bore him, by his "enmity" to the moral purity of her sex.

to read carefully the first four chapters of Genesis; and then every portion connected with the histories of the Bible Women,* named in this Record. And there is one chapter in the New Testament particularly important in its bearing on this subject; I allude to I. Corinthians, Chapter XI., verses from the 1st to the 16th. This chapter has never, in my opinion, been rightly understood. It contains the first exposition of St. Paul on what is now familiarly termed "the woman question," or her right to equal privileges with man, in the family, the church, and the state. In this chapter, and subsequently in others, the apostle gives his opinions, which those who advocate the doctrine of man's supremacy consider as settling the question entirely in their favour; while the champion of "Woman's Rights" always shirks the decisions of St. Paul, seemingly inclined to reject his authority, and even deny the truth of divine revelation, rather than submit to the clear letter of instruction in duties the apostle sets forth.

But I believe his teachings were the result of divine inspiration; that every command he gave was not only binding on the men and women of his day, but will continue to be the law of the true church till the end of time. I do not wish to have a word expunged, a rule altered, nor a command evaded. What I desire is to have the meaning of St. Paul rightly understood. It appears to me this has never been; therefore I trust those who make the Bible their study, wise theologians and learned commentators, will pardon my attempt to show the true interpretation.

Rightly to understand the apostle, we must find out the doctrine he sought to establish and illustrate; which was, as I read the chapter, (Cor. I. XI.,) the same God revealed when declaring to the serpent—"*I will put enmity between thee and the woman.*" What can this declaration mean, if it does not imply that the female sex held the moral lever of the world? The apostle teaches the same doctrine. Let us examine the manner in which he enforces it.

Under the Jewish dispensation, the female sex was included in the covenant by the admission of the male only, because the duties of religion or worship were ceremonial; and therefore, as works, belonged to the province of men. That they had all the outward offices of religion assigned to them, shows they were farther from God than women were. Of two children, let one be naturally strong, stubborn, selfish, sinful; the other delicate, docile, disinterested, devout; — would not a good and wise Father be most concerned for the worst child; take most care in his training; set him tasks to perform, to keep his duties in remembrance, and prove his zeal? Even thus has God dealt; the Hebrew men were appointed to perform all the ceremonies of the Law, while the women kept its *word hid in their hearts*, and did not require to "go up three times each year to Jerusalem, and sacrifice to the Lord," in order to prove they worshipped the true God. But when the Gospel was revealed, its spiritual worship harmonized with woman's nature, and she made public profession of her faith in Christ. It was natural that some of the female converts, in their devoted zeal, should think they had now the right to bear public testimony to the truth; and it was doubtless in consequence of such pretension by them or their male friends on their behalf, that the apostle's remarks and rules were required. He begins by reasserting the law of God, as

* Eve, Sarah, Rebekah, Jochebed, Deborah, Hannah, Huldah, and others, from the Old Testament; and Anna, Elizabeth, Mary of Nazareth, and others, from the New Testament. He will find the Hebrew woman was the chosen agent of the moral providences of God to that nation, from the time the Saviour was promised to Eve, till this her "seed" appeared; and further, that to woman the Saviour revealed first, and in the clearest manner, his spiritual mission.

Then turn to the history of heathen nations, and see the dreadful condition of the female sex, where the "enmity" of men, in their natural state, is acted out against moral goodness; and, of course, they value woman only as she ministers to their sensuous desires and sensual lusts. They will allow no manifestation of mental or moral power in her; she is bound down in chains of servile ignorance. Yet God revealed to these poor oppressed women His truth, and chose them as His agents. Rahab and Ruth were called to save from utter extermination the stock of those wicked nations God would destroy. Through the female line, as the purest and best, the Gentiles were made progenitors of Christ, and heirs of his Gospel.

declared to Eve, that man should rule, and woman's lot was submission. He does not, in this chapter, forbid her to teach publicly, but rather seems to favour it, by giving directions how she should be apparelled for such a vocation; yet as he afterwards absolutely forbids her, it is reasonable to conclude these directions were only preliminary to his final decision. As God gave him light, he declared the will of God.* But in these directions concerning her apparel, he reveals most surely and clearly the high spiritual office of woman. *She must not uncover her head;* while man is commanded to uncover his. Is it not the privilege of the *superior* to remain covered in the presence of the *inferior?* The passage reads thus:—

Verse seventh. — "For a man indeed ought not to cover his head, forasmuch as he is the image and glory of God: but the woman is the glory of the man."

That is, man represents in the government of the world the authority of God, and also His creative power, so to speak, in bringing, by industry and art, order out of confusion, and restoring earth to its pristine fruitfulness; while woman, representing the moral power and personal beauty of humanity, "is the glory of the man." He wears the crown of gold, but she is the pure diamond which makes the crown glorious. This will be more clearly explained soon.

Verse eighth.—"For the man is not of the woman; but the woman of the man."

True; the man was from the "dust of the ground;" therefore her origin from "his flesh and bones" must have been more pure and delicate than his.

Verse ninth. — "Neither was the man created for the woman; but the woman for the man."

This proves incontestibly the more perfect nature of the woman; she was needed to make the man perfect; help him to sustain his part in Paradise; and be his "glory" when he should have been redeemed by the blood of Christ.

Verse tenth. — "For this cause ought the woman to have power on her head, because of the angels."

Theologians and commentators have sought in vain the solution of this emphatic declaration of the apostle; yet it is the key-stone of his doctrine, and upholds the whole structure of divine truth. What, then, does St. Paul mean, when he says — "The woman ought to have power on her head, because of the angels?" He is declaring that woman represents to the angels who "minister to the saints," and watch around every place where the true God is worshipped, the *moral nature* of humanity, created at first in the "likeness of God;" and which, when redeemed from sin and clothed with immortality, is destined to rise superior to *angelic nature.*

That the redeemed are "to judge angels," to "become heirs of God, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ,"† is positively declared. The Saviour had derived his human nature from woman, his *human soul* from her soul; his exhibitions of human passions, feelings, sentiments, were such as woman most naturally exhibits; all the Christian virtues are congenial to the feminine character. Did not the Son of God veil his divinity in the most perfect nature of humanity? That He came in the form of man, was necessary to draw men to Him; they are beings of sense, of outward observance, of authority and law. They require to have works to perform in order to train them for his kingdom. The angels could not see in man, whose life was in the outer world, a type of the spiritual purity which, redeemed by the blood of Christ, should become superior to the heavenly intelligences. But woman, permitted to appear even in the house of God with her head covered, bearing in humble silence a glory which made "the glory of the man," not obliged to struggle for dominion over earth, but cultivating the sweet charities of home, and all those tender, spiritual affections which elevate the human above animal nature, on her meek head the angels beheld the "*power*" which would become, in its development, "above angels." Therefore, on every

* See I. Corinthians, XIV., 34, 35; also, Tim. II., 11, 12.

† See Cor. VI. 3; and Rom. VIII. 17.

Sabbath, in every place where the Christian's God is worshipped, and men bow with heads uncovered, while women are permitted to wear covering on their heads, the superior moral purity of the female sex is proclaimed as by a voice from heaven. Angels are witnesses that "the woman is the glory of the man."

This glory she would forfeit, should she attempt "to usurp authority over him." And while the wife is commanded to reverence and obey her husband, is he not the superior?

In the estimation of the world he is, because he holds the highest place in the family; but the tenure of his office proves her superior moral endowments. The wife must reverence and obey her husband, because "*he is the saviour of the body*;"* — that is, the worker or provider, the protector, and the lawgiver. He has been placed in this office by God; every office so given demands obedience and reverence; and the wife should, unhesitatingly, submit to this law.

But the command to men is — "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ loved the church, and gave himself for it." Now, love is always called forth by qualities of character in the being beloved, while reverence and obedience may belong to the external condition only.

We are commanded to "love God," while we are only "to honour the king." Throughout the Bible, the injunction "*to love*" always directs the heart, morally speaking, towards the good; lifts up the soul towards an object *above* it; draws the mind to contemplate a being more perfect than itself. It is the word always used to designate the homage men owe to God. There is in the Bible only one single application of the word *reverence* to the feelings men should cultivate towards God; this occurs in Hebrews, Chap. XII., ver. 28, where the apostle is enforcing the duty of submitting to the chastenings of God as to a Father; the term *reverence*, as there applied, savours more of human than of heavenly things. Invariably it is *love* God requires of his creatures; *love*, called forth by the contemplation of His holy attributes; *love* elevating the nature of the one who entertains it towards a higher nature. Love is then a purifying process, an emotion directed towards a better object; and God, by commanding husbands to love their wives, has set his seal to this doctrine—that women are holier than men. The world also bears witness to the doctrine; for, of all the sinful deeds done on earth, nine-tenths are committed by men, or caused by their wickedness.

The church bears witness to the truth of this doctrine; more than three-fourths of the professed followers of Christ are women.

Men themselves bear witness to the truth of this doctrine; there is not a man, brought up under the influence of Christianity, who would dare lay open before woman the scenes of iniquity which he has witnessed or in which he has participated. He feels, as he enters the presence of a virtuous woman, a moral restraint which he does not feel in the presence of the most holy man. It is no excuse to say that he must be abroad in the world, which is full of temptations to vice, while she can live in the pure atmosphere of home. What makes the world a sink of iniquity, but the wickedness of man? What makes the home a place of safety, but the innocence—comparatively speaking—of woman? Even when woman sins, it is because she is "deceived" by the tempter; not that she loves iniquity. The Saviour's stern rebuke to those who brought before him the woman "taken in adultery," is a proof in point. Deeply he drove the dagger of self-accusation into the heart of every accuser; and as their violated vows, wicked devices, and brutal lusts, rose like dark and foul spectres before them, how like branded felons they staggered and slunk away, priest and ruler, pharisee and publican, from the holy light of truth He had opened before them! And thus it will break upon many men who hold themselves righteous, at the last day, when the secrets of their wickedness are discovered, and the "enmity" they have dared act out against the moral purity of the woman will be shown as the sin next in enormity to their rejection of *her seed!*

* See Ephesians, Chap. V.; verses, from 22 to 33.

But the woman, the poor, feeble, fallen woman, who no sooner heard her Saviour's voice than she confessed him—called him "Lord"—how kind was the word of Jesus to her! He knew her dependent condition, her wrongs, her temptations, her sorrows, her repentance. He did not condemn her, while condemning the sin. In judging between the sexes, he has left this record, that man is the greatest sinner; and hence Christian lawgivers should take warning and example, restrain their own passions, and make laws to punish their own sex, while carefully protecting the honour, safety, and happiness of women.

I anticipate the time when wise and good men will consider this subject of providing for the well-being of the female sex as their most important earthly duty. Hitherto the mass of men in Christian countries may be said to be at "enmity" with any improvement of women that does not gratify their own sensuous propensities. Women are free to adorn their persons; but if they seek to cultivate their minds, it is treason against the prerogative of man. The source from whence this jealousy of female intelligence springs, is not fear that the sex will excel in learning; it is hatred of the moral influence the sex would wield, were they better instructed. Sensuality and selfishness always dread enlightened women. Charles II. wanted none but pretty fools around him; and Napoleon was more afraid of Madame de Stael than of a regiment of armed foes. An obtuseness of the moral sense, even in good men, has prevented them from perceiving the capacity of the female sex to aid the cause of human improvement. What but this torpor of soul could have kept the Christian world from reading aright this declaration of God — that there should be "enmity" between sin and the woman? It has passed into a proverb, that every eminently great man owes his talents as well as virtues to his mother; yet still to cast contempt on female intellect has been and is the fashion with the greater portion of Christendom.

Can a stream rise higher than its fountain; or a weak root nourish a lofty tree; or a light burn clear unless fed with pure oil? Thus the genius and the goodness of the mother are manifested through her sons, while unmindful of the source from whence this higher standard of humanity is derived, far the greater portion of the advantages of education are conferred on man. Some of my own sex, feeling the injustice of these things, are seeking to "emancipate" themselves, and contending for the right of entering the arena of business and public life equally with men. The attempt will never succeed. Thanks be to heaven, woman cannot put off the moral delicacy of her nature. Could she do so, it would be as if Venus, leaving her sweet office of shining the morning and the evening star, should become a fiery comet, and rush through the sky, bringing dismay with her light, and causing a deeper darkness as she passed away. The first woman left to her daughters one duty to perform, because it was imposed by God,— the obedience of each wife to her own husband; and she left also the holy privilege which motherhood gives over childhood, and the high honour of a human nature akin to that of Jesus Christ.

But with the privileges we must take the position of women; leave the work of the world and its reward, the government thereof, to men; our task is to fit them for their office, and inspire them to perform it in righteousness. Nor is female influence, though hidden from the public eye, of small importance. The most mighty agent in the material world is least known. The sun is brilliant and powerful, giving light and heat to our planetary system; all eyes may see his glory, all nature bask in his beams; — but the mightier influence of gravitation, which binds Orion and the Pleiades with our planet, controls the universe, and reaches — perchance — to the throne of God; who has seen gravitation, or can estimate its power?

Thus it is in the moral world. The forms of religion and the force of laws, which men make and administer with pomp and observance, impose on the imagination, and may regulate the conduct; but how feeble are these to touch the heart and improve the character of mankind, compared with the unseen spiritual influence which the loving deeds and kind words of pious Christian women possess!

The Record I have prepared will show these things; and will, moreover, bring to light

one curious fact, never before, I believe, noticed, but which goes far to prove that the female was never formed, had she remained in innocence, to take an equal share in the work of Eden. Setting aside her delicacy of organization, woman has very little of that kind of genius termed mechanical or inventive. Among these hundreds of celebrated ladies, not one has ever made herself famous by great discoveries in physical science, or by any wonderful invention in the arts. Nor is it the lack of learning which has caused this uniform lack of constructive talent. Many ignorant men have studied out and made curious inventions of mechanical skill; women never. I am constrained to say, I do not believe a woman ever would have invented the compass, the printing-press, the steam-engine, or even a time-piece. Seeking to find out the reason for this lack of mechanical skill in the female, I have studied the Bible, history, philosophy, and life; my position and pursuits have favoured the research; I believe I have found the cause; but those who hold the doctrine of sexual equality will be no doubt shocked to hear that I am convinced the difference between the constructive genius of man and woman is the result of an organic difference in the operations of their minds. That she reasons intuitively, or by inspiration, while he must plod through a regular sequence of logical arguments, is admitted by all writers on mental philosophy; but there is another difference which has not been noticed. Woman never applies her intuitive reasoning to mechanical pursuits. It is the world of life, not of things, which she inhabits. Man models the world of matter. These manifestations are precisely such as would result from the differences in the nature of the two sexes, as I have described them in Adam and Eve. And also we here find the perfect solution of the assertion of St. Paul, that man "is the image and glory of God; but the woman is the glory of the man." — An *image* is something visible; the glory of God which men see, is in the things He has created; consequently, to *create* is to show forth, or be the "glory of God." Man is the maker or creator on earth: true, he cannot absolutely make or create a particle of matter; but he can, by new combinations, create innumerable differences in the particles of matter; and make, apparently, new elements and new things. He, therefore, represents on earth the Creator's glory.

But to create is not man's greatest glory; it is to worship God in spirit and in truth. The manifestation of this worship is moral goodness. Woman cannot create or make, like man; but, better than he, she worships God in spirit and in truth; and thus, showing forth the beauty of moral goodness, becomes "the glory of the man."

Hence it is apparent that those who are seeking to elevate women through industrial pursuits and competition with men in the arts, will never succeed. The wife cannot work with materials of earth; build up cities; mould marble forms; or discover new mechanical inventions, to aid physical improvement. She has a better, a holier vocation. She works in the elements of human nature; her orders of architecture are formed in the soul;—Obedience, Temperance, Truth, Love, Piety,—these she must build up in the character of her children; often, too, she is called to repair the ravages and beautify the waste places which sin, care, and the desolating storms of life, leave in the mind and heart of the husband she reverences and obeys. This task she should perform faithfully, but with humility; remembering that it was for woman's sake Eden was forfeited, because Adam loved his wife more than his Creator; and that man's nature has to contend with a degree of depravity into which the female, by the grace of God, has never descended. Yes, the wife should be humble. She is dependent on her husband for the position she holds in society; she must rely on him for protection and support. She should look up to him with reverence as her earthly guardian, the "saviour of the body," and be obedient. Does any wife say her husband is not worthy of this honour! Then render it to the office with which God has invested him as head of the family; but use your privilege of motherhood to train your sons so that they may be worthy of this reverence and obedience from their wives. Thus, through your sufferings, the world may be made better; every faithful performance of private duty adds to the stock of public virtues.

And man: should he not bear himself humbly, from the remembrance that to woman's

loving care he is indebted for preservation during helpless infancy; that his mind takes its impress from her daily teachings; from her example he derives faith in those affections and virtues which are the life of the soul; that "God has chosen the weak things of this world to confound the things which are mighty;" and given to woman the moral sceptre under which men must pass before they can be prepared to enter heaven?*

Humility is a Christian virtue equally necessary for both sexes; by giving to each one particular endowments to which the other must pay honour, all cause for boasting is removed from both; each should seek to promote the other's happiness and glory, and then the true happiness and glory of both would be won.

It is the moral influence woman is destined to wield which makes imperative the necessity for female education.† If the mind which stamps the first and most indelible impression on the child is in a state of mental darkness, how can the true light be communicated? A mother will teach the best she knows to her son; but if she does not understand the true, she will, of necessity, imbue his mind with the false. Woman has a quicker capacity for comprehending moral truth or sentiment than man, but she cannot explain this truth, nor expose error to *his comprehension*, unless her intellect has been, in some measure, trained like his. Men have little sympathy with intuitive knowledge, or feeling—"pure Reason"—in the doctrine of Kant; hence they must have the truth set before them in its relations with "practical Reason." The mother who can in this intelligible manner aid the mind of her son in his pursuit of knowledge, will have over him a double control; he will honour as well as love her. And the pious woman who can give, clearly and wisely, a "reason for her hope," will often silence the proud infidel who scoffs at believing what is only *felt* to be true.

The examples in this "Record" prove the beneficial results of education on the female mind and character, and also show that men gain happiness and glory when aiding and encouraging the genius of woman. There is rarely an example where the father has given his daughter a liberal education, but she has nobly and sweetly repaid his care, added enjoyment to his life, and honour to his memory. There is scarcely an instance where the husband has admired and cherished the intellectual gifts of his wife, but these have proved to himself a blessing, a "help," and a "glory." The wide field of my plan, gathering records‡ of women from every age, country, condition and character, presents an opportunity, never before accessible, of ascertaining the scope of female talent, and the effect the cultivated intellect of the sex, when brought to bear on Christian civilization, would exercise. It must be manifest to every person who will examine this subject, that the "woman is the glory of the man," and that her condition settles the destiny of humanity. In every country where men are at "enmity" with her moral and intellectual influence, there the race is barbarian, brutal, or

* I am far from intending to represent that every individual woman is better, morally speaking, than any individual man. The broad lines of distinction between the sexes is what I am describing; there are innumerable shades of moral character in both; some women appear *nearly* as devoid of moral sensibility as men; while these last, when trained by pious mothers, or renewed by divine grace, approach the female standard of feeling. A few instances of the highest moral purity have been found in men; Joseph is an example. When a man is thus, as it were, clothed in righteousness, he exhibits to the world a spectacle of the sublimity of moral virtue above that of woman. Our own Washington is another example; he acted out, by his strong will, the holy precepts of his mother; the grandeur of her goodness was made visible through his brave soul; the awe which this moral virtue inspired surrounded him, while he lived, with a majesty above that of kings, and has made his memory the glory of his country, and a blessing to the world.

† At the close of the work, some suggestions will be offered respecting the means and ends of female education, showing how the cultivated intellect of woman may be best employed to her own and the general good. Many wise men are doubtful of the expediency of giving to females a thorough education, lest they should become unfitted for their feminine duties, and obtrusive in encroaching on the prerogatives of the other sex. There is no danger from either of these results, if the Bible doctrine is clearly recognized and obeyed. Ignorance is not goodness, nor is it "bliss." The higher the standard of female excellence, the higher will be man's glory.

‡ The "list of authorities" will be found at the close of the work.

bigoted. Where the female sex is most kindly protected and most highly honoured, there the race enjoys the greatest degree of civil freedom and social happiness, and is most rapidly advancing in intelligence, prosperity, and civilization.*

This result will become every year more apparent, if female education and influence go on progressively; because, as woman rises, she will elevate, proportionably, the mind and life of man. Such is her mission; for though human nature in both sexes is rendered sinful or prone to sin by the "fall," yet woman's nature has never sunk to the brute sensuality of man's; this comparative purity has kept her mind, as regards morality, above the standard which even the most Christian men fix for their own sex. This assertion requires no laboured proof. Look around on society—who are the conservators of domestic purity, of social decorum, of public sentiment? The *moral sense*† is the highest natural faculty or element of the human soul; woman has this moral sense, the intuitive feeling of disgust for sensuality, vice, and falsehood; the intuitive feeling of love for the innocent, beautiful, and true, better developed and more active than is found in the other sex.

I might here cite many authorities to show that good and great men have had glimpses of these truths, that they have *felt* what woman has done, what she may do, and what she will become, when men, acknowledging her moral mission, shall allow her the education and opportunity necessary for its fulfilment. I have room now for only a few of these; at the close of the volume I shall recur to the subject.

"The little of true piety which yet exists on earth we owe to women much more than to theologians. Our religion is that of our mother," says the learned Aimé-Martin. "The mother is endowed, and endowed by God himself, with all the qualities which should render her fit to become the principal agent in the moral and intellectual development of her child," says the good Pestalozzi. "What the elevation of woman has done for the reform of social manners, her educated mind is doing for our books," says our own eloquent Bethune. "On the cultivation of the minds of women depends the wisdom of men," says the penetrating Sheridan. "The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother," said the sagacious Napoleon.

But higher than these testimonies of good, learned and great men to the influence of the female soul, comes the authority of God's Word. That the eulogy on woman was uttered by a wicked and voluptuous king, who had dishonoured the sex by abolishing, so far as his example had power, the true idea of marriage, militates nothing against its divine truth. Like Balaam, Solomon was compelled to speak what the Lord permitted; had it been otherwise, had that selfish sensualist commended what he practised, the Bible would have been no better than the Koran. It is because the written counsel even of this bad man was wise and good, that we feel the inspiration of the Holy Spirit dictated to his conscience that remarkable declaration and prophesy concerning woman, in the chapter of his praises of the feminine virtues:—"Strength and honour are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come."

* The United States of North America is the land of modern chivalry, where the moral qualities of woman are most highly valued, and her station in society as "the glory of the man" most fully acknowledged. The remarkable effect this has had on the destiny of the nation was comprehended by M. de Tocqueville, who observed the result, though he did not analyze the process. At the close of his work on America, he remarks, that if he were required to point out the cause of the wonderful advancement in prosperity and civilization of the American people, he should reply—"It was the superior character of their women."

† By *moral sense*, I mean that feeling, or sentiment, which not only distinguishes between right and wrong, but *inclines* to the *right*—an enlightened conscience; or "the primitive law of the heart," as the German philosopher expressed it. *Faith* in God is a feeling or faculty of the soul above this *moral sense;* but such saving grace or *faith* is the supernatural gift of God. (See Ephesians, II, 8.)

REMARKS ON THE FIRST ERA.

We shall include in this era the time from the Creation to the birth of Christ; and, of course, the names of all the distinguished women recorded in the annals of the world for four thousand years. A long period; but much of it concealed in thick darkness; only here and there a faint, far-off star of hope may be descried breaking through the gloom of sin, ignorance and misery cast over the lot of the woman.

During these forty centuries she had only the peculiar attributes of her feminine nature to aid her in the struggle for progress, which was the law of humanity after the first pair were driven forth on the rough world, as happiness had been their privilege while abiding in Eden. Man had now the ground, "*cursed for his sake* with briars and thorns," to subdue; and, harder still, his own earthly passions to combat. Woman, though she was not commanded to work, was placed under the power of the man; and soon she, who was formed and endowed to be his soul's help-meet, his bosom friend, was degraded into the toy of his sensual lusts, or the slave of his physical strength.

We do not know how long the woman's spirit struggled against the vile degradation polygamy imposes on the sex; but we find that death-doom of her moral influence recorded at an early period of the world's history. Might then took the place of right; and for nearly eighteen centuries the spiritual affections of woman were completely overshadowed by the sensual passions of man. Excepting our first mother, no feminine mind has left its impress on the sin-blotted page of those long centuries. Woman's nature must have yielded to the tide of wickedness that swept over the antediluvian world, because it is recorded, "all flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth." No wonder the race was destroyed, if the mothers had become utterly corrupt in their "imaginations." If the heart of woman was "only evil continually," there could be no hope of reform. But the Bible places this dreadful wickedness to man's account. "The earth was filled with violence," does not apply to the conduct of the dependent sex. Yet the poison of sin had reached the core of humanity—woman's heart: all were corrupted; all perished.

The flood was over, and the most contaminating sin blotted out. No polygamist was permitted to pollute the ark. The four husbands and their four wives came forth to the empire of a world they were to subdue and improve. The race of mankind was now to continue till the end of time; and the law of human improvement was made sure by giving to woman a new and great advantage. *Human life was shortened; and thus the mother's influence most wonderfully increased.* Allow ten years as the period of childhood, when the mother's authority over her sons is predominant; then compare the length of Noah's life with that of Moses, and it will be apparent how greatly female influence was extended when man's life was shortened from 950 years to 120 years. In the former case, her period of power over her sons was as 1 to 95; in the latter, 1 to 12.

We have, in the general preface, explained what we consider the distinctive characteristics of woman's nature; and how these were intended to make her God's best, as she was his last work of creation. Also, in the biography of Eve, we have dwelt on these themes; and we now call the reader's attention to the remarkable corroboration of our theory which, in the first era, the glimpses of the Hebrew women, reflected from the faithful mirror of divine history, afford.

If, as we affirm, the peculiar tendencies of the female mind are *insight*, or the wisdom that seizes intuitively on the true and the good; also the *moral sense*, which turns instinctively, so to speak, heavenward; then we ought to find woman more elastic in hope, more fervent in faith, more idealized in sentiment, more disinterested in affection, than man. Is she not so? Do we not look to woman for love and tenderness? Do we not find that she is more easily impressed with the truth of divine revelations, when these exceed the reasoning powers of man? Was there a woman who saw the miracles of Christ and doubted? Obstacles in the path of duty, that to man's reason seem as moun-

tains, are to her faith but mole-hills. And when the black cloud of fear fills the horizon, and he listens for the thunder, she is looking upward for the rainbow.

Thus, though her physical strength and worldly knowledge be far inferior to man's, yet her firm trust in heaven, her faithful truth in love, her disinterested zeal in duty, win the palm of victory in conflicts that he abandons in despair.

The Bible history of woman clearly illustrates these important truths; showing that when the faith and resources of men have been utterly overwhelmed, then the salvation of the *cause* of improvement has been her work. Thus maternal love, faith and energy, preserved Moses to be the Law-Giver for the world; made Samuel the High Priest of the Lord; seated Solomon on the throne of David. Each one of these events was of great and momentous import, not only to the destiny of the Hebrew nation, but to the progress of mankind. Deborah was the Deliverer of Israel when not a Hebrew man dared lift his hand in defence of his country till she led the way. Esther saved the Jews when no man could have stayed the decree of death. In short, from the time when the promised seed was reaffirmed to the descendants of Sarah, "a mother of nations," the Hebrew women kept the hope of "Shiloh" ever in their race. This divine faith, like a living light, passing from hand to hand, shines out in the characters of the Hebrew women from Sarah to Huldah the prophetess, who had the light of God's law when the high priest was in darkness. It is worthy, too, of note, that the Bible furnishes no record of an apostate Hebrew woman; while the Hebrew men could not be restrained from licentiousness, idolatry and apostasy.

Among the heathen nations, the mission of woman is less distinctly traced, because the revelation of the hope in motherhood was lost. There was no "Shiloh," or Redeemer, expected. Still the feminine nature displayed its inherent tendencies, a spiritual feeling more refined, and a moral sense more delicate, than man's; these constituted her insight, intuition or wisdom (call it which you will), which made her appreciate the true and the good with more readiness and more sympathy than man. If it were not so, why was the idea of woman invested with supreme wisdom and goodness? Why was she deified and worshipped for those higher attributes of human nature; Justice, as she was in Themis; Wisdom, in Minerva; and Chastity, or Virtue, in Diana?

We shall not, in our work, give the histories of the different goddesses (which properly belongs to mythology); though, undoubtedly, all were representations of real women, or of those qualities which the wisest of heathen men believed were types of female character; qualities more inherent or better developed in woman than in man.

But we would wish those who take an interest in our researches to examine carefully the character of each distinguished woman we here introduce by the standard suggested. Compare the conduct of the woman with that of the man of her own era and condition. Compare Cleopatra with Marc Antony. She was wicked; but she was less selfish, less gross in her wickedness than he. She was true to her country and her people; he was a traitor to the first, and a deserter of the last. Patriotism was the highest virtue of the heathen mind. Which of these two persons showed the most patriotism? And which mind was the victor?

So, too, of Aspasia. She was the creature of the corrupt institutions which man, by his superior physical strength, sensuous passions and unjust laws, had imposed on social life. Yet, degraded as she was, Pericles, the hero of the Athenians, was her slave; and Socrates, the wisest of the heathen sages, her admirer and friend. Thus the woman's spirit held sway over the subtle Greek! Aspasia was better than those she subdued. They had degraded humanity by degrading woman; thus compelling her to seek that influence by unholy means which should have been the right of every Athenian wife, namely, that of social equality and companionship with her husband.

In Rome, while the ideal of woman was the divinity which gave the priest oracles and the people laws, domestic purity was preserved. If the Sibyl and Egeria were only the fictions of artful men, yet that these men had recourse to the feminine spirit for their purest wisdom, shows their estimation of the female mind. The Vestal virgins represented the highest attributes of heavenly goodness, Purity and Mercy. Nor was it till the Roman men were banded together and absent from their homes in their long wars, thus losing the softening, purifying influence of their mothers, wives and daughters, that the frightful demoralization of the nation was reached. For the first five hundred years not an instance of divorce occurred. While the wife was honoured, woman continued worthy of honour. When men repudiated their wives, as Cicero did his, for no fault, but only to gratify his selfish propensities, and the multitude of divorces had created a virtual polygamy, in which the women participated, then the Roman Empire fell to rise no more. The Lucretias were the life of the Republic; the Messalinas, the death of the Empire. Yet the licentious example was set by the men;—they made the laws; and always the women were better than the men of their time.

WOMAN'S RECORD.

FIRST ERA.

FROM THE CREATION TO THE BIRTH OF JESUS CHRIST.

A.

ABIGAIL,

WIFE of Nabal, a rich but churlish man, of little understanding, of the tribe of Judah, lived probably near Maon, one of the most southern cities of Judah. When David, who had taken refuge from the pursuit of Saul in the wilderness of Paran, sent ten young men to request assistance from Nabal, who was then employed in shearing his numerous flocks, Nabal surlily refused to give of his substance to strangers, although David had protected his shepherds from injury during his residence among them. Then David, in his indignation, ordered four hundred of his men to arm themselves, and went to put Nabal and his family to the sword. But Abigail, whose wisdom equalled her beauty, hearing of what had passed, and foreseeing the result of her husband's refusal, hastened to prepare provisions, without Nabal's knowledge, with which she met and appeased David. When Abigail returned from her interview with David, she found her husband at a feast, and intoxicated; so that she said nothing of the affair to him till the next day. Then, when he heard of the danger he had escaped, his heart was so struck with fear that he died in ten days. When David was informed of Nabal's death, he sent messengers to Abigail, to request that she would become his wife; to which she consented, and accompanied the servants of David on their return.

The old commentators are unanimous in their commendations of the character and conduct of Abigail. Father Berruyer, the Jesuit, in his "History of the People of God," has been an excellent painter on this subject. "Nabal's riches," says he, "consisted in vines and corn, but especially in pasture grounds, in which a thousand goats and three thousand sheep grazed. However, these large possessions were nothing in comparison of the treasure he possessed in the chaste Abigail, his wife, the most accomplished woman of her tribe. Nabal, unhappily for Abigail, was not worthy of her, and never couple were worse matched. The wife was beautiful, careful, prudent, a good housewife, vastly good-natured, and indefatigably vigilant; but as for the husband, he was dissolute, capricious, headstrong, contemptuous; always exasperated at good advice, and never failing to make a bad use of it; in a word, a man whose riotous intemperance the virtuous Abigail was perpetually obliged to bear with, to atone for his extravagant sallies, or dissemble his follies; besides, he was an infidel, and as depraved an Israelite as his wife was regular and fervent."

Whether all these fancies of the learned Jesuit be true or not, the history, as the holy Book records it, is highly in favour of the intellectual powers as well as personal attractions of Abigail. Her speech to David is replete with beauties, and is a model of the oratory of thought applied to the passions, to the prejudices, and the previous associations of David. Read it in Samuel, I. Book, chap. xxv., verses from 24 to 31, and then judge of the effect it must have had on her auditor, when his heart burst forth, as it were, in this reply:—

"And David said to Abigail, Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, which hath sent thee this day to meet me.

"And blessed be thy advice, and blessed be thou, which hast kept me this day from coming to shed blood, and from avenging myself with mine own hand."

These events occurred, B. C. 1057.

ABISHAG,

THE Shunamite, a beautiful young virgin, who cherished David, king of Israel, in his old age, and was afterwards desired by his son Adoni-

jah, as a wife; which request caused him to be put to death by the command of Solomon, who looked upon it as an indication that Adonijah wished in other respects also to take David, their father's place. A learned commentator thus tells the story:—"The king, (David,) though he had been so robust in his youth, seemed to decay daily. His afflictions, labours, fatigues, and perpetual wars, had exhausted him so much, that entering on his seventieth year, his natural heat seemed on the point of being extinguished; while his mind was as vigorous as ever, and he still governed with so much wisdom and authority, as made his life precious. His physicians, in order to prolong it, hit upon an expedient which succeeded, at least, for some time. All Israel was sought through to find out a proper person, and the choice fell on Abishag, the Shunamite, a young, beautiful, and virtuous woman. He made her his wife, and she was 'with him both night and day; but though he married her, they always lived together in a state of continence.'" That Abishag was considered the honourable wife of king David, and was so, according to the customs of that dark age, there is no doubt; she was innocent, yet the wickedness of polygamy is apparent in this gross transaction. The sons of David were, in consequence of this sin of their father, involved in a quarrel which cost the life of the eldest, and stained Solomon's hands with his brother's blood.

ACCA-LAURENTIA or ARCA-LAURENTIA,

Was wife of the shepherd Faustulus, and nurse to Remus and Romulus. She was deified by the Romans, to whom the flamen of Jupiter once a year offered a sacrifice, on a holiday instituted to her honour. She lived about B. C. 760.

ACME,

Was a Jewish lady, retained in the service of Livia, the wife of Augustus Cæsar. She was bribed by Antipater, the son of Herod the Great, to engage in his interest; but one of her attempts to serve him proved fatal to herself; for having forged a letter in the name of Salome, that king's sister, to her mistress Livia, in order to expose the former to Herod's resentment, the imposture was detected, and she was punished with death. Antipater was suffered to escape, though the greater criminal.

ADA,

A sister of Artemisia, queen of Caria, married Hidricus. After her husband's death she succeeded to the throne of Caria, but was expelled by her younger brother, Pexodores, who, in order to maintain himself in his usurpation, gave his daughter in marriage to a Persian lord called Orondates; and he, afterwards, became king of Caria, and defended Halicarnassus against Alexander the Great. The revolutions which happened at that time, proved favourable to Ada; she implored the protection of the conqueror Alexander against Orondates, the usurper of her kingdom. Alexander gave her a very kind reception, and restored her to the authority she had formerly enjoyed over all Caria, after he had taken the city of Halicarnassus. Ada, woman-like, thought to give some testimony of her gratitude by sending him all sorts of refreshments, sweetmeats, pastry, delicate viands, and the best cooks she could hear of; but Alexander answered that he had no occasion for such things; for Leonidas, his tutor, had formerly furnished him with much more excellent cooks, by teaching him, that *he who would have an appetite to his dinner, must rise early and take a walk; and if he is desirous of making a delicious supper, he must eat moderately at dinner.*

Why will not mothers be more careful to teach these wise lessons to their sons?

AGESISTRATA,

Wife of Eudamidas II., and mother of Agis IV., king of Sparta, was a woman of great wealth and influence among her people. She had brought up her son very voluptuously; but when he became king, he resolved to restore the ancient severe discipline and mode of living of the Spartans, and began by setting the example himself. Agesistrata at first opposed the reformation, by which she would lose much of her wealth; afterwards she not only approved of her son's design, but endeavoured to gain the other women to join her, as they had great influence in the community, and the greatest difficulty was expected to arise from their opposition; but instead of uniting with her, they applied to Leonidas III., the other king of Lacedæmon, to frustrate the designs of his colleague. In consequence of the disturbances that ensued, Agis was obliged to take refuge in one of the temples; but one day, on his returning to his sanctuary from a bath, he was seized and thrown into prison. Agesistrata, and Archidamia, grandmother of Agis, used all their influence, but in vain, to induce the ephori to allow Agis to plead his cause before his own people. They were, however, allowed to share his prison, when one of the ephori, who was in debt to Agesistrata, by his intrigues succeeded in having them all strangled at once. Agesistrata met her unexpected death with calmness and composure, about B. C. 300.

AGNODICE,

An Athenian virgin, who disguised her sex, to learn medicine. She was taught midwifery by Herophilus, an eminent physician, born in B. C. 506, and when employed always discovered her sex to her patients. This procured her so much practice, that the male physicians accused her of corruption before the Areopagus. She confessed her sex to the judge, and a law was immediately made allowing all free-born women to learn midwifery.

AGRIPPINA,

The daughter of M. Vipsanius Agrippa and Julia, the only child of Augustus, married Germanicus, the son of Drusus, and nephew to Tiberius, to whom she bore nine children. Three of them died in infancy, and among the remaining six were Caligula, afterwards emperor, and

Agrippina, the mother of Nero. On the death of Augustus (A. D. 14) Germanicus and his wife were with the army, on the banks of the Rhine, where they had much difficulty in restraining the mutinous soldiery from proclaiming Germanicus in opposition to his uncle. On this occasion Agrippina, by her resolution and courage, showed herself worthy of her descent from Augustus; and the following year she exhibited the same qualities, in repressing a general panic that had seized on the soldiers during her husband's absence, and preventing them from disgracing themselves. Agrippina was with her husband, in Syria, when he fell a victim to the arts of Piso and Plancina. Her resentment at this treatment was such as to draw upon her the anger of Tiberius; and when, after a widowhood of seven years, she requested him to give her a husband, he evaded her petition, knowing well that the husband of Agrippina would be a dangerous enemy. At length she so offended the emperor, by showing him that she suspected him of an intention to poison her, that he banished her to the island of Pandataria, and at last closed her life by starvation, October 13, A. D. 33. The rage of Tiberius was not appeased by the death of Agrippina; he had injured her too deeply to forgive himself, and so he sought to appease his hatred by persecuting her children — and her two eldest sons were his victims.

The character of Agrippina presents some of the strongest points, both of the good and bad, in Roman life. She was frank, upright, sternly courageous, and unimpeachably virtuous. She was faithful and loving to her husband, watchful and anxious for her children. Yet with all this, she was excessively proud of her noble descent; fiery and impetuous in passion, indiscreet in speech, and imprudent in conduct. This is a mixed character, but a shining one. It was one which fell short of Cornelia, but excelled all common fame. Compared with Tiberius, she was an angel in conflict with a demon.

AGRIPPINA.

Julia, great-granddaughter of Augustus, and daughter of Germanicus and Agrippina, was born amidst the excitement of war, in a Roman camp, on the shores of the Rhine, — and reared under the laurels of her father's conquests, and the halo of her mother's grandeur. Her father's death occurring at a very early period of her life, her first perception of the career opened to her might have been derived from the sympathy and respect accorded by the Roman people to her family, even in the presence of her father's murderers.

Some historians have attributed to her a spirit of vengeance, which, though the accusation is not well substantiated, might indeed have been fostered by the trials of her life, commencing with her early estrangement from her glorious mother, which was followed by her persecution, first by the infamous Sejanus, and after the death of her husband Domitius, by her brother Caligula — who accused her before the senate, of participation in a conspiracy, forced them to condemn her, and had her driven into exile, where she remained in constant fear of a violent death.

On the death of Caligula, Agrippina, recalled from exile, was married to the consul Crispinus, whose sudden death was ascribed by her enemies to poison administered by his wife. Five years after this, Pallas proposed her to Claudius as the successor of Messalina, and after the interval of a year, during which Agrippina had much to contend with from rivalry and intrigue, the obstacle opposed to this marriage by the ties of consanguinity was relieved by a special law, and the daughter of Germanicus ascended the throne of Augustus, and ruled the empire, from that moment, in the name of her imbecile husband. Under her brilliant and vigorous administration, faction was controlled, order re-established, and that system of espionage abolished which had filled Rome with informers and their victims. The reserve and dignity of her deportment produced a reform in the manners of the imperial palace, and her influence over her husband was of a most salutary nature.

Tacitus has loaded the memory of Agrippina with the imputation of inordinate ambition, and, though there is probably considerable calumny in these charges, it may be supposed that a temperament like hers did not shrink from the arbitrary and cruel acts which might be thought necessary to her safety or advancement. Still, the woman must be judged by the circumstances under which she lived, and with reference to the morality of her contemporaries; and, so judged, she rises immeasurably superior to the greatest men associated with her history.

Agrippina was the first woman who acquired the privilege of entering the capitol in the vehicle assigned to the priests in religious ceremonies, and on all public occasions she took an elevated seat reserved for her, near the emperor.

On the occasion of the adoption of her son to the exclusion of the emperor's own child by Messalina, the infant Britannicus, she received the cognomen of Augusta; and to the prophetic augur who bade her "beware, lest the son she had so elevated might prove her ruin," she replied, "Let me perish, but let Nero reign." In this answer

we have the secret of her great actions, and the motive for all her imputed crimes. Amidst all her lofty aspirations, her indomitable pride, her keen sense of injuries inflicted, her consciousness of power acquired, there was one deep and redeeming affection; this brilliant despot, the astute politician of her age, was still, above all and in all — a *mother!*

The marriage of her son to Octavia, the emperor's daughter, consummated the hopes and views of Agrippina, and relieving her from maternal anxiety, allowed her to give up her mind entirely to the affairs of state; and owing to her vigorous guidance of the reins of government, the last years of the reign of Claudius were years of almost unequalled prosperity in every respect — and this indolent and imbecile emperor died while the genius and vigour of his wife were giving such illustrations to his reign.

Agrippina has been accused of poisoning her husband, but on no sufficient grounds — his own gluttony was most probably the cause of his death. But that Agrippina's arts seated her son on the throne of the Cæsars, there can be no doubt.

In all this great historical drama, who was the manager, and most efficient actor? woman, or man? Whose was the superior mind? who was the intellectual agent? Was it the wily Seneca? the ductile Burrhus? the sordid army? the servile senate? the excitable people? or the consistent, concentrated Agrippina; who, actuated by one all-absorbing feeling, in the pursuit of one great object, put them all in motion? that feeling was *maternal love*, that object the empire of the world!

Nero was but eighteen years old when he ascended the throne; and, grateful to her whose genius had placed him there, he resigned the administration of affairs into her hands, and evinced an extraordinary tenderness and submission to his august mother. The senate vied with him in demonstrations of deference to her, and raised her to the priesthood, an assignment at once of power and respect.

The conscript fathers yielded to all her wishes; the Roman people had already been accustomed to seeing her on the imperial tribunal; and Seneca, Burrhus, and Pallas became but the agents of her will. In reference to the repose and prosperity of the empire under her sway, Trajan, in after years, was wont to compare the first five years of Nero's reign with those of Rome's best emperors.

Agrippina must have early discovered Nero's deficiency in that physical sensibility, and those finer sympathies which raise man above the tiger and vulture. She is reported to have said, "The reign of Nero has begun as that of Augustus ended; but when I am gone, it will end as that of Augustus began:" — the awful prophecy was soon accomplished. The profound policy by which she endeavoured to prolong her own government, and her watchfulness over the young Britannicus, are sufficient evidences that the son so loved in the perversity of maternal instinct must have eventually laid bare the inherent egotism and cruelty of his nature.

When, on the occasion of a public reception given to an embassy from the East, Agrippina moved forward to take her usual place beside Nero, he, with officious courtesy and ironical respect, sprang forward and prevented the accomplishment of her intention. After this public insult, Agrippina lost all self-control, and uttered passionate and impolitic words that were soon conveyed to the emperor, and by awakening his fears, let loose his worst passions. After murdering Britannicus to frustrate her designs, imprisoning her in her own palace, and attempting to poison her, a reconciliation took place between Nero and Agrippina, of which the mother was the only dupe, for the world understood the hollowness of her son's professions of affection, and all abandoned her.

Nero was now resolved on the death of his mother, and took great pains in arranging an artful scheme to accomplish it—which was frustrated by Aceronia, who voluntarily received the blow intended for her mistress. Agrippina escaped then, but was soon afterwards murdered by Anicetus, who, commissioned by her son, entered her chamber with a band of soldiers and put an end to her life, after a glorious reign of ten years; during which she was distinguished for personal and intellectual endowments, and gave peace and prosperity to the empire she governed. Her faults belonged to the bad men and the bad age in which she lived — the worst on record: her virtues and her genius were her own. She inherited them from Agrippa, the friend and counsellor of Augustus, and from Agrippina, the wife of Germanicus.

The mind of this extraordinary woman was not wholly engrossed by the arts of intrigue or the cares of government; she found time to write her own Memoirs or Commentaries on the events of her time, of which Tacitus availed himself for his historical works. Pliny also quotes from her writings.

ALCESTE,

Daughter of Pelias, and wife of Admetus, king of Thessaly. Her husband was sick, and, according to an oracle, would die, unless some one else made a vow to meet death in his stead. This was done secretly by Alceste, who became ill as Admetus recovered. After her death, Hercules visited Admetus, and promised his friend that he would bring back his wife from the infernal regions. He compelled Pluto to restore Alceste to her husband. Euripides has made this story the subject of a tragedy.

ALCINOE,

Daughter of Polybius the Corinthian, and wife of Amphilochus, fell in love with one Xanthus of the Isle of Samos, who lodged at her house. This is not the strangest thing in the story of her life; the subject of surprise is to see that it was Minerva who inspired her with this disease of love, to punish her because she had not paid

all she had promised to a poor woman who had worked for her. This woman prayed to Minerva to avenge her, and behold her prayers were heard. Alcinoe, by the care of this goddess, became so desperately in love with her lodger, that she left her home and little children, and embarked with him. But during the voyage she reflected upon her conduct; and as she called to mind her young husband and her children, she wept in despair. All the promises of Xanthus to marry her were of no avail to console her grief,—and she threw herself into the sea. This story shows that the ancient heathen had a true sense of the great importance of being just to the poor.

ALEXANDRA,

Queen of Judea, widow and successor of Alexander Jannæus, a wise and virtuous princess, who, contrary to the example of her husband, studied to please her subjects, and preserved peace and prosperity during her reign of seven years. She died in the seventy-third year of her age, B. C. 70. She was the mother of Hyrcanus and Aristobulus, and the latter years of her reign were disturbed by the attempt of her younger son, Aristobulus, to obtain the sovereignty, as he had been exasperated by the favour his mother showed to the sect of the Pharisees, and the authority she allowed them.

ALEXANDRA,

Daughter of Hyrcanus, and mother of Aristobulus and Mariamne, wife of Herod the Great, was a woman of superior powers of mind. When Herod appointed Ananel, a person of obscure birth, high-priest, instead of her son Aristobulus, who had a right to that office, her spirited conduct caused him to depose Ananel in favour of Aristobulus. Herod, displeased at her interference, had her confined and guarded in her own palace; but Alexandra, receiving an invitation from Cleopatra to come to Egypt, with her son, attempted to escape with him, in two coffins; they were discovered, however, and brought back. Herod, jealous of the affection of the Jews for Aristobulus, had him drowned, which so much affected Alexandra, that she at first resolved on committing suicide; but finally decided to live, that she might revenge herself on the murderer. She interested Cleopatra in her cause, who induced Anthony to send for Herod to exculpate himself from the charge, which, by presents and flattery, he succeeded in doing. And when Herod returned he again ordered Alexandra to be confined. But Alexandra showed great terror, if the account be true, and cowardice, when the jealousy of Herod induced him to order the death of his wife Mariamne. Though she knew the innocence of her daughter, she was so much alarmed for fear she should share the same fate, that she sought every opportunity of traducing her, and praising the justice of Herod.

After the death of Mariamne, Herod's grief so overcame him, that he lost his health, and was at times deranged. While in this state, he retired to Samaria, leaving Alexandra at Jerusalem. Alexandra attempted to obtain possession of the fortresses near the capital, that she might eventually become mistress of the city; Herod being informed of her attempts, sent orders that she should be immediately put to death, which was done, about B. C. 27.

AMALTHÆA,

The name of the sibyl of Cumæ, who is said to have offered to Tarquin II., or, The Proud, king of Rome, B. C. 524, nine books, containing the Roman destinies, and demanded for them three hundred pieces of gold. He derided her, for supposing that he would give so high a price for her books; she went away and burning three of them, returned and asked the same price for the other six; this being again denied, she burnt three more, and offered the remaining three, without lessening her demand. Upon which Tarquin, consulting the pontiffs, was advised to buy them. These books, called the "Sibylline Oracles," were in such esteem, that two magistrates were created to consult them upon extraordinary occasions. The books, and the story about them, were probably fabrications of the priests of Rome, to impose on that superstitious people, and increase their own importance, by occasionally quoting and interpreting these oracles. The story is also of importance in showing the spiritual influence the mind of woman exerted over that proud nation which owed its greatness to the sword. Even there the strength of man was fain to seek aid from the quicker intellect and more refined moral sense of woman.

ANCHITA,

Wife of Cleombrutus, king of Sparta, was mother of Pausanias, who distinguished himself at the battle of Platæa. Afterwards, he disgusted his countrymen by his foolish and arrogant conduct, whom he also agreed to betray to the Persian king, on condition of receiving his daughter in marriage. His treason being discovered, he took refuge in the temple of Minerva, from which it was not lawful to force him. His pursuers therefore blocked up the door with stones, the first of which, in the proud anguish of a Spartan mother, was placed by Anchita. Pausanias died there of hunger, B. C. 471.

ANDROCLEA,

Celebrated for her love to her country, was a native of Thebes in Bœotia. That state was at war with the Orchomenians, and the oracle declared that they would be victors if the most noble among them would suffer a voluntary death. Antiopœnus, father of Androclea, the most illustrious person in Thebes, was not disposed to sacrifice himself. Androclea and her sister Alcis fulfilled this duty in their father's stead; and the grateful Thebans erected the statue of a lion to their memory in the temple of Diana.

ANDROMACHE,

Wife of the valiant Hector, son of Priam king of Troy, and the mother of Astyanax, was daughter of Eetion, king of Thebes, in Cilicia. After the death of Hector, and the destruction of Troy, B. C. 1184, she was given to Pyrrhus, son of Achilles, and one of the most celebrated Greek warriors, who married her. Helenus, son of Priam, was also a captive to Pyrrhus, and having given him advice, which resulted favourably, Pyrrhus bestowed Andromache upon him, with part of the country of Epirus. She had children by Pyrrhus; and some authors are of opinion that all the kings of Epirus, to that Pyrrhus who made war against the Romans, were descended from a son of Andromache. This princess had seven brothers, who were killed by Achilles, together with their father, in one day. One author tells us, that she accompanied Priam when he went to desire Achilles to sell him the body of Hector; and that to move him to greater compassion, she carried her son with her, who was an infant. She was of a large stature, if the poets are good authority; but though her beauty of person would never have made her celebrated like Helen, the purity of her mind and the beauty of her character have given her a much nobler celebrity. The tragedy of Euripides is a monument to her memory; and her dialogue with Hector in the Sixth Book of the Iliad is one of the most beautiful parts of that poem.

ANDROMEDA,

Was daughter of Cepheus, king of Ethiopia and of Cassiopeia. Cassiopeia having boasted that her daughter surpassed the Nereides, if not Juno herself, in beauty, the offended goddesses called on Neptune, their father, to revenge the insult. He not only inundated the territory of Ethiopia, but sent a horrid sea-monster which threatened universal destruction. The oracle declared that the wrath of Neptune could be appeased only by the delivery of Andromeda to the monster. In this extremity Perseus beheld her when he was returning from his victory over Medusa. Touched by compassion and love, Perseus offered to kill the monster, on condition that the virgin should be given him in marriage. Cepheus promised this, and kept his word. In memory of the exploits of Perseus, Andromeda was placed by Pallas among the stars.

ANGITIA,

Sister of Medea, and daughter of Æetes, king of Colchis, taught antidotes against poison and serpents. She lived about, B. C. 1228.

ANNA,

Daughter of Belus, king of Tyre, and sister of Dido, whom she accompanied in her flight to Carthage. She was worshipped as a goddess by the ancient Romans, under the title of Anna Perenna, and sacrifices were offered to her both publicly and privately.

ANTIGONE,

Was daughter of Œdipus, king of Thebes, by his sister Jocasta. This incestuous union brought a curse on the innocent Antigone; yet she never failed in her duty to her father, but attended him in his greatest misfortunes. She was slain by the usurper Creon, whose son Hæmon, being in love with her, killed himself upon her tomb. Her death was avenged on Creon by Theseus, and her name has been immortalized in a tragedy by Sophocles. She lived about, B. C. 1250.

ANTONIA MAJOR,

The eldest daughter of Marc Antony and Octavia, sister to Augustus, was born B. C. 39. She married L. Domitius. Some of the most illustrious persons in Rome were descended from her. Also it was her misfortune that the infamous Messalina and Nero were her grandchildren.

ANTONIA MINOR,

Sister of the preceding, was born B. C. 38 or 37. She married Drusus, brother of Tiberius, whose mother, Livia, had married the emperor Augustus. After a victorious campaign in Germany, Drusus died when on his way to Rome to receive the reward of his exploits. The despair of Antonia at this affliction knew no bounds. Their union and virtues, in a dissolute court, had been the admiration of Rome. Three children, Germanicus, Claudius, afterwards emperor, and Livilla, were the fruits of this marriage.

Antonia, though widowed in the bloom of beauty and the prime of life, refused all the splendid connections which courted her acceptance; and, rejecting the solicitations of Augustus to reside at his court, she passed her time in retirement, and in educating her children. She gained the respect and confidence of Tiberius, who had succeeded Augustus, by informing him of a conspiracy formed by his favourite Sejanus against his life.

Domestic calamities seemed to pursue this princess. Her son Germanicus, endowed with every noble quality, adored by the army, the idol of the people, and the presumptive heir to the throne, died suddenly in Syria, probably poisoned by order

of the emperor. Agrippina, wife of Germanicus, returned to Rome, bearing in an urn the ashes of her husband, and joined with Antonia in demanding, but in vain, vengeance of the Senate.

Claudius, her younger son, dishonoured the family by his stupidity and vices; and Livilla was convicted of adultery and the murder of her husband. She was given up by Tiberius to Antonia, who, with the spirit of the ancient Romans, confined her in a room and left her to perish of hunger.

Antonia died in the early part of the reign of her grandson Caligula, who, by his neglect and open contempt, is supposed to have hastened her death. She was probably about seventy-five when she died. Of her private life little is known. She was celebrated for her beauty, chastity, and integrity. Pliny speaks of a temple dedicated to her.

ARETAPHILA,

Of Cyrene, wife of Phædimus, a nobleman of that place, lived about, B. C. 120. Nicocrates, having usurped the government of Cyrene, caused Phædimus to be slain, and forcibly espoused his widow, of whose beauty he had become enamoured. Cyrene groaned under the cruelty of the tyrant, who was gentle and kind only to Aretaphila. Determined to free her country from this cruel yoke, Aretaphila obtained several poisons in order to try their strength. Her drugs were discovered, and her design suspected. Calbia, mother of Nicocrates, insisted that she should be tortured, and after some delay Nicocrates consented. But even in the extremity of her anguish, Aretaphila persisted in her first explanation, that the drugs were intended merely to compose love philters for the preservation of his affections. Nicocrates afterwards entreated her forgiveness, but she remained inexorable.

Aretaphila had one daughter by her first marriage, whom she had united to Lysander, brother of Nicocrates, and through whom she persuaded Lysander to rebel against the tyrant. He was successful in his attempt, and Nicocrates was deposed and assassinated. But after Lysander's accession to the throne, he neglected Aretaphila's advice, and imitated the cruelties and the tyranny of his brother.

Disappointed in her son-in-law, she sent secretly to Anabus, a prince of Lybia, to ask him to invade Cyrene, and free it of its oppressors. When Anabus had arrived near Cyrene, Aretaphila, in a secret conference with him, promised to place Lysander in his hands, if he would retain him prisoner as a tyrant and usurper. For this service, she promised him magnificent gifts and a present in money. She then insinuated into the mind of Lysander, suspicions of the loyalty of his nobles and captains, and prevailed on him to seek an interview with Anabus, in order to make peace.

Lysander and Aretaphila accordingly set forward unarmed and unattended to the camp of Anabus. When they approached it, Lysander's courage failed him, and he would have retreated. But his mother-in-law urged him on, saying, "Should you now return, you would be stamped as a coward and a traitor; as a man who, faithless, perfidious himself, was incapable of a generous confidence."

Again, when on the point of meeting Anabus, Lysander hesitated; but Aretaphila seized his hand, and drawing him forward, gave him up to Anabus.

The tyrant was detained in the camp till the stipulated presents arrived. The people of Cyrene, when they learned what had happened, flocked in crowds to the camp of Anabus, and throwing themselves at the feet of Aretaphila, they acknowledged her as their saviour and their queen. Lysander was taken back to the city, fastened in a leather bag, and thrown into the sea; and Calbia was burnt at the stake. It was then decreed that the administration of the government should be given to Aretaphila, assisted by a council of the nobles. But she declined the honour, preferring the privacy of domestic life. She retired to her own habitation amidst the prayers and blessings of the people.

ARETE,

Was the daughter of Aristippus of Cyrene, who flourished about, B. C. 380, and was the founder of the Cyrenaic system of philosophy. Arete was carefully instructed by her father; and after his death she taught his system with great success. She had a son, Aristippus, to whom she communicated the philosophy she received from her father.

ARSINOE,

Daughter of Ptolemy I., son of Lagus, king of Egypt, and of Berenice, was married to Lysimachus, king of Thrace. Lysimachus fell in battle in Asia, and his kingdom of Macedonia was taken possession of by Seleucus. Seven months afterwards, Seleucus was assassinated by Ptolemy Ceraunus, elder brother of Ptolemy Philadelphus, who also put to death the two children of his half-sister Arsinoe, after he had inveigled her into a marriage with him. Their mother he then banished to the island of Samothracia, where she remained till she was summoned to Egypt to become the second wife of her brother, Ptolemy II. Philadelphus, king of that country, who reigned from B. C. 284 to 276. This is the first instance of the unnatural custom of incestuous marriages which prevailed among the Greek kings of Egypt. Though Arsinoe was now quite advanced, her brother was much attached to her, and called one of the districts of Egypt after her. She is said to have founded a city, called by her own name, on the banks of the Achelous, in Ætolia.

ARSINOE,

A daughter of Lysimachus, king of Thrace, was the first wife of Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of Egypt, by whom she had three children, Ptolemy, Lysimachus, and Berenice. Suspecting her of plotting against his life, Ptolemy banished her, and she fled to Cyrene, where she was kindly received by Magas, half-brother of the king of

Egypt. Magas married her, and adopted her daughter, Berenice. Berenice was betrothed to Demetrius, son of Demetrius Poliorcetes, who came from Macedonia to marry her; but instead, transferred his affections to Arsinoe, which led to his assassination, and the marriage of Berenice to Ptolemy III., who was probably her brother, by which the kingdoms of Egypt and Cyrene were again united. The history of this princess is very confused; and there is much difference of opinion on the subject.

ARSINOE,

Daughter of Ptolemy III. Euergetes, was married to her brother, Ptolemy IV. Philopater; she is called Eurydice by Justin, and Cleopatra by Livy. She was present at the battle of Rhaphia, a city not far from Gaza, in Palestine, fought between her husband and Antiochus the Great, B. C. 217, and is said to have contributed not a little to gain the victory. Ptolemy afterwards, seduced by the charms of Agathoclea, ordered Arsinoe to be put to death.

ARTEMISIA,

Daughter of Lygdamis, became queen of Caria, in Asia Minor, when her husband died. According to Herodotus, she was one of the most distinguished women of antiquity. She attended Xerxes in his expedition against Greece, B. C. 480, and furnished five ships, which were only inferior to those of the Sidonians. In the council of war before the battle of Salamis, she strongly represented to Xerxes the folly of risking a naval engagement, and the event justified her opinion. In the battle she displayed so much courage, that Xerxes exclaimed, "The men behave like women, and the women like men!" To her Xerxes intrusted his children, that they might be safely transported to his kingdom, when, agreeably to her advice, he abandoned Greece, to return to Asia.

These great qualities did not secure her from the weakness of love; she was passionately fond of a man of Abydos, whose name was Dardanus, and was so enraged at his neglect of her, that she put out his eyes while he was asleep. This, however, instead of diminishing her passion, seemed to increase it. At length she consulted the Delphic oracle, to learn how to conquer her love; and being advised to go to Leucadia, the ordinary resort of desperate lovers, she, like the poet Sappho, took the fatal leap from that promontory, and was drowned and buried there. Many writers confound this Artemisia with the wife of Mausolus, who lived some time after.

ARTEMISIA II.,

The queen of Caria, wife of Mausolus, immortalized by her attachment to her husband, built for him, at his death, the celebrated and stately tomb, that was considered one of the seven wonders of the world. It was called the Mausoleum, and from it all other magnificent sepulchres have received the same name. It was built by four architects, and the expense of its construction was enormous; the philosopher Anaxagoras exclaimed, when he saw it, "How much money changed into stones!"

Artemisia frequently visited the place where her husband's ashes were deposited; mixed the earth that covered him with water, and drank it, for the purpose, as she said, of becoming the living tomb of her departed lord. She offered the richest prizes to those who should excel in composing a panegyric on his virtues. Yet in the midst of all her grief, she did not suffer it to interfere with the duties of her elevated position, but took the command of her army in a war against the Rhodians, in which she is said to have shown undaunted bravery. She took possession of the city of Rhodes, and treated the inhabitants with great severity. She caused two statues to be erected: one of the city of Rhodes, habited like a slave; and the other of herself, branding the city with a hot iron. Vitruvius adds, that the Rhodians never dared to remove that trophy from its place; such an attempt being prohibited by their religion; but they built a wall around it, which prevented it from being seen. She lived in the fourth century before Christ.

ASENATH,

Daughter of Potiphar or Potiphera, and wife of Joseph, prime minister to Pharaoh, king of Egypt, is supposed by some to be the daughter of the same Potiphar, whose wife had caused Joseph's imprisonment, and that Asenath had endeared herself to Joseph by taking his part in his adversity, and vindicating him to her father.

ASPASIA,

Of Miletus, and daughter of Axiochus, lived principally at Athens. She gained the affections of Pericles, who, according to Plutarch, divorced his first wife, with her own consent, in order to marry Aspasia. We are told little of her beauty, but much of her mental powers and cultivation. In eloquence, she surpassed all her contemporaries. She was the friend, and, according to Plato, the instructress of Socrates, who gives her the high praise of "having made many good orators, and one eminent over all the Greeks, Pericles, the son

of Xanthippus." On this and similar authority we learn, that Pericles was indebted to Aspasia for much of his high mental cultivation. The Athenians used often to bring their wives to hear her converse, notwithstanding what was said of her immoral life. She is accused of having excited, from motives of personal resentment, the war of Peloponnesus; yet, calamitous as that conflict proved to Greece, Aspasia inflicted on the country still more incurable evils. Her example and instructions formed a school at Athens, by which her dangerous profession was reduced to a system.

Aspasia, on occasion of a check of the Athenian army, came herself into the assembly of the people, and pronounced an oration, inciting them to rally and redeem their cause; her speech was allowed to be far more eloquent than those of Gorgias, and other famous orators who spoke on the same conjuncture.

Hermippus, a comic poet, prosecuted Aspasia for impiety, which seems to have consisted in disputing the existence of their imaginary gods, and introducing new opinions about celestial appearances. But she was acquitted, though contrary to the law, by means of Pericles, who is said to have shed tears in his application for mercy in her behalf.

It should not be omitted that some modern writers have maintained opinions on the life of Aspasia very different from those popularly entertained. They say, the woman whom Socrates respected, the woman who for years was the bosom counsellor of so eminent a man as Pericles, never could have been devoid of personal purity; vice palls; vice may please by charms of exterior, but never could keep up mental enthusiasm such as Aspasia certainly excited and retained with Pericles. They suggest that aspersions were thrown upon her character by Aristophanes, to wound Pericles through her bosom; but that the friend, the adviser, the sympathizing companion of the man who has been called *Princeps Græcia*, was not a courtezan. We may here recall some verses of Croly, who, in a note to the poem now quoted, evidently leans to the opinions just stated.

> "And throned immortal by his side
> A woman sits with eye sublime,
> Aspasia, all his spirit's bride;
> But if their solemn love were crime,
> Pity the beauty and the sage;
> Their crime was in their darken'd age."

Socrates, who was the intellectual admirer of this fascinating woman, in his Dialogue of Æschines, gives an account of the method which Aspasia took, in order to persuade Xenophon and his wife to observe the reciprocal duties of a married state in the best manner. The persons in the Dialogue are Aspasia, Xenophon, and his wife, whom Mr. Le Clerc supposes from a passage in Laertius to have been named Philesia.

"Tell me, Philesia," says Aspasia, "whether, if your neighbour had a piece of gold of more value than your own, you would not choose it before your own?" "Yes," answered Philesia. "If she had a gown, or any of the female ornaments, better than your's, would not you choose them rather than your own?" "Yes," answered she. "But," says Aspasia, "if she had an husband of more merit than your own, would not you choose the former?" Upon this Philesia blushed. Aspasia then addressed herself to Xenophon. "If your neighbour, Xenophon, had an horse better than your own, would not you choose him preferably to your own?" "Yes," answered he. "If he had an estate or farm of more value than your own, which would you choose?" "The former," answered he, "that is, that which is more of value." "But if his wife was better than your own, would not you choose your neighbour's?" Here Xenophon was silent upon this question. Aspasia therefore proceeded thus: "Since both of you, then, have refused to answer me in that point only, which I wanted you to satisfy me in, I will tell you myself what you both think: for you, Philesia, would have the best of husbands, and you, Xenophon, the best of wives. And therefore if you don't endeavour that there be not a better husband and wife in the world than yourselves, you will always be wishing for that which you shall think best; you, Xenophon, will wish you might be married to the best of wives, and Philesia, that she might have the best of husbands."

Pericles died at the age of seventy, B. C. 429; and after this we hear nothing of Aspasia, excepting that she transferred her affections to Lysicles, a grazier, who, in consequence of her influence, became, for a time, one of the leading men in Athens.

ASPASIA, or MILTO,

Mistress of Cyrus the younger, was born about 421, B. C. of free parents, at Phocis, in Ionia. She was brought up virtuously but in poverty, and being very beautiful, with a profusion of light curling hair, very uncommon in that country, she attracted the notice of one of the satraps of Cyrus, who forced her father to give her to him for the seraglio of this prince. Her modesty, dignity, and grief had such an effect on Cyrus, that he made her his wife in every thing but the name, consulting her in the most important affairs, and following her counsels. He changed her name to Aspasia, that being the appellation of the celebrated wit and beauty of Miletus. Aspasia bore her honours with the greatest moderation, and availed herself of the change in her fortunes only to rescue her father from his poverty. When Cyrus was killed, B. C. 401, in the ambitious attempt to dethrone his brother Artaxerxes, Aspasia was taken prisoner and brought before the conqueror. Artaxerxes treated her with the greatest attention, and made her the first among his women, although he could not marry her, as his wife Statira was still living. He ordered her to be clothed in magnificent apparel, and to be sumptuously lodged; but it was long before his attentions or kindness could efface the memory of Cyrus, whom she had tenderly loved. She showed the utmost indifference, through her whole life, to her own personal aggrandizement, and would seldom accept any present which she did not need. On one occasion Cyrus had sent her a chain of gold, remarking that "It was wor-

thy the wife of a king;" but she requested him to send it to his mother Parysatis. This so pleased Parysatis, that she sent Aspasia many grand presents and a large sum of gold, all of which Aspasia gave to Cyrus, after praising the generosity of his mother.

"It may be of service to you," said she, "who are my riches and ornament."

ATHALIAH,

THE daughter of Ahab king of Samaria, and of Jezebel, daughter of Ethbaal king of the Sidonians, was wife of Jehoram, king of Judah, who walked in the idolatrous ways of the house of Ahab. Jehoram died in the year B. C. 885, and the kingdom devolved on Ahaziah their son. Ahaziah reigned only one year, and on his untimely death, Athaliah 'arose and slew all the seed-royal of the house of Judah,' although they were her grand-children, and ascended the throne B. C. 884, and reigned six years. At the end of that time, Joash, a son of Ahaziah, who had been concealed six years in the temple by his aunt Jehosheba, the wife of Jehoida the high-priest, was produced by Jehoida before the priests and soldiers, and anointed king. Athaliah hastened to the temple and attempted to excite a reaction in her own favour by raising a cry of treason, but in vain, for Jehoida gave instant orders that she should be removed from the sacred enclosure and slain. This command was immediately obeyed, B. C. 878. The discovery of Joash is the subject of a tragedy by Racine, written by command of Madame de Maintenon.

AXIOTHEA,

A FEMALE philosopher of the age of Plato, whose lectures she attended in male attire.

B.

BATHSHEBA, or BATHCHUAH,

DAUGHTER of Eliam Ammiel, was wife of Uriah the Hittite. While her husband was absent at the siege of Rabbah, David, king of Israel, accidentally saw her and fell violently in love with her. In consequence of this, he contrived the death of her husband, and married her. Bathsheba's eldest child by David died, but she bore four others to him, of whom Solomon and Nathan are reckoned in the genealogy of Jesus Christ.

Bathsheba is represented as very beautiful; and she must have been a woman of extraordinary powers of mind, as she exercised over her husband, king David, such paramount influence. Though he had, by his other wives, several sons older than Solomon, and Adonijah seems to have been his favourite, yet she induced him to promise that Solomon her son should succeed to the throne. The scene in David's death-chamber, when, at her appeal, the old king calls back, as it were, the full powers of his strong mind to give her again the solemn promise that her son shall reign, is sufficient confirmation of her influence. After David's death she was treated with profound reverence by her son, king Solomon. The period of her death is not recorded; but the last time she is mentioned, when she "sat on the right hand" of her son, who was "on his throne," was about B. C. 1012.

BAUCIS,

A PHRYGIAN woman, wife of Philemon, who received Jupiter and Mercury kindly, after these gods had been denied hospitality in the whole country, while travelling in disguise. A deluge afterwards destroyed all but Philemon and Baucis, who entreated the gods to make their cottage a temple, in which they could officiate as priest and priestess, and that they might die together. Both of these requests were granted. Their story has been a favourite theme of poetry.

BERENICE (1),

ONE of the four wives of Ptolemy I., the founder of the dynasty of the Lagidæ in Egypt, and the mother of Ptolemy II., called Philadelphus. She had another son, Magas, by a former husband, who was afterwards king of Cyrene.

BERENICE (2),

A DAUGHTER of Ptolemy II., Philadelphus, and sister of Ptolemy III., Euergetes. She was married to Antiochus II., king of Syria, who divorced his wife Laodice on the occasion. But after the death of Philadelphus, Antiochus divorced Berenice and took back Laodice, who, enraged at her husband's having married Berenice, murdered them both, as well as a son Berenice had by Antiochus, B. C. 248.

BERENICE (3),

THE daughter of Ptolemy Philadelphus and Arsinoe, married her brother Euergetes. Being passionately attached to him, she made a vow to consecrate her beautiful locks to Venus, in case of his safe return from a dangerous expedition. He came home unhurt, and she performed her vow; but some time after, the hair disappeared from the temple, and Conon, the astronomer, published that they had been placed among the stars; and he gave to a constellation the name of Berenice's hair, which it still retains. She was put to death by her own son, B. C. 221.

BERENICE (4),

SOMETIMES called Cleopatra, was the only legitimate child of Ptolemy VIII. (Soter II.), reigned six months, and was then murdered by her husband, Alexander II., to whom she had been married only nineteen days.

BERENICE (5),

A DAUGHTER of Ptolemy IX., Auletes, who began to reign in Egypt B. C. 81, was sister of the celebrated Cleopatra. While her father was at Rome, from B. C. 58 to B. C. 55, Berenice was made regent; but on the restoration of Auletes, he put his daughter to death. Berenice first married Seleucus, whom, it is said, she caused to be strangled; and afterwards, Archelaus, who was also put to death by Auletes.

BERENICE (6),

Of Chios, one of the wives of Mithridates Eupator, king of Pontus, B. C. 123, generally called Mithridates the Great, was put to death by his command, together with his other wives, lest they should fall into the hands of his conqueror, Lucullus.

BERENICE (7),

Daughter of Costoborus and Salome, Herod the Great's sister, was married first to her cousin Aristobulus, son of Herod and Mariamne. He, belonging to the Asmonean race, and having a brother who married the daughter of Archelaus, king of Cappadocia, often upbraided Berenice that he had married below himself in wedding her. Berenice related these discourses to her mother, and exasperated her so furiously that Salome, who had great influence over her brother Herod, made him suspicious of Aristobulus, and caused him to order the murder of his own son. Berenice married again; and, having lost her second husband, went to Rome, and got into the favour of Augustus; and also of Antonia, wife of Drusus, son of Augustus, which, in the end, proved of great service to Herod Agrippa, her son by Aristobulus.

C.

CALPURNIA,

Daughter of Lucius Piso, of an ancient and an honourable family in Rome, married Cæsar, after his divorce from his third wife, Pompeia. In her, Cæsar found a wife such as he desired, whose propriety of conduct placed her "above suspicion." To her virtues she added beauty, talents, prudence, an extraordinary eloquence, and a generosity and magnanimity of mind truly Roman. Unmoved by all reverses of fortune, she showed herself equally dignified when wife to Cæsar, senator of Rome, as when consort to the master of the world. Warned, as she thought, in a dream, of her husband's fate, she entreated him not to leave his house on the ides of March; but, urged by the conspirators, he disregarded her prayers, and was assassinated before his return, March 15th, B. C. 44.

Calpurnia, superior to the weakness of ordinary minds, pronounced publicly, in the rostra, the funeral eulogium of her husband in an impressive and eloquent manner. Having declared a loss like hers to be irreparable, she passed the remainder of her life in mourning, secluded in the house of Mark Antony, to whom she entrusted the treasures and papers of Cæsar, that she might be the better enabled to avenge his death.

CAMILLA,

Daughter and successor of Metabus, king of the Volsci, and ally of Turnus in his contests with Æneas in Italy. She was killed on the field of battle. She is celebrated by Virgil for her valour.

CARMENTA, or NICOSTRATA,

An ancient poetess of Latium, flourished before the foundation of Rome, in which, afterwards, divine honours were paid her. According to Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Carmenta was born in Arcadia, where she was known by her name of Nicostrata. Her son Evander being implicated in an unintentional homicide, she found means for an emigration, which she conducted herself, about 60 years prior to the Trojan war. She led her followers into Italy, and established her son Evander as king of that country, which afterwards contained Rome. She found it inhabited by a savage race, without religion, without courtesy, without agriculture. She taught them to sow grain, she polished them by introducing poetry and music; and she built their first temple, and lifted their thoughts to a superintending Deity. For these great benefits she was revered as prophetess, priestess and queen, and received her celebrated name of *Carmenta*, in allusion to the oracular power with which she was supposed to be gifted.

That she was a woman of wonderful genius and a remarkably practical mind, there can be little doubt; as the Romans would not otherwise have acknowledged, for such a length of time, her talents and merits. In their proudest days, the Romans never forgot the honours due to the benefactress of their rude ancestors. Cicero speaks of an officer in his day called *Flamen Carmentalis*, who had charge of the rites instituted by this ancient prophetess. Virgil alludes to this remarkable woman in the eighth book of the Æneid:—

——— Dehinc progressus, monstrat et aram,
Et Carmentalem Romano nomine portam,
Quam memorant Nymphæ priscum Carmentis honorem
Vatis fatidicæ.

It is supposed to be from her name that verses were named *Carmina* by the Latins. She was well skilled in the Greek language, and of extraordinary learning for the age in which she lived.

CASSANDRA,

Daughter of Priam, king of Troy, was regarded as a prophetess; and, during the siege of Troy, uttered various predictions of impending calami-

ties, which were disregarded at the time, but verified in the event. During the plunder of Troy, B. C. 1184, she took refuge in the temple of Minerva, where she was barbarously treated by Ajax. In the division of the spoil, she fell to the lot of Agamemnon, who brought her home, where she excited the jealousy of Clytemnestra. In consequence, Cassandra and Agamemnon were both murdered by Clytemnestra and her paramour. She is said to have been very beautiful, and to have had many suitors in the flourishing time of Troy.

CASSIOPEIA,

Daughter of Arabus, and wife of Cepheus, king of Ethiopia, to whom she bore Andromeda. She dared to compare her daughter's beauty to that of the Nereides, who besought Neptune for vengeance. The god complied by laying waste the dominions of Cepheus by a deluge and a sea-monster. In astronomy, Cassiopeia is a conspicuous constellation in the northern hemisphere.

CECONIA, or CESENIA,

Wife of Caligula, emperor of Rome, was killed by Julius Lupus, A. D. 41, while weeping over the body of her murdered husband. When she saw the assassin approaching, and discovered his purpose, she calmly presented her breast to his sword, urging him to finish the tragedy his companions had begun. Her two daughters died by the same hand.

CHARIXENA,

A very learned Grecian lady, who composed many pieces in prose and verse. One of her poems is entitled "*Cromata.*" She is mentioned by Aristophanes.

CHELIDONIS,

Daughter of Leotychides, and grand-daughter of Timœa, wife of Agis, king of Sparta, married Cleonymus, son of Cleomenes II., king of Sparta. Cleonymus was disliked by the Lacedæmonians, on account of his violent temper, and they gave the royal authority to Atreus, his brother's son. Chelidonis also despised him and loved Acrotatus, a very beautiful youth, the son of Atreus. Cleonymus left Lacedæmon in anger, and went to solicit Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, to make war against the Lacedæmonians. Pyrrhus came against the city with a large army, but was repulsed. The Spartans, on his approach, had resolved to send the women, by night, to Crete for safety; but Archidamia came, sword in hand, into the senate, complaining that they were thought capable of surviving the destruction of their country. The women laboured all night on the abutments, with the exception of Chelidonis, who put a rope around her neck, resolving not to fall alive into the hands of her husband. Acrotatus did wonders, and was received with acclamations on his return as a conqueror to the city, which was saved chiefly by the patriotism of the women, inspired by Chelidonis. She lived about 280 B. C.

CHELONIS,

Daughter of Leonidas, king of Sparta, B. C. 491, was the wife of Cleombrutus. Her father was deposed by a faction, who placed Cleombrutus on the throne in his stead. Chelonis refused to share her husband's triumph, and retired with her father into a temple in which he had taken sanctuary. Leonidas, some time after, was permitted to retire to Tagea, whither Chelonis accompanied him.

A change occurring in the feelings of the populace, Leonidas was restored, and Cleombrutus obliged to take refuge, in his turn, in the sanctuary. Chelonis now left her father for her husband. Leonidas repaired, with an armed force, to the sanctuary, and bitterly reproached Cleombrutus, who listened in silence, with the injuries he had received from him. The tears of Chelonis, who protested that she would not survive Cleombrutus, softened Leonidas, and he not only gave his son-in-law his life, but allowed him to choose his place of exile. To the entreaties of Leonidas that Chelonis would remain with him, she returned a resolute refusal; and, placing one of her children in her husband's arms, and taking the other in her own, she went with him into banishment.

CHIOMARA,

The heroic wife of Ortiagon, a Gaulish prince, equally celebrated for her beauty and her chastity. During the war between the Romans and the Gauls, B. C. 186, the latter were entirely defeated on Mount Olympus. Chiomara, among many other ladies, was taken prisoner, and committed to the charge of a centurion. This centurion, not being able to overcome the chastity of the princess by persuasion, employed force; and then, to make her amends, offered her her liberty, for an Attic talent. To conceal his design from the other Romans, he allowed her to send a slave of her own, who was among the prisoners, to her relations, and assigned a place near the river where she could be exchanged for the gold.

She was carried there the next night by the centurion, and found there two relations of her own, with the gold. While the centurion was weighing it, Chiomara, speaking in her own tongue, commanded her friends to kill him, which they did. Then cutting off his head herself, she carried it under her robe to her husband, Ortiagon, who had returned home after the defeat of his troops. As soon as she came into his presence she threw the head at his feet. Surprised, as he might well be, at such a sight, he asked whose head it was, and what had induced her to do a deed so uncommon with her sex? Blushing, but at the same time expressing her fierce indignation, she declared the outrage that had been done her, and the revenge she had taken. During the remainder of her life, she strenuously retained her purity of manners, and was treated with great esteem.

CLELIA,

One of the Roman virgins given as a hostage to Porsenna, when he came to restore the Tarquins,

Stealing from his camp by night, she crossed the Tiber on horseback. Porsenna sent to demand her, and she was given up to him; but he dismissed her with her companions, for the great esteem he had of her virtue. The Senate erected an equestrian statue to her.

CLEOBULE, or CLEOBULINE,

Daughter of Cleobulus, prince of Lindos, in Greece, who flourished B. C. 594, was celebrated for her enigmatical sentences, or riddles, composed chiefly in Greek verse.

CLEOPATRA,

Was the eldest daughter of Ptolemy Auletes, king of Egypt. On his death, B. C. 51, he left his crown to her, then only seventeen years old, and her eldest brother Ptolemy, who was still younger, directing them, according to the custom of that family, to be married, and committing them to the care of the Roman Senate. They could not agree, however, either to be married or to reign together; and the ministers of Ptolemy deprived Cleopatra of her share in the government, and banished her from the kingdom. She retired to Syria, and raised an army, with which she approached the Egyptian frontier. Just at this time, Julius Cæsar, in pursuit of Pompey, sailed into Egypt, and came to Alexandria. Here he employed himself in hearing and determining the controversy between Ptolemy and Cleopatra, which he claimed a right to do as an arbitrator appointed by the will of Auletes; the power of the Romans being then vested in him as dictator. But Cleopatra laid a plot to attach him to her cause by the power of those charms which distinguished her in so peculiar a manner. She sent word to Cæsar that her cause was betrayed by those who managed it for her, and begged to be allowed to come in person and plead it before him. This being granted, she came secretly into the port of Alexandria in a small skiff, in the dusk of the evening; and to elude her brother's officers, who then commanded the place, she caused herself to be tied up in her bedding and carried to Cæsar's apartment on the back of one of her slaves. She was then about nineteen; and though, according to Plutarch, not transcendently beautiful, yet her wit and fascinating manners made her quite irresistible. Her eyes were remarkably fine, and her voice was delightfully melodious, and capable of all the variety of modulation belonging to a musical instrument. She spoke seven different languages, and seldom employed an interpreter in her answer to foreign ambassadors. She herself gave audience to the Ethiopians, the Troglodytes, Hebrews, Arabians, Syrians, Medes, and Parthians. She could converse on all topics, grave or gay; and put on any humour, according to the purpose of the moment. So many charms captivated Cæsar at once; and the next morning he sent for Ptolemy and urged him to receive Cleopatra on her own terms; but Ptolemy appealed to the people, and put the whole city in an uproar. A war commenced, in which Cæsar proved victorious; and Ptolemy, while endeavouring to escape across the Nile in a boat, was drowned. Cæsar then caused Cleopatra to marry her younger brother, also named Ptolemy, who, being a boy of eleven, could only contribute his name to the joint sovereignty. This mature statesman and warrior, who had almost forgotten ambition for love, at length tore himself from Cleopatra, who had borne him a son, Cæsarion, and went to Rome.

After his departure, Cleopatra reigned unmolested; and when her husband had reached his fourteenth year, the age of majority in Egypt, she poisoned him, and from that time reigned alone in Egypt. She went to Rome to see Cæsar, and while there lodged in his house, where her authority over him made her insolence intolerable to the Romans. His assassination so alarmed her that she fled precipitately to her own country, where, out of regard to the memory of Cæsar, she raised a fleet to go to the assistance of the triumvirs, but was obliged by a storm to return.

After the battle of Philippi, Antony visited Asia, and, on the pretext that Cleopatra had furnished Cassius with some supplies, he summoned her to appear before him at Tarsus, in Cilicia. Cleopatra prepared for the interview in a manner suited to the state of a young and beautiful eastern queen. Laden with money and magnificent gifts, she sailed with her fleet to the mouth of the Cydnus. There she embarked in a vessel whose stern was of gold, sails of purple silk, and oars of silver that kept time to a concert of several instruments. She herself was lying under a canopy of cloth of gold, dressed like Venus rising out of the sea; about her were lovely children like Cupids fanning her; the handsomest of her women, habited like Nereids and Graces, were leaning on the sides and shrouds of the vessel; the sweets that were burning perfumed the banks of the river, which were covered by crowds of people, shouting, that "the goddess Venus was come to visit Bacchus for the happiness of Asia;" while Antony sat alone and unattended.

Cleopatra succeeded in her object; Antony became her captive; and the impression her beauty and splendour had made on him was completed and rendered durable by the charms of her society. Her influence over him became unbounded, and she abused it to the worst purposes. At her request, her younger sister, Arsinoe, was assassinated; and she scrupled no act of injustice for the aggrandizement of her dominions. After Antony had spent a winter with her at Alexandria, he went to Italy, where he married Octavia. Cleopatra's charms, however, drew him back to

Egypt; and when he had proceeded on his expedition against Parthia, he sent for her into Syria, where she rendered him odious by the cruelties and oppressions she urged him to practice. After his return, he bestowed upon her many provinces, by which he incurred the displeasure of the Roman people. When the civil war broke out between Antony and Octavianus, afterwards Augustus Cæsar, emperor of Rome, Cleopatra accompanied Antony, and added sixty ships to his navy. It was by her persuasion that the deciding battle was fought by sea, at Actium. She commanded her own fleet; but her courage soon failed her, and before the danger reached her she fled, followed by the whole squadron and the infatuated Antony, who, however, was very angry with Cleopatra on this occasion, and remained three days without seeing her. He was at length reconciled to her, and, on the approach of Octavianus, they both sent publicly to treat with him; but, at the same time, Cleopatra gave her ambassadors private instructions for negotiating with him separately. Hoping to secure the kingdom of Egypt for herself and her children, she promised to put it into the hands of Octavianus; and, as a pledge for the performance, she delivered up to him the important city of Pelusium.

Near the temple of Isis she had built a tower, which she designed for her sepulchre; and into this was carried all her treasures, as gold, jewels, pearls, ivory, ebony, cinnamon, and other precious woods; it was also filled with torches, faggots, and tow, so that it could be easily set on fire. To this tower she retired after the last defeat of Antony, and on the approach of Octavianus; and when Antony gave himself the mortal stab, he was carried to the foot of the tower, and drawn up into it by Cleopatra and her women, where he expired in her arms.

Octavianus, who feared lest Cleopatra should burn herself and all her treasures, and thus avoid falling into his hands and gracing his triumphal entry into Rome, sent Proculus to employ all his art in obtaining possession of her person; which he managed to do by stealing in at one of the windows. When Cleopatra saw him, she attempted to kill herself; but Proculus prevented her, and took from her every weapon with which she might commit such an act. She then resolved to starve herself; but her children were threatened with death if she persisted in the attempt. When Octavianus came to see her, she attempted to captivate him, but unsuccessfully; she had, however, gained the heart of his friend, Dolabella, who gave her private notice that she was to be carried to Rome within three days, to take a part in the triumph of Octavianus. She had an asp, a small serpent, whose bite is said to induce a kind of lethargy and death without pain, brought to her in a basket of figs; and the guards who were sent to secure her person, found her lying dead on a couch, dressed in her royal robes, with one of her women dead at her feet, and the other expiring. The victor, though greatly disappointed, buried her, with much magnificence, in the tomb with Antony, as she had requested. She was in her thirty-ninth year at the time of her death; she left two sons and a daughter by Antony, whom she had married after his divorce from Octavia, besides her son by Cæsar, whom Octavianus put to death as a rival. With her terminated the family of Ptolemy Lagus, and the monarchy of Egypt, which was thenceforth a Roman province. Cleopatra was an object of great dread and abhorrence to the Romans, who detested her as the cause of Antony's divorce from Octavia, and the subsequent civil war. Her ambition was as unbounded as her love of pleasure; and her usual oath was, "So may I give law in the capitol." Her temper was imperious, and she was boundlessly profuse in her expenditures; nor did she ever hesitate to sacrifice, when it suited her own interest, all the decorums of her rank and sex. But we must remember, also, that she lived in an age of crime. She was better than the men her subtle spirit subdued,—for she was true to her country. Never was Egypt so rich in wealth, power and civilization, as under her reign. She reconstructed the precious library of her capital; and when the wealth of Rome was at her command, proffered by the dissolute Antony, who thought her smiles cheaply bought at the price of the Roman empire, Cleopatra remarked,—"The treasures I want are two hundred thousand volumes from Pergamus, for my library of Alexandria."

Her children, by Antony, were carried to Rome, to grace the triumph of Octavianus. Octavia, Antony's repudiated wife, took charge of them: and Cleopatra, the daughter, was afterwards married to Juba, king of Mauritania.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Was the daughter of Tyndarus, king of Sparta, and Leda, and twin-sister of Helen. She bore her husband, Agamemnon, two daughters, Sphigenia and Electra, and one son, Orestes. During the absence of Agamemnon, in his wars against Troy, she became enamoured of Ægisthus, and assisted him to murder Agamemnon on his return. She then, together with Ægisthus, governed Mycene for seven years. Orestes, at length, killed them both.

CORINNA,

A poetess, to whom the Greeks gave the appellation of the Lyric Muse, was a native of Tanagra, in Bœotia. She flourished in the fifth century B. C., and was a contemporary of Pindar, from whom she five times won the prize in poetical contests. Her fellow-citizens erected a tomb to her in the most frequented part of their city. Only a few fragments of her works are extant. She did justice to the superiority of Pindar's genius, but advised him not to suffer his poetical ornaments to intrude so often, as they smothered the principal subject; comparing it to pouring a vase of flowers all at once on the ground, when their beauty and excellence could only be observed in proportion to their rarity and situation. Her glory seems to have been established by the public memorial of her picture, exhibited in her native city, and

adorned with a symbol of her victory. Pausanias, who saw it, supposes her to have been one of the most beautiful women of her age; and observes that her personal charms probably rendered her judges partial,—a very masculine idea.

CORINNA, or CRINNA,

Of the Isle of Telós, lived about B.C. 610. She wrote a fine poem in the Doric language, consisting of three hundred verses. Her style is said to have resembled that of Homer. She died at the age of nineteen.

CORNELIA,

The mother of the Gracchi. In this lady every circumstance of birth, life, and character, conspired to give her a glowing and ever-living page in history. Two thousand years have passed away, and yet her name stands out as freshly, as if she had been cotemporaneous with Elizabeth and Mary. She was the daughter of Scipio Africanus, the conqueror of Hannibal. Such descent could hardly have received an addition of glory or distinction. But, such was the life of Cornelia, that even the fame of Scipio received new lustre. She was married to a man, who, though he filled many high Roman offices, yet derived still greater dignity from her virtues. This was Tiberius Gracchus, the grandson of Sempronius, who was eulogized by Cicero for wisdom and virtue. He was thought worthy of Cornelia, and the event proved that one was as remarkable as the other, for what in that age of the world must have been deemed the highest excellencies of the human character. Tiberius died, leaving Cornelia with twelve children. Her character was such, that Ptolemy king of Egypt paid his addresses to her, but was rejected. She devoted herself to the care of her house and children; in which she behaved with the sweetest sobriety, parental affection, and greatness of mind. During her widowhood, she lost all her children except three, one daughter, who was married to Scipio the younger, and two sons, Tiberius and Caius Gracchus. Plutarch remarks, that "Cornelia brought them up with so much care, that though they were without dispute of the noblest family, and had the happiest geniuses of any of the Roman youth, yet education was allowed to have contributed more to their perfections than nature." This remark may show in forcible colours the vast influence of mothers in the education of youth. It is certain that there is no natural genius which may not be improved by education, and it is equally certain that no human being can have as much influence on that education as the mother. When a Campanian lady once displayed her jewels before Cornelia, requesting to see hers in return, Cornelia produced her two sons, saying, "These are all the jewels of which I can boast."

She also gave public lectures on philosophy in Rome, and was more fortunate in her disciples than her sons. Cicero says of her, that, "Cornelia, had she not been a woman, would have deserved the first place among philosophers."

Cornelia, like all the leading women of Rome, had imbibed the heroic, or ambitious spirit of the age. She is said to have made remarks to her sons which seemed to spur them on more rapidly in their public career. The result was not very fortunate. For though her sons sustained the highest name for purity of character; though they have come down to us, distinguished as *the* Gracchi, and though they were associated with the popular cause, yet their measures were so revolutionary and violent, that they were both destroyed in popular tumults.

Cornelia survived the death of her sons, which she bore with great magnanimity. They had been killed on consecrated ground, and of these places she said, that "they were monuments worthy of them." She lived subsequently a life of elegant and hospitable ease, surrounded by men of letters, and courted by the great. We cannot have a better idea of the close of her life, and of the high estimation in which she stood, than by the very words of Plutarch. This writer closes the lives of the Gracchi with the following account of Cornelia:

"She took up her residence at Misenum, and made no alteration in her manner of living. As she had many friends, her table was always open, for the purpose of hospitality. Greek, and other men of letters, she had always with her, and all the kings in alliance with Rome expressed their regard by sending her presents, and receiving the like civilities in return. She made herself very agreeable to her guests, by acquainting them with many particulars of her father Africanus, and of his manner of living. But what they most admired in her was, that she could speak of her sons without a sigh or a tear, and recount their actions and sufferings as if she had been giving an account of some ancient heroes. Some therefore imagined that age and the greatness of her misfortunes had deprived her of her understanding and sensibility. But those who were of that opinion seem rather to have wanted understanding themselves; since they know not how much a noble mind may, by a liberal education, be enabled to support itself against distress; and that, though, in the pursuit of rectitude, Fortune may often defeat the purposes of Virtue, yet Virtue, in bearing affliction, can never lose her prerogative."

The whole life of Cornelia presents a beautiful character; and from the facts which have come down to us we may draw these inferences: 1. Cornelia must have been educated in a very superior manner by *her father*. For in no other manner can we account for her knowledge and love of literature; nor for the fact, that while yet young she was regarded as worthy of the most virtuous and noble men of Rome. 2. She must have been, from the beginning, a woman of *fixed principles and undaunted courage;* for, in no other manner can we give a solution to her rejection of the king of Egypt, her unremitting care of her family, the high education of her sons, and the great influence she held over them. 3. She must have *cultivated* literature and the graces of conversation; for, how else could she have drawn around the fireside of a retired widow, the men of letters, and even the compliments of distant princes?

From all this we may draw the conclusion that it is quite possible for a lady to be a woman of letters, and yet a good housekeeper, a good mother, a very agreeable companion, and a useful member of society. It is true, that all women cannot have the same early advantages, the same parental care, the same rich opportunities, and the same splendid line of life. Yet how few are they who have improved, to the same advantage, the talents with which they have really been endowed! And, yet more, how few are the fathers and mothers who think these riches of the immortal mind at all equivalent to the petty accomplishments of fashion? Yet it is these high qualities of mind alone which remain, like the eternal laws of nature, after all the modes of fashion and the revolutions of time. From this living fountain flows all the bubbling, sparkling, running waters of life. It overflows beyond the boundaries of life, and enriches every territory of distant posterity.

In her lifetime a statue was raised to her, with this inscription: *Cornelia mater Gracchorum.* She died about 230 years before Christ.

CORNELIA,

A DAUGHTER of Metellus Scipio, who married Pompey, after the death of her first husband, P. Crassus. She was an eminently virtuous woman, and followed Pompey in his flight to Egypt, after his defeat by Cæsar at Pharsalia, B. C. 48; and saw him murdered on his landing. She attributed all his misfortunes to his connection with her.

CORNELIA,

DAUGHTER of Cinna, and first wife of Julius Cæsar. She became the mother of Julia, Pompey's wife, and was so beloved by her husband that he pronounced a funeral oration over her corpse.

CRATESIPOLIS,

A QUEEN of Sicyon, celebrated for her valour, after the death of her husband, Alexander, B. C. 314.

CREUSA,

DAUGHTER of Priam, king of Troy, and of Hecuba his wife, married Æneas, by whom she had Ascanius. When Troy was taken, B. C. 1184, she fled in the night with her husband; but in the confusion they were separated, and Æneas could not recover her. Some assert that Cybele saved her, and that Creusa became a priestess in her temple.

CYNISCA,

DAUGHTER of Agesilaus, king of Sparta, B. C. 400, was celebrated by the Lacedæmonians for excelling in the Olympic games. Her brother, to show his contempt for these exercises, with difficulty persuaded her to enter the lists; for he thought those amusements would not be held in estimation, if a woman could obtain the prize.

D.

DAMO

DAUGHTER of Pythagoras, the philosopher, was one of his favourite disciples, and was initiated by him into all the secrets of his philosophy. Her father entrusted to her all his writings, enjoining her not to make them public. This command she strictly obeyed, though tempted with large offers, while she was struggling with the evils of poverty. She lived single, in obedience to her father's wishes, and exhorted other young women, whose education she took charge of, to do the same. She was born at Crotona, in Italy, and lived about B. C. 500.

DAMOPHILA,

WIFE of Damophilus, the Grecian philosopher, was the contemporary, relation, and rival of Sappho. She composed a poem on Diana, and a variety of odes on subjects connected with the passion of love. She is mentioned by Theophilus, in his life of Apollonius Thyneus. She flourished about B. C. 610.

DEBORAH,

A PROPHETESS and judge in Israel, and the most extraordinary woman recorded in the Old Testament. She lived about a hundred and thirty years after the death of Joshua. The Israelites were in subjection to Jabin, king of the Canaanites, who for twenty years had "mightily oppressed" them. Josephus says, "No humiliation was saved them; and this was permitted by God, to punish them for their pride and obstinacy;" according to the Bible, for their "idolatry and wickedness." In this miserable and degraded condition they were, when "Deborah, a prophetess, the wife of Lapidoth," was raised up to be the "judge" and deliverer of her people. By the authority God had sanctioned, in giving her superior spiritual insight and patriotism, she called and commissioned Barak to take 10,000 men of the children of Naphthali and of Zebulun, and go against Sisera and his host. According to Josephus, this armed host of Canaanites consisted of 300,000 infantry, 10,000 cavalry, and 3000 chariots; the Bible does not give the number, but names "nine hundred chariots of iron," and the army as "a multitude." Barak seems to have been so alarmed at the idea of defying such a host of enemies, or so doubtful of succeeding in gathering his own army, that he refused to go, unless Deborah would go with him. Here was a new and great call on her energies. She had shown wisdom in counsel, superior, we must infer, to that of any man in Israel, for all the people "came up to her for judgment;"—but had she courage to go out to battle for her country? The sequel showed that she was brave as wise; and the reproof she bestowed on Barak for his cowardice or want of faith, is both delicate and dignified. She had offered him the post of military glory; it belonged to him as a man; but since he would not take it, since he resolved to drag a woman forward to bear the blame of the insurrection, should the patriot effort fail; the "honour"

of success would be given to a "woman!" And it was. But Deborah's spirit-stirring influence so animated the army of the Israelites, that the numerical force of the Canaanites was of no avail. When she said to Barak, "Up; for this is the day in which the Lord hath delivered Sisera into thine hand;" her battle-cry inspired him with faith, and he rushed "down from Mount Tabor, and 10,000 men after him." "The Lord discomfited Sisera and all his chariots, and all his host;" being, if Josephus is right, a hundred to one against the little army of Barak, besides the "nine hundred iron chariots;" of the mighty host of Sisera, not a man escaped. What a victory to be achieved, by the blessing of God, under the guidance of a woman! After the battle was won and Israel saved, then Deborah, who had shown her wisdom as a judge and her bravery as a warrior, came forth to her people in her higher quality of prophetess and priestess, and raised her glorious song, which, for poetry, sublimity and historic interest, has never been exceeded, except by the canticle of Moses. It is true that Barak's name is joined with hers in the singing, but the wording of the ode shows that it was her composition; as she thus declares,—"Hear, O ye kings; give ear, O ye princes; I, I, will sing unto the Lord; I will sing to the Lord God of Israel." Then she pathetically alludes to the wasted condition of her country, when the "highways were unoccupied, and the travellers walked through by-ways."—"The villages ceased, they ceased in Israel, until that I, Deborah, arose, that I arose a mother in Israel."

How beautiful is her character shown in the title she assumed for herself! not "*Judge*," "*Heroine*," "*Prophetess*," though she was all these, but she chose the tender name of "*Mother*," as the highest style of woman; and described the utter misery of her people, as arousing her to assume the high station of a patriot and leader. It was not ambition, but love, that stirred her noble spirit, and nerved her for the duties of government. She is a remarkable exemplification of the spiritual influence woman has wielded for the benefit of humanity, when the energies of man seemed entirely overcome. Her genius was superior to any recorded in the history of the Hebrews, from Moses to David, an interval of more than four hundred years; and scriptural commentators have remarked, that Deborah alone, of all the rulers of Israel, has escaped unreproved by the prophets and inspired historians. The land under her motherly rule had "rest forty years." See "Judges," chapters iv., v.

The Rev. H. H. Milman, in his "History of the Jews," thus comments on the genius of this extraordinary woman.

"Deborah's hymn of triumph was worthy of the victory. The solemn religious commencement—the picturesque description of the state of the country—the mustering of the troops from all quarters—the sudden transition to the most contemptuous sarcasm against the tribes that stood aloof—the life, fire, and energy of the battle—the bitter pathos of the close—lyric poetry has nothing, in any language, which can surpass the boldness and animation of this striking production. But this hymn has great historic as well as poetic value. It is the only description of the relation of the tribes to each other, and of the state of society during the period of the Judges. The northern tribes—Zebulun, Issachar, Naphthali—appear in a state of insurrection against their oppressors: they receive some assistance from Ephraim, Manasseh, and Benjamin. The pastoral tribes beyond Jordan remain in unpatriotic inactivity. Dan and Asher are engaged in their maritime concerns; a curious fact, for we have no other intimation of any mercantile transactions of the Hebrews—as these expressions seem to imply—earlier than the reign of Solomon. Of Judah and Simeon there is no notice whatever, as if they had seceded from the confederacy, or were occupied by enemies of their own.

Thus sang Deborah and Barak, son of Abinoam,
In the day of victory thus they sang:
That Israel hath wrought her mighty vengeance,
That the willing people rushed to battle,
Oh, therefore, praise Jehovah!

Hear, ye kings! give ear, ye princes!
I to Jehovah, I will lift the song,
I will sound the harp to Jehovah, God of Israel!
Jehovah! when thou wentest forth from Seir!
When thou marchedst through the fields of Edom
Quaked the earth, and poured the heavens,
Yea, the clouds poured down with water:
Before Jehovah's face the mountains melted,
That Sinai before Jehovah's face,
The God of Israel.

In the days of Shamgar, son of Anath,
In Jael's days, untrodden were the highways,
Through the winding by-path stole the traveller;
Upon the plains deserted lay the hamlets,
Even till that I, till Deborah arose,
Till I arose in Israel a mother.

They chose new gods;
War was in all their gates!
Was buckler seen, or lance,
'Mong forty thousand sons of Israel?

My soul is yours, ye chiefs of Israel!
And ye, the self-devoted of the people,
Praise, ye, the Lord with me!
Ye that ride upon the snow-white asses,
Ye that sit to judge on rich divans;
Ye that plod on foot the open way,
Come meditate the song.

For the noise of plundering archers by the wells of water
Now they meet and sing aloud Jehovah's righteous acts;
His righteous acts the hamlets sing upon the open plains,
And enter their deserted gates the people of Jehovah.

Awake, Deborah! Awake!
Awake, uplift the song!
Barak, awake! and lead thy captives captive
Thou son of Abinoam!

With him a valiant few went down against the mighty,
With me Jehovah's people went down against the strong.

First Ephraim, from the Mount of Amalek,
And after thee, the bands of Benjamin!
From Machir came the rulers of the people,
From Zebulun those that bear the marshall's staff;
And Issachar's brave princes came with Deborah,
Issachar, the strength of Barak:
They burst into the valley on his footsteps.

By Reuben's fountains there was deep debating—
Why sat'st thou idle, Reuben, 'mid thy herd-stalls?

Was it to hear the lowing of thy cattle?
By Reuben's fountains there was deep debating—

And Gilead lingered on the shores of Jordan—
And Dan, why dwelled he among his ships?—
And Asher dwelled in his sea-shore havens,
And sate upon his rocks precipitous.
But Zebulun was a death-defying people,
And Naphthali from off the mountain heights.

Came the king and fought,
Fought the kings of Canaan,
By Taanach, by Megiddo's waters,
For the golden booty that they won not.

From the heavens they fought 'gainst Sisera,
In their courses fought their stars against him:
The torrent Kishon swept them down,
That ancient river Kishon.
So trample thou, my soul, upon their might.

Then stamped the clattering hoofs of prancing horse
At the flight, at the flight of the mighty.

Curse ye Meroz, saith the angel of the Lord,
Curse, a twofold curse upon her dastard sons:
For they came not to the succour of Jehovah,
To the succour of Jehovah 'gainst the mighty.
Above all women blest be Jael,
Heber the Kenite's wife,
O'er all the women blest, that dwell in tents.

Water he asked—she gave him milk,
The curded milk, in her costliest bowl.

Her left hand to the nail she set,
Her right hand to the workman's hammer—
Then Sisera she smote—she clave his head;
She bruised—she pierced his temples.
At her feet he bowed; he fell; he lay;
At her feet he bowed; he fell;
Where he bowed, there he fell dead.

From the window she looked forth, she cried,
The mother of Sisera, through the lattice:
"Why is his chariot so long in coming?
Why tarry the wheels of his chariot?"
Her prudent women answered her—
Yea, she herself gave answer to herself—
"Have they not seized, not shared the spoil?
One damsel, or two damsels to each chief?
To Sisera a many-coloured robe,
A many-coloured robe, and richly broidered,
Many-coloured, and broidered round the neck."

Thus perish all thine enemies, Jehovah;
And those who love thee, like the sun, shine forth,
The sun in all its glory.*

DELILAH,

Of Sorek, a Philistine woman, who enticed Samson to reveal to her the secret of his supernatural strength, which was in his hair. This she caused to be cut off, and thus delivered him, helpless, into the hands of his enemies.

The history of Samson is the history of the triumphs of womans's spiritual nature over the physical strength and mental powers of man. Samson's birth, character and mission were first revealed to his mother; the angel appearing twice to her before her husband was permitted to see the heavenly messenger. All the preparatory regimen to ensure this wonderful son was appointed as the mother's duty; and when the angel of the Lord was revealed, the man's earthly nature was overwhelmed with fear; the woman's spiritual nature held its heavenly trust unshaken. The arguments of the wife, to comfort and sustain her husband, are as well-reasoned as any to be found in man's philosophy.

Next, the "woman in Timnath," the wife of Samson, persuaded him to tell her his riddle or enigma, then considered a remarkable proof of genius to make. His wisdom was weakness weighed with her attractions. But his great physical strength remained a secret still. It was the especial gift of God, confided to him that he might become the deliverer of his nation. Yet this endowment was rendered of little real avail, because he devoted it to unworthy purposes, either to gratify his sensual passions or to escape the snares into which these had led him. The last trial of his strength, mental and bodily, against the subtlety of the woman's spirit, proved her superior power. Delilah conquered Samson, and in the means she employed she was far less culpable than he; because she was his paramour, perhaps his victim, and he the heaven-gifted champion of Israel. Read the history as recorded in the Bible, not in Milton's "Samson Agonistes," where the whole is set in a false light. Delilah was not the wife of Samson. She owed him no obedience, no faith. But his strength was consecrated to God—he was the traitor, when he disclosed the secret. See Judges, from chapters xiii. to xvii. These events occurred B. C. 1120.

DIDO, or ELISSA,

A Daughter of Belus, king of Tyre, who married Sichæus of Sicharbas, her uncle, priest of Hercules. Her brother, Pygmalion, who succeeded Belus, murdered Sichæus, to get possession of his immense riches; and Dido, disconsolate for the loss of her husband, whom she tenderly loved, and dreading lest she should also fall a victim to her brother's avarice, set sail, with a number of Tyrians, to whom Pygmalion had become odious from his tyranny, for a new settlement. According to some historians, she threw into the sea the riches of her husband, and by that artifice compelled the ships to fly with her, that had come by the order of the tyrant to obtain possession of her wealth. But it is more probable that she carried her riches with her, and by this influence prevailed on the Tyrian sailors to accompany her. During her voyage Dido stopped at Cyprus, from which she carried away fifty young women, and gave them as wives to her followers. A storm drove her fleet on the African coast, where she bought of the inhabitants as much land as could be surrounded by a bull's hide cut into thongs. Upon this land she built a citadel, called Byrsa; and the increase of population soon obliged her to enlarge her city and dominions.

Her beauty, as well as the fame of her enterprise, gained her many admirers; and her subjects wished to compel her to marry Jarbas, king of Mauritania, who threatened them with a dreadful war. Dido asked for three months before she gave a decisive answer; and during that time she

* "In the above translation an attempt is made to preserve something like a rhythmical flow. It adheres to the original language, excepting where an occasional word is but rarely inserted, for the sake of perspicuity."

erected a funeral pile, as if wishing by a solemn sacrifice to appease the manes of Sichæus, to whom she had vowed eternal fidelity. When all was prepared, she stabbed herself on the pile in presence of her people; and by this uncommon action obtained the name of Dido, or "the valiant woman," instead of Elissa. Virgil and others represent her as visited by Æneas, after whose departure she destroyed herself from disappointed love; but this is a poetical fiction, as Æneas and Dido did not live in the same age. After her death, Dido was honoured as a deity by her subjects. She flourished about B. C. 980.

DINAH,

The only daughter of the patriarch Jacob. Her seduction by prince Shechem; his honourable proposal of repairing the injury by marriage, and the prevention of the fulfilment of this just intention by the treachery and barbarity of her bloody brethren Simeon and Levi, are recorded in Gen. xxxiv. But every character in the Bible has its mission as an example or a warning, and Dinah's should be the beacon to warn the young of her sex against levity of manners and eagerness for society. "She went out to see the daughters of the land;" the result of her visit was her own ruin, and involving two of her brothers in such deeds of revenge as brought a curse upon them and their posterity. And thus the idle curiosity or weak vanity of those women who are always seeking excitement and amusement, may end most fatally for themselves and those nearest connected and best beloved. Dinah lived B. C. 1732.

DIOTIMA,

One of the learned women who taught Socrates, as he himself declared, the "divine philosophy." She was supposed to have been inspired with the spirit of prophecy; and Socrates learned of her how from corporeal beauty to find out that of the soul, of the angelical mind, and of God. She lived in Greece, about B. C. 468.

E.

EGEE,

Queen of the African Amazons, of whom it is related, that she passed from Lybia into Asia, with a powerful army, with which she made great ravages. Opposed by Laomedon, king of Troy, she set his power at defiance; and, charged with an immense booty, retook the way to her own country. In repassing the sea, she perished with her whole army.

ELECTRA,

Daughter of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, was the sister of Iphigenia and Orestes. Her step-father Ægisthus would not allow her to marry any of her suitors who were princes, lest her children should avenge the murder of Agamemnon; but he married her to a man of humble rank in Argos, who left her a virgin. At the time of her father's death she saved her brother Orestes, and afterwards instigated him to murder Ægisthus and Clytemnestra. When Orestes was tortured by the furies on account of these murders, Electra was informed by the oracle of Delphi that he was slain by a priestess of Diana; this so excited her that she was about to kill Iphigenia, who had just entered the temple as a priestess of Diana, with a firebrand, when Orestes appeared. Electra afterwards married Pylades, the friend of Orestes.

ERINNA,

A Grecian lady cotemporary with Sappho; composed several poems, of which some fragments are extant in the "*Carmina Novem Poetarum Seminarum*," published in Antwerp, in 1568. She lived about B. C. 595. One of her poems, called "*The Distaff*," consisted of three hundred hexameter lines. It was thought that her verses rivalled Homer's. She died at the age of nineteen, unmarried.

There is another poetess of the same name mentioned by Eusebius, who flourished in the year B. C. 354. This appears to have been the poetess mentioned by Pliny as having celebrated Myro in her poems.

ESTHER,

A Jewish maiden, whose great beauty raised her to the throne of Persia, whereby she saved her countrymen from total extermination. Esther was an orphan, brought up by her cousin Mordecai, who was of the tribe of Benjamin, the great-grandson of Kish, one of the captives taken from Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar. Mordecai was probably born in Babylon; but he was a devout worshipper of the God of Israel. He had adopted Esther as his own daughter;—and when after king Ahasuerus had repudiated his first queen Vashti, and chosen the "fair and beautiful" Jewish maid, then her uncle, who had strictly enjoined her not to let it be made known to the king that she was a Jewess, left Babylon for Susa, where he often waited at the gate to see his niece and hear of her welfare.

About this time Ahasuerus passed an ordinance, importing, that none of his household, under penalty of death, should come into his presence while he was engaged in the administration of justice. If, however, he extended the golden sceptre towards the intruder, the penalty was to be remitted. Not long after, two of the chamberlains of the king conspired against him; the plot was disclosed to Mordecai, and, through the medium of Esther, the king was apprised of his danger. Mordecai received no reward for this service, except having the transaction entered in the records of the state, and being allowed the privilege of admission to the palace.

Haman, an Amalekite, now became the chief favourite of king Ahasuerus;—Mordecai, probably proud of his Jewish blood, and despising the base parasite, refused to bow down to him in the gate, as did all the king's servants. This affront, so offensive to Haman's pride, determined him not only to destroy Mordecai, but all the captive Jews throughout the wide dominions of king Ahasuerus.

The favourite made such representations to the king concerning the Jews, that a proclamation for their entire destruction was promulgated.

The result is known to all who have read the "Book of Esther;"—how this pious and beautiful woman, trusting in heaven and earnestly employing her own influence, succeeded in defeating the malice of the Amalekite; "Haman was hanged on the gallows he had prepared for Mordecai." The relationship of Esther and Mordecai was made known to the king, who gave Haman's office to the noble Jew, and from that time took him into his confidential service and promoted him to the highest honours. Between the king and his lovely wife the most perfect confidence was restored. Indeed from what is said by the prophet Nehemiah, who wrote some ten or twelve years later, and who represented the queen as sitting beside the king when petition was made concerning the Jews, we must infer she was ever after his counsellor and good angel.

The learned are not agreed who this Ahasuerus was; Josephus asserts, that he is the same as the Artaxerxes Longimanus of profane history; and the Septuagint, throughout the whole book of Esther, translates Ahasuerus by Artaxerxes. Indeed the great kindness shown by Artaxerxes to the Jews, can hardly be accounted for, except on the supposition that they had so powerful an advocate as Esther to intercede for them. Some writers, however, assert that he is the same as Darius Hystaspes, king of Persia, B. C. 521, who allowed the Jews to resume the building of their temple. But whoever the Ahasuerus of this history might be, its interest centres in Esther. In her example the influence of woman's pious patriotism is exhibited and rewarded. Esther was deeply indebted to Mordecai for his care and zeal in her education; still, had she not possessed, and exercised too, the highest powers of woman's mind—faith in God, and love, self-sacrificing love for her people—the Jews must have perished. This wonderful deliverance has, from that time to this—more than twenty-three centuries—been celebrated by the Jews, as a festival called "the days of Purim," or, more generally, "Esther's Feast." This great triumph occurred B. C. 509.

EURYDICE,

An Illyrian lady, is commended by Plutarch, for applying herself to study, though already advanced in years, and a native of a barbarous country, that she might be enabled to educate her children. She consecrated to the muses an inscription, in which this circumstance is mentioned.

EURYDICE,

Wife of Amyntas, king of Macedonia, in the fifth century before Christ, was the mother of Alexander, Perdiccas, and Philip, father of Alexander the Great, and of one daughter, Euryone. From a criminal love she had for her daughter's husband, she conspired against Amyntas; but he discovered the plot, through one of his daughters by a former wife, and forgave her. On the death of Amyntas, Alexander ascended the throne, but he perished through the ambition of his mother, as well as his brother and successor, Perdiccas. Philip, who succeeded them, preserved his crown from all her attempts, on which she fled to Iphicrates, the Athenian general. What became of her afterwards, is not known.

EURYDICE,

Wife of Aridæus, the natural son of Philip, king of Macedonia, who, after the death of Alexander the Great, was made king for a short time. Aridæus had not full possession of his senses, and was governed entirely by his wife. After a reign of seven years, Aridæus and Eurydice were put to death, B. C. 319, by Olympias, mother of Alexander the Great, who had conquered them.

EVE,

The crowning work of creation, the first woman, the mother of our race. Her history, in the sacred Book, is told in few words; but the mighty consequences of her life will be felt through time, and through eternity. We shall endeavour to give what we consider a just idea of her character and the influence her destiny exercises over her sex and race.

The Bible records that "the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." Yet he was not perfect then, because God said, "It is not good for man to be alone." Would a perfect being have needed a helper? So God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam; and while he slept God took one of the ribs of the man; "And the rib which the Lord God had taken from man, made he a woman, and brought her unto the man. And Adam said, This is now bone of my bones and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called woman, because she was taken out of man." It was this twain in unity, to which allusion is made in the 1st chap. of Genesis, 27th and 28th verses. The creation is there represented as finished, and the "*image of God* was *male and female;*" that is, comprising the moral excellences of man and woman; thus united, they formed the perfect being called *Adam.*

It is only when we analyze the record of the particular process of creation, and the history of the fall, and its punishment, that we can learn what were the peculiar characteristics of man and woman as each came from the hand of God. Thus guided, the man seems to have represented strength, the woman beauty; he reason, she feeling; he knowledge, she wisdom; he the material or earthly, she the spiritual or heavenly in human nature.

That woman was superior to man in some way is proven, first, by the care and preparation in forming her; and secondly, by analogy. Every step in the creation had been in the ascending scale. Was the last retrograde? It must have been, unless the woman's nature was more refined, pure, spiritual, a nearer assimilation with the angelic, a link in the chain connecting earth with heaven, more elevated than the nature of man. Adam was endowed with the perfection of physi-

cal strength, which his wife had not. He did not require her help in subduing the earth. He also had the large understanding which could grasp and comprehend all subjects relating to this world —and was equal to its government. "He gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field;" and that these names were significant of the nature of all the animals, thus subordinated to him, there can be no doubt. Still, the sacred narrative goes on—"But for Adam there was not found any help meet for him;" that is, a created being who could comprehend him and help him where he was deficient,—in his spiritual nature. For this help woman was formed, —and while the twain were one, *Adam* was perfect. It was not till this holy union was dissolved by sin that the distinctive natures of the masculine and the feminine were exhibited.

Let us examine this exhibition. Adam and his wife were placed in the garden of Eden, where grew the "tree of the knowledge of good and evil," the fruit of which they were forbidden to eat on pain of death. The woman, being deceived by the serpent, or spirit of evil, into the belief that the penalty would not be inflicted, and that the fruit would confer on them, the human pair, a higher degree of spiritual knowledge than they then possessed—"Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil," was the promise of the subtle tempter—"she took of the fruit, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat." Such is the precise account of the fall. Commentators have imputed weakness of mind to the woman, because the tempter assailed her. But does it not rather show she was the spiritual leader, the most difficult to be won, and the serpent knew if he could gain her, the result was sure? Remember that her husband was "*with her*"—the serpent addressed them both—"*Ye shall be as gods*," &c. Now, is it not reasonable to suppose that the nature (the human pair was then one,) best qualified to judge of these high subjects, would respond? The decision was, apparently, left to her. The woman led; the man followed. Which showed the greatest spiritual power, the controlling energy of mind? In the act of disobedience the conduct of the woman displayed her superior nature. The arguments used by the tempter were addressed to the higher faculties of mind as her predominant feelings, namely, the desire for knowledge and wisdom. With her these arguments prevailed; while man, according to his own showing, had no higher motives than gratifying his sensuous inclinations; he ate, because his wife gave him the fruit. Precisely such conduct as we might expect from a lower nature towards a higher; compliance without reason or from inferior considerations.

We next come to the trial of the guilty pair, and their sentence from the mouth of their Maker. Every word confirms the truth of the position, that woman's moral sense was of a higher standard than man's. She was first sentenced. Meekly and truly had she confessed her fault; the unerring sign of a noble spirit betrayed into sin when striving for glory. Her temporal punishment implied deep affections and acute sensibilities, requiring endowments of a spiritual and intellectual character. She was to suffer "sorrow" for her children, and be subjected to the rule of her husband, to whom her desire "shall be;" that is, her hopes of escaping from the ignorance and inferiority to which he would consign her, must be centred on winning, by her love, gentleness and submission, his heart; and through the influence of her purer mind, infused into their children, finally spiritualize his harder and more earthly nature. Her doom was sad, but not degrading; for though like an angel with wings bound, she was to minister to her husband, yet a promise of wondrous blessings for her seed preceded her sentence. Not so with Adam. He had shown at every step that his mind was of a different stamp. He had disobeyed God from a lower motive; and when arraigned, instead of humility, he showed fear and selfishness. He sought to excuse himself by throwing the blame on his wife. True, he was not deceived. His worldly wisdom had not been dazzled by the idea of gaining heavenly wisdom, which he probably did not covet or estimate as she did. His sentence was in accordance with his character, addressed to the material rather than the spiritual in human nature. Like a felon he was condemned to hard labour for life, on the ground cursed for his sake. And he was further degraded by reference to his origin—"*from the dust;*" and consigned to death and the grave! Not a ray of hope was given the man, save through the promise made to the woman!

Does it not mark her purer spiritual nature that, even after the fall, when she was placed under her husband's control, she still held his immortal destiny, so to speak, in her keeping? To her what a gracious promise of future glory was given! Her seed was to triumph over the tempter which had deceived her. She was not only to be delivered from the power of the curse, but from her was to come the deliverer of her earthly ruler, man.

After the sentence was promulgated, we find instant acknowledgement that the mysterious union, which had made this first man and woman one being in Adam, was altered. There was no longer the unity of soul; there could not be where the wife had been subjected to the husband. And then it was that Adam gave to woman her specific name—*Eve*, or *the Mother*.

Thus was motherhood predicated as the true field of woman's mission, where her spiritual nature might be developed, and her intellectual agency could bear sway; where her moral sense might be effective in the progress of mankind, and her mental triumphs would be won. Eve at once comprehended this, and expressed its truth in the sentiment, uttered on the birth of her first-born, "I have gotten a man from the Lord." When her hopes for Cain were destroyed by the fratercidal tragedy, she, woman-like, still clung to the spiritual promise, transferring it to Seth. The time of her death is not recorded.

According to Blair's chronology, Adam and Eve were created on Friday, October 28th, 4004 B. C.

F.

FLORA,

A famous courtezan of Rome, who loved Pompey so devotedly, that though at his entreaties she consented to receive another lover, yet when Pompey took that opportunity to discontinue his visits entirely, she fell into such despair as showed she had the true woman's heart, although so polluted by her degradation that its holiest feelings were made to become her severest tortures. Flora was so beautiful that Cecilius Metellus had her picture drawn and kept in the temple of Castor and Pollux.

FULVIA,

An extraordinary Roman lady, wife of Marc Antony, had, as Paterculus expresses it, nothing of her sex but the body; for her temper and courage breathed only policy and war. She had two husbands before she married Antony — Clodius, the great enemy of Cicero, and Curio, who was killed while fighting in Africa, on Cæsar's side, before the battle of Pharsalia. After the victory, which Octavius and Antony gained at Philippi over Brutus and Cassius, Antony went to Asia to settle the affairs of the East. Octavius returned to Rome, where, falling out with Fulvia, he could not decide the quarrel but with the sword. She retired to Prænestè, and withdrew thither the senators and knights of her party; she armed herself in person, gave the word to her soldiers, and harangued them bravely.

Bold and violent as Antony was, he met his match in Fulvia. "She was a woman," says Plutarch, "not born for spinning or housewifery, not one that would be content with ruling a private husband, but capable of advising a magistrate, or ruling the general of an army." Antony had the courage, however, to show great anger at Fulvia for levying war against Octavius; and when he returned to Rome, he treated her with so much contempt and indignation, that she went to Greece, and died there of a disease occasioned by her grief.

She participated with, and assisted her cruel husband, during the massacres of the triumvirate, and had several persons put to death, on her own authority, either from avarice or a spirit of revenge. After Cicero was beheaded, Fulvia caused his head to be brought to her, spit upon it, drawing out the tongue, which she pierced several times with her bodkin, addressing to the lifeless Cicero, all the time, the most opprobrious language. What a contrast to the character of Octavia, the last wife of Marc Antony!

G.

GLAPHYRA,

A priestess of Bellona's temple in Cappadocia, and a daughter of Archelaus, the high-priest of Bellona, is celebrated for her beauty and intrigue. Although she was married and had two sons, Sisinna and Archelaus, yet she fell in love with Marc Antony, and he gave her the kingdom of Cappadocia for her children. This infidelity of Antony so displeased his wife Fulvia, that she resolved to revenge herself by taking the same course.

Glaphyra had a granddaughter of the same name, who was a daughter of Archelaus, king of Cappadocia, and married Alexander, son of Herod and Mariamne, by whom she had two sons. After the death of Alexander she married her brother-in-law Archelaus.

H.

HAGAR,

An Egyptian woman, the handmaid of Sarai, whom she gave to her husband Abram as a concubine or left-handed wife. Such arrangements were not uncommon in those old times. When the honoured wife was childless, she would give her favourite slave or maid-servant to her husband, and the children born of this connection were considered as belonging to the real wife.

It had been promised Abram that his seed should become a great nation; but his wife Sarai had borne him no children. She was nearly eighty years of age; her husband ten years older. Despairing of becoming herself the mother of the promised seed, she would not stand in the way of God's blessing to her husband — so she gave him Hagar. It was, like all plans of human device that controvert the laws of God, very unfortunate for the happiness of the parties. Hagar was soon uplifted by this preference; and believing herself the mother of the promised heir, she despised her mistress; was rebuked, and fled into the wilderness. There the angel of the Lord met her, and commanded her to return to Sarai, and be submissive. Hagar seems to have obeyed the divine command at once; and all was, for a time, well. Ishmael was born, and for twelve years was the only child, the presumptive heir of one of the richest princes of the East. But at the birth of Isaac, the true heir, all Hagar's glory vanished. The bondwoman and her son were finally sent forth from the tents of the patriarch, with "bread and a bottle of water." Hagar carried these on her shoulder, a poor, outcast mother, the victim of circumstances and events she could not change or control. But God hears the cry of affliction, and all who turn to Him in their hearts will be comforted. Thus was Hagar relieved; God "opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water," when Ishmael was dying of thirst. "She went and filled the bottle with water, and gave the lad drink." Mother-like, she never thought of herself, of her own sorrows and wants. She devoted herself to her son, who became the "father of twelve princes," the progenitor of the Arabs, who, to this day, keep possession of the wilderness where Hagar wandered with her son Ishmael. Poetry and painting have made this scene of her life memorable. It happened B. C. 1898.

HANNAH,

Was wife of Elkanah, a Levite, and an inhabitant of Ramah. Her history, as given in scripture, is very brief, but full of interest and instruction. Elkanah had another wife, as was not uncommon among the Israelites, a practice their law tolerated though it never approved. Hannah was the beloved wife, but she had no children; and her rival, who had, taunted her with this sterility. The picture of this family gives a vivid idea of the domestic discord caused by polygamy.

Hannah was fervent in faith towards God, and when she went up to the temple to worship, prayed earnestly for a son, and "wept sore." Eli the priest thought she was drunken; but on her explanation, blessed her, and she believed. The prayer of Hannah was granted; she bore a son, and named him Samuel — that is, "asked of God." She had vowed, if a son were given her to "lend him unto the Lord," or dedicate him to the service of the temple. Her tenderness as a mother is only exceeded by her faith towards God. She nursed her son most carefully, but he is nursed for God. Her zeal and piety appear to have been transfused into his nature; from his birth he was "in favour with the Lord, and also with men." No wonder he was chosen to be among the most illustrious of God's people. The last of her judges; the first of a long line of prophets; eminent as well for wisdom in the cabinet as for valour in the field; uncorrupted and incorruptible in the midst of temptations; Samuel's name stands distinguished not only in the annals of Israel, but in the history of all our race. Grotius has compared him to Aristides, others to Alcibiades, and all have celebrated his lofty and patriotic character. And these great qualities, these wonderful powers, directed to good purposes, were but the appropriate sequel to his mother's fervent prayers and faithful training; and God's blessing, which will follow those who earnestly seek it.

HECUBA,

Second wife of Priam, king of Troy, and mother of Hector and Paris, was, according to Homer, the daughter of Dymas; but according to Virgil, of Cisseis, king of Thrace, and sister of Theais, priestess of Apollo at Troy during the war. After the capture of Troy, B. C. 1184, she attempted to revenge the death of her son Polydorus, and was stoned to death by the Greeks. Some say that she became a slave to Ulysses, and that he left her in the hands of her enemies, who caused her to be stoned. It is probable, however, that Ulysses himself was the cause of her death; as it is recorded, that upon his arrival in Sicily, he was so tormented with dreams, that in order to appease the gods, he built a temple to Hecate, who presided over dreams, and a chapel to Hecuba. Euripides, in his tragedy of "Hecuba," has immortalized this unfortunate mother and queen.

HELEN,

The most beautiful woman of her age, was the daughter of Tyndarus, king of Sparta, and Leda, his wife. When very young she was carried off by Theseus, king of Athens, a celebrated hero of antiquity, by whom she had a daughter. Notwithstanding this her hand was eagerly sought, and she numbered among her suitors all the most illustrious and distinguished princes of Greece. The number of her admirers alarmed Tyndarus, who feared for the safety of his kingdom; but the wise Ulysses, withdrawing his pretensions to Helen, in favour of Penelope, niece of Tyndarus, advised him to bind by a solemn oath all the suitors, to approve of the uninfluenced choice which Helen should make, and to unite to defend her, if she should be forced from her husband. This advice was followed, and Helen chose Menelaus, king of Sparta. For three years they lived very happily, and had one daughter, Hermione. Paris, son of Priam, king of Troy, visiting Menelaus, saw Helen, and persuaded her, during her husband's absence at Crete, to fly with him to Troy.

All the former suitors of Helen, bound by their oath, took up arms to assist Menelaus in recovering her. They succeeded in taking Troy, B. C. 1184, when Helen regained the favour of her husband and returned with him to Sparta. After the death of Menelaus, Helen fled to Rhodes. Polyxo, queen of Rhodes, detained her; and to punish her for being the cause of a war in which Polyxo's husband had perished, had her hung on a tree. Euripides has made Helen the subject of a tragedy.

HERO,

A priestess of Venus at Sestos, on the coast of Thrace. She saw Leander, a youth of Abydos, at a festival in honour of Venus and Adonis at Sestos, and they became in love with each other. The sacred office of Hero, and the opposition of her relatives, prevented their marriage; but every night Leander swam across the Hellespont, guided by a torch placed by Hero in her tower. At length he perished one night in the attempt, and Hero, while waiting for him, saw his lifeless body thrown by the waves at the foot of her tower. In her desperation, she sprang from the tower on the corpse of Leander, and was killed by the fall.

HERSILIA,

Wife of Romulus, the founder of Rome, B. C. 753, was deified after her death, and worshipped under the names of Horta or Orta.

HIPPARCHIA,

A celebrated lady at Maronea, in Thrace, who lived about B. C. 328. She was at one time mistress to Alexander the Great; but her attachment to learning and philosophy was so great, that having attended the lectures of Crates, the cynic, she fell in love with him, and resolved to marry him, though he was old, ugly, and deformed; and though she was addressed by many handsome young men, distinguished by their rank and riches. Crates himself was prevailed upon by her friends to try to dissuade her from her singular choice, which he did, by displaying to her his poverty, his cloak of sheep's skins, and his crooked back; but all in vain. At last, he told her that

she could not be his wife, unless she resolved to live as he did. This she cheerfully agreed to, assumed the habit of the order, and accompanied him everywhere to public entertainments and other places, which was not customary with the Grecian women. She wrote several tragedies, philosophical hypotheses, and reasonings and questions proposed to Theodorus, the atheist; but none of her writings are extant. She had two daughters by Crates.

HIPPODAMIA

Was the daughter of Œnomaus, king of Pisa, in Elis. An oracle had predicted to the king that he would be murdered by his son-in-law; and therefore he declared that all the suitors of his daughter should contend with him in a chariot-race, and that if he defeated them, he should be allowed to put them to death. In this way he slew thirteen or seventeen suitors, when Pelops, by bribing the driver of the king's chariot, had him overturned in the middle of the course, and he lost his life. Hippodamia married Pelops, and became the mother of Atreus and Thyestes. She killed herself from grief, at being accused of having caused these sons to commit fratricide.

HORTENSIA,

A Roman lady, daughter of Hortensius, the orator, was born B. C. 85. She inherited her father's eloquence, as a speech preserved by Appian demonstrates; which, for elegance of language, and justness of thought, would do honour to Cicero or Demosthenes.

The triumvirs of Rome, in want of a large sum of money for carrying on a war, drew up a list of fourteen hundred of the wealthiest women, intending to tax them. The women, after having in vain tried every means to evade so great an innovation, at last chose Hortensia for a speaker, and went with her to the market-place, where she addressed the triumvirs, while they were administering justice, in the following words:

"The unhappy women you see here, imploring your justice and bounty, would never have presumed to appear in this place, had they not first made use of all other means their natural modesty could suggest. Though our appearing here may seem contrary to the rules prescribed to our sex, which we have hitherto strictly observed, yet the loss of our fathers, children, brothers, and husbands, may sufficiently excuse us, especially when their unhappy deaths are made a pretence for our further misfortunes. You plead that they had offended and provoked you; but what injury have we women done, that we must be impoverished? If we are blameable as the men, why not proscribe us also? Have we declared you enemies to your country? Have we suborned your soldiers, raised troops against you, or opposed you in pursuit of those honours and offices which you claim? We pretend not to govern the republic, nor is it our ambition which has drawn our present misfortune on our heads; empires, dignities and honours, are not for us; why should we, then, contribute to a war in which we have no manner of interest? It is true, indeed, that in the Carthaginian war our mothers assisted the republic, which was at that time reduced to the utmost distress; but neither their houses, their lands, nor their moveables, were sold for this service; some rings, and a few jewels, furnished the supply. Nor was it constraint or violence that forced those from them; what they contributed, was the voluntary offering of generosity. What danger at present threatens Rome? If the Gauls or Parthians were encamped on the banks of the Tiber or the Arno, you should find us not less zealous in the defence of our country, than our mothers were before us; but it becomes not us, and we are resolved that we will not be in any way concerned in a civil war. Neither Marius, nor Cæsar, nor Pompey, ever thought of obliging us to take part in the domestic troubles which their ambition had raised; nay, nor did ever Sylla himself, who first set up tyranny in Rome; and yet you assume the glorious title of reformers of the state, a title which will turn to your eternal infamy, if, without the least regard to the laws of equity, you persist in your wicked resolution of plundering those of their lives and fortunes, who have given you no just cause of offence."

Struck with the justness of her speech, yet offended at its boldness, the triumvirs ordered the women to be driven away; but the populace growing tumultuous in their favour, they were afraid of an insurrection, and reduced the list of those who should be taxed to four hundred.

HULDAH,

A Jewish prophetess, in the time of king Josiah. Her husband was Shallum, keeper of the royal wardrobe, an office of high honour. We have but a glimpse of Huldah, just sufficient to show, that when the Jewish nation was given up to idolatry and ignorance of the *Good*, still the lamp of divine truth was kept burning in the heart of a woman.

When Josiah, who was one of the few good kings who ruled over Judah, came to the throne, he found the Holy Temple partly given up to idolatrous rites, partly falling into ruins. In repairing the temple, the copy of the Book of the Law was found among the rubbish, and carried to Josiah. The king and his counsellors seem to have been ignorant of this book; and the king was struck with consternation, when he heard the law read, and felt how it had been violated. He immediately sent three of his chief officers, one of whom was Hilkiah, the high priest, to "enquire of the Lord concerning the words of the book." The officers went to "Huldah, the prophetess, (now she dwelt in Jerusalem, in the college,) and communed with her."

Would the high priest have gone to consult a woman, had not her repute for wisdom and piety been well known; and considered superior to what was possessed by any man in Jerusalem? Her place of residence was in "the college," among the most learned of the land; and, as a prophetess or priestess, her response shows her to have been worthy of the high office she held. How bold was her rebuke of sin,—how clear her prophetic

insight,—how true her predictions! The language and the style of her reply to the king of Judah, make it as grand and impressive as any of the prophecies from the lips of inspired men. The history may be found in II. Kings, chapter xxii. Huldah lived about B. C. 624.

I.

IPHIGENIA

Was daughter of Agamemnon, leader of the Greek forces against Troy, and of Clytemnestra, his wife. When the Greeks, going to the Trojan war, were detained at Aulis by adverse winds, they were told, by an oracle, that Iphigenia must be sacrificed to appease Diana, who was incensed against Agamemnon for killing one of her stags. The father was horror-struck, and commanded his herald to disband the forces. The other generals interfered, and Agamemnon at last consented to the sacrifice. As Iphigenia was tenderly-loved by her mother, the Greeks sent for her on pretence of giving her in marriage to Achilles. When Iphigenia came to Aulis, and saw the preparations for the sacrifice, she implored the protection of her father, but in vain. Calchas, the Grecian priest, took the knife, and was about to strike the fatal blow, when Diana relented, caught away Iphigenia, who suddenly disappeared, and a goat of uncommon size and beauty was found in her place. This supernatural change animated the Greeks; the wind suddenly became favourable, and the combined fleet set sail from Aulis. Calchas, the Grecian priest, seems to have acted with the same humane policy in this affair that the bishop of Beauvois did in the case of Joan of Arc. This story of Iphigenia has furnished materials for several tragedies; those of Euripides are world-renowned.

J.

JAEL, or JAHEL,

Wife of Heber the Kenite, killed Sisera, general of the Canaanitish army, who had fled to her tent, and while sleeping there, Jael drove a large nail through his temple. Her story is related in the fourth chapter of Judges, B. C. 1285.

JEMIMA, KEZIA, KERENHAPPUCH:

These three were the daughters of Job, born to him after he was restored to the favour of God and man.

We give their names, not for any thing they did, but for the sentiment taught in this sacred history concerning family relations and female claims. We are instructed, by the particularity with which these daughters are named, that they were considered the crowning blessing God bestowed on his servant Job. And Job showed his integrity as a man, and his wisdom as a father, in providing *justly* for these his fair daughters. He "gave them inheritance among their brethren;" that is, secured to them an equal share of his property, and left them free to enjoy it as they chose.

JEZEBEL,

Daughter of Ethbaal, king of Tyre and Sidon, was the wife of Ahab, king of Israel. She seduced him into the worship of Baal, and persecuted the prophets of the Lord. Enraged at the death of the prophets of Baal, slain by the command of Elisha, she resolved on his destruction; but he escaped her vengeance. Ahab, being very desirous of obtaining a vineyard belonging to Naboth the Jezreelite, which was close by the palace of the king, offered the owner a better one in its stead; but Naboth refused to give up the inheritance which had descended to him from his fathers. In consequence of this disappointment, Ahab came into his house sad and dispirited; Jezebel, discovering the reason of his depression, procured the death of Naboth, and Ahab took possession of the vineyard. In consequence of this act of wickedness, Elijah foretold the sudden and violent death both of Ahab and Jezebel, which occurred three years after. The story of this "wicked woman" shows the power of female influence, and how pernicious it may be when exerted for evil over the mind of man. Happily for the world, there have been few Jezebels, and therefore the wickedness of this one appears so awful that it has made her name to be forever abhorred. She died B. C. 884.

JOCASTA,

Daughter of Creon, king of Thebes, and wife of Laius, was mother to Œdipus, whom she afterwards ignorantly married, and had by him Polynices and Eteocles, who having killed one another in a battle for the succession, Jocasta destroyed herself in grief. She flourished about B. C. 1266. Her son Œdipus had been given by Laius, his father, to a shepherd to destroy, as an oracle had foretold that he should be killed by his own son. But the shepherd, not liking to kill the child, left him to perish by hunger; and he was found by Pherbus, shepherd to Polybus, king of Corinth, who brought him up, and Œdipus unwittingly fulfilled the oracle. Sophocles has written a tragedy founded on this story.

JOCHEBED,

Wife of Amram, and mother of Miriam, Aaron, and Moses, has stamped her memory indelibly on the heart of Jew and Christian. She was granddaughter of Levi; her husband was also of the same family or tribe; their exact relationship is not decided, though the probability is that they were cousins-german.

As Amram is only mentioned incidentally, we have no authority for concluding he took any part in the great crisis of Jochebed's life; but as their children were all distinguished for talents and piety, it is reasonable to conclude that this married pair were congenial in mind and heart. Still, though both were pious believers in the promises made by God to their forefathers, it was only the

wife who had the opportunity of manifesting by her deeds her superior wisdom and faith.

Nearly three hundred years had gone by since Jacob and his sons went down into Egypt. Their posterity was now a numerous people, but held in the most abject bondage. Pharaoh, a king "who knew not Joseph," endeavouring to extirpate the hated race, had given strict commands to destroy every male child born of a Hebrew mother.

Jochebed had borne two children before this bloody edict was promulgated; Miriam, a daughter of thirteen, and Aaron, a little son of three years old. These were safe; but now God gives her another son, "a goodly child;" and the mother's heart must have nearly fainted with grief and terror, as she looked on her helpless babe, and knew he was doomed by the cruel Pharaoh to be cast forth to the monsters of the Nile. No ray of hope from the help of man was visible. The Hebrew men had been bowed beneath the lash of their oppressors, till their souls had become abject as their toils. Jochebed could have no aid from her husband's superior physical strength and worldly knowledge. The man was overborne; the superior spiritual insight of the woman was now to lead; her mother's soul had been gifted with a strength the power of Pharaoh could not subdue; her moral sense had a sagacity that the reason of man could never have reached. Thus, in the history of the human race, woman has ever led the forlorn hope of the world's moral progress. Jochebed was then such a leader. She must have had faith in God's promise of deliverance for her people; every man-child brought a new ray of hope, as the chosen deliverer. She had a "goodly son"—he should not die. So "she hid him three months." Language can never express the agony which must have wrung the mother's heart during those months, when each dawning day might bring the death-doom of her nursling son. At length, she can hide him no longer. Another resource must be tried. She must trust him to God's providence; God could move the compassion even of the Egyptian heart. But the mother has her work to perform; all that she can do, she must do. So she gathers her materials, and as she sits weaving an "ark of bulrushes, and daubing it with slime," her slight fingers trembling with the unwonted task, who that saw her could have dreamed she was building a structure of more importance to mankind than all the pyramids of Egypt? That in this mother's heart there was a divine strength with which all the power of Pharaoh would strive in vain to cope? That on the events depending upon her work rested the memory of this very Pharaoh, and not on the monuments he was rearing at Raamses?

She finished her "ark of bulrushes," and in the frail structure laid down her infant son. Then concealing the basket among the flags on the banks of the Nile, she placed her daughter Miriam to watch what should become of the babe, while she, no doubt, retired to weep and pray. The whole plan was in perfect accordance with the peculiar nature of woman—and women only were the actors in this drama of life and life's holiest hopes. That the preservation of Moses, and his preparation for his great mission as the Deliverer of Israel, and the Lawgiver for all men who worship Jehovah, were effected by the agency of woman, displays her spiritual gifts in such a clear light as must make them strikingly apparent; and that their importance in the progress of mankind, will be frankly acknowledged by all Christian men, seems certain — whenever they will, laying aside their masculine prejudices, carefully study the word of God. These events occurred B. C. 1535. See Exodus, chap. I. and II.

JUDITH,

Of the tribe of Reuben, daughter of Meravi, and widow of Manasseh, lived in Bethuliah, when it was besieged by Holofernes. She was beautiful and wealthy, and lived very much secluded. Being informed that the chief of Bethulia had promised to deliver it in five days, she sent for the elders and remonstrated with them, and declared her intention of leaving the city for a short time. Judith then prayed, dressed herself in her best attire, and pretending to have fled from the city, went, with her maid, to the camp of Holofernes. He was immediately captivated by her, and promised her his protection. Judith continued with Holofernes, going out of his camp every night; but the fourth night Holofernes sent for her to stay with him. She went gorgeously apparelled; eating and drinking not with Holofernes, but only what her maid prepared for her. Holofernes, transported with joy at sight of her, drank immoderately, and fell into a sound sleep. Evening being come, the servants departed, leaving Judith and her maid alone with him. Judith ordered the maid to stand without and watch, and putting up a prayer to God, she took Holofernes' sabre, and seized him by his hair, saying, "Strengthen me this day, O Lord!" Then she struck him twice on the neck, and cut off his head, which she told her maid to put in a bag—then wrapping the body in the curtains of the bed, they went, as usual, out of the camp, and returned to Bethulia, where the head of Holofernes being displayed on the gates of the city, struck his army with dismay, and they were entirely defeated. The high-priest Joachim came from Jerusalem to Bethulia to compliment Judith. Everything that had belonged to Holofernes was given to her, and she consecrated his arms and the curtains of his bed to the Lord. Judith set her maid free, and died in Bethulia at the age of one hundred and five, was buried with her husband, and all the people lamented her seven days.

The "Song of Judith," as recorded in the Apocrypha, is a poem of much power and beauty.

JULIA,

Daughter of Julius Cæsar and Cornelia, was one of the most attractive and most virtuous of the Roman ladies. She was first married to Cornelius Cæpion, but divorced from him to become the wife of Pompey. Pompey was so fond of her as to neglect, on her account, politics and arms. She died B. C. 53. Had she lived, there would not have been war between Cæsar and Pompey.

JULIA,

DAUGHTER of Augustus and Scribonia, was the wife successively of Metellus, Agrippa, and Tiberius. She was banished for her debaucheries by her father, and died of want in the beginning of the reign of Tiberius, A. D. 15. Her daughter, Julia, was equally licentious.

L.

LAIS,

A CELEBRATED courtezan, was supposed to be the daughter of the courtezan Timandra and Alcibiades. She was born at Hyrcania, in Sicily, and being carried into Greece by Nicias, the Athenian general, began her conquests by music. Almost all the celebrated courtezans of antiquity were originally musicians; and that art was considered almost a necessary female accomplishment.

Lais spent most of her life at Corinth, and from that is often called the Corinthian. Diogenes the cynic was one of her admirers, and also Aristippus, another celebrated philosopher. This woman sometimes ridiculed the fidelity of the philosophers she had captivated. "I do not understand what is meant by the austerity of philosophers," she said, "for with this fine name, they are as much in my power as the rest of the Athenians."

After having corrupted nearly all the youth of Corinth and Athens, she went into Thessaly, to see a lover of hers; where she is said to have been stoned by the women, jealous of her power over their husbands, B. C. 340, in the temple of Venus.

LAMIA,

THE most celebrated female flute-player of antiquity, was regarded as a prodigy,—from her beauty, wit, and skill in her profession. The honours she received, which are recorded by several authors, particularly by Plutarch and Athenæus, are sufficient testimonies of her great power over the passions of her hearers. Her claim to admiration from her personal charms, does not entirely depend upon the fidelity of historians, since an exquisite engraving of her head, upon amethyst, is preserved in a collection at Paris, which authenticates the account of her beauty.

As she was a great traveller, her reputation soon became very extensive. Her first journey from Athens, the place of her birth, was into Egypt, whither she was drawn by the fame of a flute-player of that country. Her genius and beauty procured for her the notice of Ptolemy, and she became his mistress; but in the conflict between Ptolemy and Demetrius Poliorcetes, for the island of Cyprus, about B. C. 332, Ptolemy being defeated, his wives, domestics, and military stores fell into the hands of Demetrius.

The celebrated Lamia was among the captives on this occasion, and Demetrius, who was said to have conquered as many hearts as cities, conceived so ardent a passion for her, that from a sovereign he was transformed into a slave,—though her beauty was in the decline, and Demetrius, the handsomest prince of his time, was much younger than herself.

At her instigation, he conferred such extraordinary benefits on the Athenians, that they rendered him divine honours; and, as an acknowledgment of the influence Lamia had exercised in their favour, they dedicated a temple to her, under the name of "Venus Damia."

LAODICE,

DAUGHTER of Priam, king of Troy, and of his wife Hecuba, who fell in love with Acamas, son of Theseus, who came to Troy to demand the restoration of Helen to Menelaus. She had a son, called Munitus, by him. She afterwards married Helicaon, son of Antenor and Telephus, king of Mysia. She is said to have thrown herself from the top of a tower, when Troy was taken by the Greeks.

LAODICE,

A SISTER of Mithridates the Great, king of Pontus, flourished about B. C. 120. She first married Ariarthes VII., king of Cappadocia; but he being assassinated by order of Mithridates, she next married Nicomedes, king of Bithynia, who had taken possession of Cappadocia. She was put to death by Mithridates, for plotting his assassination. Laodice was also the name of a queen of Cappadocia, who was put to death by the people, for poisoning five of her children.

LAODICE,

A SISTER of Antiochus II., king of Syria, who also became his wife, and had two sons by him. She murdered Berenice, daughter of Ptolemy of Egypt, another wife of Antiochus, after having poisoned the king. She then suborned Artemon, who resembled Antiochus, to represent him. Artemon, accordingly, pretended to be indisposed, and, as king, called all the ministers, and recommended to them Seleucus, surnamed Callamachus, son of Laodice, as his successor. It was then reported that the king had died suddenly, and Laodice placed her son on the throne, B. C. 246. She was put to death by command of Ptolemy Euergetes of Egypt. The city of Laodicea received its name in honour of this queen. There are several other women of that name mentioned in ancient history.

One of these, the wife of a king of Pontus, was renowned for her beauty, and the magnificence of her court. But losing her only child, a daughter, by death, Laodice retired to her inner apartments, shut herself up, and was never seen afterwards, except by her nearest friends.

LEAH,

ELDEST daughter of Laban, the Syrian, who deceived Jacob into an intercourse, then termed marriage, with this unsought, unloved woman. She became mother of six sons, named as heads of six of the tribes of Israel. Among these was Levi, whose posterity inherited the priesthood, and Judah, the law-giver, from whom descended

"Shiloh," or the Messiah. These were great privileges; yet dearly did Leah pay the penalty of her high estate, obtained by selfish artifice, in which modesty, truth, and sisterly affection, were all violated. Jacob, her husband, "hated her," and she knew it; knew, too, his heart was wholly given to his other wife, her beautiful, virtuous sister; what earthly punishment could have been so intensely grievous to Leah? As her name implies, "*tender-eyed*," she was probably affectionate, but unprincipled and of a weak mind, or she would never have taken the place of her sister, whom she knew Jacob had served seven years to gain. Leah loved her husband devotedly; but though she was submissive and tender, and bore him many sons, a great claim on his favour, yet he never appeared to have felt for her either esteem or affection.

Jacob had sought to unite himself with Rachel in the holy union of one man with one woman, which only is true marriage; but the artifice of Laban, and the passion of Leah, desecrated this union, and by introducing polygamy into the family of the chosen Founder of the house of Israel, opened the way for the worst of evils to that nation, the voluptuousness and idolatry which finally destroyed it. A treacherous sister, a forward woman, an unloved wife, Leah has left a name unhonoured and unsung. She was married about B. C. 1753.

LEÆNA,

A COURTEZAN of Athens, took an active part in the conspiracy of Harmodius and Aristogiton, against Hipparchus, son of Pisistratus. She was arrested, and put to the torture by Hippias, the brother of Hipparchus, but she refused to betray her accomplices. However, fearful that her resolution would not endure against the torments she was suffering, she bit through her tongue, and spat it in the face of her tormentor. When the Athenians recovered their liberty, they erected to her honour the statue of a lion without a tongue. She lived about B. C. 505.

LEONTIUM,

AN Athenian courtezan, who lived about B. C. 350, became a convert to the philosophy of Epicurus. She married Metrodorus, one of the principal disciples of Epicurus, and had a son by him, whom Epicurus commended to the notice and regard of his executors. She wrote in defence of the Epicurean philosophy, against Theophrastus, one of the principal of the peripatetic sect. The book is said by Cicero to have been written in a polite and elegant style. From her love of letters, she was drawn by Theodorus, the painter, in a posture of meditation.

LIVIA,

DAUGHTER of Livius Drusus Calidianus, married Tiberius Claudius Nero, by whom she had two sons, Drusus and the emperor Tiberius. Her husband was attached to the cause of Antony; and as he fled from the danger with which he was threatened by Octavianus, afterwards the emperor Augustus, Livia was seen by Octavianus, who immediately resolved to marry her. He divorced his wife Scribonia, and, with the approbation of the augurs, married Livia. She enjoyed, from this moment, the entire confidence of Augustus, and gained a complete ascendency over his mind by an implicit obedience to his will — by never expressing a desire to learn his secrets — and by seeming ignorant of his infidelities. Her children by Drusus she persuaded Augustus to adopt as his own; and after the death of Drusus the eldest son, Augustus appointed Tiberius his successor. The respect and love of Augustus for Livia ended only with his life. As he lay dying, he turned his gaze on her, drew her in the grasp of death towards him, and said — "Livia, be happy, and remember how we have loved."

Livia has been accused of having involved in one common ruin the heirs and nearest relations of Augustus, and also of poisoning her husband that her son might receive the kingdom sooner; but these accusations seem to be unfounded. By her husband's will she was instituted co-heiress with Tiberius, adopted as his daughter, and directed to assume the name of Livia Augusta. On the deification of Augustus, she became the priestess of the new god.

Tiberius, her son, and the successor to Augustus, treated her with great neglect and ingratitude, and allowed her no share in the government. She died A. D. 29; and Tiberius would not allow any public or private honours to be paid to her memory. Tacitus speaks of her as being strictly moral, but says she was "an imperious mother, a compliant wife, a match for her husband in art, and her son in dissimulation." But if she was "*strictly moral*," she must have been far worthier than her son or her husband.

LOCUSTA,

A NOTORIOUS woman at Rome, a favourite of Nero, the emperor. She poisoned Claudius and Britannicus, and at last attempted to destroy Nero himself, for which she was executed.

LUCRETIA.

THIS celebrated female was the daughter of Lucretius, and the wife of Collatinus, an officer of rank; who, at the siege of Ardes, in the course of conversation, unfortunately boasted of the virtues she possessed. Several other young men likewise expressed an entire confidence in the chastity and virtue of their wives. A wager was the consequence of this conversation; and it was agreed that Sextus, the son of Tarquin, should go to Rome, for the purpose of seeing how the different females were employed. Upon his arrival at the capital, he found all the other ladies occupied in paying visits, or receiving different guests; but, when he went to the house of Collatinus, Lucretia was bewailing the absence of her husband, and directing her household affairs. As Sextus was distantly related to Collatinus, and son of the monarch who reigned upon the throne, Lucretia entertained him with that elegance and hospitality due to a man of such elevated rank. If the person of this charming woman excited brutal passions

in his bosom, her conversation delighted and captivated his mind; and a short time after he had retired to the apartment prepared for him, the terrified Lucretia beheld him enter her room. In vain this detestable man pleaded the violence of his passion for this breach of hospitality, and this deviation from what was right; for the alarmed Lucretia preserved her purity until the monster presented a dagger to her breast, and swore by all the gods that he was determined to gratify his inclinations; and that he would then kill her and one of Collatinus's slaves, and afterwards place him by the side of the injured Lucretia, and inform her husband that he had murdered both, in consequence of having discovered them in the act of committing the crime. The dread of having her memory tarnished by so vile an aspersion at length induced the terrified Lucretia to consent to his desires; but the next morning she despatched a messenger to her father and her husband, requesting them immediately to repair to Rome. They obeyed the summons with pleasure and alacrity, at the same time they were anxious to know the cause of this singular request; but, when they beheld the object of their solicitude, a thousand apprehensions took possession of their breasts. Instead of being welcomed with smiles of pleasure, the countenance of Lucretia was bathed in tears, her hair was dishevelled, her garments of the deepest sable, and her whole figure displayed the image of despair. After describing, in the most eloquent terms, the outrage that had been committed upon her person, she implored them to avenge the insult she had received; and, at the same time drawing forth a dagger, which she had concealed for the purpose, declared her resolution of not surviving her shame; and, before they were able to prevent the horrid purpose, buried the weapon in her heart.

The horror and despair of these dear connections were indescribable. Brutus, one of her relations, drew the reeking weapon from her bosom, and, with all the energy of true feeling, swore he would avenge her fate. "I swear by this blood, once so pure," said he, "and which nothing but the villany of a Tarquin could have polluted, that I will pursue, Lucius Tarquinius the Proud, his wicked wife and their children, with fire and sword; nor will I ever suffer any of that family, or any other, henceforward to reign in Rome! And I now call all the gods to witness, that I will most sacredly fulfil my oath."

If the most poignant grief had taken possession of the minds of those who witnessed the dreadful catastrophe which had recently happened, astonishment for a moment banished the impression, at the firmness and energy of the noble Roman's words; who, until that moment, had assumed the appearance of idiotism, to avoid the suspicions of Tarquin the Proud. Roused into action by the affecting scene before him, the hatred which he had long nourished burst into a flame, and he executed the vengeance he had threatened. The Tarquins were expelled from Rome, the kingly government was overthrown, and the Republic founded, in consequence of the outrage on the chaste Lucretia and her heroic death.

An inscription is said to have been seen at Rome, in the diocese of Viterbo, composed by Collatinus, in honour of Lucretia, to the following purport: — "Collatinus Tarquinius, to his most dear and incomparable wife, honour of chastity, glory of women. She who was most dear to me, lived two-and-twenty years, three months, and six days."

M.

MÆROE,

A woman famed by the ancients for her extraordinary learning, and particularly remembered for her hymn to Neptune. She was a native of Greece; but her birthplace is not known.

MAKEDA,

Or, as she is called by the Arabians, Balkis, queen of Sheba, famous for her visit to Solomon, was probably queen of Abyssinia, or of that part of Arabia Felix which was inhabited by the Sabeans, where women were admitted to govern. Josephus says that she reigned over Egypt and Ethiopia. According to the Abyssinian historians, Balkis was a pagan when she undertook the journey; but struck by the grandeur and wisdom of Solomon, she became a convert to the true religion. They also state that she had a son by Solomon, named David by his father, but called Menilek, that is, *another self*, by his mother. This son was sent to the court of Solomon to be educated, and returned to his own country accompanied by many doctors of the law, who introduced the Jewish religion into Abyssinia, where it continued till the introduction of Christianity.

The compilers of the Universal History are of opinion, and so is Mr. Bruce, that the queen of Sheba was really sovereign of Ethiopia. They say that Ethiopia is more to the south of Judea, than the territory of the kingdom of Saba in Arabia Felix; consequently had a better claim than that country to be the dominions of the princess whom our Saviour calls "the Queen of the South." One thing is certain — a queen came from a far country to "hear the wisdom of Solomon;" while there is no record that any king sought to be instructed in the truths of his philosophy, or to be enlightened by his wisdom. Why was this, unless the mind of the woman was more in harmony with this wisdom than were the minds of ordinary men? So it should be, if our theory of the intuitive faculty of woman's soul be true; for Solomon's wisdom was thus intuitive; the gift of God, not the result of patient reflection and logical reasoning. The mind of the queen was undoubtedly gifted with that refined sensibility for the high subjects discussed which stood to her in place of the learning of the schools. And as she came to prove Solomon with "hard questions," she might have been, also, a scholar. She has left proof of her genius and delicate tact in her beautiful address

before presenting her offering to the wise king. See I. Kings, chap. x.

MANDANE,

Daughter of Astyages and wife of Cambyses, receives her highest honour from being the mother of Cyrus the Great. Herodotus asserts that the birthright and glory of Cyrus came from his mother, and that his father was a man of obscure birth. This is partly confirmed by history, which records that Astyages, who was king of Media, dreamed that from the womb of his daughter Mandarne, then married to Cambyses, king of Persia, there sprung up a vine which spread over all Asia. Cyrus was such a son as must have gladdened his mother's heart; and we must believe his mother was worthy of him. She lived B. C. 599.

MARIA,

Wife of Zenis, who governed Ætolia, as deputy under Pharnabazus, a satrap of Persia, about B. C. 409. Having lost her husband, she waited on the satrap, and entreated to be entrusted with the power which had been enjoyed by Zenis, which she promised to wield with the same zeal and fidelity. Her desire being granted, she effectually fulfilled her engagements, and acted on all occasions with consummate courage and prudence. She not only defended the places committed to her charge, but conquered others; and, besides paying punctually the customary tribute to Pharnabazus, sent him magnificent presents. She commanded her troops in person, and preserved the strictest discipline in her army. Pharnabazus held her in the highest esteem.

At length, her son-in-law, Midias, mortified by the reproach of having suffered a woman to reign in his place, gained admittance privately to her apartments, and murdered both her and her son.

MARIAMNE,

Daughter of Alexander and wife of Herod the Great, tetrarch or king of Judæa, and mother of Alexander and Aristobulus, and of two daughters, was a woman of great beauty, intelligence, and powers of conversation. Her husband was so much in love with her that he never opposed her or denied her any thing, but on two occasions. When he left her on dangerous errands, he gave orders with persons high in his confidence, that she should not be allowed to survive him. Mariamne was informed of these orders, and conceived such a dislike to her husband, that on his return she could not avoid his perceiving it; nor would her pride allow her to conceal her feelings, but she openly reproached Herod with his barbarous commands. His mother and his sister Salome used every means to irritate him against his wife, and suborned the king's cup-bearer to accuse Mariamne of an attempt to poison her husband; she was also accused of infidelity to him. Herod, furious at these charges, had her tried for the attempt to poison him, and she was condemned and executed. Mariamne met death with the greatest firmness, without even changing colour; but after her execution, which took place about B. C. 28, Herod's remorse and grief were so great, that he became for a time insane.

Lord Byron in his poem "Herod's Lament," &c., has given expression to this agony of the royal murderer's mind:

> "O Mariamne! now for thee
> The heart for which thou bled'st is bleeding;
> Revenge is lost in agony,
> And wild remorse to rage succeeding.
> Oh, Mariamne! where art thou?
> Thou canst not hear my bitter pleading:
> Ah, couldst thou—thou wouldst pardon now,
> Though heaven were to my prayer unheeding."

MEDEA,

Daughter of Æetes, king of Colchis, assisted Jason in carrying off the Golden Fleece from her father. When Medea ran away with Jason, Æetes pursued her, but, to retard his progress, she tore Absyrtus, her brother, to pieces, and strewed his limbs in the way. Jason afterwards divorced Medea, and married Glauce, daughter of the king of Corinth. She lived about B. C. 1228.

Euripides has written a fine tragedy on this story, in which Medea ascribes the crimes and misfortunes of her sex to laws, which obliged women to purchase husbands with large fortunes, only to become their slaves and victims.

MEGALOSTRATA,

A Grecian poetess, a friend of Alcman, a Spartan lyric poet, flourished in the twenty-seventh Olympiad, about B. C. 668. None of her poems remain, but there are satires written against her, which prove her talents were known and envied.

MERAB,

Eldest daughter of king Saul, and promised by him to David in reward for his victory over Goliath; but Saul gave her to Adriel instead, by whom she had six sons, whom David gave up to the Gibeonites to be put to death, in expiation of some cruelties Saul had inflicted on them.

MICHAL,

Daughter of king Saul, fell in love with David, which Saul took advantage of to require proofs of valour from David, hoping he would fall by the hands of the Philistines. But David doubled what Saul required, and obtained Michal. Saul afterwards sent messengers to seize David at night, but Michal let him down out of the window, and placed a figure in David's bed to deceive the people. Michal excused herself to her father by saying that David threatened to kill her if she did not assist him in his escape. Saul afterwards gave Michal to Phalti or Phaltiel, son of Laish; but when David came to the crown, he caused Michal to be restored to him. Some time after, Michal, seeing David from a window, dancing before the ark, when it was brought from Shiloh to Jerusalem, upbraided him on his return, for dancing and playing among his servants, acting rather like a buffoon than a king. David vindicated himself and reproved her. Michal bore David no children, which the Scripture seems to impute to these reproaches. This was B. C. about 1042.

MIRIAM,

SISTER of Aaron and Moses, was daughter of Amram and Jochebad. Her name—Miriam, "*the star of the sea,*" (according to St. Jerome, "*she who brightens or enlightens*")—may have been given from a precocious exhibition of the great qualities which afterwards distinguished her. That it was rightly given, her history proves. Our first view of her is when she is keeping watch over the frail basket, among the flags on the banks of the Nile, where Moses, her baby-brother, lay concealed. Miriam was then thirteen years old, but her intelligence and discretion seem mature. Then, when the time came for the redemption of Israel from the house of bondage, Moses was not alone; Aaron his brother and Miriam his sister were his coadjutors.

"It is certain," says Dr. Clarke (a learned and pious expounder of the Old Testament) "that Miriam had received a portion of the prophetic spirit; and that she was a joint leader of the people with her two brothers, is proved by the words of the prophet Micah;—'For I brought thee up out of the land of Egypt, and I sent before thee Moses, and Aaron, and Miriam;"—which would not have been said if she had not taken a prominent post in the emigration. Probably she was the leader of the women; as we find after the miraculous passage of the Red Sea, and the destruction of Pharaoh and his army, when Moses, to celebrate the great events, sung his glorious 'Song,' the earliest recorded poetry of the world, that his sister came forward and gave her beautiful and spirit-thrilling response.

"And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and dances.

"And Miriam answered them, 'Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.'"

It is sad that we must record the fall of Miriam from the high pinnacle which her faith, energy, and genius had won. What her crime was is not fully stated, only that she and Aaron "spake against Moses" because "he had married an Ethiopian woman." Perhaps Miriam disliked her sister-in-law; though it appears she and Aaron disparaged the authority of Moses; it might be from envy of his favour with the Lord. Her sin, whatever passion prompted it, was soon exposed and punished. God smote her with leprosy; and only at the earnest intercession of Moses, healed her, after seven days. The camp moved not while she was shut out; thus the people testified their reverence and affection for her. She lived nineteen years after this, but her name is mentioned no more till the record of her death. She died a short time before her brother Aaron, in Kadesh, when the children of Israel were within sight of the promised land. Eusebius asserts that her monument stood near the city of Petræ, and was considered a consecrated spot when he lived and wrote, in the fourth century. Her death occurred B. C. 1453, when she was about one hundred and thirty-one years old, so that her life was prolonged beyond the term of either of her brothers. She has left a beautiful example of sisterly tenderness, and warm womanly participation in a holy cause. In genius, she was superior to all the women who preceded her; and in the inspiration of her spirit (she was a "prophetess" or poet,) none of her contemporaries, male or female, except Moses, was her equal. That she was too ambitious is probable, and did not willingly yield to the authority with which the Lord had invested her younger brother, who had been her nursling charge. From this portion of her history, a warning is sounded against the pride and self-sufficiency which the consciousness of great genius and great usefulness is calculated to incite. Woman should never put off her humility. It is her guard as well as ornament.

MONIMA,

WIFE of Mithridates the Great, was a native of Salonica. Her husband loved her devotedly, but when he was defeated by Lucullus, he caused her and all his other wives to be put to death, lest they should fall into the hands of the enemy. Some years after, Mithridates was killed at his own request, to avoid a similar fate, B. C. 64.

MYRTIS,

A GREEK woman, distinguished for her poetical talents. She lived about B. C. 500, and instructed the celebrated Corinna in the art of versification. Pindar also is said to have been one of her pupils.

N.

NAOMI,

AND her husband Elimelech, went to the land of Moab, because of a famine in Canaan. After about ten years, her husband and two sons died, leaving no children. Naomi then returned with Ruth, one of her daughters-in-law, to her own country, poor and humble. Yet it speaks well for the character and consistency of Naomi, that she so thoroughly won the love and respect of her daughters-in-law. And not only this, but she must have convinced them, by the sanctity of her daily life, that the Lord whom she worshipped was the true God. Her name, Naomi, signifies *beauty;* and we feel, when reading her story, that, in its highest sense, she deserves to be thus characterized.

After Ruth married Boaz, which event was brought about, humanely speaking, by Naomi's wise counsel, she appears to have lived with them; and she took their first-born son as her own, "laid him in her bosom, and became nurse to him." This child was Obed, the grandfather of David. Well might the race be advanced which had such a nurse and instructress. These events occurred about 1312, B. C.

NITOCRIS,

MENTIONED by Herodotus, is supposed by some to have been the wife or at least the contemporary

of Nebuchadnezzar, king of Assyria. She contributed much to the improvement of Babylon, and built a bridge to connect the two parts of the city divided by the Euphrates, and also extensive embankments along the river. She gave orders there should be an inscription on her tomb, signifying that her successors would find great treasures within, if they were in need of money; but that their labour would be ill repaid if they opened it without necessity. Cyrus opened it from curiosity, and found within it only these words: "If thy avarice had not been insatiable, thou never wouldst have violated the monuments of the dead!"

Other historians suppose her to have been the wife of Evil-Merodach, son and successor of Nebuchadnezzar, who also governed during the lunacy of his father. She was a woman of extraordinary abilities, and did all that she could by human prudence to sustain a tottering empire. She lived in the sixth century before Christ.

O.

OCTAVIA,

Daughter of Caius Octavius, and sister to Augustus Cæsar, was one of the most illustrious ladies of ancient Rome. She was first married to Claudius Marcellus, who was consul. She bore this husband three children. After his death she married Antony, and in this way brought about a reconciliation between Antony and her brother Octavianus, afterwards the emperor Augustus Cæsar. These nuptials were solemnized B. C. 41. Three years after, Antony went with his wife to spend the winter at Athens. Here, becoming again exasperated against Augustus by evil reports, he sailed for Italy; but Octavia a second time induced a reconciliation between them.

Antony went to the East soon afterwards, leaving Octavia in Italy; and though she discovered that he did not intend to return, she remained in his palace, continuing to take the same care of everything as though he had been the best of husbands; acting the part of a kind mother to the children of his first wife. She would not consent that Antony's treatment of her should cause a civil war. At length she was ordered to leave the house by Antony, who sent her at the same time a divorce. This treatment of Octavia exposed Antony to the hatred and contempt of the Romans, when they saw him prefer to her a woman of Cleopatra's abandoned character, who had no advantage of her rival either in youth or beauty. Indeed, Cleopatra dreaded Octavia's charms so much that she had recourse to the most studied artifices to persuade Antony to forbid Octavia to come to him; and she accompanied him wherever he went.

After Antony's death, fortune seemed to flatter Octavia with the prospect of the highest worldly felicity. The son she had by her first husband, Marcellus, was now about twelve, and was a boy of great genius, and of an unusually cheerful, dignified and noble disposition. Augustus married him to his own daughter, and declared him heir to the empire. But he died early, not without suspicion of being poisoned by Livia, wife of Augustus. His mother sank under this blow, and mourned bitterly for him till her death.

Virgil wrote in honour of this youth an eulogy in the conclusion of the sixth Æneid; and it is said that Octavia fainted on hearing him read it, but rewarded the poet afterwards with ten sesterces for each verse, of which there are twenty-six. Octavia died B. C. 11, leaving two daughters whom she had by Antony. Great honours were paid to her memory by her brother and the Senate.

So destitute was she of all petty jealousy, that after the death of Antony and Cleopatra, when their children were brought to Rome to grace her brother's triumph, she took them under her protection, and married the daughter to Juba, king of Mauritania.

OLYMPIAS,

Daughter of the king of Epirus, married Philip, king of Macedonia, by whom she had Alexander the Great. Her haughtiness and suspected infidelity induced Philip to repudiate her, and marry Cleopatra, niece of Attalus. This incensed Olympias, and Alexander, her son, shared her indignation. Some have attributed the murder of Philip to the intrigues of Olympias, who paid the greatest honour to the dead body of her husband's murderer. Though the administration of Alexander was not altogether pleasing to Olympias, she did not hesitate to declare publicly, that he was not the son of Philip, but of Jupiter. On Alexander's death, B. C. 324, Olympias seized on the government, and cruelly put to death Aridæus, one of Philip's illegitimate sons, who had claimed the throne, and his wife Eurydice, as well as Nicanor, the brother of Cassander, with a hundred of the principal men of Macedonia. Cassander besieged her in Pydna, where she had retired, and after an obstinate defence she was obliged to surrender. Two hundred soldiers were sent to put her to death, but the splendour and majesty of the queen overawed them, and she was at last massacred by those whom she had injured by her tyranny. She died about 316, B. C.

ORPAH,

A MOABITISH damsel, who married Chillon, the youngest of the two sons of Elimelech and Naomi, Israelites from Bethlehem-judah. Her story is included in the Book of Ruth; and though but a glimpse is afforded, the character is strikingly defined. Orpah signifies, in the Hebrew, *the open mouth*, a name probably given her to denote her quick sensibility and lack of firmness. She was a creature of feeling, but there was wanting the strength of will to perform what she had purposed as duty. After the death of Elimelech and his two sons, Naomi, with her two young daughters-in-law, set out to return to her own land; Orpah seemingly more earnest than Ruth to accompany Naomi. But when the trials of the undertaking were set before them, Orpah "kissed" her mother-in-law, and went "back to her people and her gods."

P.

PANTHEA,

WIFE of Abradatas, king of the Lusians, was taken prisoner by Cyrus the Great. Though the most beautiful woman of her time, Cyrus treated her with a delicacy and forbearance very unusual in those times, and permitted her to send for her husband. Out of gratitude to Cyrus, Abradatas became his ally, and was slain while fighting for him against the Egyptians. Panthea killed herself on the dead body of her husband, and was buried in the same grave.

PARYSATIS,

WIFE of Darius Nothus, who ascended the throne of Persia in the year 423 B. C., was the mother of Artaxerxes Mnemon and Cyrus. Her partiality for Cyrus led her to commit the greatest injustice and barbarities; and she poisoned Statira, the wife of Artaxerxes.

PENELOPE,

DAUGHTER of Icarus, married Ulysses, king of Ithaca, by whom she had Telemachus. During the absence of Ulysses, who went to the siege of Troy, and was absent twenty years, several princes, charmed with Penelope's beauty, told her that Ulysses was dead, and urged her to marry one of them. She promised compliance on condition that they would allow her to finish a piece of tapestry she was weaving; but she undid at night what she had woven in the day, and thus eluded their importunity till the return of Ulysses.

Her beauty and conjugal fidelity have won for her the praises of poets, and a warm place in the heart of every pure-minded woman. Her character and example appear most lovely when contrasted with her celebrated contemporary Helen. The character of Telemachus, as drawn by Fenelon, is such as we should imagine would be displayed by the son of Penelope,—her wise influence would be his Mentor.

PENTHESILEA,

QUEEN of the Amazons, succeeded Osythia. She fought bravely at the siege of Troy, and was killed by Achilles, B. C. 1187. Pliny says she invented the battle-axe. She must have been a real amazon.

PERILLA,

A DAUGHTER of the poet Ovid, and of his third wife, was very fond of poetry and literature, and very devoted to her father. She accompanied him in his banishment, and is supposed to have survived him. She lived in the first century after Christ. It is the best example left by Ovid, that he encouraged his daughter in her literary tastes; and well did she repay his care, in the cultivation of her mind, by her devoted attachment to him in his misfortunes.

PHÆDYMA,

DAUGHTER of Olanes, one of the seven Persian lords who conspired against Smerdis the Magian. Being married to Smerdis, who pretended to be the son of Cyrus the Great, she discovered his imposture to her father, by his want of ears, which Cambyses had cut off. She lived B. C. 521.

PHANTASIA,

DAUGHTER of Nicanchûs of Memphis, in Egypt. Chiron, a celebrated personage of antiquity, asserted that Phantasia wrote a poem on the Trojan war, and another on the return of Ulysses to Ithaca, from which Homer copied the greater part of the Iliad and Odyssey, when he visited Memphis, where these poems were deposited. She lived in the 12th century before Christ.

PHERETIMA,

WIFE of Battus, king of Cyrene, and the mother of Arcesilaus, who was driven from his kingdom in a sedition, and assassinated. After her son's death, she recovered the kingdom by the aid of Amasis king of Egypt; and to avenge the murder of Arcesilaus, she caused all his assassins to be crucified round the walls of Cyrene, and she cut off the breasts of their wives, and hung them near their husbands. It is said she was devoured by worms; which probably had reference to the remorse she must have felt for her cruelties. She lived about 624 B. C.

PHILISTES,

AN ancient queen, whose coin is still extant, but of whose life, reign, country, and government, nothing can be ascertained. Herodotus speaks of her coin, so she must have flourished before he lived, that is before B. C. 487; but says nothing else of her. Some persons think that she was queen of Sicily, others of Malta or Cossara.

PHILOTIS,

A SERVANT-MAID at Rome, saved her countrymen from destruction. After the siege of Rome by the Gauls, about 381 B. C., the Fidenates marched with an army against the capital, demanding all the wives and daughters in the city, as the

only conditions of peace. Philotis advised the senators to send the female slaves, disguised in matrons' clothes; she offered to march herself at their head. The advice was followed, and when the Fidenates, having feasted late, had fallen asleep intoxicated, Philotis lighted a torch, as a signal for her countrymen to attack the enemy. The Fidenates were conquered; and the senate, to reward the fidelity of the slaves, allowed them to appear in the dress of the Roman matrons.

PHILLA

Was daughter of Antipater, governor of Macedon, during the absence of Alexander, B. C. 334. She was a woman of remarkable powers of mind, being consulted when quite young, by her father, one of the wisest politicians of the time, on affairs of the greatest moment. By skilful management she prevented an army, full of factions and turbulent spirits, from making an insurrection; she married poor maidens at her own expense, and opposed the oppressors of innocency with so much vigour, that she preserved the lives of many guiltless persons. Philla first married Craterus, one of Alexander's captains, and the favourite of the Macedonians; and after his death Demetrius I., son of Antigonus, king of Asia. He was a voluptuous man, and though she was the chief of his wives, she had little share in his affections. Philla poisoned herself on hearing that Demetrius had lost his possessions in Asia, in a battle at Ipsus, B. C. 301, with three of Alexander's former generals. She had by Demetrius a son and a daughter, the famous Stratonice, who was the wife of Seleucus, and yielded to him by his son Antiochus. Diodorus Siculus gave a history of this excellent princess, but unfortunate woman, in which he extolled her character and talents.

PHRYNE,

A Grecian courtezan, flourished at Athens, about B. C. 328. Society alone can discover the charms of the understanding, and the virtuous women of ancient Greece were excluded from society. The houses of the courtezans, on the contrary, were frequented by the poets, statesmen, philosophers, and artists of Athens, and became schools of eloquence. Phryne was one of the most distinguished of that class of women. She served as a model for Praxiteles, and a subject for Apelles, and was represented by both as Venus. Her statue in gold was placed between those of two kings at Delphi. She offered to rebuild at her own expense the walls of Thebes, if she might be allowed to inscribe on them, "Alexander destroyed Thebes, Phryne rebuilt it." She was born in Thespiæ in Bœotia. She was accused of disbelief in the gods, but Hyperides obtained her acquittal by exposing her charms to the venerable judges of the Helica.

But though all these honours and favours were bestowed on Phryne, she was not allowed to rebuild the walls of Thebes; and this shows there still remained in the hearts of those old Greeks, corrupted as they were, the sentiment of respect for female virtue; and also a fear of degradation if they permitted such a woman to immortalize her name.

PLANCINA

Was the wife of Piso, consul in the reign of Augustus, and accused with him of having murdered Germanicus in the reign of Tiberius. She was acquitted, either through the partiality of the empress Livia, or of Tiberius. Though devoted to her husband during their confinement, she was no sooner set free than she left him to his fate. At the instigation of Livia, she committed the greatest crimes to injure Agrippina. Being accused of them, and knowing she could not elude justice, she committed suicide, A. D. 33.

POLYXENA,

One of the daughters of Priam, king of Troy, and Hecuba. Achilles, the celebrated hero of the Greeks, loved her; and by means of his passion for her his death was effected, for he was mortally wounded in the heel by her brother Paris, while treating about the marriage. It is said by some that she was sacrificed to his manes; by others, that she killed herself on his tomb. She is supposed to have died about B. C. 1183.

POLYXO,

A native of Argos, who married Tleoptolemus. She followed him to Rhodes, and when he went to the Trojan war, B. C. 1184, Polyxo became sole mistress of the kingdom. After the death of Menelaus, Helen fled from Peloponnesus to Rhodes; and Polyxo, to punish her for being the cause of a war in which Tleoptolemus had perished, ordered her to be hanged on a tree by her female servants, disguised as furies.

PORTIA,

Daughter of the celebrated Cato of Utica, was married first to Bibulus, by whom she had two children. Becoming, a widow, she married her cousin Marcus Brutus. When Brutus was engaged in the conspiracy against Cæsar, he attempted, but in vain, to conceal the agitation of his mind

from his wife, who did not venture to urge him to let her share in the secret, till she had given decisive proof of her strength of mind. She accordingly gave herself a deep wound in the thigh, and then, when pain and loss of blood had confined her to her bed, she represented to Brutus, that the daughter of Cato, and his wife, might hope to be considered as something more than a mere female companion. She then showed him her wound, and Brutus, after imploring the gods that he might live to prove himself worthy a wife like Portia, informed her of the conspiracy.

When the important day arrived, March 15, B. C. 44, she sent messenger after messenger to bring her word what Brutus was doing, and at length fainted away, so that a report reached her husband that she was dead.

Brutus perceiving that he had not accomplished his object by the assassination of Cæsar, left Rome for Athens. Portia accompanied him to the shore and then left him, as he thought it necessary that she should return to Rome. On parting with him she melted into tears, and some one present repeated from Homer the address of Andromache to her husband—

> "Be careful, Hector, for with thee my *all*,
> My father, mother, brother, husband, fall."

Brutus replied, smiling, "I must not answer Portia in the words of Hector,

> Mind you your wheel, and to your maids give law;

for, if the weakness of her frame seconds not her mind, in courage, in activity, in concern for the cause of freedom, and for the welfare of her country, she is not inferior to any of us."

After the death of Brutus, Portia resolved not to survive him, and being closely watched by her friends, snatched burning coals from the fire, and thrusting them in her mouth, held them there till she was suffocated, B. C. 42.

The character of Portia appears to have been much nearer the common standard of high-bred women, than that of the accomplished and commanding Cornelia, whose grandeur and supremacy of spirit seems to have swayed both the minds and hearts of all around her. Portia, on the other hand, was more strictly feminine. She gushed out with warm affection to her husband. She felt the dignity of her Patrician descent from the family of Cato. She was full of anxiety for her own friends, and she entered into the spirit and enterprises of the times. If the anecdote about the painting and quotations of Brutus be true, and we have no reason to doubt them, it gives us some insight into the spirit of Roman education. Both Brutus and Portia must have been familiar with Homer. This shows how much the Roman literature and education were founded upon that of the Greeks. Many distinguished men, and probably Brutus himself, visited Athens to finish their education. Brutus was familiar with the Greek philosophy, and as Portia was his cousin and the daughter of Cato, she must have had a highly finished education. It is more than probable that the Roman women of the higher ranks had a better education in proportion to the men, than the women of our own era. They were educated more in the solid, than in the merely ornamental knowledge of life. They were not estranged altogether from the politics and the higher philosophy of their country. They read, in common with fathers and husbands, the stern and yet brilliant literature of the ancient Greeks. Barbarous and heathen as it was, it had the advantage of being exempted from the effeminacy and corrupting influences of oriental manners.

PYRRHA,

The daughter of Epimethus and Pandora, was wife of Deucalion, king of Thessaly, in whose reign a flood happened. She was the mother of Amphictyon, Helen, and Protogenia.

The flood that occurred in the time of Deucalion, about B. C. 1500, is supposed to have been only an inundation of that country, occasioned by heavy rains, and an earthquake, that stopped the course of the river Penus, where it usually discharged itself into the sea. Deucalion governed his people with equity; but the rest of mankind being very wicked, were destroyed by a flood, while Deucalion and Pyrrha saved themselves by ascending Mount Parnassus. When the waters had subsided, they consulted the oracle of Themis on the means by which the earth was to be repeopled; when they were ordered to veil their faces, unloose their girdles, and throw behind them the bones of their great mother. At this advice, Pyrrha was seized with horror; but Deucalion explained the mystery, by observing, that their great mother meant the earth, and her bones the stones; when, following the directions of the oracle, those thrown by Deucalion became men, and those by Pyrrha, women.

Some have supposed that Deucalion was the same with the patriarch Noah; and that his flood in Thessaly, was the same as that recorded in the Scriptures; tradition thus corroborating the authority of the Bible.

R.

RACHEL,

The youngest daughter of Laban, the Syrian, the beloved wife of Jacob, the patriarch, mother of Joseph and Benjamin;—how many beautiful traits of character, how many touching incidents of her husband's life, are connected with her name! Rachel was the true wife of Jacob, the wife of his choice, his first and only love. For her, "he served Laban seven years, and they seemed to him but a few days, for the love he bore her." At the close of this term, the crafty father, who wished to retain Jacob in his service, practised the gross deception of giving Leah instead of Rachel, and then permitting Jacob to have the beloved one as another wife, provided he would serve another seven years! Thus Rachel really cost her husband fourteen years' servitude.

She was "beautiful and well-favoured," Moses tells us; yet surely it was not her personal charms which gained such entire ascendency over the wise

son of Isaac. Jacob must have been nearly sixty years old at the time of his marriage; and if Rachel had been deficient in those noble qualities of mind and soul, which could understand and harmonize with his lofty aspirations to fulfil the great duties God had imposed on him, as the chosen Founder of the house of Israel, she never would have been his confidant, counsellor, friend, as well as his lovely, and loving wife. That she was this all in all to her husband, seems certain by the grief, the utter desolation of spirit, which overwhelmed him for her loss. He cherished her memory in his heart, loved her in the passionate love he lavished on her children till his dying day. Her two sons were, in moral character, far superior to the other sons of Jacob; and this is true testimony of her great and good qualities. She died in giving birth to Benjamin, while Jacob, with all his family, was on his way from Syria to his own land. She was buried near Bethlehem, in Judea, and Jacob erected a monument over her grave. Her precious dust was thus left, as though to keep possession of the land sure, to hers and her husband's posterity, during the long centuries of absence and bondage. And, as if to mark that this ground was hallowed, the Messiah was born near the place of Rachel's grave. She died B. C. 1732.

RAHAB,

A WOMAN of Jericho. When Joshua, the leader of the Israelitish host, sent out two spies, saying, "Go view the land, even Jericho," it is recorded "that they went, and came into an harlot's house, named Rahab, and lodged there." The king of Jericho hearing of their visit, sent to Rahab, requiring her to bring the men forth; but instead of complying, she deceived the king, by telling him that they went out of the city about the time of the shutting of the gate, and whither they went, she knew not, but doubtless if the king pursued after them they would be overtaken. In the mean time, while the messengers thus put upon the false track pursued after them to the fords of Jordan, Rahab took the two men up to the roof of the house, which, after the custom of eastern cities, was flat, and hid them under the stalks of flax which she had spread out there to dry.

This strange conduct, in defence of two strangers, she explained to the spies, by telling them, after they reached the roof, that "she knew that the Lord had given the children of Israel the land, for they had heard of their doings from the time that they came out of Egypt, so that all the inhabitants of the land faint because of you."

In return for her care, she made them swear unto her that they would save alive herself and all her family,—father, mother, brothers, sisters, and all that they had. Having thus secured herself from threatened destruction, she let them down by a cord through a window, for her house was upon the town wall, and they escaped to the mountains, whence, after three days, they returned to the camp of Joshua.

For the important service rendered to these spies, herself and kindred were saved from the general massacre which followed the capture of Jericho, her house being designated by a scarlet cord let down from the window out of which the spies escaped.

Several commentators, anxious to relieve the character of a woman so renowned from the imputation cast upon her by the opprobrious epithet usually affixed to her name, would translate the Hebrew word Zonah, which our version renders harlot, by the term hostess or innkeeper. But the same Hebrew word in every other place means what the old English version says, and we see no reason to make its use here an exception; besides, there were no inns in those days and countries; and when, subsequently, something answerable to our ideas of them were introduced, in the shape of caravanseri, they were never kept by women.

It is a remarkable feature of the Bible, that it glosses over no characters, but freely mentions failings and defects, as well as goodness and virtue; and hence, when errors of life are spoken of as connected with any individual, it is not incumbent on us to defend all the life of that individual, if the character is good from the time that it professes to be good; the evil living which went before, may freely be named without compromising or reflecting upon subsequent goodness.

Her remarks to the spies evince her belief in the God of the Hebrews, and her marriage, at a later period, with Salmon, one of the princes of Israel, proves her conversion to Judaism.

The Jewish writers abound in praises of Rahab; and even those who do not deny that she was a harlot, admit that she eventually became the wife of a prince of Israel, and that many great persons of their nation sprang from this union.

According to the Bible, Rahab was a woman of fidelity, discretion, and a believer in the God of Israel; and the only individual, among all the nations which Joshua was commissioned to destroy, who aided the Israelites, and who was received and dwelt among the people of God as one with them. St. Paul quotes her as one of his examples of eminent faith. These events occurred B. C. 1451.

REBEKAH,

DAUGHTER of Bethuel, and wife of Isaac the patriarch, is one of the most interesting female characters the Bible exhibits for the example and instruction of her sex. Her betrothal and marriage are graphic pictures of the simple customs of her maiden life, and her own heart-devotion to the will of God. No wonder her beauty, modesty and piety, won the love and confidence of Isaac at once. She was his only wife, and thus highly favoured above those who were obliged to share the heart of a husband with hand-maidens and concubines. The plague-spot of polygamy which has polluted even the homes of the chosen of God did not fasten its curse on her bridal tent. So distinguished was this example, that ever since, the young married pair have been admonished to be, as "Isaac and Rebecca, faithful."

The first portion of her history, contained in Genesis, chap. xxiv. (any synopsis would mar its

beauty) has won for her unqualified approbation; while commentators and divines are almost as unanimous in censuring her later conduct. But is this censure deserved? Let us examine carefully before we venture to condemn what the Bible does not.

This pious couple, who inherited the promises of God, and in whom centred the hopes of the world, were childless for twenty years; when Rebekah's twin sons were born. Before their birth, it had, in some mysterious manner, been revealed to the mother that these sons would be the progenitors of two nations, different from each other, and that the *elder* should serve the *younger*. From their birth the boys were as unlike as though they were of different races. Esau is represented as red, rough, reckless, rebellious; Jacob was fair, gentle, home-loving and obedient; such a son as must have gladdened his mother's heart. But there was a higher and holier motive for her devoted love to this, her youngest son,—*she knew he was the chosen of God.*

"Isaac loved Esau, because he did eat of his venison; but Rebekah loved Jacob;" — that is, she loved him with the holy, disinterested affection which her faith that he was born for a high destiny would inspire. She kept him with her and instructed him in this faith, making him thus aware of the value of the birthright; while Esau, like a young heathen, was passing his life in the hunting-field, caring nothing for the promises made to Abraham; probably scoffing at the mention of such superstitions, he "despised his birthright," and sold it for a mess of pottage.

Next occurs a scene reflecting great honour on the character of Rebekah, as it shows she had the heart-purity which is ever under the holy guardianship of heaven;—we allude to what passed at Gerar. Isaac was there guilty of a cowardly falsehood, and seems to have been forgiven, and great privileges allowed him solely on account of the reverence and admiration felt for his wife. Thus the patriarch prospered exceedingly in consequence of Rebekah's beauty, virtue, and piety; while Esau's perverse disposition manifested itself more and more. And yet, though he grieved the hearts of his parents by uniting himself with idolaters, (marrying two Hittite wives,) still the father's heart clung to this unworthy son—*because he furnished him savoury food!*

Isaac had grown older in constitution than in years; "his eyes were dim so that he could not see;" fearing he might die suddenly, he called Esau, and said to him — "Take, I pray thee, thy weapons, thy quiver and thy bow, and go out to the field, and take me venison; and make me savoury food, such as I love, and bring it to me, that I may eat; that my soul may bless thee before I die." It is worthy of note that Isaac did not allude to any blessing the Lord had promised to his eldest son, nor to any motive, save indulging his own appetite. If Isaac knew that Jacob the younger son had been by God preferred before the elder, did he not purpose committing a great sin, in thus attempting to give the blessing to Esau? And if Isaac did not know the promise made to Rebekah concerning the destiny of her sons, then we must allow the spiritual insight conferred on her devolved also the duty of preventing, if possible, the sin her husband would bring on his own soul by attempting to bless him whom the Lord had not blessed. It is manifest that Rebekah felt the time had come for her to act. If she had entreated her husband to bless the youngest born, he had not listened to her counsel, as Abraham was directed to do when Sarah advised him. We may say Rebekah should have had faith that God would bring to pass what he had ordained; but we cannot know her convictions of the duty devolving on herself. She certainly did not wait the event; but overhearing the directions of Isaac, she immediately took such measures as deceived him, and obtained his blessing for Jacob.

Rebekah must have been either perfectly assured she was working under the righteous inspiration of God, or she was willing to bear the punishment of deceiving her husband rather than allow him to sin by attempting to give the blessing where God had withheld it. That the result was right is certain, because Isaac acknowledged it when, after the deception was made manifest, he said of Jacob—"Yea, and he shall be blessed."

When, to avoid the murderous hatred of Esau, Jacob fled from his home, the Lord met him in a wondrous vision, where the promise made to Abraham and to Isaac was expressly confirmed to this cherished son of Rebekah; thus sealing the truth of her belief and the importance of her perseverance; and not a word of reproof appears on the holy page which records her history. She did not live to see her son's triumphant return, nor is the date of her decease given; but she was buried in the family sepulchre at Macpelah; and as Isaac had no second wife, she was doubtless mourned. It has been urged that because her death was not recorded, therefore she had sinned in regard to her son. No mention is made of the death of Deborah, or Ruth, or Esther, — had they sinned?

There are no perfect examples among mankind; but in the comparison of Isaac and Rebekah, the wife is, morally, superior to her husband; and appears to have been specially entrusted by God with the agency of changing the succession of her sons, and thus building up the house of Israel. See Genesis, chapters xxvi. xxvii. xxviii.

RHODOPE,

A CELEBRATED Grecian courtezan, who was fellow-servant with Æsop at the court of the king of Samos. She was carried to Egypt by Xanthus, and purchased by Charaxes of Mytelene, the brother of Sappho, who married her. She gained so much money by her charms that she built one of the pyramids. Ælian says that one day, as she was bathing, an eagle carried away one of her sandals, and dropt it near king Psammetichus, at Memphis, who sought out the owner and married her. She lived about B. C. 610.

RIZPAH

WAS daughter of Aiah, concubine to king Saul. Saul having put to death many of the Gibeonites,

God, to punish this massacre, sent a famine which lasted three years. To expiate this, David, who was then king, gave to the Gibeonites two sons of Saul by Rizpah, and five sons of Michal, the daughter of Saul, whom the Gibeonites hanged on the mountain near Gibeah. Rizpah spread a sackcloth on the rock, and watched night and day to prevent ravenous beasts and birds from devouring the dead bodies; till David, pitying her, had their bones brought and interred in the tomb of Kish. Abner, Saul's general, married Rizpah after Saul's death, which was so much resented by Ishbosheth, son of Saul, that Abner vowed and procured his ruin.

Her sad story has been the theme of poets; and the picture of the childless mother, watching beside the bleaching bones of her murdered sons, is an illustration of the truth and tenderness of woman's love, which every human heart must feel. This tragedy occurred B. C. about 1021.

ROXANA,

A PERSIAN princess of great beauty, daughter of Darius, king of Persia, whom Alexander the Great took for his wife. Their son Alexander, born after his father's death, was murdered by Cassander, one of Alexander's generals, 323 B. C., and she shared his fate. She had cruelly put to death, after Alexander's decease, her sister Statira, whom the conqueror had also married.

RUTH,

A MOABITESS, widow of Mahlon, an Israelite, and one of the ancestors of our Saviour, lived, probably, in the days of Gideon. Being left a widow, she accompanied her mother-in-law, Naomi, to Judea, where she married Boaz, a wealthy Hebrew and a near relative of her late husband—and became the ancestress of David and of our Saviour. Her name signifies "*full, or satisfied.*"

Her story, told at length in the eighth book of the Old Testament, is one of the most interesting in the Bible. Poetry and painting have exhausted their arts to illustrate her beautiful character; yet to the truthful simplicity of the inspired historian, the name of Ruth still owes its sweetest associations. Her example shows what woman can do, if she is true to the best impulses of her nature, and faithfully works in her mission, and *waits* the appointed time.

RUTILIA,

A ROMAN lady, sister of that Pub. Rutilius who suffered his unjust banishment with so much fortitude, was the wife of Marcus Aurelius Cotta; and had a son, who was a man of great merit, whom she tenderly loved, but whose death she bore with resignation.

Seneca, during his exile, wrote to his mother and exhorted her to imitate Rutilia, who, he says, followed her son Cotta into banishment; nor did she return to her country till her son came with her. Yet she bore his death, after his return, with equal courage, for she followed him to his burial without shedding a tear. She lived about B. C. 120.

S.

SAPPHO,

A CELEBRATED Greek poetess, was a native of Mitylene, in the isle of Lesbos, and flourished about B. C. 610. She married Cercala, a rich inhabitant of Andros, by whom she had a daughter, named Cleis; and it was not, probably, till after she became a widow that she rendered herself distinguished by her poetry. Her verses were chiefly of the lyric kind, and love was the general subject, which she treated with so much warmth, and with such beauty of poetical expression, as to have acquired the title of the "Tenth Muse." Her compositions were held in the highest esteem by her contemporaries, Roman as well as Greek, and no female name has risen higher in the catalogue of poets. Her morals have been as much depreciated, as her genius has been extolled. She is represented by Ovid as far from handsome; and as she was probably no longer young when she fell in love with the beautiful Phaon, his neglect is not surprising. Unable to bear her disappointment, she went to the famous precipice of Leucate, since popularly called the Lover's Leap, and throwing herself into the sea, terminated at once her life and her love. To this catastrophe Ausonius alludes:

"And the masculine Sappho about to perish with her Lesbian arrows,
Threatens a leap from the snow-crowned Leucade."

Longinus quotes this celebrated ode written by Sappho, of which we give the translation, as an example of sublimity:

"Blest as th' immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while,
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,
And raised such tumults in my breast
For, while I gazed in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost;

My bosom glowed; the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame:
O'er my dim eye a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung;

In dewy damps my limbs were chilled
My blood with gentle horrors thrilled;
My feeble pulse forgot to play;
I fainted, sunk, and died away."

No less beautiful is the Hymn to Venus, of which the following is an extract:

"O Venus, beauty of the skies,
To whom a thousand temples rise,
Gaily false in gentle smiles,
Full of love perplexing wiles;
Oh, goddess! from my heart remove
The wasting cares and pains of love.

If ever thou hast kindly heard
A song in soft distress preferred,
Propitious to my tuneful vow,
Oh, gentle goddess! hear me now;
Descend, thou bright, immortal guest,
In all thy radiant charms confest.

Thou once didst leave almighty Jove,
And all the golden roofs above,
The car thy wanton sparrows drew,
Hovering in air they lightly flew;
As to my bower they winged their way,
I saw their quivering pinions play.

The birds dismist, while you remain,
Bore back their empty car again;
Then you with looks divinely mild,
In every heavenly feature smiled,
And asked what new complaints I made,
And why I called you to my aid."

Sappho formed an academy of females who excelled in music; and it was doubtless this academy which drew on her the hatred of the women of Mitylene. She is said to have been short in stature, and swarthy in her complexion. Ovid confirms this description in his Heroides, in the celebrated epistle from Sappho to Phaon:

"To me what nature has *in charms denied*,
Is well by wit's more lasting flames supplied.
Though short my stature, yet my name extends
To heaven itself, and earth's remotest ends;
Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
Inspired young Perseus with a generous flame."
Translated by Pope.

The Mitylenes esteemed her so highly, and were so sensible of the glory they received from her having been born among them, that they paid her sovereign honours after her death, and stamped their money with her image. The Romans also erected a noble monument to her memory. "It must be granted," says Rapin, "from what is left us of Sappho, that Longinus had great reason to extol the admirable genius of this woman; for there is in what remains of her something delicate, harmonious, and impassioned to the last degree. Catullus endeavoured to imitate Sappho, but fell infinitely short of her; and so have all others who have written upon love."

Besides the structure of verse called Sapphic, she invented the Æolic measure, composed elegies, epigrams, and nine books of lyric poetry, of which all that remain are, an ode to Venus, and an ode to one of her lovers, quoted above, and some small fragments.

SARAH, or SARAI,

Wife of Abraham, was born in Uz of the Chaldees, (the region of fire, or where the people were fire-worshippers,) from which she came out with her husband. She was ten years younger than Abraham, and in some way connected with him by relationship, which permitted them to be called brother and sister. Some commentators suppose she was the daughter of Haran, Abraham's brother by a different mother, and consequently, the sister of Lot. But Abraham said of her to Abimilech, "She is indeed my sister; she is the daughter of my father, but not the daughter of my mother; and she became my wife." Such intermarriages had not, in that age of the world, been prohibited by God or man. Her story is told at length in Genesis, chap. xii., xviii., xx., xxxiii. None of the women of the Bible are so prominently placed or so distinctly described as Sarah, whose name was changed by God so that its meaning (her title) might be "*mother of nations.*" Her first name, *Sarai*, signifies "*princess*"—and her personal loveliness, and the excellences of her character, justify the appellation. But as the Bible is the word of divine truth, it describes no perfect men or women. Sarah's love and devotion to her husband are themes of the apostle's praise; and her maternal faithfulness is proven by the influence of her character on Isaac, and the sorrow with which he mourned her death. Yet Sarah has been accused of harshness towards the handmaid Hagar, and cruelty in causing her and her son Ishmael to be sent away. But the sacred narrative warrants no such inference. It should be borne in mind that in the first promise, when God said to Abram, "I will make of thee a great nation," &c., no mention is made of the mother of this favoured race. Abram undoubtedly told his beloved Sarai of God's promise; but when ten years passed, and she had no children, she might fear she was not included in the divine prediction. Regardless of self, where the glory and happiness of her adored husband were concerned, with a disinterestedness more than heroic, of which the most noble-minded woman only could have been capable, she voluntarily relinquished her hope of the honour of being the mother of the blessed race; and, moreover, withdrew her claim to his sole love, (a harder trial,) and gave him her favourite slave Hagar. It was Sarai who proposed this to Abram, and as there was then no law prohibiting such relations, it was not considered sin. But it was sin, as the event showed. God, from the first, ordained that the union of the sexes, to be blessed, cannot subsist but in a marriage made holy by uniting, indissolubly and faithfully, one man with one woman. This holy union between Abraham and Sarah, which had withstood all temptations and endured all trials, was now embittered to the wife by the insolence and ingratitude of the concubine.

That the subsequent conduct of Sarah was right, under the circumstances, the angel of the Lord bore witness, when he found Hagar in the wilderness, and said, "Return to thy mistress, and submit thyself under her hands."

So too, when Hagar and her son Ishmael were sent away—God distinctly testified to Abraham that it should be thus; that Sarah was right. There are but two blemishes on the bright perfection of Sarah's character—her impatience for the promised blessing, and her hasty falsehood, told from fear, when she denied she had laughed. From the first fault came the troubles of her life through the connection of her husband with Hagar. She died at the great age of one hundred and twenty-seven years, and "Abraham came to mourn for Sarah and to weep for her;" true testimonials of her worth and his love. He purchased for her a sepulchre, at a great price, "the field of Macpelah, before Mamre," which became afterwards the site of Hebron, an important city. Sarah's death occurred B. C. 1860.

SCRIBONIA,

The daughter of Scribonius, was the second wife of Augustus, after he had divorced Claudia. As divorces were then, at Rome, common as marriages, almost, Augustus, in a few years, divorced Scribonia, to marry the only woman he ever probably loved—the beautiful and magnificent Livia. Scribonia had been twice married prior to her union with Augustus, by whom she had a daughter, the infamous Julia, an offspring who seemed to inherit the vices of both her parents.

SELENA

Was the wife of Antiochus X., king of Syria, who was put to death by Tigranes, king of Armenia. She was the daughter of Ptolemy Physcon, king of Egypt, and according to the custom of her country, married first her brother Lathyrus, and afterwards her other brother, Gryphus. At the death of Gryphus, she married Antiochus, by whom she had two sons. According to Appian, she first married the father, Antiochus Cyzenicus, and after his death the son, Eusebes. She lived in the century immediately preceding Christ.

SEMIRAMIS,

A celebrated queen of Assyria, was the wife of Menones, governor of Nineveh, and accompanied him to the siege of Bactria, where by her advice and bravery she hastened the king's operations, and took the city. Her wisdom and beauty attracted the attention of Ninus, king of Assyria, who asked her of her husband, offering him his daughter Sozana in her stead; but Menones refused his consent; and when Ninus added threats to entreaties, he hung himself. Semiramis then married Ninus, about B. C. 2200, and became the mother of Ninyas. She acquired so great an influence over the king, that she is said to have persuaded him to resign the crown for one day, and command that she should be proclaimed queen and sole empress of Assyria for that time; when one of her first orders was that Ninus should be put to death, in order that she might retain possession of the sovereign authority.

She made Babylon the most magnificent city in the world; she visited every part of her dominions, and left everywhere monuments of her

greatness. She levelled mountains, filled up valleys, and had water conveyed by immense aqueducts to barren deserts and unfruitful plains. She was not less distinguished as a warrior. She conquered many of the neighbouring nations, Ethiopia among the rest; and she defeated the king of India, at the river Indus; but pursuing him into his own country, he drew her into an ambush, and put her to flight, with the loss of a great number of her troops. To prevent him from pursuing her still farther, she destroyed the bridge over the Indus, as soon as her troops had crossed it. After exchanging prisoners at Bactria, she returned home with hardly a third of her army, which, if we believe Ctesias, consisted of 300,000 foot-soldiers and 5000 horse, besides camels and armed chariots. At her return, finding her son engaged in a conspiracy against her, she resigned the government to him. Ninyas is said, notwithstanding, to have killed his mother himself, in the sixty-second year of her age, and the twenty-fifth of her reign.

SERVILIA,

A sister of the celebrated Cato, who was enamoured of Julius Cæsar, though he was one of her brother's most inveterate enemies. One day, she sent him a very affectionate letter, which was given to Cæsar in the senate-house, while the senate were debating about punishing Catiline's associates. Cato, supposing that the letter was from one of the conspirators, insisted on its being publicly read. Cæsar then gave it to Cato, who having read it, returned it, saying, "Take it, drunkard!" She flourished about B. C. 66.

SHELOMITH,

Daughter of Dibri, of the tribe of Dan, was mother of that blasphemer who was stoned to death. The Scripture tells us that Shelomith had this blasphemer by an Egyptian; and the rabbins say that she was a handsome and virtuous woman, with whom this Egyptian, an overseer of the Hebrews, became enamoured; and that during her husband's unexpected absence, he stole by night into the house and bed of Shelomith. When

the woman discovered the injury, she complained of it to her husband, and proving with child, he put her away, and assailed the Egyptian with blows, who retaliated. Moses passing by, took the part of the Israelite, and killed the Egyptian. The brothers of Shelomith called her husband to account for putting her away; and coming to blows, Moses again interfered; but the husband asking him whether he would kill him, as yesterday he had killed the Egyptian, Moses fled to the land of Midian. B. C. 1570.

SHIPHRAH and PUAH,

Two midwives of Goshen, in Egypt, celebrated in sacred history, and rewarded by the Almighty himself, for their humanity in disobeying the mandate of the tyrant of Egypt to murder the Hebrew boys at their birth. They were undoubtedly Hebrew women. It is worthy of remembrance, that when the Hebrew nation was crushed by the power of Pharaoh, the men lost all courage, and yielded to their oppressor, however cruel might be his edicts; it was the Hebrew women who devised means of eluding those laws.

SIBYL, or SYBIL,

Is the name by which several prophetic women were designated, who all belonged to the mythical ages of ancient history. It was believed that the Sibyls were maidens who, by direct inspirations, possessed a knowledge of the future, and of the manner in which evils might be averted, and the gods appeased. Their number seems to have been very great. There were Egyptian, Persian, Greek, Hebrew, Babylonian, and Italian Sibyls.

The most ancient Sibyl was Herophile, probably the one called Sibylla Lybica by Varro. The Erythræn Sibyl was supposed by some to be a native of Babylon, and by others, of Erythræ. She lived before the Trojan war, the cause and issue of which she is said to have predicted.

In the time of Pausanias, a hymn on Apollo, attributed to this Sibyl, was well known in Delos, in which she calls herself a daughter of one of the Idæn nymphs, and a mortal. The Samian Sibyl was supposed to have been a priestess in the temple of Apollo Smyntheus. She spent most of her life at Samos; but, like the other Sibyls, is described as travelling about, and communicating to men her inspired wisdom. Thus, we find her at Claros, Delos, and Delphi. She is said to have died at Troas, where a monument was erected to her in a grove, sacred to Apollo Smyntheus.

Cumæ, in Ionia, was also celebrated for its Sibyl; but the Sibyl of Cumæ, in Campania, called Demo, has acquired more celebrity than any other. In the reign either of Tarquinius Priscus or Tarquinius Superbus, there appeared before the king a woman, either a Sibyl or sent by a Sibyl, who offered him nine books for sale, which he refused to purchase. The woman went away, and burning three of the books, returned and asked the same price for the remaining six as she had for the nine. The king again refused; and the woman burnt three more, and again returning, offered the three books at the same price as before. The king's curiosity was excited; he purchased the books, and the woman vanished. These three were the Sibylline books which play such a prominent part in the history of Rome. They were written on palm-leaves, and in verse or symbolical hieroglyphics. The Romans were in the constant habit of consulting them, and abiding by their decisions. This Sibyl is supposed by some to have been the Erythræn Sibyl; by others, the Sibyl from Cumæ, in Ionia; and by others, that she was from the Italian Cumæ. A book of Sibylline verses is extant, but scholars deem it spurious and useless.

SISIGAMBIS, or SISYGAMBIS,

Was mother of Darius, the last king of Persia. She was taken prisoner by Alexander the Great, at the battle of Ipsus, with the rest of the royal family. The conqueror treated her with the greatest deference, saluted her as his own mother, and often granted to her what he had denied to the petitions of his other favourites and ministers. When the queen heard of Alexander's death, she committed suicide, B. C. 324, unwilling to survive so generous an enemy, though she had survived the loss of her son and of his kingdom. She had before lost in one day, her husband and eighty of his brothers, whom Ochus had assassinated.

SOPHONISBA,

Daughter of Asdrubal, the celebrated Carthaginian general, a lady of uncommon beauty and accomplishments, married Syphax, a Numidian prince, who was totally defeated by the combined forces of his rival, Massinissa, and the Romans. On this occasion, Sophonisba fell into the hands of Massinissa, who, captivated by her beauty, married her, on the death of Syphax, which occurred soon after at Rome. But this act displeased the Romans, because Sophonisba was a Carthaginian princess; and Massinissa had not asked their consent. The elder Scipio Africanus ordered the timid Numidian monarch to dismiss Sophonisba; and the cowardly king, instead of resenting the insult, and joining the Carthaginians against the Romans, sent his wife a cup of poison, advising her to die like the daughter of Asdrubal. She drank the poison with calmness and serenity, about B. C. 203.

STATIRA,

Daughter of Darius, king of Persia, and wife of Alexander the Great. The conqueror had formerly refused her; but when she fell into his hands at the battle of Ipsus, the nuptials were celebrated with uncommon splendour. Nine thousand persons were present, to each of whom Alexander gave a golden cup to be offered to the gods. Statira had no children. She was put to death by Roxana, another daughter of Darius, and also the wife of Alexander, after the conqueror's death.

STRATONICE,

The beautiful daughter of Demetrius Poliorcetes and his wife Philla, married Seleucus Nicator, king of Syria. His son and heir, Antiochus Soter, fell

ill, and was at the point of death, when Erasistratus, the physician, observing his pulse to beat high whenever his young step-mother entered the room, guessed the cause of his illness to be love for Stratonice, which Antiochus then confessed. Seleucus, to save his son, yielded up his wife, and they were married. Stratonice became the ancestress of that impious race of princes who so cruelly persecuted the Jews. Antiochus died B. C. 291.

TAMAR, or THAMAR,

Was daughter-in-law to the patriarch Judah, wife of Er and Onan. After Onan's death, Tamar lived with her father-in-law, expecting to marry his son Shelah, as had been promised her, and was the custom of the time. But the marriage not having taken place, some years after, when Judah went to a sheep-shearing feast, Tamar disguised herself as a harlot and sat in a place where Judah would pass—and this old man yielded at once to the temptation. When it was told Judah that his daughter-in-law had been guilty, he immediately condemned her to be brought forth and burned alive; never remembering his own sin. But when he found that he was the father of the child she would soon bear, his conscience was awakened, and he made that remarkable admission that "she was more just than he had been."

This history displays the gross manners of those old times, and how false are all representations of the purity of pastoral life. Tamar had twins, sons—and from one of these, Pharez, the line of Judah is descended. These events occurred about B. C. 1727.

TAMARIS

Was a princess of Tarraco, the modern Tarragon, a province in Spain: she lived about the year 220 B. C. After her husband's death, she became anxious to free the province from the Roman yoke, and, in order to succeed in her wishes, she favoured secretly Hannibal, to whom she furnished men and provisions. When her treachery was discovered, she lost both her property and her life. After her death, the Romans made the city of Tarraco the chief depôt for their arms in Spain.

TAMYRIS, or TOMYRIS,

Queen of the Scythians, was a contemporary of Cyrus, who made war against her. After Cyrus had advanced very rapidly, he pretended to fly, and left his camp with provisions and wine behind him. The Scythians, led by Spargopises, the son of Tamyris, pursued until they reached the camp, where they stopped to regale themselves. Cyrus, who was watching for this opportunity, rushed upon them unawares, and slew the greater part of the army with its young commander.

Tamyris, filled with rage and grief for the loss of her son and the defeat of her troops, now took the field herself, and succeeded, by her wily manœuvres, in drawing the army of Cyrus into an ambush, and then she fell upon them with such fury, that, though he had 200,000 men of battle,

scarce one escaped. She afterwards built the city of Tamyris not far from the Doran. Brave she was, and living in the era of bloody battles, her character was the reflex of her age; yet we think her agency in founding the city was more to her credit than gaining the victory in war.

TANAQUIL, or GARA CECILIA,

Wife of Tarquin the Elder, the fifth king of Rome, was a native of Tarquinia, in Etruria. Her husband was originally a citizen of the same place, and called Lucomon Damaratus. But Tanaquil, who was skilled in augury, and foresaw the future eminence of her husband, persuaded him to go to Rome, where he changed his name to Lucius Tarquinius. Here he was chosen king, B. C. 616. He was assassinated B. C. 577; but Tanaquil, by keeping the event secret, adopted measures for securing the succession of her son-in-law, Servius Tullius. She was a woman of such liberality and powers of mind, that the Romans preserved her girdle with great veneration.

TARPEIA,

A vestal virgin, daughter of Tarpeius, governor of Rome under Romulus. When the Sabines made war on the Romans, in consequence of the rape of the Sabine women by the latter, Tarpeia betrayed the citadel of Rome to the enemy, for which service she requested the ornaments the soldiers wore on their left arm, meaning their gold bracelets. Pretending to misunderstand her, they threw their shields at her as they passed, and she was crushed beneath their weight. From her the hill was called the Tarpeian rock, from whence traitors were precipitated by the Romans.

TARQUINIA,

A daughter of Tarquinius Priscus, who married Servius Tullius. When her husband was murdered by his son-in-law, Tarquinius Superbus, she privately buried his body. This so preyed upon her mind that she died the following night. Some attribute her death, however, to Tullia, wife of young Tarquin.

TECHMESSA,

DAUGHTER of Teuthras, king of Phrygia, was taken captive by Ajax, the celebrated Greek hero, by whom she had a son, Erysaces. She prevented Ajax from killing himself.

TELESILLA,

A NOBLE poetess of Argos, who being advised by the oracle, which she had consulted respecting her health, to the study of the muses, soon attained such excellence, as to animate by her poetry the Argive women to repel, under her command, Cleomenes, the Spartan king, and afterwards king Demaratus, from the siege of Pamphiliacum, with great loss.

TERENTIA,

WIFE of Cicero. She became the mother of M. Cicero, and of Tullia. Cicero repudiated her, on account of her temper, he said, to marry his young, beautiful, and wealthy ward, Publilia. But the circumstance that Cicero was then deeply in debt, and wanted the fortune of his ward, explains his motives. He was in his sixty-first year, when he committed this great wrong, and as he had been married thirty years to Terentia, if her temper had been so very troublesome, he would, probably, have parted with her before. The transaction left a stain upon his private character which no apologist has been able to efface.

Terentia, after her divorce, married Sallust, Cicero's enemy, and he dying, she then married Messala Corvinus. She lived to her one hundred and third, or, according to Pliny, one hundred and seventeenth year. She seems to have been a woman of spirit and intelligence.

THAIS,

A CELEBRATED courtezan of Corinth, mistress of Alexander the Great, who persuaded him to set Persepolis on fire, in revenge for the injuries Xerxes had inflicted on her native city; and who incited the conqueror, when intoxicated, to throw the first torch himself. She afterwards became the mistress and finally the wife of Ptolemy, king of Egypt. Menander celebrated her charms, on which account she is called Menandrea.

THALESTRIS,

A QUEEN of the Amazons, who, accompanied by three hundred women, came thirty-five days' journey to meet Alexander in his Asiatic conquests, to raise children by a man whose fame was so great, and courage so uncommon. The story is, doubtless, as fabulous as that a nation of Amazons ever lived.

THEANO

WAS wife of Metapontus, king of Icaria. She was childless, and as her husband was very desirous of offspring, she obtained some children, which she made her husband believe were her own. She afterwards became a mother, and to prevent the suppositious children from inheriting the kingdom, she persuaded hers to kill them while hunting. In the struggle her own children were slain, and Theano died of grief.

There were two other women of the same name; Theano Locrencis, a native of Locri, surnamed Melica, from the melody of her songs and lyric poems; the second was a poetess of Crete, said by some to have been the wife of Pythagoras.

THESSALONICE,

DAUGHTER of Philip II., king of Macedon, and sister of Alexander the Great; married Cassander, one of Alexander's generals, and bore him three sons, Philip IV., Antipater, and Alexander V. She was murdered by her son Antipater, because she favoured his brother Alexander's claim to the throne, although she entreated him by the memory of her maternal care of him to spare her, but in vain.

THISBE,

A BEAUTIFUL Babylonian maiden, whose unhappy love for Pyramus has rendered her immortal. The parents of the lovers opposing their union, they were able to converse only through a hole in the wall which separated their parents' houses. They made an appointment to meet at the tomb of Ninus without the city. Thisbe came first, and frightened by the appearance of a lioness, she fled to a neighbouring thicket, dropping her mantle in her flight, which was torn to pieces by the animal. Pyramus coming just in time to see the torn mantle and the lioness in the distance, concluded that Thisbe had been devoured by the wild beast. In his despair he killed himself with his sword. When Thisbe emerged from her hiding-place, and found Pyramus lying dead, she stabbed herself with the same weapon. They were buried together.

THYMELE,

A MUSICAL composer and poetess, mentioned by Martial, and reported to have been the first who introduced into the scene a kind of dance, called by the Greeks, from this circumstance, *Themelinos*. From Thymele also, an altar, used in the ancient theatres, is supposed to have taken its name.

TIMOCLEA,

A THEBAN lady, sister to Theagenes, who was killed at Cheronæa, B. C. 374. One of Alexander's soldiers offered her violence, after which she led him to a well, and pretending to show him immense treasures concealed there, she pushed him into it. Alexander commended her, and forbade his soldiers to hurt the Theban women.

TIMŒA,

WIFE of Agis, king of Sparta, was seduced by Alcibiades. Her son Leotychides was consequently refused the throne, though Agis, on his death-bed, declared him legitimate.

TROSINE,

WIFE of Tigranes, king of Armenia, who, upon her husband's being conquered by Pompey, was compelled to grace his entrance into Rome, B. C. about 70.

TULLIA,

A DAUGHTER of Servius Tullius, king of Rome, married Tarquinius Superbus, after she had murdered her first husband, Arunx; and consented to see Tullius assassinated, that she might be raised to the throne. She is said to have ordered her chariot to be driven over the dead body of her father, which had been thrown all bloody into one of the streets. She was afterwards banished from Rome, with her husband. Tarquinius Superbus had been before married to Tullia's sister, whom he murdered, in order to marry Tullia.

TULLIA, or TULLIOLA,

A DAUGHTER of Cicero, and Terentia, his wife. She married Caius Piso, and afterwards Furius Crassippus, and lastly P. Corn. Dolabella. Dolabella was turbulent, and the cause of much grief to Tullia, and her father, by whom she was tenderly beloved. Tullia died in childbed, about B. C. 44, soon after her divorce from Dolabella. She was about thirty-two years old at the time of her death, and appears to have been an admirable woman. She was most affectionately devoted to her father; and to the usual graces of her sex having added the more solid accomplishments of knowledge and literature, was qualified to be the companion as well as the delight of his age; and she was justly esteemed not only one of the best, but the most learned of the Roman women. Cicero's affliction at her death was so great, though philosophers came from all parts of the world to comfort him, that he withdrew for some time from all society, and devoted himself entirely to writing and reading, especially all the works he could meet with on the necessity of moderating grief.

TYMICHA,

A LACEDÆMONIAN lady, consort of Myllias, a native of Crotona. Jamblichus, in his life of Pythagoras, places her at the head of his list, as the most celebrated female philosopher of the Pythagorean school. When Tymicha and her husband were carried as prisoners before Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, B. C. 330, he made them both very advantageous offers, if they would reveal the mysteries of Pythagorean science; but they rejected them all with scorn and detestation. The tyrant not succeeding with the husband, took the wife apart, not doubting, from her situation at the time, that the threat of torture would make her divulge the secret; but she instantly bit off her tongue, and spat it in the tyrant's face, to show him that no pain could make her violate her pledge of secresy.

V.

VASHTI,

THE beautiful wife of Ahasuerus, (or Artaxerxes,) king of Persia, gained her celebrity by disobeying her husband. Ahasuerus, who was then the most powerful monarch of the world, reigning over a kingdom stretching from "India to Ethiopia," gave a great feast to the governors of his provinces, his courtiers, and the people who were at his palace of Shushan. This feast lasted seven days, and every man drank wine "according to his pleasure," which means they were very gay, at least. Queen Vashti also gave a feast, at the same time, to the women of her household. On the seventh day, "when the king's heart was merry with wine," he commanded Vashti to be brought before him with the crown-royal on her head, "to show the people and the princes her beauty."

She refused to come. The sacred historian does not inform us why she refused; the presumption is, that the thing was unprecedented, and she considered it, as it was, an outrage of her modesty to show her face to these drunken men. Her courage must have been great as her beauty, thus to have braved the displeasure of her royal and drunken husband.

In his wrath the king instantly referred the matter to his "wise men," who "knew law and judgment;" for since the days of Cyrus the Great, the kingdom of Persia had been, ostensibly, governed by established laws. But it appears there was no law which reached Vashti's case; so the king was advised to repudiate his wife by a royal decree, unjust because retrospective, and issued expressly for her conjugal disobedience. The speech of Memucar, who delivered the opinion of the council, is curious, as showing the reasons which have, usually, (in all countries more or less,) influenced men in making laws for the government of women, namely—what man requires of the sex for his own pleasure and convenience, not that which would be just towards woman, and righteous in the sight of God. See chap. i. of the Book of Esther. What became of Vashti after she was repudiated is not known. These events occurred B. C. 519.

VIPSANIA,

DAUGHTER of Marcus Agrippa, a celebrated Roman general, and mother of Drusus. She was the only one of Agrippa's daughters who died a natural death. She married Tiberius, emperor of Rome, when he was a private man. He repudiated her, and she then married Asinius Gallus.

VIRGINIA,

DAUGHTER of Virginius, a citizen of Rome, and betrothed to Icilius, was seen by Appius Claudius, a Roman decemvir, as she was going to and returning from school. Captivated by her beauty, he resolved to obtain possession of her. In order to carry out this determination, he suborned an abandoned favourite to claim her as the daughter of one of his slaves, who had been placed for a temporary period under the care of Virginius. Though evidence was brought that this story was a fabrication, yet Appius Claudius, who himself filled the office of judge upon this occasion, decreed the young Virginia to be the property of his tool. Virginius, under pretence of wishing to take a last farewell of his child, drew her aside

from the wretches who surrounded her, and plunged a knife into her bosom, while she was clinging around his neck.

The soldiers and people, incensed against the cause of this sanguinary catastrophe, instantly dragged Claudius from the seat of justice, and an end was put to the decemviral power, B. C. 450.

The popular tragedy of "Virginius," written by J. Sheridan Knowles, is a vivid portraiture of these events.

VOLUMNIA,

A Roman matron, and mother of Coriolanus. When her son, incensed at his banishment from Rome, was marching against it with the Volsci, she went out to meet him, accompanied by his wife Virgilia, and many other Roman matrons, and by her entreaties and persuasions induced him to withdraw his army, though that step was fatal to his own life. To show their respect for the patriotism of Volumnia, the Romans dedicated a temple to Female Fortune. She lived B. C. 488.

In Shakspeare's tragedy of Coriolanus the character of Volumnia is exquisitely portrayed, and appears to have been of a far higher order of moral developement than that of her distinguished son. She was forgiving, self-sacrificing, patriotic: he, proud, selfish, revengeful. Her noble mind subdued his stubborn will because, with womanly fortitude and fidelity, she firmly but lovingly upheld the right, and thus prevented the wrong he would have done. His physical strength was shown to be weakness when contrasted with the power of truth which sustained her gentle spirit. Thus will moral suasion and the faith of love finally triumph over physical strength and mental power.

XANTIPPE,

Wife of Socrates, the Athenian philosopher, was remarkable for the moroseness and violence of her temper. It is said that Socrates was aware of her character, and married her to exercise his patience. She, however, loved her husband, and mourned his death, which took place about 398 B. C., with the deepest grief. If we take into the account this true love she felt for her husband, and consider what she must have suffered while he was passing his evenings in the society of the beautiful and fascinating Aspasia, we shall hardly wonder at her discontent. If his wife loved him, it must have been for his mind, as he was not endowed with attractions that win the eye and fancy of a woman; and thus loving him, she must have keenly felt the discord between the wisdom of his teachings and the foolishness of his conduct. That he acknowledged her influence over him was good, is a sufficient proof of her true devotion to him; had he been as true to her, he would have been a wiser and a better man; and she, no doubt, a much milder as well as a happier woman.

REMARKS ON THE SECOND ERA.

In this Era we include the fifteen hundred years following the birth of Jesus Christ. Had an angel been gifted with power to look over the whole inhabited globe on the opening of the eventful year 4004 of the old era, what would have appeared? Everywhere the spectacle of demoralization, despair, and death. Rome, representing the Gentile world, had trodden down with iron heel alike the civilized Greek and barbarian Goth, into a passive state called *peace!* The temple of Janus was shut; but the flood-gates of sin were opened wide as those of death; and from the corrupt hearts of wicked men such foul streams were poured forth as threatened to overwhelm the race. The moral power of woman was nearly lost; the last struggle of her spirit to retain its love of the *Good*, — that inner wisdom with which she had been gifted for the special purpose of moulding the souls of the young to her standard,—seemed fast approaching. Patriotism, the holiest emotion of the pagan mind, the proudest virtue of the Roman people, which had given such wonderful power to the men and women of that regal nation — patriotism had hardly a votary in the Eternal City.

The Jews, the chosen people of God, had also touched the lowest point of national degradation — subjection to a foreign power. Their religion had lost its life-giving faith, and become a matter of dead forms or vain pretences, used by the priests for their own profit, and to foster their own pride. Everywhere sins and crimes filled the world. There was no faith in God; no hope in man; no trust in woman. The selfish passions were predominant; the evil, animal nature, triumphed; love had become lust; and the true idea of marriage, the hallowed union of one man with one woman, faithful to each other through life, was treated as an idle jest, a mockery of words never intended to be made true. That this degradation of woman, through the practice of polygamy or by the licentiousness an easy mode of divorce had made common, was the real source of the universal corruptions of society, there can be no doubt. The last of God's inspired messengers, the fervent Malachi, thus reproves the Jewish men, and denounces their sin; adding this emphatic declaration:—

"Therefore take heed to your spirit, and let none deal treacherously with the wife of his youth. For the Lord, the God of Israel, saith that he hateth putting away."

Yet not only in Rome and throughout the Gentile world was this licentiousness become the rule and fashion of society, but even in Jerusalem, the holy city, king Herod lived openly with his brother's wife, and the people were not troubled by the shame or the sin.

If the angel, whom we have imagined as regarding the awful condition of humanity, had looked around for some barrier to stay this torrent of iniquity, would he have found it in the nature of man? No — there was none who had faith for the office; not even Zacharias, when Gabriel appeared to him and announced the birth of John, would believe the heavenly messenger.

Man's power to sustain the Good and the True being wholly overborne, woman was called to the ministry of salvation. That her nature was of a purer essence, and more in harmony with the things of heaven than man's was, we have shown, conclusively as we think, in the General Preface and in the Biographies of the women of the Old Testament; but the fact that the Saviour of the world, the Son of God, inherited his human nature entirely from his mother, can hardly be too often pressed on the attention of Christians. The Virgin Mary was the human agent, through whose motherly ministry the divine Saviour was nurtured and instructed in his human relations and duties. Women were the first believers in Christ; the first to whom he revealed his spiritual mission; the first to hail his resurrection from the tomb. It is worthy of note, that none of the apostles *saw* the angels at the sepulchre; to the women only these heavenly messengers revealed themselves; as though the veil of a more earthly nature darkened the vision even of those men chosen by the Saviour to be his especial friends and disciples. But why, if women were thus good, and gifted, and faithful, why was not the public ministry of the gospel committed to them?

We have, in the general preface, shown the reasons why the government of the world and the administration of the ritual laws were confided to men rather than to women. The same reasons apply to the apostleship and to the preaching of the gospel. Where both sexes were to be instructed and reformed, it was necessary each should have its distinct sphere of duty; men were sent forth

to preach the word and organize the church; women were to keep their homes sacred as the house of God, and instruct their children in the true faith. The distinctive characteristics of each sex were thus made to contribute their best energies to the advancement of the truth. Yet throughout the whole life of the blessed Redeemer—from his manger-cradle to his blood-stained cross, we trace the predominant sympathy of his nature with that of woman. We trace this in his example and precepts, which were in unison with her character; in his tender love of children; in the sternness with which he rebuked the licentious spirit of man in regard to the law of divorce. When the Pharisees told him what Moses had permitted—

"Jesus answered and said unto them, For the hardness of your hearts he wrote you this precept.

"But from the beginning of the creation God made them male and female.

"For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother and cleave to his wife.

"And they twain shall be one flesh: so then they are no more twain but one flesh.

"What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

Thus was the true idea of marriage restored; and it is now, as it was in the beginning, and will be till the end of the world, the keystone in the temple of social improvement, and true civilization. Wherever the Gospel is preached and believed, polygamy is annihilated. What no law or power of man could have done, the law of God, re-affirmed by Jesus Christ, and baptized by the Holy Ghost into the hearts of regenerated men, effected. Then the Christian wife took the Eden seat beside her husband; his soul's companion, his best earthly friend. And soon she was recognised and acknowledged as "the glory of the man." How beautiful are the glimpses we gain of the feminine character as developed under the first influences of the preached Gospel! Besides the host of female friends whom St. Paul names with warm affection and approval, there was the "honourable women" who waited on his ministry; and Priscilla who was always an helper; and the "elect lady and her children," to whom the gentle, pure-minded St. John wrote his epistle of love and faith.

Thanks be to God that this blessed Gospel, which seems to have been revealed purposely for the help of woman, was not like the Jewish dispensation, to be confined to one people! No: it was to be preached throughout the world, and to every creature. Wherever this Gospel was made known, women were found ready to receive it. Queens became the nursing mothers of the true Church, and lovely maidens martyrs for its truth. The empress Helena has been widely celebrated for her agency in introducing Christianity into the Roman empire. It may not be as well known that many queens and princesses have the glory of converting their husbands to the true faith, and thus securing the success of the Gospel in France, England, Hungary, Spain, Poland, and Russia. In truth, it was the influence of women that changed the worship of the greater part of Europe from Paganism to Christianity. No wonder these honourable ladies were zealous in the cause of the religion which gave their sex protection in this life and the promise of eternal happiness in the life to come. The zeal with which women—one-half of the human race—sustained the faith and labours of the apostles and first missionaries, was one of the greatest human elements of their success. Could this simple teaching and believing have gone on unhindered, the whole world would long ago have received the Gospel. But truth was perverted by selfish men; monachism established; and the woman's soul, again consigned to ignorance, was bowed to the servile office of ministering to the passions and lusts of men.

Then came the deification of the Virgin Mary; a worship, though false to the word of God, yet of salutary influence over the robbers and tyrants who then ruled the world. Next, chivalry was instituted, partly from the religious sentiment towards woman the worship of the Virgin had awakened, and partly from the necessities of worldly men. But religious sentiment, as a barrier against vice, has never been sufficiently strong to control, though it may for a time check, the corruptions of sin. At the beginning of the fifteenth century, every light of hope was fading or extinguished. The Christian world—so called—was one wide theatre of wars, rapine, and superstition. France, beautiful France, was the focus of anarchy and misery such as the world had not witnessed since the Roman empire was overthrown. The British, brave but brutal soldiers, seemed about to trample the sacred oriflamme of St. Louis in the dust. Charles VII. was a king without a country—all he possessed was a few provinces in the south of France; and even these seemed likely to be soon wrested from him. At this juncture, when the strength of the warriors was overborne, the arm of a simple country maiden interposed, and was the cause of beating back the haughty foe to the limits of his own island home, there to learn that colonization, not conquest, was to make his glory. The Maid of Orleans is the most marvellous person, of either sex, who lived from the time of the apostles to the end of the Era on which we are now entering.

SECOND ERA,

FROM THE BIRTH OF JESUS CHRIST TO THE YEAR 1500.

A.

ABASSA,

A SISTER of Haroun al Raschid, caliph of the Saracens, A. D. 786, was so beautiful and accomplished, that the caliph often lamented he was her brother, thinking no other husband could be found worthy of her. To sanction, however, a wish he had of conversing at the same time with the two most enlightened people he knew, he married her to his vizier Giafar, the Barmecide, on condition that Giafar should not regard her as his wife. Giafar, not obeying this injunction, was put to death by order of the enraged caliph, and Abassa was dismissed from his court. She wandered about, sometimes reduced to the extreme of wretchedness, reciting her own story in song, and there are still extant some Arabic verses composed by her, which celebrate her misfortunes. In the divan entitled Juba, Abassa's genius for poetry is mentioned; and a specimen of her composition, in six Arabic lines, addressed to Giafar, her husband, whose society she was restricted by her brother from enjoying, is to be found in a book written by Ben Abon Haydah. She left two children, twins, whom Giafar, before his death, had sent privately to Mecca to be educated.

ABELLA,

A FEMALE writer born at Salerno, in Italy, in the reign of Charles VI. of France, in 1380. She wrote several works on medicine; and, among others, a treatise *De atra bili*, which was very highly esteemed.

ADELAIDE,

DAUGHTER of Rodolphus, king of Burgundy, married Lotharius II., king of Italy, and after his death, Otho I., emperor of Germany. Her character was exemplary, and she always exerted her influence for the good of her subjects. She died in 999, aged sixty-nine.

ADELAIDE,

WIFE of Louis II. of France, was mother of Charles III., surnamed the Simple, who was king in 598.

ADELAIDE

OF Savoy, daughter of Humbert, count of Maurienne, was queen to Louis VI. of France, and mother of seven sons and a daughter. After the king's death, she married Matthew of Montmorenci, and died 1154.

ADELAIDE,

WIFE of Frederic, prince of Saxony, conspired with Lewis, marquis of Thuringia, against her husband's life, and married the murderer in 1055.

ADELICIA,

OF Louvain, surnamed "The fair Maid of Brabant," was the second wife of Henry I. of England. She was descended from the imperial Carlovingian line, and was remarkable for her proficiency in all feminine acquirements. She was very beautiful, and wise in conforming to the tastes of the king, and in affording all possible encouragement to literature and the polite arts. Henry's death happened in 1135, and three years afterwards Adelicia contracted a second marriage with William de Albini, who seems to have been "the husband of her choice," by whom she had several children. She died about 1151. Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard, the victim queens of Henry VIII., were her lineal descendants.

AFRA,

A MARTYR in Crete, during the Dioclesian persecution, which commenced A. D. 303. She was a pagan and a courtezan, but she no sooner heard the Gospel preached than she confessed her sins and was baptized. Her former lovers, enraged at this change, denounced her as a Christian. She was examined, avowed her faith with firmness, and was burnt. Her mother and three servants, who had shared her crimes and repentance, were arrested, as they watched by her tomb, and suffered the same fate.

AGATHA,

A SICILIAN lady, was remarkable for her beauty and talents. Quintius, governor of Sicily, fell in love with her, and made many vain attempts on

her virtue. When he found Agatha inflexible, his desire changed into resentment, and discovering that she was a Christian, he determined to gratify his revenge. He ordered her to be scourged, burnt with red-hot irons, and torn with sharp hooks. Having borne these torments with admirable fortitude, she was laid naked on live coals mingled with glass, and being carried back to prison, she expired there, in 251.

AGNES, St.

A Christian martyr at Rome in the Dioclesian persecution, whose bloody edicts appeared in March, A. D. 303, was only thirteen at the time of her glorious death. Her riches and beauty excited many of the young noblemen of Rome to seek her in marriage; but Agnes answered them all, that she had consecrated herself to a heavenly spouse. Her suitors accused her to the governor as a Christian, not doubting that threats and torments would overcome her resolution. The judge at first employed the mildest persuasions and most inviting promises, to which Agnes paid no attention; he then displayed before her the instruments of torture, with threats of immediate execution, and dragged her before idols, to which she was commanded to sacrifice; but Agnes moved her hand only to make the sign of the cross. The governor, highly exasperated, ordered her to be immediately beheaded; and Agnes went cheerfully to the place of execution. Her body was buried at a small distance from Rome, near the Nonietan road. A church was built on the spot in the time of Constantine the Great.

AGNES,

Wife of Andrew III., king of Hungary, was the daughter of Albert, emperor of Germany. She distinguished herself by her address and political abilities; but appears to have had more Machiavellian policy than true greatness of mind. After the death of her father, she resided in Switzerland, where her finesse was of great service to her brother, Albert II., with whom the Swiss were at war. She died in 1364.

AGNES DE MERANIA,

Daughter of the duke de Merania, married Philip Augustus, king of France, after he was divorced by his bishops from his wife Ingeborge, sister of the king of Denmark. The Pope declared this second marriage null, and placed France under an interdict till Philip should take back Ingeborge. Philip was at length obliged to do this, and Agnes died of grief the same year, 1201, at Poissy. Her two children were declared legitimate by the Pope.

AGNES

Of France, the only child that Louis VII., of France, had by his third wife, Alix de Champagne, was sent before she was ten years old to marry Cesar Alexis, the young son of Emmanuel Comnenus, emperor of Constantinople. The marriage was celebrated with great pomp, 1179, and the next year Alexis, though then only thirteen, succeeded his father in the government. But in 1183 a prince of the same family, Andronicus, deposed and murdered Alexis, forced Agnes to marry him, and ascended the throne. In 1185 Andronicus was deposed and killed. Being thus left a second time a widow, before she was sixteen, Agnes sought for a protector among the Greek nobility, and her choice fell on Theodore Branas, who defended her cause so well, that when the crusaders took Constantinople, they gave him the city of Napoli, and that of Adrianople, his country, and of Didymoticos. He soon after married Agnes, and the rest of her life, so stormy in its commencement, was passed very tranquilly.

AGNES SOREL,

A native of Fromenteau, in Lorraine, was maid of honour to Isabella of Lorraine, sister-in-law of the queen of Charles VII. of France. The king became enamoured of her, and at last abandoned the cares of government for her society. But Agnes roused him from enervating repose to deeds of glory, and induced him to attack the English, who were ravaging France. She maintained her influence over him till her death, 1450, at the age of thirty-nine. Some have falsely reported that she was poisoned by the orders of the dauphin, Louis XI. From her beauty, she was called the fairest of the fair, and she possessed great mental powers. She bore three daughters to Charles VII., who were openly acknowledged by him.

She herself relates, that an astrologer, whom she had previously instructed, being admitted to her presence, said before Charles, that unless the stars were deceivers, she had inspired a lasting passion in a great monarch. Turning to the king, Agnes said, "Sire, suffer me to fulfil my destiny, to retire from your court to that of the king of England; Henry, who is about to add to his son the crown you relinquish, is doubtless the object of this prediction." The severity of this reproof effectually roused Charles from his indolence and supineness.

The tomb of Agnes was strewed with flowers by the poets of France. Even Louis, when he came to the throne, was far from treating her memory

with disrespect. The canons of Loches, from a servile desire to gratify the reigning monarch, had, notwithstanding her liberalities to their church, proposed to destroy her mausoleum. Louis reproached them with their ingratitude, ordered them to fulfil all her injunctions, and added six thousand livres to the charitable donations which she had originally made.

Francis I. honoured and cherished her memory. The four lines made on her by that prince, are well known:

> Gentille Agnes! plus d'honneur tu merite,
> La cause etant de France recouvrer,
> Que ce que pent dans un cloitre ouvrer
> Clause Nonain, ou bien devote hermite."

AISHA,

A POETESS of Spain, during the time that the Moors had possession of that kingdom. She was a daughter of the duke of Ahmedi, and her poems and orations were frequently read with applause in the royal academy of Corduba. She was a virtuous character, lived unmarried, and left behind her many monuments of her genius, and a large and well-selected library. She lived in the twelfth century.

ALDRUDE,

COUNTESS de Bertinoro, in Italy, of the illustrious house of Frangipani, is celebrated, by the writers of her time, for her beauty, magnificence, courtesy, and generosity. She was left a widow in the bloom of youth, and her court became the resort of all the Italian chivalry. When Ancona was besieged by the imperial troops, in 1172, and was reduced to extremity, the Anconians appealed for assistance to William degli Adelardi, a noble and powerful citizen of Ferrara, and to the countess de Bertinoro, who immediately hastened to their relief.

The combined forces reached Ancona at the close of day, and encamped on a height which overlooked the tents of the besiegers. William then assembled the forces, and having harangued them, Aldrude rose, and addressed the soldiers as follows:

"Fortified and encouraged by the favour of Heaven, I have, contrary to the customs of my sex, determined to address you. A plain exhortation, destitute of precision or ornament, should it fail to flatter the ear, may yet serve to rouse the mind. I solemnly swear to you, that, on the present occasion, no views of interest, no dreams of ambition, have impelled me to succour the besieged. Since the death of my husband, I have found myself, though plunged in sorrow, unresisted mistress of his domains. The preservation of my numerous possessions, to which my wishes are limited, affords an occupation sufficiently arduous for my sex and capacity. But the perils which encompass the wretched Anconians, the prayers and tears of their women, justly dreading to fall into the hands of an enemy, who, governed by brutal rapacity, spare neither sex nor age, have animated me to hasten to their aid.

"To relieve a people, consumed by famine, exhausted by resistance, and exposed to calamities, I have left my dominions, and come hither with my son, who, though still a child, recalls to my remembrance the great soul of his father, by whom the same zeal, the same courage, was ever displayed for the protection of the oppressed. And you, warriors of Lombardy and Romagne, not less illustrious for fidelity to your engagements than renowned for valour in the field; you, whom the same cause has brought here, to obey the orders and emulate the example of William Adelardi, who, listening only to his generosity and love of freedom, has scrupled not to engage his possessions, his friends, and his vassals, for the deliverance of Ancona. A conduct so generous, so worthy of praise, requires no comment; beneath our sense of its magnanimity, language fails. It is by those only who are truly great, that virtue is esteemed more than riches or honours, or that virtuous actions can be duly appreciated. An enterprise, so full of glory, has already nearly succeeded; already have you passed through the defiles occupied by the enemy, and pitched your tents in the hostile country. It is now time that the seed which was scattered, should bring forth its fruit; it is time to make trial of your strength, and of that valour for which you are distinguished. Courage is relaxed by delay. Let the dawn of day find you under arms, that the sun may illumine the victory promised by the Most High to your pity for the unfortunate."

The exhortation of the countess was received by the soldiery with unbounded applause, mingled with the sound of trumpets and the clashing of arms. The enemy, alarmed at the approach of so large a force, retreated during the night, so that the assailants had no opportunity of proving their bravery.

After this bloodless victory, the combined troops remained encamped near Ancona, till it was no longer endangered by the vicinity of its enemies, and till an abundant supply of provisions was brought into the city. The Anconians came out to thank their gallant deliverers, to whom they offered magnificent presents.

Aldrude, with her army, on her return to her dominions, encountered parties of the retreating enemy, whom they engaged in skirmishes, in all of which they came off victorious. The time of her death is not recorded.

ALICE,

QUEEN of France, wife of Louis VII., was the third daughter of Thibaut the Great, count of Champagne. The princess received a careful education in the magnificent court of her father; and being beautiful, amiable, intelligent, and imaginative, Louis VII., on the death of his second wife, in 1160, fell in love with her, and demanded her of her father. To cement the union more strongly, two daughters of the king by his first wife, Eleanor of Guienne, were married to the two eldest sons of the count. In 1165, she had a son, to the great joy of Louis, afterwards the celebrated Philip Augustus. Beloved by her husband, whose ill-health rendered him unequal

to the duties of his station, Alice not only assisted him in conducting the affairs of the nation, but superintended the education of her son.

Louis died in 1180, having appointed Alice to the regency; but Philip Augustus being married to Isabella of Hainault, niece to the earl of Flanders, this nobleman disputed the authority of Alice. Philip, at last, sided with the earl; and his mother, with her brothers, was obliged to leave the court. She appealed to Henry II. of England, who was delighted to assist the mother against the son, as Philip was constantly inciting his sons to acts of rebellion against him. Philip marched against them; but Henry, unwilling to give him battle, commenced negotiations with him, and succeeded in reconciling the king to his mother and uncles. Philip also agreed to pay her a sum equal to five shillings and ten pence English per day, for her maintenance, and to give up her dowry, with the exception of the fortified places.

Alice again began to take an active part in the government; and her son was so well satisfied with her conduct, that, in 1190, on going to the Holy Land, he confided, by the advice of his barons, the education of his son, and the regency of the kingdom, to Alice and her brother, the cardinal archbishop of Rheims. During the absence of the king, some ecclesiastical disturbances happened, which were carried before the pope. The prerogative of Philip, and the letters of Alice to Rome concerning it, were full of force and grandeur. She remonstrated upon the enormity of taking advantage of an absence caused by such a motive; and demanded that things should at least be left in the same situation, till the return of her son. By this firmness she obtained her point. Philip returned in 1192, and history takes no other notice of Alice afterwards, than to mention some religious houses which she founded. She died at Paris, in 1205.

ALICE

Of France, second daughter of Louis VII. of France, and of Alice of Champagne, was betrothed, at the age of fourteen, to Richard Cœur de Lion, second son of Henry II. of England. She was taken to that country to learn the language, where her beauty made such an impression that Henry II., though then an old man, became one of her admirers. He placed her in the castle of Woodstock, where his mistress, the celebrated Rosamond Clifford, had been murdered, as was then reported, by his jealous wife, Eleanor of Guienne. Alice is said to have taken the place of Rosamond; at any rate, Henry's conduct to her so irritated Richard, that, incited by his mother, he took up arms against his father. Henry's death, in 1189, put an end to this unhappy position of affairs; but when Richard was urged by Philip Augustus of France to fulfil his engagement to his sister Alice, Richard refused, alleging that she had had a daughter by his father. The subsequent marriage of Richard with Berengaria of Navarre, so enraged Philip Augustus, that from that time he became the relentless enemy of the English king. Alice returned to France, and in 1195 she married William III., count of Ponthieu. She was the victim of the licentious passions of the English monarch. Had she been as happily married as her mother, she would, probably, have showed as amiable a disposition, and a mind of like excellence.

ALOARA,

An Italian princess, daughter of a count named Peter. She was married to Pandulph, surnamed Ironhead, who styled himself prince, duke, and marquis. He was, by inheritance, prince of Capua and Benevento, and the most potent nobleman in Italy. He died at Capua, in 981, leaving five sons by Aloara, all of whom were unfortunate, and three of them died violent deaths. Aloara began to reign conjointly with one of her sons in 982, and governed with wisdom and courage. She died in 992.

It is asserted that Aloara put to death her nephew, lest he should wrest the principality from her son; and, that St. Nil then predicted the failure of her posterity.

ALPAIDE

Was the beautiful wife of Pepin D'Heristal of France, after his divorce from his first wife, Plectrude. This union was censured by Lambert, bishop of Liege; and Alpaide induced her brother Dodan to murder the bold ecclesiastic. After her husband's death she retired to a convent near Namur, where she died. She was the mother of Charles Martel, who was born in 686.

ALPHAIZULI,

Maria, a poetess of Seville, who lived in the eighth century. She was called the Arabian Sappho, being of Moorish extraction. Excellent works of hers are in the library of the Escurial. Many Spanish women of that time cultivated the muses with success, particularly the Andalusians.

AMALASONTHA,

Daughter of Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths, was mother of Athalaric, by Eutharic. She inherited her father's possessions, as guardian of her son; but by endeavouring to educate him in the manners and learning of the more polished Romans, she offended her nobles, who conspired against her, and obtained the government of the young prince. Athalaric was inured, by them, to debauchery, and he sunk under his excesses, at the early age of seventeen, in the year 534. The afflicted mother knew not how to support herself against her rebellious subjects, but by taking as her husband and partner on the throne, her cousin Theodatus, who, to his everlasting infamy, caused her to be strangled in a bath, 534. For learning or humanity she had few equals. She received and conversed with ambassadors from various nations without the aid of an interpreter.

The emperor of Constantinople sent an army against the murderer, under the celebrated general Belisarius, who defeated and dethroned him.

AMBOISE,

FRANCES D', daughter of Louis d'Amboise, is celebrated for the improvement she introduced in the manners and sentiments of the Bretons. She was wife of Peter II., duke of Brittany, whose great inhumanity to her she bore with Christian resignation, and which she opposed with a gentleness and moderation that gradually gained his affections and confidence.

She rendered moderation and temperance fashionable, not only at court, but throughout the city of Rennes, where she resided; and when the duke, desirous of profiting by this economy, proposed laying a new impost upon the people, the duchess persuaded him against it. She used all her influence over her husband for the good of the public, and the advancement of religion.

When Peter was seized with his last illness, his disorder, not being understood by the physicians, was ascribed to magic, and it was proposed to seek a necromancer to counteract the spell under which he suffered; but the good sense of the duchess led her to reject this expedient. Her husband died October, 1457. His successor treated her with indignity, and her father wished her to marry the prince of Savoy, in order to obtain a protector. But the duchess determined to devote herself to the memory of her husband, and when M. d'Amboise attempted to force her to yield to his wishes, she took refuge in the convent *des Trois Maries*, near Vannes, where she assumed the Carmelite habit. She died October 4th, 1485.

ANACOANA,

QUEEN of Xiragua in the island of St. Domingo, was cruelly put to death by Ovando, who owed her, agreeably to the promises of Bartholomew Columbus, both friendship and protection.

ANASTASIA,

A CHRISTIAN martyr at Rome, in the Dioclesian persecution. Her father, Prebextal, was a pagan, and her mother, Flausta, a Christian, who instructed her in the principles of her own religion. After the death of her mother, she was married to Publius Patricius, a Roman knight, who obtained a rich patrimony with her; but he no sooner discovered her to be a Christian, than he treated her harshly, confined her, and kept her almost in want of necessaries, while he spent her wealth in all kinds of extravagance. He died in the course of a few years, and Anastasia devoted herself to the study of the Scriptures and to works of charity, spending her whole fortune in the relief of the poor, and the Christians, by whom the prisons were then filled.

But she, and three of her female servants, sisters, were soon arrested as Christians, and commanded to sacrifice to idols. Refusing to do this, the three sisters were put to death on the spot, and Anastasia conducted to prison. She was then exiled to the island of Palmaria; but soon afterwards brought back to Rome and burned alive. Her remains were buried in a garden by Apollonia, a Christian woman, and a church afterwards built on the spot. Anastasia suffered about A. D. 303.

ANASTASIA,

SAINT. Several eminently pious women are known by that name. The earliest and most famous among them lived at Corinth, about the time when St. Paul preached the gospel in that city. She heard the apostle, and was seized with a firm conviction that the doctrines inculcated by that eminent disciple of Christ were true. She joined the Christian church without the knowledge of her parents and relations. Although betrothed to a Corinthian whose interests made him hostile to the introduction of the new religion, she nevertheless suffered neither persuasion nor threats to shake her in her enthusiasm for the new faith. She prevailed even so far upon her lover as to make him resolve to become a Christian. Finally she was compelled, on account of persecution, to conceal herself in a vault. But her lover, to whom she had declared her intention of living the life of a virgin devoted to God, betrayed her retreat. Every attempt to make her recant proved fruitless. She suffered the death of a martyr; and her lover died soon afterwards, a victim to remorse and grief. Petrarch mentions her several times in his poems.

ANGELBERGA, or INGELBERGA,

EMPRESS of the West, wife of Louis II., emperor and king of Italy, is supposed to have been of illustrious birth, though that is uncertain. She was a woman of courage and ability; but proud, unfeeling, and venal. The war in which her husband was involved with the king of Germany was rendered unfortunate by the pride and rapacity of Angelberga. In 874, Angelberga built, at Plaisance, a monastery which afterwards became one of the most famous in Italy. Louis II. died at Brescia in 875. After his death, Angelberga remained at the convent of St. Julia in Brescia, where her treasures were deposited. In 881, Charles the Fat, of France, caused Angelberga to be taken and carried prisoner into Germany; lest she should assist her daughter Hermengard, who had married Boron king of Provence, a connection of Charles, by her wealth and political knowledge: but the pope obtained her release. It is not known when she died. She had two daughters, Hermengard, who survived her, and Gisela, abbess of St. Julia, who died before her parents.

ANNA,

A JEWISH prophetess, the daughter of Phanuel, of the tribe of Asher. She had been early married, and had lived seven years with her husband. After his death, she devoted herself to the service of God, and while thus employed, finding the virgin Mary with her son in the temple, she joined with the venerable Simeon in thanking God for him, and bearing testimony to him as the promised Messiah. It is worth remarking, that these two early testifiers of our Saviour's mission being both far advanced in life, could not be liable to the

most distant suspicion of collusion with Joseph and Mary in palming a false Messiah on their countrymen, as they had not the smallest probable chance of living to see him grow up to maturity, and fulfil their prophecies, and therefore could have no interest in declaring a falsehood. Thus we find the advent of our Lord was made known, spiritually, to woman as well as to man. The good old Simeon had no clearer revelation than the aged devout Anna. Both were inspired servants of the Most High; but here the characteristic piety of the woman is shown to excel. Simeon dwelt "in Jerusalem," probably engaged in secular pursuits; Anna "departed not from the temple, but served God with fasting and prayers night and day." See St. Luke, chap. ii.

ANNE

Of Bohemia, daughter of the emperor Charles IV., was born about 1367, and was married to Richard II. of England, when she was fifteen years of age. This was just after the insurrection of Wat Tyler; and the executions of the poor, oppressed people who had taken part with him, had been bloody and barbarous beyond all precedent, even in that bloody age. At the young queen's earnest request, a general pardon was granted by the king; this mediation obtained for Richard's bride the title of "the good queen Anne." Never did she forfeit the appellation, or lose the love of her subjects.

She was the first in that illustrious band of princesses who were "the nursing mothers of the Reformation;" and by her influence the life of Wickliffe was saved, when in great danger at the council at Lambeth, in 1382. Anne died 1394; she left no children; and from the time of her decease all good angels seem to have abandoned her always affectionate, but weak and unfortunate husband.

ANNE BOLEYN,

Or, more properly, Bullen, was the daughter of Sir Thomas Bullen, the representative of an ancient and noble family in Norfolk. Anne was born in 1507, and in 1514 was carried to France by Mary, the sister of Henry VIII. of England, when she went to marry Louis XII. After the death of Louis, Mary returned to England, but Anne remained in France, in the service of Claude, wife of Francis I.; and, after her death, with the duchess of Alençon. The beauty and accomplishments of Anne, even at that early age, attracted great admiration in the French court.

She returned to England, and, about 1526, became maid of honour to Katharine of Arragon, wife of Henry VIII. Here she was receiving the addresses of Lord Percy, eldest son of the duke of Northumberland, when Henry fell violently in love with her. But Anne resolutely resisted his passion, either from principle or policy; and at length the king's impatience induced him to set on foot the divorce of Katharine, which was executed with great solemnity. The pope, however, would not consent to this proceeding; so Henry disowned his authority and threw off his yoke.

He married Anne privately, on the 14th of November, 1532. The marriage was made public on Easter-eve, 1533, and Anne was crowned the 1st of June. Her daughter Elizabeth, afterwards queen, was born on the 7th of the following September. Anne continued to be much beloved by the king, till 1536, when the disappointment caused by the birth of a still-born son, and the charms of one of her maids of honour, Jane Seymour, alienated his affections, and turned his love to hatred.

He caused her, on very slight grounds, to be indicted for high treason, in allowing her brother, the viscount of Rochford, and four other persons, to invade the king's conjugal rights, and she was taken to the Tower, from which she addressed the following touching letter to the king:

"Sir,

"Your grace's displeasure, and my imprisonment, are things so strange unto me, as what to write, or what to excuse, I am altogether ignorant. Whereas you send unto me, willing me to confess a truth, and so obtain your favour, by such an one whom I know to be mine ancient professed enemy, I no sooner received this message by him, than I rightly conceived your meaning; and if, as you say, confessing a truth indeed may procure my safety, I shall with all willingness and duty perform your command.

"But let not your grace ever imagine, that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault, where not so much as a thought thereof preceded. And, to speak a truth, never prince had wife more loyal in all duty, and in all true affection, than you have ever found in Anne Boleyn; with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your grace's pleasure had been so pleased. Neither did I at any time so far forget myself in my exaltation or received queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration as I now find; for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your grace's fancy, the least alteration I knew was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other object. You have chosen me from a low estate to be your queen and companion, far beyond my de-

sert or desire. If then you found me worthy of such honour, good your grace let not any light fancy, or bad counsel of mine enemies, withdraw your princely favour from me; neither let that stain, that unworthy stain, of a disloyal heart towards your good grace, ever-cast so foul a blot on your most dutiful wife, and the infant princess your daughter. Try me, good king, but let me have a lawful trial, and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges; yea, let me receive an open trial, for my truth shall fear no open shame; then shall you see either mine innocence cleared, your suspicions and conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt openly declared. So that whatsoever God or you may determine of me, your grace may be freed from an open censure; and mine offence being so lawfully proved, your grace is at liberty both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me as an unlawful wife, but to follow your affection already settled on that party for whose sake I am now as I am, whose name I could some good while since have pointed unto, your grace not being ignorant of my suspicions therein.

"But, if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous slander, must bring you the enjoying of your desired happiness, then I desire of God that he will pardon your great sin therein, and likewise mine enemies, the instruments thereof, and that he will not call you to a strict account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me, at his general judgment-seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose judgment I doubt not, whatsoever the world may think of me, mine innocence shall be openly known and sufficiently cleared. My last and only request shall be, that myself may only bear the burden of your grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen who, as I understand, are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake. If ever I have found favour in your sight, if ever the name of Anne Boleyn hath been pleasing in your ears, then let me obtain this request, and I will so leave to trouble your grace any farther, with mine earnest prayers to the Trinity to have your grace in his good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions. From my doleful prison in the Tower, this sixth of May.

"Your most loyal and ever faithful wife,

"ANNE BOLEYN."

This pathetic and eloquent address failed to touch the heart of the tyrant, whom licentious and selfish gratification had steeled against her.

Norris, Weston, Brereton, and Smeton, the four gentlemen who were accused with her, were brought to trial; but no legal evidence could be produced against them, nor were they confronted by the queen. Smeton, by a vain hope of life, was induced to confess his guilt; but even her enemies despaired of gaining any advantage from this confession, and he was immediately executed, together with Weston and Brereton. Norris, a favourite of the king, was offered his life if he would criminate Anne, but he replied, that rather than calumniate an innocent person, he would die a thousand deaths.

Anne and her brother were tried by a jury of peers, of which their uncle, the duke of Norfolk, one of Anne's most inveterate enemies, was president. The sittings of this commission were secret, and all records of its proceedings were immediately destroyed; none of the ladies of the queen's household were examined; and the queen was unassisted by legal advisers, but, notwithstanding the indecent impatience of the president, she defended herself with so much clearness and presence of mind, that she was unanimously believed guiltless. Judgment was however passed against her and her brother, and she was sentenced to be burned or beheaded, according to the king's pleasure. Not satisfied with annulling the marriage, Henry had her daughter Elizabeth declared illegitimate.

The queen, hopeless of redress, prepared to submit without repining. In her last message to the king, she acknowledged obligation to him, for having advanced her from a private gentlewoman, first to the dignity of a marchioness, and afterwards to the throne; and now, since he could raise her no higher in this world, he was sending her to be a saint in heaven. She earnestly recommended her daughter to his care, and renewed her protestations of innocence and fidelity. She made the same declarations to all who approached her, and behaved not only with serenity, but with her usual cheerfulness. "The executioner," said she to the lieutenant of the Tower, "is, I hear, very expert; and my neck (grasping it with her hand, and laughing heartily,) is very slender."

When brought to the scaffold, she assumed a more humble tone, recollecting the obstinacy of her predecessor, and its effects upon her daughter Mary; maternal love triumphed over the just indignation of the sufferer. She said she came to die, as she was sentenced by the law; that she would accuse no one, nor advert to the ground upon which she was judged. She prayed fervently for the king, calling him a most merciful and gentle prince, and acknowledging that he had been to her a good and gracious sovereign. She added, that if any one should think proper to canvass her cause, she desired him to judge the best. She was beheaded by the executioner of Calais, who was brought over for the purpose, as being particularly expert. Her body was thrown into a common elm chest, made to hold arrows, and buried in the Tower.

The innocence of Anne Boleyn can hardly be questioned. The tyrant himself knew not whom to accuse as her lover; and no proof was brought against any of the persons named. An occasional levity and condescension, unbecoming the rank to which she was elevated, is all that can be charged against her. Henry's marriage to Jane Seymour, the very day after Anne's execution, shows clearly his object in obtaining her death.

It was through the influence of Anne Boleyn that the translation of the Scriptures was sanctioned by Henry VIII. Her own private copy of

Tindal's translation is still in existence. She was a woman of a highly cultivated mind, and there are still extant some verses composed by her, shortly before her execution, which are touching, from the grief and desolation they express. The following is an extract from them:

"O Dethe! rocke me on sleepe,
Bringe me on quiet rest;
Let pass my very guiltlesse goste
Out of my carefull breste.
Toll on the passinge bell,
Ringe out the doleful knell,
Let the sounde my dethe tell,
For I must dye,
There is no remedy,
For now I dye.

* * * * * *

"Farewell my pleasures past,
Welcum my present payne!
I fele my torments so increse
That lyfe cannot remayne.
Cease now the passinge bell,
Rong is my doleful knell,
For the sounde my dethe doth tell;
Dethe doth draw nye,
Sounde my end dolefully;
For now I dye."

ANNE

Of Beaujeau, eldest daughter of Louis XI. of France, born in 1462, was early distinguished for genius, sagacity, and penetration, added to an aspiring temper. Louis, in the jealous policy which characterized him, married her to Pierre de Bourbon, sire de Beaujeu, a prince of slender fortune, moderate capacity, and a quiet, unambitious nature. The friends of Anne observed on these nuptials, that it was the union of a living with a dead body. Pierre, either through indolence, or from a discovery of the superior endowments of his wife, left her uncontrolled mistress of his household, passing, himself, the greatest part of his time in retirement, in the Beaujolais.

On the death-bed of Louis, his jealousy of his daughter, then only twenty-six, gave place to confidence in her talents: having constituted her husband lieutenant-general of the kingdom, he bequeathed the reins of empire, with the title of governess, to the lady of Beaujeu, during the minority of her brother, Charles VIII., a youth of fourteen. Anne fully justified, by her capacity, the choice of her father.

Two competitors disputed the will of the late monarch, and the pretensions of Anne; her husband's brother, John, duke de Bourbon, and Louis, duke of Orleans, presumptive heir to the crown; but Anne conducted herself with such admirable firmness and prudence, that she obtained the nomination of the states-general in her favour. By acts of popular justice, she conciliated the confidence of the nation; and she appeased the duke de Bourbon by bestowing on him the sword of the constable of France, which he had long been ambitious to obtain. But the duke of Orleans was not so easily satisfied. He, too, was her brother-in-law, having been married, against his own wishes, by Louis XI. to his younger daughter, Jeanne, who was somewhat deformed. Having offended Anne by some passionate expressions, she ordered him to be arrested; but he fled to his castle on the Loire, where, being besieged by Anne, he was compelled to surrender, and seek shelter in Brittany, under the protection of Francis II.

The union of Brittany with the crown of France, had long been a favourite project of the lady of Beaujeu, and she at first attempted to obtain possession of it by force of arms. The duke of Orleans commanded the Bretons against the forces of Anne, but was taken prisoner and detained for more than two years. Philip de Comines, the celebrated historian, also suffered an imprisonment of three years, for carrying on a treasonable correspondence with the duke of Orleans. Peace with Brittany was at length concluded, and the province was annexed to the crown of France, by the marriage of the young duchess, Anne of Brittany, who had succeeded to her father's domain, to Charles VIII. of France.

The lustre thrown over the regency of Anne, by the acquisition of Brittany, received some diminution by the restoration of the counties of Roussillon and Cerdagne to the king of Spain. Anne became duchess of Bourbon in 1488, by the death of John, her husband's elder brother; and though, before this, Charles VIII. had assumed the government, she always retained a rank in the council of state. Charles VIII. dying without issue in 1498, was succeeded by the duke of Orleans; and Anne dreaded, and with reason, lest he should revenge himself for the severity she had exercised towards him; but, saying "That it became not a king of France to revenge the quarrels of the duke of Orleans," he continued to allow her a place in the council.

The duke de Bourbon died in 1503; and Anne survived him till November 14th, 1522. They left one child, Susanne, heiress to the vast possessions of the family of Bourbon, who married her cousin, the celebrated and unfortunate Charles de Montpensier, constable of Bourbon.

ANNE,

Of Bretagne, or Brittany, only daughter and heiress of Francis II., duke of Bretagne, was born at Nantz, Jan. 26th, 1476. She was carefully educated, and gave early indications of great beauty and intelligence. When only five years old, she was betrothed to Edward, prince of Wales, son of Edward IV., of England. But his tragical death, two years after, dissolved the contract. She was next demanded in marriage by Louis, duke of Orleans, presumptive heir to the throne of France, who had taken refuge in Bretagne, to avoid the displeasure of Anne of Beaujeu, governess of France; and Anne of Bretagne, though but fourteen, was supposed to favour his pretensions.

The death of her father, in 1490, which left her an unprotected orphan, and heiress of a spacious domain, at the time when the duke of Orleans was detained a prisoner by Anne of Beaujeu, forced her to seek some other protector; and she was married by proxy to Maximilian, emperor of Austria. But Anne of Beaujeu, determined to obtain possession of Bretagne, and despairing of conquer-

ing it by her arms, resolved to accomplish her purpose by effecting a marriage between her young brother, Charles VIII., of France, and Anne of Bretagne. Charles VIII. had been affianced to Margaret, daughter of Maximilian, by a former marriage; the princess had been educated in France, and had assumed the title of queen, although, on account of her youth, the marriage had been delayed. But the lady of Beaujeu scrupled not to violate her engagements, and, sending back Margaret to her father, she surrounded Bretagne with the armies of France.

Anne of Bretagne resisted for a time this rough courtship; but, vanquished by the persuasion of the duke of Orleans, who had been released from captivity on condition of pleading the suit of Charles, she yielded a reluctant consent, and the marriage was celebrated, Dec. 16th, 1491.

Anne soon became attached to her husband, who was an amiable though a weak prince, and on his death, in 1498, she abandoned herself to the deepest grief. She retired to her hereditary domains, where she affected the rights of an independent sovereign.

Louis, duke of Orleans, succeeded Charles VIII. under the title of Louis XII., and soon renewed his former suit to Anne, who had never entirely lost the preference she had once felt for him. The first use Louis made of his regal power was to procure a divorce from the unfortunate Jeanne, daughter to Louis XI., who was personally deformed, and whom he had been forced to marry. Jeanne, with the sweetness and resignation that marked her whole life, submitted to the sentence, and retired to a convent. Soon after, Louis married Anne at Nantes.

Anne retained great influence over her husband throughout her whole life, by her beauty, amiability, and the purity of her manners. She was a liberal rewarder of merit, and patroness of learning and literary men. Her piety was fervent and sincere, though rather superstitious; but she was proud, her determination sometimes amounted to obstinacy, and, when she thought herself justly offended, she knew not how to forgive. She retained her attachment to Bretagne while queen of France, and sometimes exercised her influence over the king in a manner detrimental to the interests of her adopted country. Louis XII. was sensible that he frequently yielded too much to her, but her many noble and lovely qualities endeared her to him.

Anne died, January 9th, 1514, at the age of thirty-seven, and Louis mourned her loss with the most sincere sorrow.

ANNE,

Of Cleves, daughter of John III., duke of Cleves, was the fourth wife of Henry VIII., of England. He had fallen in love with her from her portrait painted by Holbein, but as the painter had flattered her, Henry soon became disgusted with her, and obtained a divorce from her. Anne yielded without a struggle, or without apparent concern. She passed nearly all the rest of her life in England as a private personage, and died 1557.

ANNE,

Of Cyprus, married, in 1431, Louis, duke of Savoy, and showed herself able, active, and discriminating, at the head of public affairs. She died in 1462.

ANNE,

Of Hungary, daughter of Ladislaus VI., married Ferdinand of Austria, and placed him on the throne of Bohemia. She died in 1547.

ANNE,

Of Russia, daughter of Jaraslaus, married Henry I., of France, in 1044; after his death, she married Raoul, who was allied to her first husband; in consequence of which she was excommunicated, and at last repudiated, when she returned to Russia.

ANNE,

Duchess of the Viennois, after the death of her brother, John I., defended her rights with great courage and success against the claims of Robert, duke of Burgundy. She died in 1296.

ANNE,

Of Warwick, was born at Warwick Castle, in 1454. She was almost entirely educated at Calais, though she was often brought to England with her older sister, Isabel, and seems to have been a favourite companion, from her childhood, of the duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., who was two years older than herself. In August, 1470, Anne was married, at Angers, France, to Edward of Lancaster, son of Henry VI., and Margaret of Anjou, and rightful heir of the English throne. She was very much attached to him, and, when he was barbarously murdered after the fatal battle of Tewksbury, in 1471, she mourned him bitterly. She disguised herself as a cook-maid, in a mean house in London, to elude the search of Gloucester, who was much attached to her. She was, however, discovered by him, and, after a resolute resistance, forced to marry him in 1473. There are strong proofs that Anne never consented to this marriage. Her son Edward was born at Middleham Castle, 1474. By a series of crimes, Richard obtained the throne of England, and was crowned, with his consort, July 5th, 1483. In 1484, Anne's only son died, and from this time her health declined. There were rumours that the king intended to divorce her, but her death, in 1485, spared him that sin. She had suffered all her life from the crimes of others, and yet her sorrows and calamities seem to have been borne with great meekness, and till the death of her son, with fortitude.

ANTONINA,

The infamous wife of Belisarius, the general of the emperor Justinian's army, and one of the greatest commanders of his age. She repeatedly dishonoured her husband by her infidelities, and persecuted Photius, her own son, with the utmost virulence, because he discovered her intrigues, and

revealed them to his step-father. In the language of Gibbon, "She was, in the various situations of fortune, the companion, the enemy, the servant, and the favourite, of the empress Theodora, a woman as wicked and worthless as herself." She lived in the sixth century.

APOLLONIA, ST.,

A MARTYR at Alexandria, A. D. 248. In her old age, she was threatened with death if she did not join with her persecutors in pronouncing certain profane words. After beating her, and knocking out her teeth, they brought her to the fire, which they had lighted without the city. Begging a short respite, she was set free, and immediately threw herself into the fire, and was consumed.

ARC, JOAN OF,

GENERALLY called the Maid of Orleans, was born in 1410, at the little village of Domremy, in Lorraine. Her father was named Jacques d'Arc, and his wife, Isabella Romee; Isabella had already four children, two boys and two girls, when Joan was born, and baptized Sibylla Jeanne. She was piously brought up by her mother, and was often accustomed to nurse the sick, assist the poor, receive travellers, and take care of her father's flock of sheep; but she was generally employed in sewing or spinning. She also spent a great deal of time in a chestnut grove, near her father's cottage. She was noted, even when a child, for the sweetness of her temper, her prudence, her industry, and her devotion.

During that period of anarchy in France, when the supreme power, which had fallen from the hands of a monarch deprived of his reason, was disputed for by the rival houses of Orleans and Burgundy, the contending parties carried on war more by murder and massacre than by regular battles. When an army was wanted, both had recourse to the English, and these conquering strangers made the unfortunate French feel still deeper the horrors and ravages of war. At first, the popular feeling was undecided; but when, on the death of Charles VI., the crown fell to a young prince who adopted the Armagnac side, whilst the house of Burgundy had sworn allegiance to a foreigner (Henry V.) as king of France, then, indeed, the wishes and interests of all the French were in favour of the Armagnacs, or the truly patriotic party. Remote as was the village of Domremy, it was still interested in the issue of the struggle. It was decidedly Armagnac, and was strengthened in this sentiment by the rivalry of a neighbouring village which adopted Burgundian colours.

Political and party interests were thus forced upon the enthusiastic mind of Joan, and mingled with the pious legends which she had caught from the traditions of the Virgin. A prophecy was current, that a virgin should rid France of its enemies; and this prediction seems to have been realized by its effect upon the mind of Joan. The girl, by her own account, was about thirteen when a supernatural vision first appeared to her. She describes it as a great light, accompanied by a voice telling her to be devout and good, and promising her the protection of heaven. Joan responded by a vow of eternal chastity. In this there appears nothing beyond the effect of imagination. From that time, the voice or voices continued to haunt Joan, and to echo the enthusiastic and restless wishes of her own heart. We shall not lay much stress on her declarations made before those who were appointed by the king to inquire into the credibility of her mission. Her own simple and *early* account was, that 'voices' were her visitors and advisers; and that they prompted her to quit her native place, take up arms, drive the foe before her, and procure for the young king his coronation at Rheims. These voices, however, had not influence enough to induce her to set out upon the hazardous mission, until a band of Burgundians, traversing and plundering the country, had compelled Joan, together with her parents, to take refuge in a neighbouring town; when they returned to their village, after the departure of the marauders, they found the church of Domremy in ashes. Such incidents were well calculated to arouse the indignation and excite the enthusiasm of Joan. Her voices returned, and incessantly directed her to set out for France; but to commence by making application to De Baudricourt, commander at Vaucouleurs. Her parents, who were acquainted with Joan's martial propensities, attempted to force her into a marriage; but she contrived to avoid this by paying a visit to an uncle, in whose company she made her appearance before the governor of Vaucouleurs, in May, 1428. De Baudricourt at first refused to see her, and, upon granting an interview, treated her pretensions with contempt. She then returned to her uncle's abode, where she continued to announce her project, and to insist that the prophecy, that 'France, lost by a woman (Isabel of Bavaria), should be saved by a virgin from the frontiers of Lorraine,' alluded to her. She it was, she asserted, who could save France, and not 'either kings, or dukes, nor yet the king of Scotland's daughter'—an expression which proves how well-informed she was as to the political events and rumours of the day.

The fortunes of the dauphin Charles at this time had sunk to the lowest ebb; Orleans, almost his last bulwark, was besieged and closely pressed, and the loss of the 'battle of Herrings' seemed to take away all hope of saving the city from the English. In this crisis, when all human support seemed unavailing, Baudricourt no longer despised the supernatural aid promised by the damsel of Domremy, and gave permission to John of Metz and Bertram of Poulengy, two gentlemen who had become converts to the truth of her divine mission, to conduct Joan of Arc to the dauphin. They purchased a horse for her, and, at her own desire, furnished her with male habits, and other necessary equipments. Thus provided, and accompanied by a respectable escort, Joan set out from Vaucouleurs on the 13th of February, 1429. Her progress, through regions attached to the Burgundian interest, was perilous, but she safely arrived at Fierbois, a place within five or six leagues of Chinon, where the dauphin then held his court. At Fierbois was a celebrated church dedicated to St. Catherine, and here she spent her time in devotion, whilst a messenger was despatched to the dauphin to announce her approach. She was commanded to proceed, and reached Chinon on the eleventh day after her departure from Vaucouleurs.

Charles, though he desired, still feared to accept the proffered aid, because he knew that the instant cry of his enemies would be, that he had put his faith in sorcery, and had leagued himself with the infernal powers. In consequence of this, Joan encountered every species of distrust. She was not even admitted to the dauphin's presence without difficulty, and was required to recognize Charles amidst all his court; this Joan happily was able to do, as well as to gain the good opinion of the young monarch by the simplicity of her demeanour. Nevertheless, the prince proceeded to take every precaution before he openly trusted her. He first handed her over to a commission of ecclesiastics, to be examined; then sent her for the same purpose to Poictiers, a great law-school, that the doctors of both faculties might solemnly decide whether Joan's mission was from heaven or from the devil; for none believed it to be merely human. The greatest guarantee against sorcery was considered to be the chastity of the young girl, it being an axiom, that the devil would not or could not take part with a virgin; and no pains were spared to ascertain her true character in this respect. In short, the utmost incredulity could not have laboured harder to find out imposture, than did the credulity of that day to establish its grounds of belief. Joan was frequently asked to do miracles, but her only reply was, 'Bring me to Orleans, and you shall see. The siege shall be raised, and the dauphin crowned king at Rheims.'

They at length granted her request, and she received the rank of a military commander. A suit of armour was made for her, and she sent to Fierbois for a sword, which she said would be found buried in a certain spot within the church. It was found there, and conveyed to her. The circumstance became afterwards one of the alleged proofs of her sorcery or imposture. Her having passed some time at Fierbois amongst the ecclesiastics of the place must have led, in some way or other, to her knowledge of the deposit. Strong in the conviction of her mission, it was Joan's desire to enter Orleans from the north, and through all the fortifications of the English. Dunois, however, and the other leaders, at length overruled her, and induced her to abandon the little company of pious companions which she had raised, and to enter the beleaguered city by water, as the least perilous path. She succeeded in carrying with her a convoy of provisions to the besieged. The entry of Joan of Arc into Orleans, at the end of April, was itself a triumph. The hearts of the besieged were raised from despair to a fanatical confidence of success; and the English, who in every encounter had defeated the French, felt their courage paralyzed by the coming of this simple girl. Joan announced her arrival to the foe by a herald, bearing a summons to the English generals to be gone from the land, or she, the Pucelle, would slay them. The indignation of the English was increased by their terror; they detained the herald, and threatened to burn him, as a specimen of the treatment which they reserved for his mistress. But in the mean time the English, either from being under the influence of terror, or through some unaccountable want of precaution, allowed the armed force raised and left behind by Joan, to reach Orleans unmolested, traversing their entrenchments. Such being the state of feeling on both sides, Joan's ardour impelled her to take advantage of it. Under her banner, and cheered by her presence, the besieged marched to the attack of the English forts one after another. The first carried was that of St. Loup, to the east of Orleans. It was valiantly defended by the English, who, when attacked, fought desperately; but the soldiers of the Pucelle were invincible. On the following day, the 6th of May, Joan, after another summons to the English, signed "Jhesus Maria and Jehanne la Pucelle," renewed the attack upon the other forts. The French being compelled to make a momentary retreat, the English took courage, and pursued their enemies: whereupon Joan, throwing herself into a boat, crossed the river, and her appearance was sufficient to frighten the English from the open field. Behind their ramparts they were still, however, formidable; and the attack led by Joan against the works to the south of the city is the most memorable achievement of the siege. After cheering on her people for some time, she had seized a scaling-ladder, when an English arrow struck her between the breast and shoulder, and threw her into the fosse. When her followers took her aside, she showed at first some feminine weakness, and wept; but seeing that her standard was in danger, she forgot her wound, and ran back to seize it. The French at the same time pressed hard upon the enemy, whose strong hold was carried by assault. The English commander, Gladesdall, or Glacidas, as Joan called him, perished with his bravest soldiers in the Loire. The English now determined to raise the siege, and Sunday being

the day of their departure, Joan forbade her soldiers to molest their retreat. Thus in one week from her arrival at Orleans was the beleaguered city relieved of its dreadful foe, and the Pucelle, henceforth called the Maid of Orleans, had redeemed the most incredible and important of her promises.

No sooner was Orleans freed from the enemy, than Joan returned to the court, to entreat Charles to place forces at her disposal, that she might reduce the towns between the Loire and Rheims, where she proposed to have him speedily crowned. Her projects were opposed by the ministers and warriors of the court, who considered it more politic to drive the English from Normandy than to harass the Burgundians, or to make sacrifices for the idle ceremony of a coronation; but her earnest solicitations prevailed, and early in June she attacked the English at Jargeau. They made a desperate resistance, and drove the French before them, till the appearance of Joan chilled the stout hearts of the English soldiers. One of the Poles was killed, and another, with Suffolk the commander of the town, was taken prisoner. This success was followed by a victory at Patay, in which the English were beaten by a charge of Joan, and the gallant Talbot himself taken prisoner. No force seemed able to withstand the Maid of Orleans. The strong town of Troyes, which might have repulsed the weak and starving army of the French, was terrified into surrender by the sight of her banner; and Rheims itself followed the example. In the middle of July, only three months after Joan had come to the relief of the sinking party of Charles, this prince was crowned in the cathedral consecrated to this ceremony, in the midst of the dominions of his enemies. Well might an age even more advanced than the fifteenth century believe, that superhuman interference manifested itself in the deeds of Joan.

Some historians relate that, immediately after the coronation, the Maid of Orleans expressed to the king her wish to retire to her family at Domremy; but there is little proof of such a resolution on her part. In September of the same year, we find her holding a command in the royal army, which had taken possession of St. Denis, where she hung up her arms in the cathedral. Soon after, the French generals compelled her to join in an attack upon Paris, in which they were repulsed with great loss, and Joan herself was pierced through the thigh with an arrow. It was the first time that a force in which she served had suffered defeat. Charles immediately retired once more to the Loire, and there are few records of Joan's exploits during the winter. About this time a royal edict was issued, ennobling her family, and the district of Domremy was declared free from all tax or tribute. In the ensuing spring, the English and Burgundians formed the siege of Compiegne; and Joan threw herself into the town to preserve it, as she had before saved Orleans, from their assaults. She had not been many hours in it when she headed a sally against the Burgundian quarters, in which she was taken by some officers, who gave her up to the Burgundian commander, John of Luxemburg. Her capture appears, from the records of the Parisian parliament, to have taken place on the 23d of May, 1430.

As soon as Joan was conveyed to John of Luxemburg's fortress at Beaurevoir, near Cambray, cries of vengeance were heard among the Anglican partizans in France. The English themselves were not foremost in this unworthy zeal. Joan, after having made a vain attempt to escape by leaping from the top of the donjon at Beaurevoir, was at length handed over to the English partizans, and conducted to Rouen. The University of Paris called loudly for the trial of Joan, and several letters are extant, in which that body reproaches the bishop of Beauvais and the English with their tardiness in delivering up the Pucelle to justice.

The zeal of the University was at length satisfied by letters patent from the king of England and France, authorizing the trial of the Pucelle, but stating in plain terms that it was at the demand of public opinion, and at the especial request of the bishop of Beauvais and of the University of Paris,—expressions which, taken in connection with the delay in issuing the letters, sufficiently prove the reluctance of the English council to sanction the extreme measure of vengeance. After several months' interrogatories, the judges who conducted the trial drew from her confessions the articles of accusation: these asserted that Joan pretended to have had visions from the time when she was thirteen years old: to have been visited by the archangels Gabriel and Michael, the saints Catharine and Margaret, and to have been accompanied by these celestial beings to the presence of the Dauphin Charles; that she pretended to know St. Michael from St. Gabriel, and St. Catharine from St. Margaret; that she pretended to reveal the future; and had assumed male attire by the order of God. Upon these charges her accusers wished to convict her of sorcery. Moreover, they drew from her answers, that she declined to submit to the ordinances of the church whenever her voices told her the contrary. This was declared to be heresy and schism, and to merit the punishment of fire.

These articles were dispatched to the University of Paris, and all the faculties agreed in condemning such acts and opinions, as impious, diabolical, and heretical. This judgment came back to Rouen, but it appears that many of the assessors were unwilling that Joan should be condemned; and even the English in authority seemed to think imprisonment a sufficient punishment. The truth is, that Joan was threatened with the stake unless she submitted to the church, as the phrase then was, that is, acknowledged her visions to be false, forswore male habits and arms, and owned herself to have been wrong. Every means were used to induce her to submit, but in vain. At length she was brought forth on a public scaffold at Rouen, and the bishop of Beauvais proceeded to read the sentence of condemnation, which was to be followed by burning at the stake. Whilst it was reading, every exhortation was used, and Joan's

courage for once failing, she gave utterance to words of contrition, and expressed her willingness to submit, and save herself from the flames. A written form of confession was instantly produced, and read to her, and Joan, not knowing how to write, signed it with a cross. Her sentence was commuted to perpetual imprisonment, 'to the bread of grief and the water of anguish.' She was borne back from the scaffold to prison; whilst those who had come to see the sight displayed the usual disappointment of unfeeling crowds, and even threw stones in their anger.

When brought back to her prison, Joan submitted to all that had been required of her, and assumed her female dress; but when two days had elapsed, and when, in the solitude of her prison, the young heroine recalled this last scene of weakness, forming such a contrast with the glorious feats of her life, remorse and shame took possession of her, and her religious enthusiasm returned in all its ancient force. She heard *her voices* reproaching her, and under this impulse she seized the male attire, which had been perfidiously left within her reach, put it on, and avowed her altered mind, her resumed belief, her late visions, and her resolve no longer to belie the powerful impulses under which she had acted. 'What I resolved,' said she, 'I resolved against truth. Let me suffer my sentence at once, rather than endure what I suffer in prison.'

The bishop of Beauvais knew that if Joan were once out of the power of the court that tried her, the chapter of Rouen, who were somewhat favourably disposed, would not again give her up to punishment; and fears were entertained that she might ultimately be released, and gain new converts. It was resolved, therefore, to make away with her at once, and the crime of relapse was considered sufficient. A pile of wood was prepared in the old market at Rouen, and scaffolds placed round it for the judges and ecclesiastics: Joan was brought out on the last day of May, 1431; she wept piteously, and showed the same weakness as when she first beheld the stake. But now no mercy was shown. They placed on her head the cap used to mark the victims of the Inquisition, and the fire soon consumed the unfortunate Joan of Arc. When the pile had burned out, all the ashes were gathered and thrown into the Seine.

It is difficult to say to what party most disgrace attaches on account of this barbarous murder: whether to the Burgundians, who sold the Maid of Orleans; the English, who permitted her execution; the French, of that party who brought it about and perpetrated it; or the French, of the opposite side, who made so few efforts to rescue her to whom they owed their liberation and their national existence. The story of the Maid of Orleans is, throughout, disgraceful to every one, friend and foe; it forms one of the greatest blots and one of the most curious enigmas in historic record. It has sometimes been suggested that she was merely a tool in the hands of the priests; but this supposition will hardly satisfy those who read with attention the history of Joan of Arc.

No scrutiny has ever detected imposture or artifice in her. Enthusiasm possessed her, yet it was the lofty sentiment of patriotic zeal; not a particle of selfish ambition shadowed her bright path of victory and fame. She seemed totally devoid of vanity, and showed in all her actions as much good sense, prudence, firmness, and resolution, as exalted religious zeal and knowledge of the art of war. Her purity of life and manners was never doubted. During all the time she was with the army, she retired, as soon as night came, to the part of the camp allotted to females. She confessed and communed often, and would never allow a profane word to be uttered in her presence. She always tried to avoid the great deference paid to her; and when, at one time, a crowd of women pressed around her, offering her different objects to touch and bless, she said laughingly to them, "Touch them yourselves; it will do just as well." And yet she would never allow the slightest familiarity from any one. Not the least remarkable part of her character was the influence she invariably acquired over all with whom she was brought into contact. Her personal attractions were very great.

The works on the subject of Joan of Arc are very numerous. M. Chaussard enumerates upwards of four hundred, either expressly devoted to her life or including her history. Her adventures form the subject of Voltaire's poem of *La Pucelle*, and of a tragedy by Schiller; but perhaps the best production of the kind is Mr. Southey's poem bearing her name.

ARCHIDAMIA,

The daughter of king Eleonymas of Sparta, was famed for her patriotism and her courage. When Pyrrhus marched against Lacedemon, it was resolved by the Senate that all the women should be sent out of the city; but Sparta's women would not listen to this proposition. Sword in hand, they entered with this leader Archidamia, the senate chamber, and administered to the city fathers a severe reproof for their want of confidence in woman's patriotism, and declared that they would not leave the city, nor survive its fall, if that should take place.

ARIADNE,

Daughter of Leo I., married to Zeno, who succeeded as emperor of the East, 474. She was so disgusted with the intemperance of her husband, and so much in love with Anastasius, a man of obscure origin, that she shut Zeno, when intoxicated, into a sepulchre, where he was left to die; and Anastasius was placed on the throne. She died in 515.

ARIOSTA LIPPA,

Concubine of Opizzon, Marquis of Este and Ferrara, confirmed in such a manner by her faithfulness and political skill, the impressions that her beauty had made upon the heart of this Marquis, that at last he made her his lawful wife, in 1352. He died in the same year, and left to her

the administration of his dominions, in which she acquitted herself very well, during the minority of her eleven children. From her came all the house of Este, which still subsists in the branch of the Dukes of Modena and of Rhegio. The author from whom I borrow this, observes, that Lippa Ariosta did more honour to her family, which is one of the noblest in Ferrara, than she had taken from it.

ARLOTTA,

A BEAUTIFUL woman of Falaise, daughter of a tanner. She was seen, standing at her door, by Robert duke of Normandy, as he passed through the street; and he made her his mistress. She had by him William the Conqueror, who was born 1044. After Robert's death, she married Herluin, a Norman gentleman, by whom she had three children, for whom William honourably provided.

ARRIA,

WIFE of Cæcinna Pætus, a consul under Claudius, emperor of Rome in 41, is immortalized for her heroism and conjugal affection. Her son and husband were both dangerously ill at the same time; the former died; and she, thinking that in his weak state, Pætus could not survive a knowledge of the fatal event, fulfilled every mournful duty to her child in secret; but when she entered the chamber of her husband, concealed so effectually her anguish, that till his recovery Pætus had no suspicion of his loss.

Soon after, Pætus joined with Scribonius in exciting a revolt against Claudius in Illyria. They were unsuccessful, and Pætus was carried a prisoner to Rome, by sea. Arria, not being allowed to accompany him, hired a small bark, and followed him. On her arrival at Rome, she was met by the widow of Scribonius, who wished to speak to her.

"I speak to thee!" replied Arria, indignantly; "to thee, who hast been witness of thy husband's death, and yet survivest!"

She had herself determined that, if all her endeavours to save Pætus failed, she would die with him. Thraseus, her son-in-law, in vain combated her resolution. "Were I," said he, "in the situation of Pætus, would you have your daughter die with me?"

"Certainly," answered she, "had she lived with you as long and as happily as I with Pætus."

Her husband was at length condemned to die, whether by his own hands or not is uncertain; if it were not so, he wished to avoid the punishment allotted to him, by a voluntary death; but at the moment wanted courage. Seeing his hesitation, Arria seized the dagger, plunged it first into her own breast, and then presenting it to her husband, said, with a smile, "It is not painful, Pætus."

The wife of Thraseus, and her daughter, who married Heloidius Priscus, inherited the sentiments and the fate of Arria.

Martial wrote a beautiful epigram on the subject of Arria's death, of which this is the translation:

"When to her husband Arria gave the steel,
Which from her chaste, her bleeding breast she drew;
She said—'My Pætus, this I do not feel,
But, oh! the wound that must be given by you!"

ATTENDULI,

MARGARET DE, a sister of the great Sforza, founder of the house of Sforza, dukes of Milan, was born about 1375, at Catignola, a small town in Italy. Her father was a day labourer; but after her brother James, under the name of Sforza, had made himself distinguished by his valour and skill, he sent for her to share his honours. She had married Michael de Catignola.

She seems to have shared her brother's heroic spirit; when James, count de la Marche, came to espouse Joanna II., queen of Naples, Sforza, then grand constable of Naples, was sent to meet him: but that prince threw him, his relations, and all his suite, into prison, thinking by this means to attain, more easily, the tyrannic power he afterwards assumed. When the news of Sforza's arrest arrived, Margaret, with her husband, and other relations who had served with honour in his troops, were at Tricarico. They assembled an army, of which Margaret took the command. The ill treatment Joanna experienced from her new husband, soon made the revolt general, and James was at length besieged in a castle, where the conditions proposed to him were, to be contented with the title of lieutenant-general of the kingdom, and give Sforza his liberty. Knowing the value of his hostage, James sent deputies to Margaret, menacing her brother with instant death, if Tricarico were not given up to him. Anxious for her brother, but indignant at the proposition, she immediately imprisoned the deputies, whose families, alarmed for their safety, ceased not to intercede, until the count consented to set Sforza and his friends at liberty, and to reinstate him in his former situation.

AYESHA,

THE second, and most beloved of all Mahomet's wives, was the daughter of Abubeker, the first caliph, and the successor of Mahomet. She was the only one of all his wives who had never been married to any other man; but she was only nine when she was espoused by him. She had no children; but his affection for her continued till death; and he expired in her arms. After his death, she was regarded with great veneration by the Mussulmen, as being filled with an extraordinary portion of Mahomet's spirit. They gave her the title of "Mother of the Faithful," and consulted her on important occasions. Ayesha entertained a strong aversion for the caliph Othman; and she had actually formed a plot to dethrone him, with the intention of placing in his stead her favourite Telha, when Othman was assassinated, by another enemy, in a sedition.

The succession of Ali was also strongly opposed by Ayesha. Joined by Telha and Zobier, at Mecca, she raised a revolt, under pretence of avenging the murder of Othman; an army was levied, which marched towards Bassora, while Ayesha, at its head, was borne in a litter on a camel of great strength. On arriving at a village called Jowab, she was saluted with the loud barking of the dogs of the place, which, reminding her

of a prediction of the prophet, in which the dogs of Jowab were mentioned, so intimidated her, that she declared her resolution not to advance a step; and it was not till a number of persons had been suborned to swear that the village had been wrongly named to her, and till the artifice had been employed of terrifying her with a report of Ali's being in the rear, that she was prevailed on to proceed.

When the revolters reached Bassora, they were met by a party of the inhabitants, whom they defeated. A number of people then came from the city, to know their intentions, on which Ayesha made a long speech, in a voice, so loud and shrill from passion, that she could not be understood. One of the Arabs replied to her, saying, "O, mother of the faithful, the murdering of Othman was a thing of less moment than thy leaving home on this cursed camel. God has bestowed on thee a veil and a protection; but thou hast rent the veil, and set the protection at nought."

She was refused admittance into the city. In the end, however, her troops gained possession. Ali assembled an army, and marched against her. Ayesha violently opposed all pacific counsels, and resolved to proceed to the utmost extremity. A fierce battle ensued, in which Telha and Zobier were slain. The combat raged about Ayesha's camel, and an Arabian writer says, that the hands of seventy men, who successively held its bridle, were cut off, and that her litter was stuck so full of darts, as to resemble a porcupine. The camel, from which this day's fight takes its name, was at length hamstrung, and Ayesha became a captive. Ali treated her with great respect, and sent her to Medina, on condition that she should live peaceably at home, and not intermeddle with state affairs.

Her resentment afterwards appeared in her refusal to suffer Hassan, the unfortunate son of Ali, to be buried near the tomb of the prophet, which was her property. She seems to have regained her influence in the reign of the caliph Moawiyah. She died in the fifty-eighth year of the Hegira, A. D. 677, aged sixty-seven; having constantly experienced a high degree of respect from the followers of Mahomet, except at the time of her imprudent expedition against Ali.

B.

BARBARA,

Wife of the emperor Sigismond, was the daughter of Herman, Count of Cilia, in Hungary. Sigismond had been taken by the Hungarians, and placed under the guard of two young gentlemen, whose father he had put to death. While they had him in custody, he persuaded their mother to let him escape. This favour was not granted without a great many excuses for the death of her husband, and a great many promises. He promised, among other things, to marry the daughter of the Count of Cilia, a near relation of that widow; which promise he performed. He had the most extraordinary wife of her that ever was seen. She had no manner of shame for her abandoned life. This is not the thing in which her great singularity consisted; for there are but too many princesses who are above being concerned at any imputations on account of their lewdness. What was extraordinary in her was Atheism, a thing which there is scarce any instance of amongst women.

The Bohemians, notwithstanding, gave her a magnificent funeral at Prague, and buried her in the tomb of their kings, as we are assured by Bonfinius in the VII. Book of the III. Decade. Prateolus has not omitted her in his alphabetical catalogue of heretics.

BARBE DE VERRUE,

A French improvisatrice, was an illegitimate child born of obscure parents. The count de Verrue adopted her after she became famous and gave her his name. She was called a *troubadouresse*, or female troubadour; and she travelled through towns and cities singing her own verses, by means of which she acquired a considerable fortune. She sung the stories of Griselidis; of William with the Falcon; of Ancassin and Nicolette; and a poem entitled, The Gallic Orpheus or Angelinde and Cyndorix, which related to the civilization of the Gauls. Barbe lived to a very advanced age, travelled a great deal, and, although not beautiful, had many admirers. She lived in the thirteenth century.

BASINE, or BASIN,

Was the wife of Basin, king of Thuringia. Childeric, king of France, driven from his dominions by his people, sought an asylum with the king of Thuringia; and during his residence at that court, Basine conceived a strong attachment for him. Childeric was at length restored to his kingdom; and a short time after, he beheld with surprise the queen of Thuringia present herself before him. "Had I known a more valiant hero than yourself," said she to Childeric, "I should have fled over the seas to his arms." Childeric received her gladly, and married her. She became the mother, in 467, of the great Clovis, the first Christian king of France.

BEATRICE,

Daughter of the count of Burgundy, married the emperor Frederick in 1156. It is asserted by some historians that she was insulted by the Milanese, and that the emperor revenged her wrongs by the destruction of Milan, and the ignominious punishment of the inhabitants.

BEATRICE,

Of Provence, daughter of Raymond Berenger, count of Provence, married, in 1245, Charles, son of Louis VIII. of France, who was afterwards crowned king of Naples and Sicily. She died at Nocisa.

BEATRICE PORTINARI

Is celebrated as the beloved of Dante, the Italian poet. She was born at Florence, and was very

beautiful. The death of her noble father, Folco Portinari, in 1289, is said to have hastened her own. The history of Beatrice may be considered as an affection of Dante—in that lies its sole interest. All that can be authenticated of her is that she was a beautiful and virtuous woman. She died in 1290, aged twenty-four. And yet she still lives in Dante's immortal poem, of which her memory was the inspiration. He says, in the conclusion of his Rime, (his miscellaneous poems on the subject of his early love)—"I beheld a marvellous vision, which has caused me to cease from writing in praise of my blessed Beatrice, until I can celebrate her more worthily; which that I may do, I devote my whole soul to study, as she knoweth well; in so much, that if it please the Great Disposer of all events to prolong my life for a few years upon this earth, I hope hereafter to sing of my Beatrice what never yet was said or sung of any woman."

It was in this transport of enthusiasm that Dante conceived the idea of the "Divina Commedia," his great poem, of which his Beatrice was destined to be the heroine. Thus to the inspiration of a young, lovely, and noble-minded woman, we owe one of the grandest efforts of human genius.

BEAUFORT,

JOAN, queen of Scotland, was the eldest daughter of John Beaufort, earl of Somerset, (son of John of Gaunt,) and of Margaret, daughter of the earl of Kent.

She was seen by James, sometimes called the Royal Poet, son of Robert III., king of Scotland, while he was detained a prisoner in the Tower of London, and he fell passionately in love with her. On his release, in 1423, after nineteen years' captivity, he married Joan, and went with her to Edinburgh, where they were crowned, May 22d, 1424. In 1430, Joan became the mother of James, afterwards James II. of Scotland.

She possessed a great deal of influence, which she always exercised on the side of mercy and gentleness. In 1437, the queen received information of a conspiracy formed against the life of her husband, and hastened to Roxburgh, where he then was, to warn him of his danger. The king immediately took refuge with his wife in the Dominican abbey near Perth; but the conspirators, having bribed a domestic, found their way into the room. The queen threw herself between them and her husband, but in vain; after receiving two wounds, she was torn from the arms of James I., who was murdered, Feb. 21st, 1437.

Joan married a second time, James Stewart, called the Black Knight, son to the lord of Lorne, to whom she bore a son, afterwards earl of Athol. She died in 1446, and was buried at Perth, near the body of the king, her first husband.

BEAUFORT,

MARGARET, countess of Richmond and Derby, was the only daughter and heiress of John Beaufort, duke of Somerset (grandson to John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster), by Margaret Beauchamp, his wife. She was born at Bletshoe in Bedfordshire, in 1441. While very young she was married to Edmund Tudor, earl of Richmond, by whom she had a son named Henry, who was afterwards king of England, by the title of Henry VII. On the 3d of November, 1456, the earl of Richmond died, leaving Margaret a very young widow, and his son, and heir, Henry, not above fifteen weeks old. Her second husband was Sir Henry Stafford, knight, second son to the duke of Buckingham, by whom she had no issue. And soon after the death of Sir Henry Stafford, which happened about 1482, she married Thomas, lord Stanley, afterwards earl of Derby, who died in 1504. After spending a life in successive acts of beneficence, she paid the great debt of nature on the 29th of June, 1509, in the first year of the reign of her grandson Henry VIII. She was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a monument was erected to her memory. It is of black marble, with her effigy in gilt copper; and the head is encircled with a coronet. She founded and endowed the colleges of Christ and St. John's, at Cambridge.

BELLEVILLE,

JANE DE, wife of Oliver III., lord of Clisson. Philip de Valois, king of France, having caused her husband to be beheaded, in 1343, on unauthenticated suspicion of correspondence with England, Jane sent her son, a boy of twelve, secretly to London, for safety, sold her jewels, armed three vessels, and attacked all the French she met. She made descents in Normandy, took their castles, and the most beautiful woman in Europe might be seen, with a sword in one hand, and a flambeau in the other, enforcing and commanding acts of the greatest cruelty.

BERENGARIA

OF Navarre, was daughter of Sancho the Wise, king of Naples, and married Richard Cœur de Lion soon after he ascended the throne of England. Richard had been betrothed, when only seven years of age, to Alice, daughter of Louis VII., who was three years old. Alice was sent to the English

court, when a girl of thirteen, for her education. The father of Richard Cœur de Lion, Henry II., fell in love with this betrothed of his son; and had prevented the marriage from being solemnized. But Richard, after he ascended the throne, was still trammelled by this engagement to Alice, while he was deeply in love with Berengaria. At length these obstacles were overcome. "It was in the joyous month of May, 1191," to quote an old writer, "in the flourishing and spacious isle of Cyprus, celebrated as the very abode of the goddess of love, did king Richard solemnly take to wife his beloved lady Berengaria."

This fair queen accompanied her husband on his warlike expedition to the Holy Land. In the autumn of the same year Richard concluded his peace with Saladin, and set out on his return to England. But he sent Berengaria by sea, while he, disguised as a Templar, intended to go by land. He was taken prisoner, and kept in durance, by Leopold of Austria, nearly five years. Richard's profligate companions seem to have estranged his thoughts from his gentle, loving wife, and for nearly two years after his return from captivity, he gave himself up to the indulgence of his baser passions; but finally his conscience was awakened, he sought his ever-faithful wife, and she, woman-like, forgave him. From that time they were never parted, till his death, which occurred in 1199. She survived him many years, founded an abbey at Espan, and devoted herself to works of piety and mercy. "From her early youth to her grave, Berengaria manifested devoted love to Richard: uncomplainingly when deserted by him, forgiving when he returned, and faithful to his memory unto death," says her accomplished biographer, Miss Strickland.

BERENICE,

Daughter of Herod Agrippa I., King of Judea, grandson of Herod the Great, was the sister of Herod Agrippa II., before whom Paul preached, and married her uncle, Herod, king of Chalcis. After her husband's death, she was accused of incest with her brother Agrippa; an accusation which seems to have determined her to engage in a second marriage. She signified to Polemon, king of Cilicia, her willingness to become his wife, if he would embrace Judaism. Polemon, induced by her wealth, consented; but Berenice soon deserted him, and he returned to his former faith.

Scrupulous in all religious observances, she made a journey to Jerusalem, where she spent thirty days in fasting and prayer. While thus engaged, she suffered a thousand indignities from the Roman soldiers. She also went barefoot to the Roman governor to intercede for her people, but he treated her with open neglect.

Berenice then resolved to apply to Vespasian, emperor of Rome, or his son Titus, to avoid being involved in the ruin of her nation. She accordingly went, with her brother, to Rome, and soon gained Vespasian by her liberality, and Titus by her beauty. Titus even wished to marry her; but the murmurs of the Roman people prevented him; he was even obliged to banish her, with a promise of recalling her when the tumult should be appeased. Some historians assert that Berenice returned and was again banished.

She is mentioned in the 25th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, as coming with her brother Agrippa to Cesarea, to salute Festus.

BERNERS, or BARNES,

Juliana, a sister of Richard, lord Berners, is supposed to have been born about 1388, and was a native of Essex. She was prioress of Sopewell nunnery, and wrote "*The Boke of Hawkyng and Huntyng*," which was one of the first works that issued from the English press. She is represented as having been beautiful, high-spirited, and fond of all active exercises. She lived to an advanced age, and was highly respected and admired. The indelicacies that are found in her book, must be imputed to the barbarism of the times.

BERSALA,

Ann, daughter and principal heiress of Wolfard de Borselle, and of Charlotte de Bourbon-Montpensier, who were married June the 17th, 1468,* was wife of Philip of Burgundy, son of Anthony of Burgundy, lord of Bevres, one of the illegitimate sons of the duke of Burgundy, Philip the Good. She brought to him, for her dowry, the lordship of Vere, that of Flushing, and some others, and had by him one son and two daughters.

Erasmus had a particular esteem for her. He thus writes to a friend:—"We came to Anne, princess of Vere. Why should I say any thing to you of this lady's complaisance, benignity, or liberality? I know the embellishments of rhetoricians are suspected, especially by those who are not unskilled in those arts. But, believe me, I am so far here from enlarging, that it is above the reach of our art. Never did nature produce any thing more modest, more wise, or more obliging. She was so generous to me—she loaded me with so many benefits, without my seeking them! It has happened to me, my Battus, with regard to her, as it often used to happen with regard to you, that I begin to love and admire most when I am absent. Good God, what candour, what complaisance in the largest fortune, what evenness of mind in the greatest injuries, what cheerfulness in such great cares, what constancy of mind, what innocence of life, what encouragement of learned men, what affability to all!"

BERTHA,

Daughter of Cherebert, king of Paris. She married Ethelbert, king of Kent, who succeeded to the throne about the year 560. Ethelbert was a pagan, but Bertha was a Christian, and in the marriage treaty had stipulated for the free exercise of her religion, and taken with her a French bishop. By her influence Christianity was introduced into England; for so exemplary in every respect were her life and conduct, that she inspired the king and his court with a high respect for her person, and the religion by which she was influenced. The Pope taking advantage of this, sent forty monks, among whom was St. Augustine, to

preach the gospel. Under the protection of the queen they soon found means of communication with the king, who finally submitted to public baptism. Christianity proved the means of promoting knowledge and civilization in England; and this convert king enacted a body of laws which was the first written code promulgated by the northern conquerors. Thus was the influence of this pious queen Bertha the means of redeeming England from paganism; and moreover to her belongs the glory of planting the first Christian Church in Canterbury.

BERTHA, or BERTRADE,

Wife of Pepin and mother of Charlemagne, emperor of France, was a woman of great natural excellencies, both of mind and heart. Charlemagne always showed her most profound respect and veneration, and there was never the slightest difficulty between them, excepting when he divorced the daughter of Didier, king of the Lombards, whom he had married by her advice, to espouse Emergarde. Bertha died in 788.

BERTHA,

Widow of Eudes, count de Blois, married Robert the Pious, king of France. She was a relation of his, and he had been godfather to one of her children. These obstacles, then very powerful, did not prevent the king from marrying her. A council assembled at Rome in 998, and ordered Robert to repudiate Bertha, which he refusing to do, the terrible sentence of excommunication was pronounced against him, and he was at length obliged to yield. Bertha retired to an abbey and devoted herself to pious works. Her title of queen was always given to her, and the king continued to show her constant proofs of affection and respect.

BERTRADE,

Daughter of the count of Montfort, married the count of Anjou, from whom she was divorced to unite herself to Philip I., king of France, 1092. This union was opposed by the clergy, but the love of the monarch triumphed over his respect for religion. Bertrade was ambitious, and not always faithful to her husband. After the king's death, she pretended sanctity, and was buried in a convent which she herself founded.

BIGNE,

Grace de la, a French poetess of Bayeux, accompanied king John to England, after the battle of Poictiers, and died in 1374.

BLANCHE

Of Castile, queen of France, was the daughter of Alphonso IX., king of Castile, and of Eleanor, daughter of Henry I. of England. In 1200, she was married to Louis VIII. of France; and became the mother of nine sons and two daughters, whom she educated with great care, and in such sentiments of piety, that two of them, Louis IX. and Elizabeth, have been beatified by the church of Rome.

On the death of her husband, in 1266, he showed

his esteem for her by leaving her sole regent during the minority of his son, Louis IX., then only twelve years old; and Blanche justified by her conduct in the trying circumstances in which she was placed, the confidence of her husband. The princes and nobles, pretending that the regency was unjustly granted to a woman, confederated against her; but by her prudence and courage, opposing some in arms, and gaining over others with presents and condescension, Blanche finally triumphed. She made use of the romantic passion of the young count of Champagne to obtain information of the projects of the malcontents; but her reputation was endangered by the favour she showed him, as well as by the familiar intercourse to which she admitted the gallant cardinal Romani.

In educating Louis, she was charged with putting him too much in the hands of the clergy; but she proved an excellent guardian of his virtue, and inspired him with a lasting respect for herself. In 1234, she married him to Margaret, daughter of the count de Provence; and in 1235, Louis having reached the age of twenty-one, Blanche surrendered to him the sovereign authority. But even after this she retained great ascendency over the young king, of which she sometimes made an improper use. Becoming jealous of Margaret, wife of Louis, she endeavoured to sow dissensions between them, and, failing in this, to separate them; and these disturbances caused Louis great uneasiness.

When, in 1248, Louis undertook a crusade to the Holy Land, he determined to take his queen with him, and leave his mother regent; and in this second regency she showed the same vigour and prudence as in the first. The kingdom was suffering so much from the domination of the priesthood, that vigorous measures had become necessary; and notwithstanding her strong religious feelings, she exerted her utmost power against the tyranny of the priests and in favour of the people; and as usual, Blanche was successful.

The unfortunate defeat and imprisonment of her son in the East, so affected her spirits, that she

died, in 1252, to his great grief, and the regret of the whole kingdom. She was buried in the abbey of Maubisson. She was one of the most illustrious characters of her time, being equally distinguished for her personal and mental endowments.

We may observe here that among the sovereigns of France, those most beloved by the people, and who thought most of the good of their subjects—Louis IX., Louis XII., and Henry IV.—were educated by their mothers. Blanche had attended in so careful a manner to the infancy and childhood of her son, that she performed for him many of the offices usually entrusted to inferiors. His attachment to her was ardent, and all her precepts were laws. She said to him one day, as she was tenderly caressing him, "My son, you know how very fondly I love you; and yet I would rather see you dead than sullied by the commission of a crime." Such a woman was worthy of Shakspeare's panegyric, which he has so warmly bestowed on Blanche in his "King John."

BLANCHE,

A native of Padua, was celebrated for her resolution. On the death of her husband, at the siege of Bassano, Acciolin, the general of the enemy, offered violence to her person, when she threw herself into her husband's tomb, and was crushed by the falling of the stone that covered the entrance, 1253

BLANCHE DE BOURBON,

Second daughter of Pierre de Bourbon, a nobleman of France, married Pedro, king of Castile, in 1352. She was cruelly treated by her husband, who was attached to Maria Padilla, and was at last imprisoned and murdered, in 1361, aged eighteen. Her misfortunes were avenged by Du Guesclin at the head of a French army. Her beauty and virtues made her a great favourite, not only with the mother of Pedro, but the whole Spanish nation.

BOADICEA,

A British queen in the time of Nero, wife to Prasutagas, king of the Iceni, that is, Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge, and Huntingdonshire. Prasutagas, in order to secure the friendship and protection of Nero to his wife and family, left the emperor and his daughters co-heirs. The Roman officers, availing themselves of a privilege so replete with mischief, seized upon all his effects in their master's name. Boadicea strongly remonstrated against these unjust proceedings, and being a woman of high spirit, she resented her ill usage in such terms, that the officers, in revenge, caused her to be publicly scourged, and violated her daughters. Boadicea assembled the Britons, and standing on a rising ground, her loose robes and long fair hair floating in the wind, a spear in her hand, her majestic features animated with a desire for vengeance, she reminded her people, in a strain of pathetic eloquence, of the wrongs they had endured from the invaders, and exhorted them to instant revolt. While speaking, she permitted a hare, which she had kept concealed about her person, to escape among the crowd. The Britons, exulting, hailed the omen, and the public indignation was such, that all the island, excepting London, agreed to rise in rebellion.

Boadicea put herself at the head of the popular army, and earnestly exhorted them to take advantage of the absence of the Roman general, Paulinus, then in the Isle of Man, by putting their foreign oppressors to the sword. The Britons readily embraced the proposal, and so violent was the rage of the exasperated people, that not a single Roman of any age or either sex, within their reach, escaped; no less than seventy thousand perished.

Paulinus, suddenly returning, marched against the revolted Britons, who had an army of one hundred thousand, or, according to Dion Cassius, two hundred and thirty thousand strong, under the conduct of Boadicea and her general, Venutius. The noble person of Boadicea, large, fair, and dignified, with her undaunted courage, had gained for her the entire confidence of the people, and they were impatient for the engagement with Paulinus, whose army consisted of only ten thousand men. The Roman general was in doubt whether he should march with this small force against his numerous enemies, or shut himself up in the town and wait for them. At first he chose the latter, and stayed in London, but soon altered his resolution, and determined to meet the Britons in the open field. The place he pitched upon for the decisive battle was a narrow tract of ground, facing a large plain, supposed to be Salisbury plain, and his rear was secured by a forest. The Britons, exulting in their numbers, and secure of victory, had brought their wives and children in wagons, and placed them around their entrenchments. Boadicea in her chariot, accompanied by her two daughters, rode among the several squadrons of her army, addressing them to the following effect: "It will not be the first time, Britons, that you have been victorious under the conduct of your queen. For my part, I come not here as one descended of royal blood, not to fight for empire or riches, but as one of the common people, to avenge the loss of their liberty, the wrongs of myself and children. The wickedness of the Romans is at its height, and the gods have already begun to punish them, so that instead of being able to withstand the attack of a victorious army, the very shouts of so many thousands will put them to flight. And, if you, Britons, would but consider the number of our forces, or the motives of the war, you will resolve to conquer or to die. Is it not much better to fall honourably in defence of liberty, than be again exposed to the outrages of the Romans? Such, at least, is my resolution; as for you men, you may, if you please, live and be slaves!"

Paulinus was no less assiduous in preparing his troops for the encounter. The Britons expected his soldiers to be daunted at their number; but when they saw them advance, sword in hand, without showing the least fear, they fell into disorder, and precipitately fled: the baggage and wagons in which their families were placed, ob-

structing their flight, a total defeat and dreadful carnage ensued. Eighty thousand Britons were left on the field. Boadicea escaped falling into the hands of the enemy, but, unable to survive this terrible disappointment, she fell a victim either to despair or poison. The battle was fought in the year 61

BORGIA,

Lucrezia, sister of Cesare Borgia, and daughter of Rodriguez Borgia, afterwards Pope Alexander VI, was married in 1493, to Giovanni Sforza, lord of Pessaro, with whom she lived four years, when her father being pope, dissolved the marriage, and gave her to Alfonso, duke of Bisceglia, natural son of Alfonso II., duke of Naples. On this occasion she was created duchess of Spoleto and of Sermoneta. She had one son by Alfonso, who died young. In June, 1500, Alfonso was stabbed by assassins, supposed to have been employed by the infamous Cesare Borgia, so that he died two months after at the pontifical palace, to which he had been carried at the time. Lucrezia has never been accused of any participation in this murder, or in any of her brother's atrocious deeds. She then retired to Nepi, but was recalled to Rome by her father. Towards the end of 1501, she married Alfonso d'Este, son of Ercole, duke of Ferrara, and made her entrance into Ferrara with great pomp, on the second of February, 1502.

She had three sons by Alfonso, who intrusted her with the government when he was absent in the field, in which capacity she gained general approbation. She was also the patroness of literature, and her behaviour after she became duchess of Ferrara affords no grounds for censure. Her conduct while living at Rome with her father has been the subject of much obloquy, which seems to rest chiefly on her living in a flagitious court among profligate scenes. No individual charge can be substantiated against her. On the contrary, she is mentioned by cotemporary poets and historians in the highest terms; and so many different writers would not have lavished such high praise on a person profligate and base as she has been represented. Many of the reports about her were circulated by the Neapolitans, the natural enemies of her family. She died at Ferrara, in 1523. In the Ambrosian Library there is a collection of letters written by her, and a poetical effusion. A curiosity which might be viewed with equal interest, is to be found there—a tress of her beautiful hair, folded in a piece of parchment.

BORE, or BORA,

Catharine von, daughter of a gentleman of fortune, was a nun in the convent of Nimptschen, in Germany, two leagues from Wittemberg. She left the convent, with eight others, at the commencement of the reformation by Luther. Leonard Koppe, senator of Torgau, is said to have first animated them to this resolution, which they put in practice on a Good Friday. Luther undertook the defence of these nuns and Leonard Koppe, and published a justification of their conduct.

Luther, who admired Catharine on account of her heroism, in addition to her excellent qualities of mind and heart, gained her consent and married her. Catharine was then twenty-six, and added to the charms of youth, much sprightliness of mind. The reformer, many years older than his wife, was as affectionately beloved by her as if he had been in the flower of his youth. She brought him a son; and he writes on this occasion, "that he would not change his condition for that of Crœsus." The character of his wife was excellently adapted to make him happy. Modest and gentle, decent in her attire, and economical in the house, she had the hospitality of the German noblesse without their pride. On the 15th February, 1546, she became a widow, and although several fair offers were made to her, she lived for many years in great poverty, and sometimes in actual distress; Martin Luther left little or no property, and she was compelled to keep a boarding-house for students, in order to support herself and children. She died on the 20th of December, 1552, in consequence of a cold she had contracted from a fall in the water, while moving from Wittemberg to Torgau.

She left three sons, Paul, Martin, and John, and two daughters.

BRAGELONGNE,

Agnes de, a French poetess, lived in the 12th century, in the reign of Philip Augustus. She was the daughter of the count de Tonnerre, and was married when very young to the count de Plancy, and after his death, to Henri de Craon, whom she had long loved, and to whom much of her poetry is addressed. The poem of "*Gabrielle de Vergy*," which is only a romance versified, is attributed to this writer.

BRIDGET, or BRIGIT,

And by contraction, St. Bride, a saint of the Romish church, and the patroness of Ireland, lived in the end of the fifth century. She was born at Fochard, in Ulster, soon after Ireland was converted, and she took the veil in her youth from the hands of St. Mel, a nephew and disciple of St. Patrick. She built herself a cell under a large oak, thence called Kill-dare, or the cell of the oak,

and being joined by several women, they formed themselves into a religious community, which branched out into several other nunneries throughout Ireland, all of which acknowledged her as their foundress. She is commemorated in the Roman martyrology on the first of February.

BRUNEHAUT,

YOUNGER daughter of Athanagilde, king of the Visigoths of Spain, married, in 565, Siegbert, the Frankish king of Metz or Austrasia. Siegbert had resolved to have but one wife, and to choose her from a royal family; his choice fell on Brunehaut, who fully justified his preference. She was beautiful, elegant in her deportment, modest and dignified in her conduct, and conversed not only agreeably, but with a great deal of wisdom. Her husband soon became exceedingly attached to her.

Her elder sister, Galsuinda, had married Chilperic, Siegbert's brother, and king of Normandy. Galsuinda was murdered, through the instigation of Fredegonde, Chilperic's mistress, who then induced Chilperic to marry her. Brunehaut, to avenge her sister's death, persuaded Siegbert to make war upon his brother; and he had succeeded in wresting Chilperic's territories from him, and besieging him in Tournai, when two assassins, hired by Fredegonde, murdered Siegbert in his camp, in 575.

As soon as Brunehaut heard of this misfortune, she hastened to save her son, the little Childebert, heir to the kingdom of Austrasia. She hid him in a basket, which was let down out of a window of the palace she occupied in Paris, and confided him to a servant of the Austrasian duke Gondebald, who carried him behind him on horseback to Metz, where he was proclaimed king, on Christmas day, 575. When Chilperic and Fredegonde arrived at Paris, they found only Brunehaut, with her two daughters and the royal treasure. Her property was taken from her, her daughters were exiled to Meaux, and she was sent to Rouen.

But during the few days that Brunehaut, then a beautiful widow of twenty-eight, had remained at Paris, she had inspired Meroveus, Chilperic's second son by his first wife Andowere, with a violent passion, so that soon after she had reached Rouen, he abandoned the troops his father had placed under his charge, and hastened to join her. They were married by the bishop of Rouen, although it was contrary to the canons of the church to unite a nephew and aunt. Chilperic, furious at this step, came with great haste to separate them; but they took refuge in a little church, and the king, not daring to violate this asylum, was at last obliged to promise, with an oath, that he would leave them together. "Since God allows them to be united," said he, "I swear never to separate them."

Reassured by this solemn promise, Meroveus and Brunehaut left their asylum, and gave themselves up to Chilperic. At first he treated them kindly; but in a few days he returned to Soissons, taking his son with him as a prisoner, and leaving Brunehaut under a strong guard at Rouen. Meroveus, after having dragged out a miserable existence as a prisoner, for thirteen months; and having in vain attempted to escape to join Brunehaut, who does not seem to have made any great effort to come to his assistance, was killed by one of his servants, some say by his own request, and others, by order of Fredegonde.

Meanwhile, Childebert had demanded and obtained from the king of Normandy his mother's release; and Brunehaut returned to her son's court, where she commenced that struggle, which afterwards proved fatal to her, against the nobles of Austrasia. At one time, her own party, and that of the nobles, were drawn up in battle array against each other, when she, seeing that the combat would be a bloody one, and that her own side was the weakest, boldly rushed between them, calling to them to desist. "Woman, retire!" exclaimed one of the dukes, "You have reigned long enough under the name of your husband; let that suffice you. Your son is now our king; Austrasia is under our guardianship, not yours. Retire, directly, or our horses' feet shall trample you to the earth."

But the intrepid Brunehaut, unmoved by this savage address, persisted, and at last succeeded in preventing the combat. Although obliged to yield to her turbulent subjects for a short time, Brunehaut soon regained her authority, which she used with great cruelty. In her anger, she spared no one, but put to death or exiled all persons of rank who fell in her power. She also raised an army, which she sent against Clotaire, the young son of Fredegonde; but she was defeated, and Fredegonde took advantage of the intestine commotion in Austrasia, to regain all that her husband had lost.

Childebert died in 596, and the kingdom was divided between Theodebert and Theodoric. Brunehaut remained with Theodebert, to whom Austrasia had fallen; and on the death of Fredegonde, in 597, she bent all her energies towards the recovery of those dominions that her rival had obtained from her, and she partially succeeded. She treated with the utmost cruelty all the relations of Fredegonde who fell in her power, and every one who resisted her authority.

But the day of retribution came at last; a murder, committed in 599, upon Wintrion, duke of Champagne, roused against her all the powerful men of her nation. They seized her, and, carrying her across the frontiers, abandoned her alone in the midst of an uncultivated part of the country. A beggar, whom she met, conducted her to Theodoric, her other grandson, king of Burgundy, by whom she was but too well received.

Here she attempted, by surrounding him with infamous women of all classes, to prevent him from taking a wife, who might interfere with her authority; and she drove away, with insults, St. Colomban, abbé of Luxeuil, and St. Didier, bishop of Vienne, who had addressed remonstrances both to her and Theodoric on their mode of life. St. Didier, after an exile of three years, returned to his church, and, displaying the same zeal in the performance of his duty, she had him stoned.

To raise her favourite, Protadius, to the dignity

of mayor of the palace, she procured the death of Bertoald, who held that position, by sending him with a handful of men against a large army, where he was killed after making a brave resistance. In 612, she armed her grandsons against each other. Theodebert was pursued by Theodoric to Cologne, and there assassinated. His children, one of whom was an infant, were slain by order of Brunehaut. Theodoric died in 613, and Brunehaut, betrayed by her subjects, and abandoned by her nobles, fell into the hands of Clotaire, son of Fredegonde. He loaded her with insults, accused her of having caused the death of ten kings, or sons of kings, and gave her up to the vengeance of his infuriated soldiery. This queen, then eighty years old, was carried naked on a litter for three days, and then bound by one arm and one leg to the tail of an unbroken colt, who dragged her over rocks and stones till she was nothing but a shapeless mass. Her remains were then burnt.

BRUNORO,

Bona Lombardi, was born in 1417, in Sacco, a little village in Vattellina. Her parents were obscure peasants, of whom we have but little information. The father, Gabriel Lombardi, a private soldier, died while she was an infant; and her mother not surviving him long, the little girl was left to the charge of an aunt, a hard-working countrywoman, and an uncle, an humble curate.

Bona, in her simple peasant station, exhibited intelligence, decision of character, and personal beauty, which raised her to a certain consideration in the estimation of her companions; and the neighbourhood boasted of the beauty of Bona, when an incident occurred which was to raise her to a most unexpected rank. In the war between the duke of Milan and the Venetians, the latter had been routed and driven from Vattellina. Piccinino, the Milanese general, upon departing to follow up his advantages, left Captain Brunoro, a Parmesan gentleman, to maintain a camp in Morbegno, as a central position to maintain the conquered country. One day, after a hunting party, he stopped to repose himself, in a grove where many of the peasants were assembled for some rustic festival; he was greatly struck with the loveliness of a girl of about fifteen. Upon entering into conversation with her, he was surprised at the ingenuity and spirited tone of her replies. Speaking of the adventure on his return home, every body told him that Bona Lombardi had acknowledged claims to admiration. Brunoro, remaining through the summer in that district, found many opportunities of seeing the fair peasant; becoming acquainted with her worth and character, he at last determined to make her the companion of his life; their marriage was not declared at first, but, to prevent a separation, however temporary, Bona was induced to put on the dress of an officer. Her husband delighted in teaching her horsemanship, together with all military exercises. She accompanied him in battle, fought by his side, and, regardless of her own safety, seemed to be merely an added arm to shield and assist Brunoro. As was usual in those times, among the condottieri, Brunoro adopted different lords, and fought sometimes in parties to which, at others, he was opposed. In these vicissitudes, he incurred the anger of the king of Naples, who, seizing him by means of an ambuscade, plunged him into a dungeon, where he would probably have finished his days, but for the untiring and well-planned efforts of his wife. To effect his release, she spared no means; supplications, threats, money, all were employed, and, at last, with good success. She had the happiness of recovering her husband.

Bona was not only gifted with the feminine qualities of domestic affection and a well-balanced intellect; in the hottest battles, her bravery and power of managing her troops were quite remarkable; of these feats there are many instances recorded. We will mention but one. In the course of the Milanese war, the Venetians had been, on one occasion, signally discomfited in an attack upon the castle of Povoze, in Brescia. Brunoro himself was taken prisoner, and carried into the castle. Bona arrived with a little band of fresh soldiers; she rallied the routed forces, inspired them with new courage, led them on herself, took the castle, and liberated her husband, with the other prisoners. She was, however, destined to lose her husband without possibility of recovering him; he died in 1468. When this intrepid heroine, victor in battles, and, rising above all adversity, was bowed by a sorrow resulting from affection, she declared she could not survive Brunoro. She caused a tomb to be made, in which their remains could be united; and, after seeing the work completed, she gradually sank into a languid state, which terminated in her death.

BUCHAN,

Countess of, sister of the earl of Fife, crowned Robert Bruce, king of Scotland, at Scone, March 29th, 1306, in place of her brother, whose duty it was, but whose fears prevented him from performing it. She was taken prisoner by Edward I. of England, and, for six years, confined in a wooden cage, in one of the towers of Berwick castle.

CALPHURNIA,

Wife of the celebrated philosopher Pliny the Elder, who was killed, in 79, in consequence of approaching too near to Mount Vesuvius, when it was in a state of eruption, must have been a woman of superior character, by the manner in which her husband spoke of her, and the strong affection he seems to have borne her; in a letter to her aunt Hispulla, he says:

"As you are an example of every virtue, and as you tenderly loved your excellent brother, whose daughter (to whom you supplied the place of both parents) you considered as your own, I doubt not but you will rejoice to learn, that she proves worthy of her father, worthy of you, and worthy of her grandfather. She has great talents; she is an admirable economist; and she loves me with an entire affection: a sure sign of her chastity. To these qualities, she unites a taste for literature, inspired by her tenderness for me. She has collected my works, which she reads perpetually, and even learns to repeat. When I am to speak in public, she places herself as near to me as possible, under the cover of her veil, and listens with delight to the praises bestowed upon me. She sings my verses, and, untaught, adapts them to her lute: *love* is her only instructor."

In a letter to Calphurnia, Pliny writes: "My eager desire to see you is incredible. *Love* is its first spring; the next, that we have been so seldom separated. I pass the greater part of the night in thinking of you. In the day also, at those hours in which I have been accustomed to see you, my feet carry me spontaneously to your apartment, whence I constantly return out of humour and dejected, as if you had refused to admit me. There is one part of the day only that affords relief to my disquiet; the time dedicated to pleading the causes of my friends. Judge what a life mine must be, when labour is my rest, and when cares and perplexities are my only comforts. Adieu."

CAPILLANA,

A Peruvian princess, who, having become a widow very young, retired from court to the country, about the time that Pizarro appeared on the coast. Capillana received kindly the persons he had sent to reconnoitre, and expressed a desire to see the general. Pizarro came, and an attachment soon sprang up between them. He endeavoured to convert Capillana to the Christian faith, but for some time without success; however, while studying the Spanish language, she became a Christian. On the death of Pizarro, in 1541, she retired again to her residence in the country. In the library of the Dominicans of Peru, a manuscript of hers is preserved, in which are painted, by her, ancient Peruvian monuments, with a short historical explanation in Castilian. There is also a representation of many of their plants, with curious dissertations on their properties.

CARTISMANDUA,

Queen of the Brigantes, in Britain, is known in history for treacherously betraying Caractacus, who had taken refuge in her dominions, to the Romans, and for discarding her husband Venusius to marry his armour-bearer Velocatus. When her subjects revolted against her, she solicited aid from the Romans, who thus obtained possession of the whole country. But she at last met with the reward of her perfidies; being taken prisoner by Corbred I., king of Scots, and buried alive, about the year 57.

CASTRO,

Inez de, who was descended from the royal line of Castile, became first the mistress of Pedro, son of Alphonso IV., king of Portugal, and after the death of his wife Constance, in 1344, he married her. As Pedro rejected all proposals for a new marriage, his secret was suspected, and the king was persuaded, by those who dreaded the influence of Inez and her family, that this marriage would be injurious to the interests of Pedro's eldest son. He was induced to order Inez to be put to death; and, while Pedro was absent on a hunting expedition, Alphonso went to Coimbra, where Inez was living in the convent of St. Clara, with her children. Inez, alarmed, threw herself with her little ones at the king's feet, and sued for mercy. Alphonso was so touched by her prayers that he went away, but he was again persuaded to order her assassination. She was killed in 1355, and buried in the convent. Pedro took up arms against his father, but was at length reconciled to him. After Alphonso's death, Pedro, then king of Portugal, executed summary vengeance on two of the murderers of Inez; and two years after, in 1362, he declared before an assembly of the chief men of the kingdom, that the pope had consented to his union with Inez, and that he had been married to her. The papal document was exhibited in public. The body of Inez was disinterred, placed on a throne, with a diadem on her head and the royal robes wrapt around her, and the nobility were required to approach and kiss the hem of her garment. The body was then carried in great pomp from Coimbra to Alcobaça, where a monument of white marble was erected, on which was placed her statue, with a royal crown on her head.

Mrs. Hemans has described this scene with great pathos and touching beauty. Her poem ends thus:

There is music on the midnight—
A requiem sad and slow,
As the mourners through the sounding aisle
In dark procession go;
And the ring of state, and the starry crown,
And all the rich array,
Are borne to the house of silence down,
With her, that queen of clay!

And tearlessly and firmly
King Pedro led the train,—
But his face was wrapt in his folding robe,
When they lower'd the dust again.
'T is hush'd at last the tomb above,
Hymns die, and steps depart:
Who call'd thee strong as Death, O Love?
Mightier thou wast and art.

CATHARINE OF ARRAGON,

Queen of England, was the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, king and queen of Spain. She was born in 1483, and, in November, 1501, was

married to Arthur, prince of Wales, son to Henry VII., of England. He died April 2d, 1502, and his widow was then betrothed to his brother Henry, then only eleven years old, as Henry VII. was unwilling to return the dowry of Catharine. In his fifteenth year the prince publicly protested against the marriage; but, overpowered by the solicitations of his council, he at length agreed to ratify it, and gave his hand to Catharine, June 3d, 1505, immediately after his accession to the throne; having first obtained a dispensation from the pope, to enable him to marry his brother's widow.

The queen, by her sweetness of manners, good sense, and superior endowments, contrived to retain the affections of this fickle and capricious monarch for nearly twenty years. She was devoted to literature, and was the patroness of literary men. She bore several children, but all, excepting a daughter, afterwards queen Mary, died in their infancy. Scruples, real or pretended, at length arose in the mind of Henry concerning the legality of their union, and they were powerfully enforced by his passion for Anne Boleyn. In 1527, he resolved to obtain a divorce from Catharine on the grounds of the nullity of their marriage, as contrary to the Divine Laws. Pope Clement VII. seemed at first disposed to listen to his application, but overawed by Charles V., emperor of Germany and nephew to Catharine, he caused the negotiation to be so protracted, that Henry became very impatient. Catharine conducted herself with gentleness, yet firmness, in this trying emergency, and could not be induced to consent to an act which would stain her with the imputation of incest, and render her daughter illegitimate.

Being cited before the papal legates, Wolsey and Campeggio, who had opened their court at London, in May 1529, to try the validity of the king's marriage, she rose, and kneeling before her husband, reminded him, in a pathetic yet resolute speech, of her lonely and unprotected state, and of her constant devotion to him, in proof of which she appealed to his own heart; then protesting against the proceedings of the court, she rose and withdrew, nor could she ever be induced to appear again. She was declared contumacious, although she appealed to Rome. The pope's subterfuges and delays induced Henry to take the matter in his own hands: he threw off his submission to the court of Rome, declared himself head of the Church of England, had his marriage formally annulled by archbishop Cranmer, and in 1532 married Anne Boleyn.

Catharine took up her abode at Ampthill in Bedfordshire, and afterwards at Kimbolton-castle in Huntingdonshire. She persisted in retaining the title of queen, and in demanding the honours of royalty from her attendants; but in other respects employing herself chiefly in her religious duties, and bearing her lot with resignation. She died in January, 1536. The following letter, which she wrote to the king on her death-bed, drew tears from her husband, who always spoke in the highest terms of his injured consort.

"My King and Dearest Spouse,—

"Insomuch as already the hour of my death approacheth, the love and affection I bear you causeth me to conjure you to have a care of the eternal salvation of your soul, which you ought to prefer before mortal things, or all worldly blessings. It is for this immortal spirit you must neglect the care of your body, for the love of which you have thrown me headlong into many calamities, and your own self into infinite disturbances. But I forgive you with all my heart, humbly beseeching Almighty God he will in heaven confirm the pardon I on earth give you. I recommend unto you our most dear Mary, your daughter and mine, praying you to be a better father to her than you have been a husband to me. Remember also the three poor maids, companions of my retirement, as likewise all the rest of my servants, giving them a whole year's wages besides what is their due, that so they may be a little recompensed for the good service they have done me; protesting unto you, in the conclusion of this my letter and life, that my eyes love you, and desire to see you more than any thing mortal."

By her will she appointed her body to be privately interred in a convent of observant friars who had suffered in her cause; five hundred masses were to be performed for her soul; and a pilgrimage undertaken, to our lady of Walsingham, by a person who, on his way, was to distribute twenty nobles to the poor. She bequeathed considerable legacies to her servants, and requested that her robes might be converted into ornaments for the church, in which her remains were to be deposited. The king religiously performed her injunctions, excepting that which respected the disposal of her body, resenting, probably, the opposition which the convent had given to his divorce. The corpse was interred in the abbey church at Peterburgh, with the honours due to the birth of Catharine.

It is recorded by lord Herbert, in his history of Henry VIII., that, from respect to the memory of Catharine, Henry not only spared this church at the general dissolution of religious houses, but advanced it to be a cathedral.

CATHARINE SFORZA,

Natural daughter of Galeas Sforza, duke of Milan, in 1466 acquired celebrity for her courage and presence of mind. She married Jerome Riario, prince of Forli, who was some time after assassinated by Francis Del Orsa, who had revolted against him. Catharine, with her children, fell into the hands of Orsa, but contrived to escape to Rimini, which still continued faithful to her, which she defended with such determined bravery against her enemies, who threatened to put her children to death if she did not surrender, that at last she restored herself to sovereign power. She then married John de Medicis, a man of noble family, but not particularly distinguished for talents or courage. Catharine still had to sustain herself; and, in 1500, ably defended Forli against Cæsar Borgia, duke Valentino, the illegitimate son of pope Alexander VI. Being obliged to sur-

render, she was confined in the castle of San Angelo, but soon set at liberty, though never restored to her dominions. She died soon after. She is praised by a French historian for her talents, courage, military powers, and her beauty.

Sforza, Isabella, of the same family as the preceding, was distinguished in the sixteenth century for her learning. Her letters possessed great merit. One of them is a letter of consolation, written to Bonna Sforza, widow of the king of Poland; and one was in vindication of poetry.

CATHARINE,

Daughter of Charles VI. of France, and Isabella of Bavaria, married Henry V. of England, and after his death, Owen Tudor, a Welshman, by whom she had Edmund, the father of Henry VII. She died in 1438. She was celebrated for her beauty.

CATHARINE, ST.,

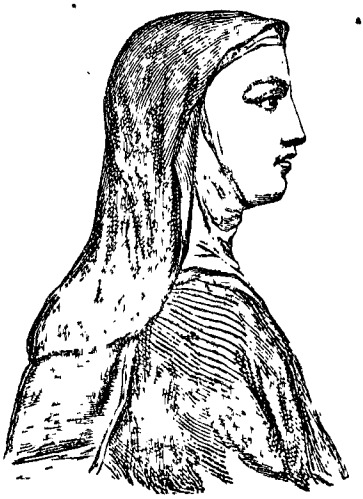
Was born at Sienna, in 1347. The monks relate of this saint, that she became a nun of St. Dominic at the age of seven, that she saw numberless visions, and wrought many miracles while quite young, and that she conversed face to face with Christ, and was actually married to him. Her influence was so great that she reconciled pope Gregory XI. to the people of Avignon, in 1376, after he had excommunicated them; and in 1377, she prevailed on him to re-establish the pontifical seat at Rome, seventy years after Clement V. had removed it to France. She died April 30th, 1380, aged thirty-three, and was canonized by Pius II., in 1461. Her works consist of letters, poems, and devotional pieces.

CATHARINE, ST.,

Was a noble virgin of Alexandria. Having been instructed in literature and the sciences, she was afterwards converted to Christianity, and by order of the emperor Maximinian she disputed with fifty heathen philosophers, who, being reduced to silence by her arguments and her eloquence, were all to a man converted, and suffered martyrdom in consequence. From this circumstance, and her great learning, she is considered in the Romish church as the patron saint of philosophy, literature, and schools. She was afterwards condemned to suffer death, and the emperor ordered her to be crushed between wheels of iron, armed with sharp blades; the wheels, however, were marvellously broken asunder, as the monks declare, and, all other means of death being rendered abortive, she was beheaded in the year 310, at the age of eighteen. Her body being afterwards discovered on Mount Sinai, gave rise to the order of the Knights of St. Catharine.

CATHARINE OF VALOIS,

Surnamed the Fair, was the youngest child of Charles VI. and Isabeau of Bavaria. She was born October 27th, 1401, at the Hotel de St. Paul, Paris, during her father's interval of insanity. She was entirely neglected by her mother, who joined with the king's brother, the duke of Orleans, in pilfering the revenues of the household. On the recovery of Charles, Isabeau fled with the duke of Orleans to Milan, followed by her children, who were pursued and brought back by the duke of Burgundy. Catharine was educated in the convent at Poissy, where her sister Marie was consecrated, and was married to Henry V. of England, June 3, 1420. Henry V. had previously conquered nearly the whole of France, and received with his bride the promise of the regency of France, as the king was again insane, and on the death of Charles VI. the sovereignty of that country, to the exclusion of Catharine's brother and three older sisters. Catharine was crowned in 1421, and her son, afterwards Henry VI., was born at Windsor in the same year, during the absence of Henry V. in France. The queen joined her husband at Paris in 1422, leaving her infant son in England, and was with him, when he died, at the Castle of Vincennes, in August 1422. Some years afterwards Catharine married Owen Tudor, an officer of Welsh extraction, who was clerk of the queen's wardrobe. This marriage was kept concealed several years, and Catharine, who was a devoted mother, seems to have lived very happily with her husband. The guardians of her son, the young Henry VI., at length suspected it, and exhibited such violent resentment, that Catharine either took refuge, during the summer of 1436, in the abbey of Bermondsey, or was sent there under some restraint. Her children (she had four by Owen Tudor) were torn from her, which cruelty probably hastened the death of the poor queen. She was ill during the summer and autumn, and died January, 1437. The nuns, who piously attended her, declared she was a sincere penitent. She had disregarded the injunctions of her royal husband, Henry V., in choosing Windsor as the birth-place of the heir of England; and she had never believed the prediction, that "Henry of Windsor shall lose all that Henry of Monmouth had gained." But during her illness she became fearful of the result, and sorely repented her disobedience of her husband.



CATHARINE, ST.,

A SAINT of the Romish church canonized by pope Clement VII. She was born at Bologna in 1413, and admitted a nun at Ferrara, in 1432. She was afterwards abbess of a convent at Bologna, where she died in 1463. She wrote a book of "*Revelations*," and several pieces in Latin and Italian.

CERETA,

LAURA, an Italian lady, born at Brescia, eminent for her knowledge of philosophy and the learned languages. She became a widow early in life, and then devoted herself entirely to literary labours. Her Latin letters appeared at Padua in 1680. She died in 1498, aged twenty-nine. Her husband's name was Pedro Serini.

CHRODIELDE,

A NUN of the convent founded by Radegonde at Poitiers, was the cause of the temporary dispersion of this powerful community. Soon after Radegonde's death, which occurred in 590, Chrodielde, who pretended that she was the daughter of the late king Cheribert, induced many of the nuns to take an oath, that as soon as she succeeded in forcing the abbess Leubovére to leave the convent, by accusing her of several crimes, they would place her at their head. She then, with more than forty nuns, among whom was Basine, daughter of Chilperic, went to Tours, where she wished to place her companions under the care of Gregory, bishop of Tours, while she went to lay her complaint before Gentran, king of Burgundy. Gregory advised her to return, but in vain; and Chrodielde went to make her petition to the king, who promised to examine into the cause of her dissatisfaction. Chrodielde would not return to the cloister, but went with her companions into the cathedral of St. Hilary, while the bishops, whom the king had sent, were investigating the affair. Here she collected around her for her defence, thieves, murderers, and criminals of all kinds, who drove away with violence the bishops who came to disperse them. Childebert, king of France, sent orders that these disturbances should be repressed by force if necessary; but Chrodielde, at the head of her banditti, made such a valiant resistance, that it was with difficulty the king's orders were executed. The abbess of St. Radegonde was tried by the tribunal of bishops, on the charges of severity, ill-treatment, and sacrilege, which Chrodielde had preferred against her, and found entirely innocent of everything but too great indulgence. Chrodielde and her followers were excommunicated on account of their violent conduct, and their attack on the convent, and on the abbess Leubovére, and the nuns, whom they had maltreated and wounded, even in their oratories. Leubovére they had drawn through the streets by the hair, and afterwards imprisoned.

LARA,

A NATIVE of Assisi, in Italy, of respectable parentage, early devoted herself to a religious and recluse life. Her example was followed by her sister Agnes, and other female friends. She obtained from St. Francis d'Assisi the church of Damain, and became abbess of a new order of nuns, which she there established. She died in 1193, aged one hundred, and was canonized by Alexander IV.

CLELIA,

A YOUNG Roman girl, whose courage and patriotism entitle her to a place among the distinguished of her sex. She was one of ten virgins who were sent as hostages by the Roman senate to Porsena. The young Clelia hated the enemies of her people, and resolved not to live among them. One day while walking near the Tiber with her companions, she persuaded them to throw themselves with her in the river, swim to the opposite shore, and then return to Rome. Her eloquence prevailed upon them, and they all reached their home in safety, although they had to accomplish the feat amidst a shower of arrows that were poured upon them by the enemy. But the consul, Publicola, did not approve of the bold deed, and sent the poor maidens back to king Porsena's camp. Porsena was moved by the courage of the girls and the generosity of the Romans, and gave them their liberty; and to Clelia in addition, as a mark of his particular esteem, a noble charger splendidly caparisoned. Rome then erected, in the Via Sacra, an equestrian statue in honour of the fair heroine, which Plutarch mentions in his writings.

CLOTILDE,

WIFE of Clovis, king of France, was the daughter of Chilperic, third son of Gandive, king of Burgundy. Gandive dying in 470, left his kingdom to his four sons, who were for three years engaged in a constant contest to obtain the entire control of the country. At length the two elder princes succeeded. Chilperic and Godemar were murdered, Chilperic's wife was drowned, his two sons killed, his eldest daughter placed in a convent, and Clotilde, still very young, confined in a castle. Clovis, hearing of her beauty, virtues,

and misfortunes, and besides wishing to have an excuse for extending his dominions, sent to demand her in marriage of her uncle, who was afraid to refuse the alliance, though he foresaw the disasters it might bring on his country. Clotilde was married to Clovis in 493, at Soissons. She then devoted her whole life to the fulfilment of two great designs; one was to convert her husband, still a pagan, to the Christian faith; and the other to revenge on her uncle Gondebaud, the deaths of her father, mother, and brothers. She at length succeeded in the first object, and Clovis was baptized in 496, together with his sister Alboflede and three thousand warriors, on the occasion of a victory he obtained through the intercession of the god of Clotilde, as he thought. Clovis next turned his arms against Gondebaud, and conquered him, but left him in possession of his kingdom. Clovis died in 511, and Clotilde retired to Tours, but used all her influence to induce her three sons to revenge her injuries still more effectually; and in a battle with the Burgundians her eldest and best-beloved son Chlodomir was slain. He left three young sons, of whom Clotilde took charge, intending to educate them, and put them in possession of their father's inheritance. She brought them with her to Paris, when her two remaining sons obtained possession of them, and sent to her to know whether they should place them in a monastery or put them to death. Overcome by distress, Clotilde exclaimed, "Let them perish by the sword rather than live ignominiously in a cloister." The two elder children were killed, but the younger one was saved, and died a priest. After this catastrophe, Clotilde again retired to Tours, where she passed her time in acts of devotion. She died in 545. She was buried at Paris, by the side of her husband and St. Genevieve, and was canonized after her death.

CLOTILDE,

THE unfortunate queen of the Goths, was daughter of Clovis and Clotilde of France. She married Amalaric, who was an Arian, while she was a pious Catholic. She was so persecuted by her subjects for her faith, that her life was in danger, while her bigoted husband united with her foes in abusing her. She at last applied to her three brothers, who then governed the divided kingdom of the Franks, sending to Chilperic, king of Paris, her eldest brother, a handkerchief saturated with the blood drawn from her by the blows of her barbarous husband. Her brothers took up arms to revenge her cause, and in this bloody war the cruel Amalaric was slain. Clotilde returned to her native France, and died soon after, about 535. She was a pious and amiable woman.

COLONNA,

VITTORIA, daughter of Fabricio, duke of Paliano, was born at Marino in 1490, and married in 1507, Francesco, Marquis of Pescara. Her poems have often been published, and are highly and deservedly admired. Her husband died in 1525, and she determined to spend the remainder of her

life in religious seclusion, although various proposals of marriage were made to her. Her beauty, talents, and virtue, were extolled by her contemporaries, among others by Michael Angelo and Ariosto. She died in 1547, at Rome. She was affianced to the Marquis of Pescara in childhood, and as they grew up a very tender affection increased with their years. Congenial in tastes, of the same age, their union was the model of a happy marriage. Circumstances showed whose mind was of the firmer texture and higher tone. Francesco having exhibited extraordinary valour and generalship at the battle of Pavia, was thought of importance enough to be bribed; a negotiation was set on foot to offer him the crown of Naples, if he would betray the sovereign to whom he had sworn fealty. The lure was powerful, and Francesco lent a willing ear to these propositions, when Vittoria came to the aid of his yielding virtue. She sent him that remarkable letter, where, among other things, she says, "Your virtue may raise you above the glory of being king. The sort of honour that goes down to our children with real lustre is derived from our deeds and qualities, not from power or titles. For myself, I do not wish to be the wife of a king, but of a general who can make himself superior to the greatest king, not only by courage, but by magnanimity, and superiority to any less elevated motive than duty."

COMNENUS,

ANNA, daughter to the Greek emperor Alexius Comnenus, flourished about 1118, and wrote fifteen books on the life and actions of her father, which she called "The Alexiad." Eight of these books were published by Hæschelius in 1610, and the whole of them with a Latin version in 1651; to another edition of which, in 1670, the learned Charles du Fresne added historical and philological notes.

The authors of the "Journal des Savans," for 1675, have spoken as follows of this learned and accomplished lady. "The elegance with which Anna Comnenus has described the life and actions of her father, and the strong and eloquent manner

with which she has set them off, are so much above the ordinary understanding of women, that one is almost ready to doubt whether she was indeed the author of those books. It is certain that we cannot read her descriptions of countries, towns, rivers, mountains, battles, sieges, her reflections upon particular events, the judgments she passes on human actions, and the digressions she makes on many occasions, without perceiving that she must have been very well skilled in grammar, rhetoric, philosophy, mathematics, physic and divinity; all of which is very uncommon in any of that sex."

CONSTANCE,

Daughter of Conan, duke of Brittany, wife of Geoffroy Plantagenet, son of Henry II., king of England. She was contracted to him while they were both in the cradle, and, by her right, Geoffrey became duke of Brittany. By him she had two children, Eleanor, called the Maid of Brittany, and Arthur, who was born after the death of his father. She afterwards married Ralph Blundeville, earl of Chester, who suspected her of an intrigue with John of England, his most bitter enemy. He obtained a divorce, and Constance married Guy, brother of the viscount de Thouars. She had by him a daughter, Alix, whom the Bretons, on the refusal of John to set free her elder sister, elected for their sovereign. The king of France, and Richard Cœur de Lion, king of England, both claimed Brittany as a fief. Constance, to keep it in her own name, fomented divisions between the sovereigns. On the death of Richard, it was found that he had left the kingdom to his brother John, instead of his nephew Arthur, to whom it rightfully belonged. Constance resented this injustice, and being a woman of judgment and courage, might have reinstated her son in his rights, if she had not died before she had an opportunity of asserting his claims. She died in 1202. Her eldest daughter was kept all her life in prison.

CONTARINI,

Gabriello Catterina, of Agolfio. No exact date of her birth is to be procured; that she lived towards the end of the fifteenth century is indubitable. She possessed a very fertile vein of poetic fancy. Her poetry manifests natural facility in composing, as well as considerable erudition. She was distinguished for her pleasing manners and solid virtues. Her works are, "Life of St. Francesco," a poem; "Life of St. Waldo," a poem; five odes, seven canzonets, and some occasional poems.

COPPOLI,

Elena or Cecilia, of Perugia, born 1425, died 1500. This learned woman was the daughter of Francesco Coppoli. In the twenty-seventh year of her age she entered the religious house of Santa Lucia, and became a member of the sisterhood. She was an intimate friend of the famous Porcellio, who addressed many Latin poems to her. She was not only mistress of the Greek and Latin, but well acquainted with elegant literature. She has left some Latin poems, "Ascetic Letters," a manuscript life of a certain sister Eustachia of Messina, and a "History of the Monastery of St. Lucia."

CORDAUD,

Isabella de, a beautiful, rich, and accomplished lady, mistress of the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, took her degree in theology, with the title of doctor.

CORNANO,

Caterina, queen of Cyprus. At the court of James IV., king of Cyprus, resided a Venetian gentleman, exiled for some youthful indiscretions. He found especial favour with his adopted monarch, and rose to an intimate intercourse with him. One day, happening to stoop, he let fall a miniature, which represented so beautiful a face that the king eagerly inquired about the original. After stimulating his curiosity by affecting a discreet reserve, he acknowledged it to be the likeness of his niece. In subsequent conversations he artfully praised this young lady, and so wrought upon the sovereign that he resolved to take her for his wife. This honourable proposal being transmitted to Venice, she was adopted by the state, and sent as a daughter of the republic—a mode often adopted by that oligarchy for forming alliances with foreign powers. The fine climate and rich soil of Cyprus—an island so favoured by nature, that the ancients dedicated it to the queen of beauty and love—had made it always a coveted spot of earth. After the dominion of the Ptolemies, it was governed successively by the Arabs, the Comneni, and the Templars. In 1192, it fell into the possession of Guy de Lusignan. Fourteen kings of that house kept the dominion for 240 years, until the accession of John III., a weak man, who resigned all power to his wife Elena, a woman of haughty disposition, and an object of public dislike. This king had two children, a daughter, Carlotta, married to John of Portugal, and residing in the island, and a son who was illegitimate, James. Elena, that there might be no danger of his rivalling her daughter in the succession, had

obliged him to take monastic vows; and he was subsequently made archbishop of the kingdom; but he entertaining ambitious views, obtained a dispensation, resigned his ecclesiastical dignity, and upon the death of his father openly offered himself as heir and claimant to the throne. Carlotta had lost her husband. She maintained an opposition to her natural brother with various success, but the people had imbibed so thorough a disgust of her mother's domination, that she met with obstacles everywhere, and James obtained triumphant success. He had been for some years peaceably possessed of the crown, when he married the beautiful Venetian. His wedded felicity was of short duration; he died, leaving the queen in a state of pregnancy. Venice stepped in to support her claims to a regency, which she obtained without much difficulty. She gave birth to a son, who lived but two years. Here Carlotta appears again on the scene; she raised troops and began a war, but the Venetian republic had determined upon the fate of Cyprus. Her power easily defeated the pretender Carlotta, and when Catherine was proclaimed queen, as easily procured her abdication in favour of the state of Venice. After various forms, and overpowering some opposition, Cyprus was annexed to the republic of Venice, in 1489, the 20th of June. Catherine returned to her country and family, where she passed so obscure a life that no historian has taken the pains to note the period of her death.

Her name remains in the archives of Venice, because through her means a kingdom was acquired. Her features enjoy immortality, for she was painted by Titian.

CUNEGONDE,

Daughter of Ligefroi, count of Luxembourg, married the emperor Henry II. of Germany, by whom she had no children. She has been accused by some historians of incontinence, while others regard her as ill-treated by her husband, after whose death, in 1024, she retired to a monastery.

D.

D'ANDALO, or BRANCALEONE GALEANA.

Nothing is known of the early youth of this lady, but that she belonged to the noble house of Saviolo of Bologna. She lived in the thirteenth century, a melancholy epoch for Italy, divided, and torn to pieces by factions and princely demagogues. In 1251 her husband, Brancaleone D'Andalo, was selected by the upper council of Bologna to go to Rome, where the imbecile administration wished to confer on him the dignity of Senator, and to obtain the advantage of his services in appeasing their dissensions. He declined going until they sent hostages to Bologna. Galeana remained at Bologna to receive these noble Romans, and upon their arrival wrote to her husband a very elegant Latin letter, describing them and their reception. She then proceeded to Rome, where she found D'Andalo precipitated from his

honours—the caprice of popular favour had turned—he was in a dungeon and his life menaced. Struck with horror, she sunk not under this blow, but courageously presented herself to the council, and with a manly eloquence did this Bolognese matron appeal to the public faith; and solemnly one by one call upon the weak and perfidious individuals who had invited her husband to this snare. The good cause triumphed; Galeana had the felicity of returning home with D'Andalo, endeared to him by her virtuous exertions. She died in 1274.

DANTI,

Theodora, an Italian artist, was born at Perugia, in 1498, and died there in 1573. She painted small pictures in the manner of Pietro Perugino, in an excellent style. She also excelled in mathematics, in which science she instructed one of her nephews, who, with his aunt, acquired great reputation for learning.

DESMOND,

Catharine Fitzgerald, countess of, who attained the age of one hundred and forty-five years, was daughter of the house of Drumana, in the county of Waterford, Ireland, and second wife of James, twelfth earl of Desmond, to whom she was married in the reign of Edward IV. (1461), and being on that occasion presented at court, she danced with the duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. The beauty and vivacity of lady Desmond, rendered her an object of attraction to a very advanced age, and she had passed her hundredth year before she could refrain from dancing, or mingling in gay assemblies. She resided at Inchiquin, in Munster, and held her jointure as dowager from many successive earls of Desmond, till the family being by an attainder deprived of the estate, she was reduced to poverty. Although then one hundred and forty, she went to London, laid her case before James I., and obtained relief. Sir Walter Raleigh was well acquainted with this lady, and mentions her as a prodigy. Lord Bacon informs us that she had three new sets of natural

teeth. It is uncertain in what year she died; but she was not living in 1617, when Sir Walter Raleigh published his history.

DERVORGILLE,

Lady, was widow of John de Baliol, of Barnard's castle, in the county of Durham, a man of opulence and power in the thirteenth century, on whom devolved the duty of carrying on her husband's design of founding the college called Baliol College, in Oxford. Her husband left no written deed for the purpose; but his widow in the most honourable and liberal manner fulfilled his desire.

DODANE,

Duchess de Septimanie, was the wife of Bernard, duke de Septimanie, son of William of Aquitaine, whom she married, in the palace of Aix-la-Chapelle, in June, 824. She became the mother of two sons, William and Bernard, for whom she wrote, in 841, a book in Latin, called, The Advice of a Mother to her Sons. Some fragments of this work still remain, and do honour to the good sense and religious feeling of the writer. Dodane died in 842.

DOETE DE TROYES,

Was born in that city in 1220, and died in 1265. She accompanied her brother Sherry, surnamed the Valiant, to the coronation of Conrad, emperor of Germany, at Mayence, where she was much admired for her wit and beauty. She attracted the notice of the emperor, but he found her virtue invincible. She wrote poetry with ease and grace.

DORCAS, or TABITHA,

(The first was her name in Greek, the second in Syriac) signifies a roe, or *gazelle*, and was the name, probably, given to indicate some peculiar characteristic of this amiable woman. Dorcas lived in Joppa, now called Jaffa, a sea-port upon the eastern coast of the Mediterranean sea, about forty-five miles north-west of Jerusalem. Dorcas had early become a convert to the Christian religion, and must have been a most zealous disciple, as she "was full of good works and alms-deeds, which she *did*." She was not satisfied with advocating the right way, or giving in charity; she *worked with her own hands* in the good cause—she made garments for the poor; she relieved the sick, and she comforted those who mourned. We feel sure she must have done all these deeds of love, because, when she died, the "widows" were "weeping, and showing the coats and garments Dorcas had made." Peter, the apostle, was journeying in the country near Joppa when Dorcas died. The disciples sent for him to come and comfort them in this great affliction; he went, and prayed, and raised the dead Dorcas to life.

This was the first miracle of raising the dead to life performed by the apostles. A woman was thus distinguished for her "good works." And her name has since been, and will ever continue to be, synonymous with the holiest deeds of woman's charity, till time shall be no more. Every "Dorcas Society" is a monument to the sweet and happy memory of this pious woman, who *did* her humble alms-deeds more than 1800 years ago. See Acts, chap. ix., ver. 36 to 43.

DOUVRE,

Isabella de, of Bayeux, in France, was mistress to Robert the Bastard, son of Henry I. of England, by whom she had Richard, bishop of Bayeux. She died at Bayeux, at an advanced age, in 1166.

DRAHOMIRA,

Wife of duke Wratislaw of Bohemia. She was a pagan when, in 907, the duke chose her for his wife, but with the condition that she should become a Christian. She complied, yet adhered in secret to her idolatrous practices. She had two sons, Winzeslaus and Boleslaus—the former became a devoted Christian, and the latter adhered to the idolatry of his mother. When the duke died, she seized upon the reins of government, and endeavoured to re-establish idolatry, by persecuting her Christian subjects, and by favouring the pretensions of her son Boleslaus, at the expense of his elder brother, Winzeslaus. She caused the assassination of her pious mother-in-law, Ludmilea. The Christians became at last tired of her wicked conduct, and rose in rebellion against her. Her adherents were defeated, and Winzeslaus was proclaimed duke. But she induced Boleslaus to assassinate him at a feast given by her. Shortly after this horrible act, she was killed by her horses, which ran away, and dragged her body, so that she died with excruciating suffering.

DRUSILLA LIVIA,

Daughter of Germanicus and Agrippina, was notorious for her licentiousness. She openly married her brother Caligula, who was so tenderly attached to her, that in a dangerous illness he made her heiress of all his possessions, and commanded that she should succeed him in the Roman empire. She died in 38, in the twenty-third year of her life, and was deified by her brother, who built temples to her honour. She was very beautiful.

DRUSILLA,

The third daughter of Herod Agrippa, the governor of Abilene, was married to Azisus, king of the Emessenians, whom she abandoned that she might marry Claudius Felix, governor of Judea, in 53, by whom she had a son named Agrippa. She was one of the most beautiful women of her age. One day Felix and Drusilla, who was a Jewess, sent for Paul, and desired him to explain the Christian religion. The apostle, with his usual boldness, spoke on justice, chastity, and the last judgment.

DUYN,

Marguerite de, abbess of the convent of La Chartreuse de Poletin, on the confines of Dauphiny and Savoy, lived at the close of the thirteenth century. During her life she was considered a saint, and she wrote several meditations in Latin,

remarkable only for the correctness and propriety of the language. She also wrote her own language with ease, and her works show a cultivation of mind uncommon in those days.

E.

EANFLED,

Daughter of Edwin, king of Northumbria and Ethelburga, was the first individual who received the sacrament of baptism in that kingdom. She afterwards married Osmy, king of Mercia.

EBBA,

Abbess of the monastery of Coldingham in Ireland, is celebrated for her resolution and courage. The Danes having ravaged the country with fire and sword, were approaching Coldingham, when Ebba persuaded her nuns to disfigure themselves by cutting off their noses and upper lips, that they might be preserved from the brutality of the soldiery. Her example was followed by all the sisterhood. The barbarians, enraged at finding them in this state, set fire to the monastery, and consumed the inmates in the flames.

EDESIA

Of Alexandria, wife of the philosopher Hermias. She lived in the beginning of the fifth century. Though at an early period of her life a convert to Christianity, she escaped persecution on account of her faith, in consequence of the high respect she commanded for her virtuous and exemplary life. After the death of her husband, she removed to Athens to her relations.

The Fathers of the church mention her in their writings as having been instrumental, by her exemplary conduct, in doing away many prejudices entertained against the followers of Christ, and in causing numbers to join the church.

EDITHA,

Daughter of Earl Godwin, and wife of Edward the Confessor, was an amiable and very learned lady. Ingulphus, the Saxon historian, affirms that the queen frequently interrupted him and his school-fellows in her walks, and questioned them, with much closeness, on their progress in Latin. Ingulphus was then a scholar at Westminster monastery, near Edith's palace. She was also skilful in needle-work, and kind to the poor. Her character is very interesting, and her heart-trials must have been severe.

ELEANOR

Of Aquitaine, succeeded her father, William X., in 1137, at the age of fifteen, in the fine duchy which at that time comprised Gascony, Saintonge, and the Comte de Poitou. She married the same year Louis VII., king of France, and went with him to the Holy Land. She soon gave him cause for jealousy, from her intimacy with her uncle, Raymond count of Poitiers, and with Saladin; and after many bitter quarrels, they were divorced under pretence of consanguinity, in 1152.

Six weeks afterwards, Eleanor married Henry II., duke of Normandy, afterwards king of England, to whom she brought in dowry Poitou and Guienne. Thence arose those wars that ravaged France for three hundred years, in which more than three millions of Frenchmen lost their lives.

Eleanor had four sons and a daughter by her second husband. In 1162, she gave Guienne to her second son, Richard Cœur de Lion, who did homage for it to the king of France. She died in 1204. She was very jealous of her second husband, and showed the greatest animosity to all whom she regarded as rivals. She is accused of having compelled one of his mistresses, Rosamond Clifford, generally called the Fair Rosamond, to drink poison; but the story has been shown to be untrue by later researches. She incited her sons to rebel against their father, and was in consequence thrown into prison, where she was kept for sixteen years. She was in her youth remarkably beautiful; and, in the later years of her varied life, showed evidences of a naturally noble disposition. As soon as she was liberated from her prison, which was done by order of her son Richard on his accession to the throne, he placed her at the head of the government. No doubt she bitterly felt the utter neglect she had suffered during her imprisonment; yet she did not, when she had obtained power, use it to punish her enemies, but rather devoted herself to deeds of mercy and piety, going from city to city, setting free all persons confined for violating the game-laws, which, in the latter part of king Henry's life, were cruelly enforced; and when she released these prisoners, it was on condition that they prayed for the soul of her late husband. Miss Strickland thus closes her interesting biography of this beautiful but unfortunate queen of England:—"Eleanor of Aquitaine is among the very few women who have atoned for an ill-spent youth by a wise and benevolent old age. As a sovereign she ranks among the greatest of female rulers."

ELEANOR

Of England, surnamed the Saint, was the daughter of Berenger, the fifth count of Provence. In the year 1236, she became the wife of king Henry III. of England, and afterward the mother of Edward I. After the death of her husband she entered the nunnery at Ambresbury, and lived there in the odour of sanctity. Her prayers were reputed to have the power of producing miracles.

ELGIVA,

A beautiful English princess, who married Edwy, king of England, soon after he ascended the throne, in 955. She was within the degree of kindred prohibited by the canon law; and the savage Dunstan, archbishop of Canterbury, excited a disaffection against the king in consequence. This party seized the queen, and by the order of archbishop Odo, branded her in the face with a red-hot iron, hoping to destroy her beauty, and carried her into Ireland to remain there in

exile; while Edwy consented to a divorce. Elgiva, having completely recovered from her wounds, was hastening to the arms of her husband, when she fell into the hands of her enemies, and was barbarously murdered.

ELISABETH,

Wife of Zacharias, and the mother of John the Baptist. St. Luke says that she was of the daughters of Aaron, of the race of priests. Her ready faith, and rejoicing acknowledgment of the "Lord," show the warm soul of a pious woman. "Elisabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost;" that is, inspired to understand that her young cousin, Mary the virgin, would become the mother of the Messiah. Thus was the Saviour foretold, welcomed and adored by a woman, before he had taken the form of humanity. This tender sensibility to divine truth, when mysteriously manifested, has never been thus fully understood, and fondly cherished, by any man. Do not these examples show, conclusively, that the nature of woman is most in harmony with heavenly things? See St. Luke, chap. i.

ELISABETH

Of York, daughter of Edward IV. of England and Elisabeth Woodville, was born February 11th, 1466. When about ten years old, she was betrothed to Charles, eldest son of Louis XI. of France; but when the time for the marriage approached, the contract was broken by Louis XI. demanding the heiress of Burgundy in marriage for the dauphin. This so enraged her father, that the agitation is said to have caused his death. After the decease of Edward, Elisabeth shared her mother's trials, and her grief and resentment at the murder of her two young brothers by Richard III. She remained with her mother for some time in sanctuary, to escape the cruelty of the king, her uncle; and while there, was betrothed to Henry of Richmond. But in March, 1483, they were obliged to surrender themselves; Elisabeth was separated from her mother, and forced to acknowledge herself the illegitimate child of Edward IV. On the death of Anne, the queen of Richard III., it was rumoured that he intended to marry his niece, Elisabeth, which caused so much excitement in the public mind, that Richard was obliged to disavow the report. Elisabeth herself showed such an aversion to her uncle, that she was confined in the castle of Sheriff Hatton, in Yorkshire. After the battle of Bosworth, August 22, 1485, in which Richard III. was slain, Henry of Richmond was declared king, under the title of Henry VII. of England; and on January 18, 1486, he was married to the princess Elisabeth,—thus uniting the houses of York and Lancaster. Elisabeth was the mother of several children; the eldest of whom, Arthur, prince of Wales, married, in 1501, Katharine of Arragon, afterwards the wife of his younger brother, Henry VIII., Arthur dying five months after his marriage. Elisabeth died, February 11, 1503, a few days after the birth of a daughter. She was a gentle, pious, and well-beloved princess, and deeply lamented by her husband, although his natural reserve led him often to be accused of coldness towards her. She was very beautiful.

ELPIS,

A lady of one of the most considerable families of Messina, was the first wife of the celebrated Boethius, and was born in the latter part of the fifth century. Like her husband, she was devoted to science, and shared his literary labours with him. She united all the accomplishments of the head and the heart. Her two sons, Patritius and Hypatius, were raised to the consular dignity, which Boethius had also several times enjoyed. Elpis died before the misfortunes of her husband fell upon him.

EMMA,

Wife of Lothaire, king of France, was the daughter of Otho, emperor of Germany, and of his wife Adelaide. In 984, Lothaire having taken Verdun, left his wife there to guard it, who, the next year, was attacked by a large army. She repulsed them at first, and gave her husband time to come to her aid. Lothaire died in 986. Some writers have accused Emma and the bishop Aldeberon of having poisoned him, that they might continue their guilty intercourse; but the charge has never been proved.

EMMA,

Daughter of Richard II., duke of Normandy, married Ethelred, king of England, with whom she fled, on the invasion of the Danes. She afterwards married Canute; and when her son Edward, called the Confessor, ascended the throne, she reigned conjointly with him. Her enemy, the earl of Kent, opposed her; and when she appealed for assistance to her relation, the bishop of Winchester, she was accused of criminal intercourse with that prelate; a charge from which she extricated herself by walking barefoot and unhurt over nine red-hot ploughshares, after the manner of the times. She passed the night previous to her trial in prayer, before the tomb of St. Swithin; and the next day, she appeared plainly dressed, her feet and legs bare to the knee, and underwent the ordeal, in the presence of the king, her son, Edward the Confessor, the nobility, clergy, and people, in the cathedral church at Winchester. Her innocence proved so miraculous a preservation that, walking with her eyes raised to heaven, she did not even perceive the least reflection from the heated irons, (if the old chronicle be true,) but inquired, after having passed over them, when they designed to bring her to the test.

The king, struck with the miracle, fell on his knees before his mother, and implored her pardon; while, to expiate the injury done to her and her relation, the reverend prelate, he devoutly laid bare his shoulders before the bishop, whom he ordered to inflict on him the discipline of the scourge.

Emma, however, stripped by Edward of the immense treasures she had amassed, spent the last ten years of her life in misery, in a kind of prison or convent at Winchester, where she died in 1502.

ERMENGARDE, or HERMENGARDE.

The life of this queen is but a relation of her misfortunes. She is not the only woman to whom misery has been a monument—to whom the tranquillity of private life would have been oblivion—and to whom the gifts of fortune have brought sorrow and celebrity. The precise date of her birth is not known. She was the daughter of Desiderio or Didier, as he is generally named by English writers, king of the Lombards, and his queen Ansa. Desiderio was born at Brescia of noble race, and had succeeded to the throne of Lombardy by the testament of Astolfo, the last monarch of the dynasty of Alboinus. Desiderio was a renowned general, and also a zealous defender of the Christian church, which at that time was not so firmly established as to need no support from the temporal powers.

Charlemagne ascended the throne of France in 768; two years after, his mother Bertrade, making a journey into Italy, was struck by the flourishing state of Desiderio's kingdom, as well as by the beauty and attractive charms of his daughter Ermengarde. She then formed the plan of a double marriage with this family, allotting Ermengarde to Charlemagne, and her own Ciola to Adelchi son of Desiderio. This scheme was opposed by the existing Pope, Stephen III., who used many arguments to dissuade France from the connection. The influence of Bertrade, however, prevailed, and she had the satisfaction of taking home with her the young princess, for whom she cherished so warm an affection.

At first everything was done to bring pleasure and happiness to the young queen; the particular friendship subsisting between her and her mother-in-law has been commemorated by Manzoni in beautiful and touching poetry. A terrible reverse, however, awaited her. Charlemagne, from causes impossible now to ascertain, repudiated her, and sent her ignominiously back to her family. His mother and his nearest kinsmen remonstrated, and entreated him to revoke this cruel mandate, but in vain. After a year of deceptive happiness, Hermengarde returned to the court of Lombardy. Her father and brother received her with the utmost tenderness. Unfortunately their just indignation at the unmerited disgrace of the young princess, induced them to attempt a fruitless vengeance against one too decidedly superior in power for any petty sovereign to cope with. A plan was set on foot to bring forward another claimant to the throne of France, to the succession of which, in modern days of direct inheritance, Charlemagne would not be considered wholly eligible. For this purpose armies were raised and secret alliances courted.

In the mean time Ermengarde received intelligence that her faithless husband had just united himself to the young and lovely Ildegarde. This was to her a death-blow. She retired to a monastery founded by her parents, and of which her sister Anoperge was abbess. Here her existence was soon terminated. She died in 773. The chroniclers of that day recount that Adelard, a cousin of Charlemagne, was so disgusted with the unlawful marriage of his sovereign that he became a monk, by way of expiation, and carried to such a degree his devotion and austere piety that he obtained the honours of canonization. Desiderio, and his son Adelchi, after much ineffectual valour, were obliged to succumb to the genius and armies of Charlemagne, who, taking possession of their states, obliged them to retire into a monastery for the rest of their lives.

EPONINA,

Wife of Julius Sabinus, a Roman general native of Langres, has been called the heroine of conjugal affection. During the struggles of Otho, Vitellius, and Vespasian, for the sovereignty of Rome, Sabinus, who pretended to trace his lineage to Julius Cæsar by casting an imputation on the chastity of his grandmother, put in his claim to the throne. Being defeated, and an immense reward offered for his head, he assembled his few faithful friends, and acknowledging his gratitude towards them, he expressed his resolution of not surviving his misfortunes, but of setting his house on fire and perishing in the flames. They remonstrated in vain, and at length were obliged to leave him, in order to preserve their own lives. To a freedman of the name of Martial, he alone imparted his real intention, which was to conceal himself in a subterranean cavern, which had communication with his house. The superb mansion of Sabinus was then set on fire, and the report of his death, with the attendant circumstances, was sent immediately to Vespasian, and soon reached Eponina's ears. Frantic with grief, she resolved to put an end to her life also. For three days she refused every kind of nourishment, when Martial, hearing of her violent sorrow, contrived to disclose to her the truth, but advised her to continue the semblance of grief lest suspicions should arise; but at night he conducted her to the cavern, which she left before daybreak.

Frequent were the excuses which Eponina made to her friends for her absences from Rome; and after a time, she not only visited her husband in the evening, but passed whole days with him in

the cavern. At length her apprehensions were excited by her situation; but by rubbing a poisonous ointment upon herself, she produced a swelling in her legs and arms, so that her complaint was thought to be a dropsy; she then retired to the cave, and without any medical assistance, she gave birth to a boy. For nearly nine years she continued to visit her husband in his solitude, and during that period twice became a mother. At length her frequent absences were noticed, she was watched, and her secret discovered.

Loaded with chains, Sabinus was brought before Vespasian, and condemned to die. Eponina threw herself at the feet of the emperor, and implored him to spare her husband; and, at the same time, she presented her two children to him, who joined in the solicitation, with tears and entreaties. Vespasian, however, remained inflexible, and Eponina, rising with an air of dignity, said, "Be assured that I know how to contemn life; with Sabinus I have existed nine years in the bowels of the earth, and with him I am resolved to die." She perished with her husband about seventy-eight years after the Christian era.

ESTHER,

A Jewess, mistress to Casimir III., king of Poland in the fourteenth century, from whom she obtained great privileges for her nation.

ETHELBURGA,

Daughter of Ethelbert, king of Kent, married Edwin, king of Northumbria. He was a very brave and warlike prince, but a pagan when she married him. However, she won him to the Christian faith, as her mother Bertha had won her father Ethelbert. Thus was Christianity planted in England by the faith and influence of woman.

ETHELDREDA, ST.,

Was a daughter of Auna, king of the East Angles, and Hereswitha his queen, and was born about 630, at Ixming, a small village in Suffolk. In 673, she founded the church and convent of Ely. Of this monastery she was constituted abbess. The convent, with its inhabitants, was destroyed by the Danes in 870.

ETHELFLEDA, or ELFLEDA,

Eldest daughter of Alfred the Great, and sister of Edward I., king of the West-Saxons, was wife to Etheldred, earl of Mercia. After the birth of her first child, having suffered severely in childbirth, she made a vow of chastity, and devoted herself to arms. She retained a cordial friendship for her husband, with whom she united in acts of munificence and valour. They assisted Alfred in his wars against the Danes, whom they prevented the Welsh from succouring. Not less pious than valiant, they restored cities, founded abbeys, and protected the bones of departed saints.

After the death of her husband, in 912, Ethelfleda assumed the government of Mercia; and, emulating her father and brother, commanded armies, fortified towns, and prevented the Danes from re-settling in Mercia. Then carrying her victorious arms into Wales, she compelled the Welsh, after several victories, to become her tributaries. In 918, she took Derby from the Danes; and in 920, Leicester, York, &c. Having become famed for her spirit and courage, the titles of lady and queen were judged inadequate to her merit; to these she received, in addition, those of lord and king.

Her courage and activity were employed in the service of her country till her death, in 922, at Tamworth, in Staffordshire, where she was carrying on a war with the Danes. She left one daughter, Elswina.

Ethelfleda was deeply regretted by the whole kingdom, especially by her brother Edward, to whom she proved equally serviceable in the cabinet and the field. Ingulphus, the historian, speaks of the courage and masculine virtues of this princess.

EUDOCIA,

Whose name was originally Athenais, was the daughter of Leontius, an Athenian sophist and philosopher. She was born about 393, and very carefully educated by her father. Her progress in every branch of learning was uncommon and rapid. Her father, proud of her great beauty and attainments, persuaded himself that the merit of Athenais would be a sufficient dowry. With this conviction, he divided, on his death-bed, his estate between his two sons, bequeathing his daughter only one hundred pieces of gold.

Less sanguine in the power of her charms, Athenais appealed at first to the equity and affection of her brothers; finding this in vain, she took refuge with an aunt of hers, and commenced a legal process against her brothers. In the progress of the suit, Athenais was carried, by her aunts, to Constantinople. Theodosius II. at this time divided with his sister Pulcheria the care of the empire; and to Pulcheria the aunts of Athenais appealed for justice. The beauty and intellect of the young Greek interested Pulcheria, who contrived that her brother should see her and hear her converse, without being himself seen. Her slender and graceful figure, the regularity of her features, her fair complexion, golden hair, large blue eyes, and musical voice, completely enraptured the young king. He had her instructed in the principles of the Greek church, which she embraced, and was baptized, in 421, by the name of Eudocia. She was then married to the emperor amid the acclamations of the capital, and after the birth of a daughter, received the surname of Augusta.

Amidst the luxuries of a court, the empress continued to preserve her studious habits. She composed a poetical paraphrase of the first eight books of the New Testament; also of the prophecies of Daniel and Zachariah; to these she added a canto of the verses of Homer, applied to the life and miracles of Christ; the legend of St. Cyprian; and a panegyric on the Persian victories of Theodosius.

"Her writings," says Gibbon, "which were ap-

plauded by a servile and superstitious age, have not been disdained by the candour of impartial criticism."

After the birth of her daughter, Eudocia requested permission to discharge her grateful vows, by a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. In her progress through the East, she pronounced, from a throne of gold and gems, an eloquent oration to the Senate of Antioch, to whom she declared her intention of enlarging the walls of the city, and assisting in the restoration of the public baths. For this purpose she allotted two hundred pounds of gold. Her alms and munificence in the Holy Land exceeded that of the great Helena. She returned to Constantinople, covered with honours and laden with pious relics.

Ambition now awoke in the heart of Eudocia; aspiring to the government of the empire, she contended for power with the princess, her benefactress, whom she sought to supplant in the confidence of the emperor. But, in 445, an unlucky accident exposed her to the emperor's jealousy. He had given her an apple of extraordinary size, which she sent to Paulinus, whom she esteemed on account of his learning. Paulinus, not knowing whence it came, presented it to the emperor, who soon after asked the empress what she had done with it. She, fearing his anger, told him she had eaten it. This made the emperor suspect that there was too great an intimacy between her and Paulinus, and, producing the apple, he convicted her of falsehood.

The influence of Pulcheria triumphed over that of the empress, who found herself unable to protect her most faithful adherents: she witnessed the disgrace of Cyrus, the prætorian prefect, which was followed by the execution of Paulinus, whose great personal beauty and intimacy with the empress, had excited the jealousy of Theodosius.

Perceiving that her husband's affections were irretrievably alienated, Eudocia requested permission to retire to Jerusalem, and consecrate the rest of her life to solitude and religion; but the vengeance of Pulcheria, or the jealousy of Theodosius, pursued her even in her retreat. Stripped of the honours due to her rank, the empress was disgraced in the eyes of the surrounding nations. This treatment irritated and exasperated her, and led her to commit acts unworthy her profession as a Christian or a philosopher. But the death of the emperor, the misfortunes of her daughter, and the approach of age, gradually calmed her passions, and she passed the latter part of her life in building churches, and relieving the poor.

Some writers assert that she was reconciled to Theodosius, and returned to Constantinople during his life; others, that she was not recalled till after his death. However this may be, she died at Jerusalem, about 460, at the age of sixty-six, solemnly protesting her innocence with her dying breath. In her last moments, she displayed great composure and piety.

During her power, magnanimously forgetting the barbarity of her brothers, she promoted them to the rank of consuls and prefects: observing their confusion on being summoned to the imperial presence, she said, "Had you not compelled me to visit Constantinople, I should never have had it in my power to bestow on you these marks of sisterly affection."

EUDOCIA, or EUDOXIA,

Surnamed Macrembolitissa, widow of Constantine Ducas, caused herself to be proclaimed empress with her three sons, on the death of her husband, in 1067. Romanus Diogenes, one of the greatest generals of the empire, attempted to deprive her of the crown; and Eudoxia had him condemned to death, but happening to see him, she was so charmed by his beauty, that she pardoned him, and made him commander of the troops of the East. He there effaced by his valour his former delinquency, and she resolved to marry him. But it was necessary to obtain a deed, then in the hands of the Patriarch Xiphilinus, by which she had promised Constantine Ducas never to marry again. She did this by pretending that she wished to espouse a brother of the Patriarch, and gave her hand to Romanus in 1068. Three years after, her son Michael caused himself to be proclaimed emperor, and shut her up in a convent.

She had displayed the qualities of a great sovereign on the throne; in a convent, she manifested the devotion of a recluse. She cultivated literature successfully. There was a manuscript in her writing in the French king's library, on the genealogies of the gods, and of the heroes and heroines of antiquity, showing a vast extent of reading.

EUPHEMIA,

Flavia Ælia Marcia, was married to the emperor Justin I. in 518. She was originally a slave, of what country is not known; but she was mistress to Justin before he married her. She died before the emperor, about the year 523, without children. She owed her elevation to her fidelity, and the sweetness of her disposition.

EUSEBIA,

Aurelia, the wife of Constantius, emperor of the East, was a woman of genius and erudition, but strongly addicted to the Arian heresy; in support of which she exerted her influence over her husband, which was considerable. Few of the empresses had been so beautiful or so chaste. She prevailed on Constantius to give his sister Helena to Julian, and to name him Cæsar. Many virtues are allowed her by historians; among others, those of compassion and humanity. She left no children, and died in 360, much regretted by her husband.

EUSEBIA,

Abbess of St. Cyr, or St. Saviour, at Marseilles, is said by French writers to have cut off her nose, like the abbess of Coldingham in England, to secure herself from ravishers, and her nuns are said to have followed her example. This took place in 731, when the Saracens invaded Provence. The catastrophe of the tale in both countries is, that the ladies were murdered by the disappointed sa-

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vages. These tales may not be wholly true, yet that they were considered probable, shows the awful condition of society in those dark ages.

EUSTACHIUM,

Daughter of Paula, a Roman lady of ancient family, was learned in Greek and Hebrew, as well as in the Latin language, so that she could read Hebrew psalms fluently, and comment ably upon them. She was many years a disciple of St. Jerome, and followed him in his journeys to different places. He speaks of her in high terms in his epistles, and in the life of St. Paula. She lived in a monastery at Bethlehem, till she was forced from it by a kind of persecution said to have been excited by the Pelagians. She died about 419.

F.

FALCONBERG,

Mary, countess of, the third daughter of Oliver Cromwell, was a lady of great beauty, and greater spirit; she was the second wife of Thomas, lord viscount Falconberg. Bishop Burnet, who calls her a wise and worthy woman, says, that "she was more likely to have maintained the post of protector than either of her brothers." There was a common saying about her, "that those who wore breeches deserved petticoats better; but if those in petticoats had been in breeches, they would have held faster." After her brother, Richard Cromwell, was deposed, who, as she well knew, was never formed to reign, she exerted herself in behalf of Charles II., and is said to have had a great and successful hand in his restoration. It is certain that her husband was sent to the Tower by the commission of safety a little while before that event took place, and that he stood very high in the king's favour. She died March 14th, 1712, much respected for her munificence and charity.

FALCONIA,

Proba, a Roman poetess, flourished in the reign of Theodosius; she was a native of Horta, or Hortanum, in Etruria. There is still extant by her, a cento from Virgil, giving the sacred history from the creation to the deluge; and "*The History of Christ,*" in verses selected from that poet, introduced by a few lines of her own. She has sometimes been confounded with Anicia Faltonia Proba, the mother of three consuls, and with Valeria Proba, wife of Adelsius, the proconsul. She lived about 438.

FANNIA,

Daughter of Pætus Thrasea, and grand-daughter of Arria, was the wife of Helvidius, who was twice banished by Domitian, emperor of Rome, in 81, and who was accompanied each time into exile by his devoted wife. Fannia being accused of having furnished Senecio with materials for writing the life of Helvidius, boldly avowed the fact, but used the greatest precaution to prevent her mother from being involved in the transaction. She was as gentle as magnanimous, and fell a victim to the unremitting tenderness with which she watched over a young vestal, Junia, who had been entrusted to her care, when ill, by the high priest.

FATIMEH,

The only daughter of Mahomet, and mother of all Mahommedan dynasties, was born at Mecca. In the year 623, she married her cousin Ali, who afterwards became Caliph. Turkish writers assert that the archangels Michael and Gabriel acted as guardians to the bride, and that 70,000 angels joined the procession. One of her descendants founded the dynasty known by the name of the Fathemir Caliphs who reigned in Africa and Syria. Fatimeh died a few months after her father.

FAUSTINA,

Annia Galeria, called the elder Faustina, was the daughter of Annius Verus, prefect of Rome, and wife of the emperor Titus Antoninus Pius. Her beauty and wit were of the highest order, but her conduct has been represented as dissolute in the extreme. Still the emperor built temples and struck coins to her honour; yet it is reported even when he discovered her debaucheries he favoured without resenting them. Such a course of conduct in a man represented as the wisest of sovereigns, and a model of private and domestic virtues, is hardly credible. That he loved her with constancy and confidence during her life, and raised temples to her virtues, and altars to her divinity after her death, are matters of history. There is a beautiful medal of his reign still extant, representing Antoninus Pius on one side, and on the reverse Faustina ascending to heaven, with a lighted torch, under the figure of Diana. Surely Antoninus must himself have had faith in the virtues of his wife. But she was beautiful and witty: such women will be envied and slandered, as well as loved and praised. She died in 141, at the age of about thirty-seven.

FAUSTINA, ANNIA,

Daughter of the former, and wife of the emperor Marcus Aurelius, surpassed her mother in

the dissoluteness of her manners. Without being as regularly handsome, she was attractive, lively, and witty; daughter of a prince, who, though he deeply regretted crimes, was very unwilling to punish them, and wife to a philosopher who held it a duty to pardon all offences, she met with no restraints to her inclinations: yet even she had her temples and her priests. Marcus, in his Meditations, thanks the gods for a wife so tractable, so loving, and so unaffected. She attended him into Asia, where he went to suppress the revolt of Cassius, and there died, near mount Laurus, in 175. There was a third Faustina, grand-daughter of this one, who was the third wife of Heliogabalus, but was soon neglected by him. She was very unlike her female ancestors, except in beauty.

FAUSTINA,

Flavia Maximiana, was the second wife of Constantine the Great. She was the daughter of Maximian Hercules, and sister to Maxentius. Her father having received the title of Augustus in 306, took her into Gaul, where he gave her in marriage to the emperor Constantine. She was for a long time a most exemplary wife and mother, and a strenuous advocate with the emperor for all acts of indulgence and liberality to the people. She even sacrificed her father's life to her husband, by discovering to Constantine a plot for his destruction. She has been accused of staining the last years of her life by the commission of many crimes; among others, that of causing the death of Crispus, the son of Constantine by a former wife, by false accusations; and, it is said, that the emperor revenged his honour, and his son's death, by causing her to be suffocated in a warm bath, in 327. The truth of these latter circumstances has been much doubted.

FELICITAS,

An illustrious Roman lady, who lived in 162, during the persecution carried on against the Christians by the emperor Marcus Aurelius, was a devout Christian. She had also brought up her seven sons in the same faith. They were seized, and Felicitas was threatened with her own death and that of all her family, if she did not give up her religion; but she was inflexible, and the sons also remaining steadfast, they all suffered cruel deaths, the mother being executed last.

FIDELIS, CASSANDRA,

A Venetian lady, died in 1558, aged 100. Descended from ancestors who had changed their residence from Milan to Venice, and had uniformly added to the respectability of their rank by their uncommon learning, she began at an early age to prosecute her studies with great diligence, and acquired such a knowledge of the learned languages, that she may with justice be enumerated among the first scholars of the age. The letters which occasionally passed between Cassandra and Politian, demonstrate their mutual esteem, if indeed such an expression be sufficient to characterize the feelings of Politian, who expresses, in language unusually florid, his high admiration of her extraordinary acquirements, and his expectation of the benefits which the cause of letters would derive from her labours and example. In the year 1491, the Florentine scholar made a visit to Venice, when the favourable opinion he had formed of her writings was confirmed by a personal interview.

"Yesterday," says he, writing to his great patron, Lorenzo de Medicis, "I paid a visit to the celebrated Cassandra, to whom I presented your respects. She is, indeed, Lorenzo, a surprising woman, as well from her acquirements in her own language, as in the Latin; and, in my opinion, she may be called handsome. I left her, astonished at her talents. She is much devoted to your interests, and speaks of you with great esteem. She even avows her intention of visiting you at Florence, so that you may prepare yourself to give her a proper reception."

From a letter written by this lady, many years afterwards, to Leo X., we learn that an epistolary correspondence had subsisted between her and Lorenzo de Medicis; and it is with concern we find, that the remembrance of *this* intercourse was revived, in order to induce the pontiff to bestow upon her some pecuniary assistance, she being then a widow, with a numerous train of dependants. She lived, however, to a more advanced period, and her literary acquirements, and the reputation of her early associates, threw a lustre upon her declining years; and, as her memory remained unimpaired to the last, she was resorted to from all parts of Italy as a living monument of those happier days, to which the Italians never reverted without regret. The letters and orations of this lady were published at Pavia, in 1636, with some account of her life. She wrote a volume of Latin poems also, on various subjects.

She is thus spoken of by M. Thomas, in his "Essay on Women." "One of the learned women in Italy, who wrote equally well in the three languages of Homer, Virgil, and Dante, in verse and in prose, who possessed all the philosophy of her own and the preceding ages, who, by her graces, embellished even theology; sustained theses with eclat, and many times gave public lessons at Padua; who joined to her various knowledge, agreeable talents, particularly music, and exalted her talents by her virtue. She received homage from sovereign pontiffs and kings; and, that everything relating to her might be singular, lived more than a century."

FLORE DE ROSE,

Was a French poetess of the 13th century. Very few of her writings are now extant.

FLORINE,

Daughter of the duke of Burgundy, was betrothed to Suenon, king of Denmark, and accompanied this prince to the first crusade, in 1097. She was to have married him immediately after the conquest of Jerusalem. But they were both killed in a battle, with all their companions. Not one was left to bury the slain.

FREDEGONDE,

A WOMAN of low birth, but of great beauty, in the service of the queen Andowere, wife of Chilperic, king of Normandy, resolved to make herself a favourite of the king. To effect this, she induced Andowere, who had just given birth, in the absence of Chilperic, to her fourth child, a daughter, to have it baptized before its father's return, and to officiate herself as godmother. The queen did so, not aware that by placing herself in that relation to her child, she, by the laws of the Roman Catholic church, contracted a spiritual relationship with the child's father that was incompatible with marriage; and the bishop, probably bribed by Fredegonde, did not make the least objection. On Chilperic's return, Fredegonde apprised him of this inconsiderate act of his wife, and the king, struck by her beauty, willingly consented to place Andowere in a convent, giving her an estate near Mans, and took Fredegonde for a mistress.

Chilperic, not long after, married Galswintha, eldest sister of Brunehaut, queen of Austrasia, and Fredegonde was dismissed. But the gentle Galswintha soon died, strangled, it is said, in her bed, by order of the king, who was instigated by Fredegonde. Fredegonde then persuaded Chilperic to marry her, and from that time her ascendency over him ceased only with his life.

Brunehaut urged her husband, Siegbert, who was the brother of Chilperic, to avenge her sister's murder, and a war ensued, closed by a treaty, by which Chilperic gave up five important cities, in order to preserve his kingdom. This treaty wounded the pride of Fredegonde, and at her instigation, Chilperic again took up arms, but was unsuccessful; and the Normans, alarmed by the threats of Siegbert, who was approaching Paris, offered to renounce their allegiance to Chilperic, and recognise him as their king. This announcement plunged Chilperic into a stupor, from which nothing could arouse him; but Fredegonde, whom danger only stimulated to greater activity, sent two emissaries, devoted to her service, to Siegbert's camp, armed with poisoned daggers, with orders to approach him, and while saluting him as king, to kill him. She promised them great wealth and honours, if they escaped, and if they died, to obtain their everlasting salvation. They succeeded in killing Siegbert, while, carried on a buckler, he was receiving the homage of the people as king of Normandy; but in the struggle that ensued, they were slain.

The murder of Siegbert, and the dispersion of his army, restored the kingdom to Chilperic and Fredegonde. No sooner was the queen firmly seated on her throne, than she resumed her plans which had been interrupted by these disturbances. These were to accomplish the destruction of the two remaining sons of Andowere and Chilperic, Merovæus and Clovis; and she had Merovæus, who had married Brunehaut, assassinated. But these projects were interrupted for a short time by a plague, which ravaged France in 580, of which one of the three sons of Chilperic died, and which attacked the other two. In great terror, Fredegonde induced Chilperic to relieve the people from the heavy taxation to which he had subjected them, hoping to avert the wrath of God; but her two sons died, and Fredegonde became more ferocious than ever. Clovis, Andowere's youngest son, was still living; and the idea that it was for him, and not for her own children, that she had struggled, caused her transports of rage. She exposed him to the plague; but he recovered, and denounced Fredegonde with so much bitterness, that, alarmed, she had him assassinated, under pretext that he had caused the death of his brothers. She implicated Andowere in the same crime, and made her suffer a cruel death; and the only daughter of the unhappy queen was shut up in a convent.

In 584, another child of Fredegonde died, and Chilperic was assassinated on his return from hunting. This act was said to have been committed by orders of Fredegonde, because the king had discovered an intrigue she was carrying on with Landerick, one of the most powerful noblemen in Normandy. She then took refuge in Paris, with an infant son, Clotaire, the only one of five children that remained to her, and placed herself under the protection of Gonthramn, king of Burgundy, who sent her to Rueil, a royal domain near Rouen, retaining her son under his protection.

Furious at this exile, and the loss of her power, which she attributed to Brunehaut, she sent an emissary to Austrasia to assassinate her; but his design was discovered, and Brunehaut sent him back with contempt. Fredegonde was so exasperated at his failure, that she had his hands and feet cut off. She also sent two men to assassinate Brunehaut's son, Childebert, who had succeeded his father, Siegbert, in the kingdom, and another one to murder Gonthramn; but both attempts were discovered and frustrated.

Gonthramn died in 595, and Fredegonde, freed from a yoke which she had long worn with impatience, raised an army in the south of Normandy, and invaded the Soissonnais, assisted by Landerick. She put to flight the young Theobert, son of Childebert, whom his father had made king of Soissons, and the ancient capital of the kingdom of Chilperic was restored to his son. An army of Austrasians, Burgundians, and Franks, came to dispossess her; but the queen, hearing of their approach, raised an army, and at their head, with her son Clotaire in her arms, she rode all night, and arriving at daybreak at the enemy's camp, she awoke the Austrasians with her trumpets, and attacking them so suddenly, put them to flight. They rallied, however, and a bloody battle ensued, in which the Normans were victorious; but so many on both sides were slain, that the people compelled Brunehaut and Fredegonde to make peace.

Childebert died in 596, and Fredegonde, with her usual activity, seized the favourable moment to recover Paris from Brunehaut, left regent on her son's death. This caused another battle between the rival queens, in which Fredegonde was again victorious; but while she was preparing to

profit by her victory, she died suddenly in 597, leaving her son Clotaire, then only thirteen, under the care of Landerick, mayor of the palace. She was buried in the monastery of St. Vincent, since St. Germain-des-Pres. Half of the cruelties committed by this woman, whose ambition and intellect seem to have been equalled only by her crimes, have not been related. She tortured and murdered without the slightest remorse all who opposed her will. The only womanly affection she exhibited was her love for her children; but this, corrupted by her wicked heart, was the cause of many of her crimes.

FRITIGILA,

Queen of the Marcomans, lived in 396. Being instructed in Christianity by the writings of Ambrose, she embraced it herself, and induced her husband and the whole nation to do the same. By her persuasion, they entered into a durable alliance with the Romans; so that, in the various irruptions of the barbarians on the empire, the Marcomans are never mentioned by historians, though only separated by the Danube.

G.

GABRIELLE DE BOURBON,

Daughter of count de Montpensier, married, in 1485, Louis de la Tremouille, a man who filled with honour the highest offices of the state. He was killed at the battle of Pavia in 1525. Her son Charles, count of Talmond, was also killed at the battle of Marignan in 1515; and she died in 1516. Her virtues were very great; and some published treatises remain as proofs of her devoted piety. She passed her time chiefly in solitude; for she had formed a resolution to withdraw from the court, whenever her husband's duties, as an officer in the king's army, compelled him to be absent. Charitable, as well as magnificent in her tastes, no person in want ever left her unsatisfied. She employed an hour or two daily with her needle; the rest of her time was spent in reading, writing, in her devotional duties, or in instructing the young girls by whom she liked to surround herself. She also took great care of the education of her son, who amply repaid all her trouble. She died of grief at his loss. Her works are a "Contemplation of the Nativity and Passion of Jesus Christ;" "The Instruction of Young Girls;" and two other religious works.

GALERIA,

Wife of Vitellius, emperor of Rome in 69, distinguished herself in a vicious age, by exemplary wisdom and modesty. After the tragical death of her husband, she passed her days in retirement.

GAMBARA,

Veronica, an Italian lady, born at Brescia. She married the lord of Correggio, and after his death devoted herself to literature and the education of her two sons. She died in 1550, aged sixty-

five. The best edition of her poems and her letters is that of Brescia, in 1759. She was born in 1485; her father, count Gian Francesco Gambara, was of one of the most distinguished Italian families. Very early she manifested a particular love for poetry, and her parents took pleasure in cultivating her literary taste. Her marriage with the lord Correggio was one of strong mutual attachment. Her husband, who was devoted to her, delighted in the homage everywhere paid to her talents and charms. In 1515, she accompanied him to Bologna, where a court was held by the pope, Leo X., to do honour to Francis I., of France. That gallant monarch was frequently heard to repeat that he had never known a lady so every way accomplished as Veronica. Her domestic happiness was of short duration; death snatched away Correggio from the enjoyment of all that this world could afford. The grief of Veronica was excessive. She had her whole house hung with black; and though very young at the time of her widowhood, never wore anything but black during the remainder of her life. On the door of her palace she caused to be inscribed the following lines from Virgil:—

> Ille meos primus qui me sibi junxit amores
> Abstulit: ille habeat secum, servet que sepulchro.

All this has an air of ostentation which seldom accompanies real sensibility; but the subsequent conduct of the lady was entirely consistent with her first demonstrations. She turned a deaf ear to many suitors who sought her hand, and devoted herself to the education of her two sons, and the administration of their property. Her labours were crowned with remarkable success; the one becoming a distinguished general, highly valued by his sovereign; the other a cardinal, eminent for piety and learning. Her leisure, in the meantime, was employed in the study, not only of elegant literature, but of theology and philosophy. Her brother Uberto, being made governor of Bologna, in 1528, by Clement VII., she removed her residence to that city, where she frequently entertained at her house the eminent literati of the day; among whom may be mentioned Bembo,

Capello, Mauri, and Molza. She enjoyed the highest esteem among her contemporaries; and appears to have been as remarkable for her virtues as for her knowledge.

Her works consist of a collection of elegant letters, and many poems, some of which are on religious subjects.

GENEVIEVE, ST.,

The patroness of the city of Paris, was born in 428, at Manterre, and died January 3, 501. Five years after her death, Clovis erected the church of St. Genevieve, where her relics were preserved with great care.

St. Germain, bishop of Auxerre, observing her disposition to sanctity, when she was quite young, advised her to take the vow of perpetual virginity, which she did. After the death of her parents, Genevieve went to Paris; and when the city was about to be deserted, in consequence of the approach of the Huns under Attila, she assured the inhabitants of entire safety if they would seek it by prayers. Attila went to Orleans and returned without touching Paris; and this event established Genevieve's reputation. In a time of famine, she went along the Seine, and returned with twelve large vessels loaded with grain, which she distributed gratuitously among the sufferers. This increased her authority, so that Merovæus and Chilperic, kings of France, paid her the highest respect. From her fifteenth to her fiftieth year, she ate nothing but barley-bread, excepting now and then a few beans; after her fiftieth year, she allowed herself milk and fish.

GENEVIEVE,

Duchess of Brabant, was born in the year 700. She was married to Siegfreid, and shortly after her marriage (732) her husband was called to the field by his sovereign, Charles Martel, whom he joined with his soldiers. He left his wife in the care of Golo, the captain in his castle. When Golo, who loved Genevieve, saw that she repulsed him, he wrote to the duke that Genevieve had been unfaithful, and would shortly become the mother of an illegitimate child. Siegfried, who put full confidence in Golo, ordered him to have the mother and child killed. But the servants to whose hands the wicked man confided that deed had compassion upon the poor innocent woman, and left her in the woods, where a doe supplied her with milk for the child. The animal accompanied her for five years, till one day, on the 6th of January, 757, pursued by Siegfried, she fled to the cave, where the husband found both his wife and child. An explanation took place, and she became again the cherished wife of his bosom.

GERBERGE,

Wife of Louis IV., of France, was the daughter of Henry, who became king of Germany in 918. She married first Gislebert, duke of Lorraine, who was drowned in the Rhine. In 940, Gerberge married Louis IV. Five years after, her husband was taken prisoner by the Normans. Hugh the Great, duke of the Franks, wished to obtain possession of him; but the duke of Normandy consented to give him up only on condition that Louis' two sons should become hostages for their father. Hugh sent to demand them of Gerberge, but she refused, well knowing that the race of Charlemagne would be entirely destroyed, if the father and children were all prisoners. She only sent the youngest son with a bishop; so Louis not being set free, Gerberge sent to demand aid from her brother Otho, king of Germany. Louis was at length liberated by Otho's assistance, and he confided to Gerberge the defence of the town of Rheims, in which she shut herself up with her troops. In 954, Louis died, and Gerberge exerted herself effectually to have her eldest son, Lothaire, although hardly twelve, placed on his father's throne. She, together with her brother, Bruno, duke of Lorraine, were appointed regents. She marched, with her young son, at the head of an army, and besieged Poictiers; and, in 960, she retook the city and fortress of Dijon, which had been treacherously given up to Robert of Treves, and had the traitor beheaded in the presence of the whole army.

GISELLE,

Sister of Charlemagne, emperor of France, sympathized with that great monarch and his eldest daughter, Rotrude, in the protection and encouragement they afforded to learned and scientific men. She induced the celebrated Alcuin to compose several works; Alcuin dedicated to Giselle and Rotrude his Commentary on St. John. Giselle died about the year 810. She was abbess of Chelles at her death.

GODIVA,

The name of a beautiful lady, sister of Therald de Burgenhall, sheriff of Lincolnshire, and wife of Leofric, earl of Leicester, who was the eldest son of Algar, the great earl of Mercia. This lady, having an extraordinary affection for Coventry, solicited her husband to release the inhabitants of that city from a grievous tax laid on them. He consented, on condition that she would ride naked through the streets of Coventry in noon-day. This she did, first enjoining every one to keep within their houses, the doors and windows of which were to be closely shut. She then partially veiled herself with her flowing hair, mounted her palfrey, and made the circuit of the city. Leofric kept his promise, and the city of Coventry was relieved from the oppression. This adventure was painted in one of the windows of Trinity-church, in Coventry, with these lines,

> "I, Luric, for the love of thee,
> Do make Coventry toll-free."

GONZAGA,

Barba von, duchess of Wurtemburg, was the daughter of Louis III., duke of Mantua. She married the duke of Wurtemburg, Eberhard with the beard, in the year 1474. A devoted student herself, she became the patroness of learning and literary men in her husband's domain. Through her influence was the university of Zuliengen es-

tablished. She died, 1505, mourned by her subjects, and by the whole literary world.

GONZAGA,

CECILIA DE, an Italian lady of high birth, gave proofs, even when a child, of a remarkable fondness for learning. Her father, John Francis Gonzaga, lord of Mantua, procured the best masters to instruct her, and at the age of eight she is said to have known Greek. She was religious and charitable as well as learned, gave marriage portions to poor young women, and repaired and beautified convents and churches; in order to do this, she was obliged to use the greatest self-denial in her personal expenses. Her father, for a long time, resisted her desire of taking the veil, but he at length yielded to her entreaties, and she passed all the latter part of her life in the cloister. She was born about 1422.

GONZAGA,

ELEONORA, daughter of Francis II., marquis of Mantua, was united, when very young, to the duke of Urbino. She was celebrated for her devotion to her husband, who was deposed by pope Leo X., in favour of Lorenzo de Medicis. The duke would have sunk under this misfortune, but for the strength of mind and tenderness of his wife. On the death of Lorenzo, in 1492, the dukedom was restored to its rightful owner. Two sons and three daughters were the fruit of this union. Eleonora, by the chastity and severity of her manners, reformed the morals of her court

GONZAGA,

ISABELLA DE, wife to Guido Ubaldo de Montefeltro, duke d'Urbino, was aunt to Eleonora Gonzaga, who married the successor of her husband. This lady is celebrated for her conjugal fidelity and attachment. Her husband, who was sick and infirm, was driven from his dominions by Cæsar Borgia. In his distress, he implored the assistance of Louis XII., of France; but he dared not comply with this request, lest he should draw on himself the resentment of the house of Borgia. The duke then intimated to the king of France, that, in consequence of his infirm health, he was willing to enter into holy orders, and divorce Isabella, whom a ceremony only made his wife. The duchess was powerfully solicited, in consequence of this declaration of her husband, to make another choice, but she resolutely refused. She devoted herself to the duke in his adversity with the tenderest affection. After his death, she abandoned herself to an excessive and unfeigned sorrow. She had been married twenty years, and devoted the rest of her life to the memory of her husband.

GOZZADINI,

BETISIA, born in Bologna, in 1209, of a noble family. She manifested from infancy a love for study, and a disinclination for ordinary girlish occupations; feeling the futility of the instruction given to young ladies, she prevailed upon her parents to allow her to devote herself to the acquirement of learning and science. In order to enjoy the advantage of the university, she put on man's apparel, and followed every course; as a student, she soon took the highest standing in her college, and at the gaining of her degree, received the laurel crown. She afterwards studied law, and obtained the title of Dr., and the privilege of wearing the professional robe. Her eloquence was very much esteemed as well as her learning and piety. She lost her life from an inundation caused by an overflow of the waters of the Idio, which overwhelmed a villa on its banks, where she was visiting. This accident happened in 1261.

GUERCHEVILLE,

ANTOINETTE DE PONS, marchioness of, is remarkable for her spirited answer to Henry IV. of France. "If," said she, "I am not *noble enough* to be your wife, I am too much so to be your mistress." When Henry IV. married Mary de Medicis, he made this lady dame d'honneur to that princess. "Since," said he, "your are really dame d'honneur, be so to the queen, my wife."

On one occasion, having hunted purposely near her château, Henry sent word to Madam de Guercheville that he would sup and lodge at her house; she replied that all possible attention should be paid to his accommodation. Henry, delighted at this answer, hastened to the château, where he was received by his hostess, elegantly attired, and surrounded by all her household. Having lighted the king herself to his room, she bowed and retired. When supper was served up, Henry sent for the lady, but was told that she had just driven from the house, leaving this message for him:—"A king, wherever he is, should always be master. As to myself, I also choose to be free."

GUILLELMA,

A WOMAN of Bohemia, who, in the thirteenth century, founded, in Italy, a sect which united enthusiasm with lewdness. After being respected during her life as a saint, her body was, when dead, taken from her grave, and burnt.

GUILLET,

PERNETTE DU, a poetess of Lyons, and a contemporary of Louise Labbé, was illustrious for her virtue, grace, beauty, and learning. She sang and played exquisitely, understood several languages, and wrote in Latin with facility.

In Pernette du Guillet, it is said, "all that is lovely in woman was united."

II.

HACHETTE, JEANNE,

OR JEANNE FOUCQUET, a heroine of Beauvais, in Picardy, France, who successfully headed a body of women in an assault upon the Burgundians, who besieged her native place in 1470. When the Burgundians ascended their ladders to plant their standards on the walls, Jeanne, with a battle-axe, drove several of them back, seized their flag, which she deposited in a church, after the battle. Louis XI. of France recompensed her for her bravery; she afterwards married Collin Pillon, and she and her descendants were exempted from taxation. In commemoration of her intrepid conduct, there is an annual procession at Beauvais, on the tenth of July, in which the women march at the head of the men.

HELENA,

THE empress, mother of Constantine, and one of the saints of the Roman Catholic communion, owed her elevation to her beauty. She was of obscure origin, born at the little village of Drepanum, in Bithynia, where we hear of her first as a hostess of an inn. Constantius Chlorus saw her, fell in love with her, and married her; but, on being associated with Dioclesian in the empire, divorced her to marry Theodora, daughter of Maximilian Hercules. The accession of her son to the empire drew her again from obscurity; she obtained the title of Augusta, and was received at court with all the honours due the mother of an emperor. Her many virtues riveted the affection of her son to her, yet she did not hesitate to admonish him when she disapproved his conduct.

When Constantine embraced Christianity, she also was converted; and when nearly eighty, went on a journey to the Holy Land, where she is said to have assisted at the discovery of the true cross of Christ, reported by zealous devotees to have been accompanied by many miracles. She died soon after, in the year 828, at the age of eighty. Helena left proofs, wherever she went, of a truly Christian liberality; she relieved the poor, orphans, and widows; built churches, and showed herself, in all respects, worthy the confidence of her son, who gave her unlimited permission to draw on his treasures. At her death, he paid her the highest honours, had her body sent to Rome to be deposited in the tomb of the emperors, and raised her native village to the rank of a city, with the name of Helenpolis. She showed her prudence and political wisdom by the influence she always retained over her son, and by the care she took to prevent all interference of the half-brothers of Constantine, sons of Constantius Chlorus and Theodora, who, being brought into notice, after her death, by the injudicious liberality of the emperor, were massacred by their nephews as soon as they succeeded their father in the empire.

HELENA,

DAUGHTER of Constantine the Great and of Fausta, was given in marriage, by her brother Constantius, to her cousin Julian, when he made him Cæsar at Milan, in 355. She followed her husband to his government of Gaul, and died in 359, at Vienna.

HELENA,

WIFE and sister of Monobasus, king of Adiabena, and mother of Irates, the successor of Monobasus, flourished about the year 50. Though Irates was one of the younger sons of the king, yet, being his favourite, he left the crown to him at his death. In order to secure the throne to him, the principal officers of the state proposed to put those of his brothers to death who were inimical to him; but Helen would not consent to this. Helen and Irates were both converts to the Jewish faith. When Helen saw that her son was in peaceable possession of the throne, she went to Jerusalem to worship and sacrifice there. When she arrived in that city, there was a great famine prevailing there, which she immediately exerted herself effectually to relieve, by sending to different places for provisions, and distributing them among the poor. After the death of Irates, Helen returned to Adiabena, where she found that her son Monobasus had succeeded to the throne; but she did not long survive her favourite son Irates.

HELOISE,

RENDERED famous by her unfortunate passion for Abelard, was born about 1101 or 1102. Her parents are unknown, but she lived with her uncle, Fulbert, a canon of the cathedral of Paris. Her childhood was passed in the convent of Argenteuil, but as soon as she was old enough, she

returned to her uncle, who taught her to speak and write in Latin, then the language used in literary and polite society. She is also said to have understood Greek and Hebrew. To this education, very uncommon at that time, Heloise added great beauty, and refinement and dignity of manner; so that her fame soon spread beyond the walls of the cloister, throughout the whole kingdom.

Just at this time, Pierre Abelard, who had already made himself very celebrated as a rhetorician, came to found a new school in that art at Paris, where the originality of his principles, his eloquence, and his great physical strength and beauty, made a deep sensation. Here he saw Heloise, and commenced an acquaintance with her by letter; but, impatient to know her more intimately, he proposed to Fulbert that he should receive him into his house, which was near Abelard's school. Fulbert was avaricious, and also desirous of having his niece more thoroughly instructed, and these two motives induced him to consent to Abelard's proposal, and to request him to give lessons in his art to Heloise. He even gave Abelard permission to use physical punishment towards his niece, if she should prove rebellious.

"I cannot," says Abelard, "cease to be astonished at the simplicity of Fulbert; I was as much surprised as if he had placed a lamb in the power of a hungry wolf. Heloise and I, under pretext of study, gave ourselves up wholly to love; and the solitude that love seeks, our studies procured for us. Books were open before us; but we spoke oftener of love than philosophy, and kisses came more readily from our lips than words."

The canon was the last to perceive this intimacy, although he was often told of it, and heard daily the songs that Abelard composed for Heloise sung through the streets. When he did discover the truth, he was deeply incensed, and sent Abelard from the house. But he contrived to return, and carry off Heloise to Palais, in Brittany, his native country. Here she gave birth to a son, surnamed Astrolabe from his beauty, who passed his life in the obscurity of a monastery.

The flight of Heloise enraged Fulbert to the highest degree; but he was afraid to act openly against Abelard, lest his niece, whom he still loved, might be made to suffer in retaliation. At length Abelard, taking compassion on his grief, sent to him, implored his forgiveness, and offered to marry Heloise, if the union might be kept secret, so that his reputation as a religious man should not suffer. Fulbert consented to this, and Abelard went to Heloise for that purpose; but Heloise, unwilling to diminish the future fame of Abelard, by a marriage, which must be a restraint upon him, refused at first to listen to him. She quoted the precepts and the example of all learned men, sacred and profane, to prove to him that he ought to remain free and untrammelled. She also warned him that her uncle's reconciliation was too easily obtained, and that it was but a feint to entrap him more surely. But Abelard was resolute, and Heloise returned to Paris, where they were soon after married.

Fulbert did not keep his promise of secresy, but spoke openly of the marriage, which when Heloise heard she indignantly denied, protesting that it had never taken place. This made her uncle treat her so cruelly, that Abelard, either to protect her from his violence, or to prove that the announcement of the marriage was false, took her himself to the convent of Argenteuil, where she did not immediately take the veil, but put on the dress of a novice. Not long after he ordered her to take the veil, which she did, although the nuns, touched by her youth and beauty, endeavoured to prevent her from making the sacrifice.

Twelve years passed without Heloise ever hearing mentioned the name of the one she so devotedly loved. She had become prioress of Argenteuil, and lived a life of complete retirement. But her too great kindness and indulgence to the nuns under her control, gave rise to some disorders, which, although she was perfectly blameless, yet caused her to be forced by Ligur, abbot of St. Denis, to leave her retreat, with her companions. Abelard, hearing of her homeless situation, left Brittany, where he was living in charge of the monastery of St. Gildas-de-Ruys, and went to place Heloise and her followers in the little oratory of the Paraclete, which had been founded by him. Here Heloise exerted herself to the utmost to build up a convent; and though their life at first was a painful one, yet, by the end of a year their wealth was so much increased by the munificence of pious persons about them, that they became very comfortable.

Heloise had the rare charm of attaching every one who approached her to herself. Bishops called her daughter, priests, sister, and laymen, mother. Every one reverenced her for her piety, her wisdom, her patience, and her incomparable sweetness. She rarely appeared in public, but devoted herself almost wholly to prayer and meditation.

She happened, one day, to see a letter that Abelard had written, giving an account of his life. She read it many times with tears, and at length wrote to her lover that well-known, eloquent, and passionate letter. His reply was severe but kind;

and these two letters were followed by several others.

In April, 1142, Heloise having heard a report of Abelard's death, wrote to demand his body, that it might be buried at the Paraclete, according to a wish that he had himself expressed in writing. He was buried in a chapel built by his order, and for more than twenty years, Heloise went every night to weep over his tomb. She died May 17th, 1164, aged sixty-three, and was placed in the same tomb.

In 1497, from religious motives, the tomb was opened, and the bones of Abelard and Heloise were removed. In 1800, by order of Lucien Bonaparte, these hallowed remains were carried to the Museum of French Monuments. And in 1815, when this Museum was destroyed, the tomb was taken to Père-le-Chaise, where it still remains.

In reviewing this melancholy story, where genius was dethroned by passion, we cannot but consider the noble-hearted, though erring Heloise, a victim to the vanity of the selfish Abelard. He does not pretend to have loved her passionately; he formed the plan of a cold-blooded seduction, merely for a passing amusement. Perhaps he considered the affair a study of mental philosophy, and watched to analyze the manifestations of the tender passion in the young, warm heart of the innocent, beautiful, gifted pupil confided to his instruction. He had no tenderness or truth of love in his soul. Heloise, on the contrary, was affected with the most devoted, the most unselfish affection. It needs only to compare their letters to see this — those of Abelard, cold, hard, calculating. The ill-regulated, but ardent and sincere effusions of Heloise, have been too frequetly quoted to need a repetition here. The very arrangement of their correspondence marks the difference. He divides and subdivides his letters; he answers methodically, and by chapters; he addresses them "To the Spouse of Christ" — "Heloissæ dilectissima sorori suæ in Christo — Abailardus;" "To his dear sister in Christ—Abelard." The tone of Heloise is thus:

> "Domino suo—imò patri; conjugi suo, imo fratei; Ancilla sua imo filia; ipsius uxor, imo soror."
> *Heloissæ, Epist.* 4.

And after their separation, the better-tempered soul of Heloise rises wonderfully above that of her master. He abandoned his intellectual weapons, and sank into a mere monk; his admirers, who could not comprehend the metamorphosis, clustered around him; they forced some sparks of former animation to appear. Arnold of Brescia persuaded him to encounter St. Bernard in a logical duel. Time and place were chosen. The king, the counts of Champagne and Nerus, bishops, ecclesiastics of highest rank, a concourse of celebrities, crowded to the arena. St. Bernard came with repugnance; he dreaded the powerful eloquence that had so often disarmed him; he was saved by the pusillanimity of his rival. Abelard was mute. After this signal defeat, there is nothing more to relate of him; he died, in inglorious repose, in the abbey of Clury.

In the mean time, Heloise had taken the veil, not from a vocation, but to gratify the caprice of her husband, in a very different career. As Abelard subsided into a sluggish monk, she rose into something superior to a mere formalized recluse. She sought means of improving the minds and morals of all within her influence. She founded a great college of theology, Greek and Hebrew. She delivered lectures on these subjects with such success, as to arouse a spirit of study and investigation through an extended sphere; crowds flocked to hear her; and similar institutions, for the advancement of learning, grew up around her. Heloise was declared by the pope, head of her order.

HERODIAS,

Daughter of Aristobulus and Berenice, sister to king Agrippa, and grand-daughter to Herod the Great, married first her uncle, Herod Philip, by whom she had Salome. She left Herod Philip to marry his brother, Herod Antipas, tetrarch of Galilee, and it was for censuring this incestuous marriage that Antipas ordered John the Baptist to be imprisoned. Some time after, Herodias suggested to her daughter Salome to ask, as a reward for her dancing, the head of John the Baptist, who was accordingly beheaded. Herodias, mortified to see her husband tetrarch only, while her brother Agrippa was king, persuaded Antipas to visit Rome, and endeavour to obtain the royal title. But Agrippa sent word to the emperor, that Antipas had arms for seventy thousand men in his arsenals; and Antipas, unable to deny the charge, was banished to Lyons. Caligula was willing to pardon Herodias, as the sister of Agrippa; but she chose rather to accompany her husband, than to owe anything to her brother's fortune. The time or the manner of her death is not known; but she has left the ineffaceable memory of her sin and Herod's crime as a warning to the world, to beware of placing a man in office who sets at defiance the laws of God, or who is united to a wicked woman.

HILDA, ST.,

Princess of Scotland, was learned in Scripture, and composed many religious works. She opposed strenuously the tonsure of the priests, probably supposing it a heathenish custom. She built the convent of St. Fare, of which she became abbess, and died there in 685.

HILDEGARDIS,

A famous abbess of the order of St. Benedict, at Spanheim, in Germany, whose prophecies are supposed to relate to the reformation, and the destruction of the Roman see; they had great influence at the time of the reformation. She lived in 1146. The books in which these prophecies are contained, appear to have been written by a zealous, godly, and understanding woman, shocked at the crimes which she saw prevailing around her. She also wrote a poem on medicine, and a book of Latin poems. Her good works and her piety were long remembered.

HILTRUDIS,

Daughter of Charles Martel, was born in the year 728. After the death of her father, when she saw that her brothers, Pepin and Carlman, treated the rest of the family with great cruelty, she fled to her aunt, the duchess of Bavaria. Her cousin Odillo, enchanted with her courage and beauty, married her, and made her duchess of Bavaria.

Five years afterwards, Odillo declared war against the Franks, but fell, badly wounded, a prisoner into the hands of his enemies. Hiltrudis disguised herself as a knight, and followed her husband to the court of her brothers, where she arrived just in time to assist at the baptism of Charlemagne, whom she presented with costly jewels. She was recognised by her brothers, and, reconciled to them, obtained the liberty of her husband. She died in the year 759, and was buried in Osterhofer, by the side of Odillo.

HROSWITHA,

(Helena V. Rossen,) a nun of the Benedictine order, was born in Saxony, and died at Gandersheim, in 984. She is known as a religious poetess through her "Comædia Sacræ VI.," edited by Schurzfleisch. These plays were written by her to suppress the reading of Terence, then a very popular author among the literary clergy of the age. She also composed a poetic narrative of the deeds performed by Otho the Great, to whom she was related, and a number of elegies. She wrote in Latin altogether. Her works were printed in Nuremberg, in 1501.

HYPASIA,

A most beautiful, learned, and virtuous lady of antiquity, was the daughter of Theon, who governed the Platonic school at Alexandria, in Egypt, where she was born and educated in the latter part of the fourth century. Theon was famous for his extensive knowledge and learning, but principally for being the father of Hypasia, whom, on account of her extraordinary genius, he educated not only in all the qualifications belonging to her sex, but likewise in the most abstruse sciences. She made astonishing progress in every branch of learning. Socrates, the ecclesiastical historian, a witness of undoubted veracity, at least when he speaks in favour of a heathen philosopher, tells us that Hypasia "arrived at such a pitch of learning, as very far to exceed all the philosophers of her time:" to which Nicephorus adds, "Or those of other times." Philostorgius, a third historian of the same stamp, affirms that she surpassed her father in astronomy; and Suidas, who mentions two books of her writing, one "*On the Astronomical Canon of Diophantus,*" and another "*On the Conics of Apollonius,*" avers that she understood all other parts of philosophy.

She succeeded her father in the government of the Alexandrian school, teaching out of the chair where Ammonius, Hierocles, and many other celebrated philosophers had taught; and this at a time when men of immense learning abounded at Alexandria, and in other parts of the Roman empire. Her fame was so extensive, and her worth so universally acknowledged, that she had a crowded auditory, One cannot represent to himself without pleasure the flower of all the youth in Europe, Asia, and Africa, sitting at the feet of a very beautiful woman, for such we are assured Hypasia was, all eagerly imbibing instruction from her mouth, and many doubtless love from her eyes; yet Suidas, who speaks of her marriage to Isidorus, relates at the same time that she died a maid.

Her scholars were as eminent as they were numerous. One of them was the celebrated Synesius, afterwards bishop of Ptolemais. This ancient Christian Platonist everywhere bears the strongest testimony to the learning and virtue of his instructress; and never mentions her without the profoundest respect, and in terms of affection coming little short of adoration. In a letter to his brother Euoptius, he says, "Salute the most honoured and the most beloved of God, the Philosopher; and that happy society, which enjoys the blessing of her divine voice." In another, he mentions one Egyptius, who "sucked in the seeds of wisdom from Hypasia." In another he says, "I suppose these letters will be delivered by Peter, which he will receive from that sacred hand." The famous silver astrolabe, which he presented to Peonius, he owns to have been perfected by the directions of Hypasia. In a long epistle to her, he tells her his reasons for writing the two books he sends her; and asks her opinion of one, resolving not to publish it without her approbation.

Never was a woman more caressed by the public, and never had a woman a more unspotted character. She was considered an oracle of wisdom, and was consulted by the magistrates in all important cases. This frequently drew her among the greatest concourse of men, without causing the least censure of her manners.

"On account of the confidence and authority," says Socrates, "which she had acquired by her learning, she sometimes came to the judges with singular modesty. Nor was she anything abashed to appear thus among a crowd of men; for all persons, by reason of her extraordinary discretion, did at the same time both reverence and admire her." This is also confirmed by other writers, and Damascus and Suidas relate, that the governors and magistrates of Alexandria regularly visited and paid their court to her; and, when Nicepolus wished to pay the princess Eudocia the highest compliment, he called her "another Hypasia."

While Hypasia thus reigned the brightest ornament of Alexandria, Orestes was governor of the same place, under the emperor Theodosius, and Cyril bishop or patriarch. Orestes admired Hypasia, and as a wise governor, frequently consulted her. This created an intimacy between them highly displeasing to Cyril, who had a great aversion to Orestes, and who disapproved of Hypasia, as she was a heathen. The life of Orestes nearly fell a sacrifice to the fury of a Christian mob, supposed to have been incited by Cyril on account of this intimacy; and, afterwards, it being reported that Hypasia prevented a reconciliation between

Cyril and Orestes, some men, headed by one Peter, a lecturer, entered into a conspiracy against her, waylaid her, and dragged her to the church called Cæsais, where, stripping her naked, they killed her with tiles, tore her to pieces, and carrying her limbs to a place called Cinaron, there burnt them to ashes.

This happened in March, about the year 415; in the tenth year of Honorius' and the sixth of Theodosius' consulship. The weak and trifling emperor was roused from his usual indifference by such an awful crime, and threatened the assassins of this incomparable woman with a merited punishment; but at the entreaties of his friends, whom Orestes had corrupted, was induced to suffer them to escape, by which means, it is added, he drew vengeance on himself and family. There are few recorded crimes of wicked men so utterly fiend-like as the unprovoked murder of the lovely, learned, and virtuous Hypasia.

I.

ICASIA,

Spouse of Theophilus, emperor of Constantinople, in 829. He having assembled the most beautiful young women of the empire, for the purpose of choosing a wife, fixed upon Icasia, and gave orders for her coronation; but on her answering some questions he proposed to her, in a manner at once learned and acute, he changed his mind. Icasia, therefore, retired to a monastery, where she composed many works. The emperor had the same taste, probably, for foolish, flippant women, as characterized Charles II., king of England.

INGEBORGE, or INGELBURGA,

Wife of Philip Augustus, king of France, was born in 1175, and was the daughter of Waldemar, king of Denmark, and of his wife Sophia, a Russian princess. In 1193, she was selected, from motives of policy, by Philip Augustus, then a widower of twenty-eight, as his wife. She is represented as very beautiful and discreet, but the king, almost from the first interview, conceived a strong aversion to her, and on a frivolous pretext of Ingeborge's just discovered relationship to his first wife, he assembled the nobles of the kingdom at Compiégne, November 5th, 1193, who declared the marriage null and void. Ingeborge was present on this occasion, but having no counsellor, and not understanding the language, knew nothing of the business that the nobles were transacting, till she was informed of their decision by her interpreter, when she burst into tears, and appealed to Rome. She was taken to an abbey, where she was kept in confinement, and almost without the necessaries of life. The pope, urged by the king of Denmark as well as by Ingeborge, refused to sanction the divorce; but Philip Augustus imprisoned the legates, and married Agnes, daughter of Berthod, duke of Merania, a descendant of the emperor Charlemagne. Ingeborge appealed in vain to pope Celestine III.; but, on his death, he was succeeded by Innocent III., who immediately took very severe measures, and in 1199 Philip Augustus was excommunicated, and his kingdom declared under an interdict. All the churches were closed, no baptisms, marriages, or burials were allowed to be performed, the dying were refused the benefit of the priest's services, and all the religious duties were suspended. In those days of superstition, this terrible sentence fell with tenfold weight on the people; and moved by their distress, after having resisted the papal authority for eight months, Philip at length sent Agnes to the royal castle of St. Leger, and allowed Ingeborge to return to him. But she still complained, and justly, that she had only exchanged one prison for another, and was treated with no respect. Meanwhile there was a solemn assembly held at Soissons to give a final judgment on the demand the king made for a legal separation. The king was surrounded by a crowd of lawyers, who vied with each other in urging the justice of his claim. Ingeborge was alone and defenceless; after waiting a few moments for her advocate, the judges were about to pronounce their decision, when a young and unknown lawyer came forward and argued her cause so eloquently, that the judges dared not utter the wished-for sentence. The king, leaving the assembly, went to the abbey where Ingeborge had taken refuge, and taking her behind him, on horseback, left the city without any of his usual train. When this was told to Agnes de Merania, it affected her so deeply that she died a few days after.

Philip Augustus, still more irritated against his queen, confined her in the tower of the castle of Etampes, where no one was allowed to converse with her without his permission; her food was insufficient and coarse, her clothes hung about her in rags, and the servants who attended her were so brutal, that they were accused of wishing to cause her death by their ill-treatment. Philip endeavoured to induce his wife to take the veil, but in vain; and in 1213, after a separation of twenty years, he allowed her to reside under the same roof with him, where the sweetness of her temper, the goodness and purity of her soul, at length conquered his aversion. After the death of Philip, in 1223, Ingeborge was treated with the greatest respect by his successor; while she devoted herself chiefly to her religious duties. She died in 1236.

INGONDE, or INGUNDIS,

Daughter of Siegbert I., king of Austrasia, or Lorraine, and of his wife, the famous Brunehaut, was married about 570, to Brunechilde, or Ermenegild, second son of Leovigild, one of the Gothic kings of Spain. She was received with great pomp and tenderness by her husband and his grandmother Gosuinda. But the old queen had an aversion to Catholicism, and attempted, at first by persuasions and afterwards by threats to convert Ingonde to Arianism, and to have her re-baptized, but Ingonde resolutely refused to consent. Gosuinda, enraged at her firmness, seized

her by the hair, threw her down, stamped upon her, and had her plunged by force into the baptistry. Ingonde, however, at length, by her patience and piety, converted her husband to her own faith, which, when his father heard of it, made him so furious, that he had his son taken prisoner and beheaded. Ingonde fled, but was captured and taken to Sicily, where she died, about 585. She was venerated as a martyr.

INGRIDA,

A NUN of the convent of St. Brigitta, in Wadstena, Sweden, who lived in 1498, wrote an epistle to her lover, which is considered the most elegant and correct specimen of the Swedish language of that period, and indeed superior to any that appeared for a long time after. This composition, full of eloquence and genuine passion, in which the sentiments of love and mystical devotion are intermingled, places Ingrida by the side of the more celebrated Heloise.

IRENE,

EMPRESS of Constantinople, was an Athenian orphan, distinguished only by her accomplishments, when, in 769, at the age of seventeen, she was married to Leo IV., emperor of Constantinople. She was banished by her husband on account of her attachment to image worship, of which the Greek church disapproved. On the death of Leo, in 780, she returned to Constantinople, and was associated in the government with her son, Constantine VI., then only ten years of age. Artful and cruel, Irene deposed her son, in 797, and caused his eyes to be put out, and then reigned alone. On this occasion, she entered Constantinople in state, with a splendid retinue. She made Charlemagne, then emperor of the West, a proposal of marriage, in order to preserve her Italian dominions from his grasp, and the marriage treaty was actually concluded, when Nicephorus, chancellor of the empire, conspired against her, seized her in her bed, and banished her to a nunnery in the island of Lesbos. She was here so reduced, as to be forced to earn a scanty subsistence by her distaff, and died the same year, 802. During her reign, she had submitted to be tributary to the Saracens. She governed under the direction of two ambitious eunuchs, who were perpetually plotting against each other.

IRGE,

A JAPANESE princess, born 858, whose writings are said still to be in great repute in Japan.

ISABELLA,

OF ARRAGON, daughter of Alphonso, duke of Calabria, married, in 1480, John Galeazzo Sforza, duke of Milan, who, yet in his minority, was under the protection of his uncle, Louis Sforza. When Isabella arrived at Milan, her beauty inspired the protector with a passion for her that proved fatal to her happiness. The lovers having been married only by proxy, Louis contrived to keep them apart, while he attempted to supplant the bridegroom. But Isabella repulsed him with

disdain, and exhorted her husband to throw off the yoke of his uncle, and assert his rights.

The protector, artful and politic, attempted, by negotiation, to annul the marriage, in his own favour; but Alphonso threatened to arm Europe in his son-in-law's cause, and Louis was at length obliged to restore to his nephew his betrothed bride. His love for Isabella was now turned to hatred; and he endeavoured in every way to embitter her life. He married Alphonsina, daughter of the duke of Ferrara, a woman as haughty and ambitious as Isabella. Compelled to reside under the same roof with her rival, and to see her station and privileges usurped, Isabella found her position so insupportable, that she wrote to her father and grandfather, Ferdinand, king of Naples, protesting that if no means for her deliverance were devised, she would escape from her sufferings by relinquishing her life.

These princes, however, could not redress her grievances; and, in the mean time, her husband died of a slow poison, recommending his wife and children to his cousin, Charles VIII., of France, who was passing through Pavia. Hardly had Galeazzo expired, than the party of Louis, saluting him duke, ordered the bells to be set ringing. During this indecent and insulting display of joy, Isabella immured herself and her children, thus deprived at once of their father and their inheritance, in a dark chamber.

The French having taken Milan, Isabella fled to Naples; but that city was at length compelled to surrender to the invaders. Isabella's only son was carried captive to France, where it was intended to compel him to become a monk, and where he died by a fall from his horse. Louis Sforza was also taken prisoner and carried to France, where he died.

Isabella retired to a town in Naples, which had been assigned to her as a dower, and where she still maintained an air of state and grandeur. Her daughter, Bona Sforza, married Sigismund, king of Poland. Some time previous to her death, Isabella made a journey of devotion to Rome, where she walked to the Vatican, attended by a train of ladies, dressed in bridal ornaments. Her

reputation in her youth was unblemished, but in her later years, she gave occasion for censure, by admitting the attentions of Prosper Colonna. She died Feb. 11th, 1524.

ISABELLA,

Of Castile, the celebrated queen of Spain, daughter of John II., was born in 1451, and married, in 1469, Ferdinand V., king of Arragon. After the death of her brother, Henry IV., in 1474, she ascended the throne of Castile, to the exclusion of her elder sister, Joanna, who had the rightful claim to the crown. During the lifetime of her brother, Isabella had gained the favour of the estates of the kingdom to such a degree that the majority, on his death, declared for her. From the others, the victorious arms of her husband extorted acquiescence, in the battle of Toro, in 1476. After the kingdoms of Arragon and Castile were thus united, Ferdinand and Isabella assumed the royal title of Spain.

With the graces and charms of her sex, Isabella united the courage of a hero, and the sagacity of a statesman and legislator. She was always present at the transaction of state affairs, and her name was placed beside that of her husband in public ordinances. The conquest of Granada, after which the Moors were entirely expelled from Spain, and the discovery of America, were, in a great degree, her work. In all her undertakings, the wise cardinal Ximenes was her assistant.

She has been accused of severity, pride, and unbounded ambition; but these faults sometimes promoted the welfare of the kingdom, as well as her virtues and talents. A spirit like hers was necessary to humble the haughtiness of the nobles without exciting their hostility, to conquer Granada without letting loose the hordes of Africa on Europe, and to restrain the vices of her subjects, who had become corrupt by reason of the bad administration of the laws. By the introduction of a strict ceremonial, which subsists till the present day at the Spanish court, she succeeded in checking the haughtiness of the numerous nobles about the person of the king, and in depriving them of their pernicious influence over him. Private warfare, which had formerly prevailed to the destruction of public tranquillity, she checked, and introduced a vigorous administration of justice. In 1492, pope Alexander VI. confirmed to the royal pair the title of Catholic king, already conferred on them by Innocent VIII. The zeal for the Roman Catholic religion, which procured them this title, gave rise to the Inquisition, which was introduced into Spain in 1480, at the suggestion of their confessor, Torquemada. Isabella died in 1504, having extorted from her husband (of whom she was very jealous) an oath that he would never marry again.

ISABELLA OF FRANCE,

Youngest child of Louis VIII. and Blanche of Castile, was born in 1224. She was early celebrated for her beauty, learning, and piety. She refused every offer of marriage, even the son of the emperor Ferdinand, and declared her intention to devote herself wholly to religion. The pope, at her mother's request, wrote to dissuade her from doing this; but her answer to his letter was so full of humility, piety, and reason, that both he and Blanche were obliged to yield. She founded the monastery of Longchamp about 1260, though she never withdrew entirely from the world, or joined any religious order. Towards the end of her life she observed the most rigorous silence, to expiate for the idle words she had spoken in her youth. She died, February 12th, 1269, at the age of forty-five. For several ages, it was believed that miracles were performed at her tomb.

ISABELLA,

Daughter of Philip the Fair, king of France, was born in 1295. She married, in 1308, Edward, afterwards Edward II. of England. She was very beautiful; but her licentiousness disgraced her, and embittered the last years of her husband's life. By her intrigues she induced his abdication and the accession of their son Edward III., then a boy. She sought to secure the sovereign power in her hands, and those of her infamous favourite, Roger Mortimer. She did not effect this till after the wicked murder of her husband, the deposed Edward II., which was attributed to her instigations. Soon afterwards her son, Edward III., joined with his indignant barons in an attack on Nottingham castle, where she and Mortimer had taken up their abode. The crafty queen was overcome; her paramour seized and executed; and she confined for the remainder of her life, twenty-eight years, at Castle Rising. She died in 1358, aged sixty-three years.

"Since the days of the fair and false Elfrida of Saxon celebrity, no queen of England has left so dark a stain on the annals of female royalty as the consort of Edward II., Isabella of France," says Miss Strickland.

SABELLA OF VALOIS,

Was the daughter of Charles VI. of France, and Isabella of Bavaria. She was born in the Louvre palace at Paris, November 9th, 1387. In

October, 1396, Isabella became the second wife of Richard II. of England, though she was then only eight years old. After Richard was dethroned and murdered by Henry of Bolingbroke, afterwards Henry IV., in 1400, and Isabella remained in England for two years, treated with great respect as queen-dowager, but steadily refusing the hand of Henry's eldest son, who had fallen very much in love with her. In 1402, Isabella returned to Paris, and at the age of eighteen married her cousin, the celebrated archduke of Orleans, who, though some years younger than herself, she dearly loved. She died at Blois, September 13th, 1410, leaving an infant daughter only a few hours old.

ISABELLA OF LORRAINE,

Eldest daughter of Charles II. of Lorraine, was married in 1420, at the age of thirteen, to René, duke d'Anjou, brother-in-law of Charles VI. of France, then about fourteen. She united to great beauty, intellect, generosity, and courage. When her husband was taken prisoner by the duke of Burgundy, in 1429, she assembled the nobles of Lorraine, placed her four children under their protection, and raised an army to rescue her husband. While he was still a prisoner, the kingdom of Sicily, by the death of Charles I., became his; and René sent Isabella to claim it. She went there, and by her wise and skilful government acquired great popularity. In 1437, René joined her; but in less than five years he was forced to return with his family to France, by his victorious rival, Alphonso of Arragon. In 1444, Isabella's youngest daughter, Margaret of Anjou, married Henry VI. of England; and the misfortunes of this beloved child so preyed upon the mother, that they are supposed to have caused her death. She died at the castle d'Angers, February 28th, 1452, at the age of forty-four. Her husband's grief at her loss nearly proved fatal to him; and though he married again, he never ceased to regret her.

Among the illustrious females of the fifteenth century, Isabella of Lorraine must ever hold a distinguished place. Her commanding talents, her personal endowments, her courage and conjugal tenderness, all unite to form a character of the most lovely and perfect type of womanhood. She was the contemporary of Joan of Arc; she was the patroness of Agnes Sorel, and seems to have possessed the true heart of the heroine and the cultivated intellect of the poetess. Her daughter, Margaret of Anjou, "inherited from this illustrious parent those energies which the sternest shocks of adversity were unable to subdue," says Miss Strickland; she also describes Isabella as the "tenderest and most courageous of *conjugal heroines*;" a title most appropriate to her deeds of daring, all done for the sake of her husband.

ISAURE,

Clemence, or Clemenza, a lady of Toulouse in France, celebrated for her learning. She instituted the Jeux Floraux, or Floral Games, in that city, where prizes were bestowed on the successful poetical competitors. She was born in 1464,

and was the daughter of Ludovico Isaure, who died when Clemence was only five years old.

Some years afterwards the romance of her life began. Near her garden dwelt Raoul, a young troubadour, who fell in love with her for her genius and beauty, and communicated his passion in songs in which her name and his were united. The maiden replied with flowers, whose meaning Raoul could easily interpret. He was the natural son of count Raymond of Toulouse, and followed his father to the war against the emperor Maximilian. In the battle of Guigenaste both were slain, and Clemence resolved to take the veil. Before doing so, however, she renewed the poetic festival which had been established by the gay company of the seven troubadours, but had been long forgotten, and assigned as prizes for the victors the five different flowers, wrought in gold and silver, with which she had replied to her lover's passion. She fixed on the first of May as the day for the distribution of the prizes; and she herself composed an ode on spring for the occasion, which acquired for her the surname of the *Sappho of Toulouse*. Her character was tinged with melancholy, which the loss of her lover probably heightened; and her poems partake of this plaintive style. Her works were printed at Toulouse in 1505. They remained a long time in oblivion, and perhaps never would have seen the light but for the fortunate discovery of M. Alexandre Dumenge. There are extant two copies of this precious volume, which is entitled "Dictats de Dona Clamenza Isaure;" it consists of cantos or odes; the principal and most finished is called "Plainte d'Amour." The two first strophes have been translated almost literally into modern French.

Au soin des bois la colombe amoureuse
Murmure en paix ses longs, et doux accens;
Sus nos coteaux, la Fauvette de meilleuse
Va celebrer le retour du Printemps!

Helas! et moi, plaintive, solitaire
Moi qui n'ai su qu'aimes, et que souffrir,
Je dois, au monde, au bonheur, etrangère
Pleurer mes manx, les redire, et mourir.

The queen of poetry, as her contemporaries entitled her, died in the first year of the great reign of Frances I., and Leo X. Her mortal remains were deposited in the choir of the church of Notre Dame, at Toulouse. A bronze tablet, inscribed with a highly eulogistic tribute to her fame, still remains, at the foot of a statue of Clemence. After the lapse of three centuries, it required nothing less than the convulsions of the French Revolution of 1789 to suspend the floral games; they were reinstated under Napoleon, as a municipal institution, in 1806. The memory of Clemence Isaure lived "green with immortal bays;" for centuries the Toulousians had made her their boast—but "all that beauty, all that wit e'er gave," could find no grace with the *patriots* of 1793. That intelligent body of citizens voted Clemence Isaure an "aristocrat," and, as such, sentenced her bronze monument to be melted down, and used for vulgar purposes. Fortunately, the honest artisan to whom the work was consigned, had a feeling which saved this venerable relic. At the risk of his head, he substituted some other bronze, and concealed the tablet till a time of political safety arrived.

J.

JANE OF FLANDERS,

Countess of Montfort, was one of the most extraordinary women of her age. Her husband, the count of Montfort, having been, in 1342, made prisoner and conducted to Paris, she assembled the inhabitants of Rennes, her place of residence, and by her eloquence, aided by the pity inspired by her infant son, moved the inhabitants of Rennes to take up arms in her behalf. The movement was participated in by all Brittany, and she soon found herself in a position to protect her rights. Having shut herself in the fortress of Hennebonne, Charles de Blois, her husband's enemy, besieged her there, after an obstinate defence, in which the countess showed many of the qualities of a commander. The repeated breaches made in the walls at length rendered it necessary for the besieged, who were diminished in numbers, and exhausted by fatigue, to treat for a capitulation. During a conference for that purpose, in which the bishop of Leon was engaged with Charles de Blois, the countess, who had mounted a high tower, which commanded a view of the sea, descried some sails at a distance, and immediately exclaimed, "Behold the succours! the English succours! no capitulation!"

This fleet, prepared by Edward III. for the relief of Hennebonne, having been detained by contrary winds, entered the harbour, under the command of Sir Walter Mauny. The garrison, by this reinforcement, animated with fresh spirits, immediately sallied forth, beat the besiegers from their posts, and obliged them to decamp. The flames of war still continued their devastations, when Charles de Blois, having invested the fortress of Roche de Rien, the Countess of Montfort, reinforced by some English troops, attacked him, during the night, in his entrenchments, dispersed his army, and took him prisoner. His wife, in whose right he had pretended to Brittany, compelled by the captivity of her husband, assumed, in her turn, the government of the party; and opposed herself, a formidable and worthy rival, both in the cabinet and field, to the countess of Montfort.

The mediation of France and England failed to put an end to the disputes in Brittany, till Charles de Blois was at length slain, at the battle of Auray. The young count de Montfort soon after obtained possession of the duchy, and, though a zealous partizan of England, had his title acknowledged by the French king, to whom he did homage for his dominions.

JEANNE DE BOURBON,

Daughter of Pierre I., duke de Bourbon, was born at Vincennes, near Paris, February 8d, 1337. April 8th, 1350, when about thirteen, she married Charles, who was nearly the same age, afterwards Charles V. of France, eldest son of king John. She was a very beautiful woman, and her husband was much attached to her. He had a high opinion of her judgment, often consulted her on state affairs, and loved to see her surrounded by all the pomp and luxury suited to her station. On days of solemnity, Charles frequently brought his wife, whom he called "the sun of his kingdom," with him to the parliament, where she took her seat by his side. By his will, he left the regency to Jeanne, although he had three brothers of mature age. However, his queen died before him, at the Hotel de St. Paul, in Paris, February 11th, 1378. Her death proved a real misfortune to France. She is spoken of, by historians, as one of the most accomplished and virtuous princesses of her time.

JEANNE OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE,

Wife of Philip IV., surnamed the Fair, of France, was the only child and heiress of Henry I., king of Navarre and count of Champagne. The count de Bar having attacked Champagne, she placed herself at the head of a small army, forced him to surrender, and kept him a long time in prison. But her most solid title to glory, is the having founded the famous college of Navarre.

Jeanne of Navarre died at Vincennes, in 1304, aged thirty-three. Her husband was devotedly attached to her, and she fully deserved his love. Philip never took the titles of king of Navarre, or of count of Champagne and of Brie; and to all his ordinances relative to the government of these principalities, he always added that he acted with the concurrence of his dear companion; and Jeanne added her seal to that of her husband. Jeanne was married at the age of thirteen, and, during her twenty years of wedded life, she bore her husband seven children. She was equally beautiful, eloquent, generous, and courageous.

JOANNA,

Or Jane of Navarre, consort of Henry IV. of England, was the second daughter of Charles

d'Albert, king of Navarre, surnamed the Bad. Her mother was Jane, daughter of John, king of France. Joanna was born about 1370, and in 1386, she married John de Montfort, duke of Bretagne, surnamed the Valiant, by whom she was tenderly beloved, and who left her regent and sole guardian of the young duke, their eldest son, on his death, in 1399. In 1402, Joanna married Henry of Lancaster, king of England, who died in 1413; after which event, Joanna still remained in England. In 1419, she was arrested on a charge of witchcraft against the king, Henry V., her step-son. She was condemned, deprived of all her property, and imprisoned till 1422, when she was set free, and her dower restored. She died at Havering Bower, in 1437. Joanna had nine children by the duke of Bretagne, some of whom died before her; but none by Henry IV. She was a beautiful and a very intelligent woman.

JOANNA,

Countess of Hainault and Flanders. Baldwin, count of Flanders, born in 1171, was one of the heroes of the fourth crusade. He had taken the city of Constantinople, and borne for a short time the empty title of emperor. The fortunes of war rendered him prisoner during a tedious captivity of eighteen years. In parting for the crusade, Baldwin left two young daughters, Joan and Margaret — the former destined to be his heiress and successor. Their mother, Mary di Sciampagna, died at Acre, in making a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. During the absence of Baldwin, Flanders was governed by the guardian and cousin of the infants, Philip of Namur.

Joan, from early girlhood, manifested an imperious will and ardent desire for sway. Profiting by a rumour of the death of her father, which began to be spread abroad, she seized the reins of government, and caused herself, in 1209, to be declared countess of Hainault and Flanders. Two years after this she formed a marriage, which, judging from its result, must have arisen on her side from motives of policy, unmingled with affection. The husband she selected was Ferdinand, son of Sancho, king of Portugal. Uncertain in disposition, unskilful in conduct, and weak in design, Ferdinand attempted various expeditions, and performed all with ill-success. He began by forming an alliance with Philip Augustus; then owing to some frivolous pique we find him deserting to the English, just at the time of the famous battle of Bouvines. Covered with wounds, he fell into the hands of the French, and was conveyed a prisoner to Paris, where he remained fifteen years in captivity. Joan appears to have considered him well disposed of, as she maintained an amicable relation with Philip Augustus, and afterwards with Louis VIII. These kings were her friends, supporters, and trusty allies. No doubt they consulted her wishes in retaining the unhappy Ferdinand in the Louvre, while they granted her the honours and privileges of a sovereign *per se*, among which was the holding an unsheathed sword before them. She seems to have governed with vigour and judgment. Her political treaties were made with a sagacity rare at that period. She had none of the tenderness of an amiable woman, but was gifted with the shrewd sense and hardness of a statesman. Circumstances soon arose before which a less stout heart would have quailed, and a more sensitive conscience refused to act.

In 1225, a broken-down, grey-haired, feeble old man made his appearance in Lisle, and declared himself to be Baldwin, the father of the countess, returned to resume his sovereignty! Joan boldly asserted that he was an impostor, and denied him admission to the palace; but his piteous tale, his venerable appearance, and the natural bias of the populace to side with the oppressed, gained him numerous partizans. Joan's residence was surrounded by a tumultuous mob, and she hastily fled to Peronne, and put herself under the protection of her trusty friend king Louis, who summoned the soi-disant Baldwin to appear before his tribunal, when as suzerain he would pronounce between the contending parties. His decision would probably have been the same had the unfortunate pretender offered the strongest evidence — as it was, the old man was unable to answer questions propounded to him about early events and persons. He pleaded that age, and trouble, and present sickness and agitation, dulled his faculties and injured his memory; but Louis gave sentence that he was an impostor, and as such, ordered him out of the kingdom, though he respected the safe-conduct under which he had presented himself, and had him carried safely beyond the frontiers. The countess being reinstated in her domains, showed by her cruelty that she did not despise the claims of the wretched veteran. She sent persons to seize him, and when under her jurisdiction, after submitting his aged limbs to the torture, she caused him to be decapitated. Kneeling on the scaffold, with one hand on the crucifix, and his head on the block, he repeated that he was the true and real Baldwin, count of Flanders. At a neighbouring window appeared a pale visage, with closed teeth and contracted muscles — it was Joan — who took a fearful satis-

faction in seeing with her own eyes the fulfilment of her dire will!

After this scene of blood, the countess governed Flanders peacefully and prosperously for sixteen years. The justice of St. Louis when he ascended the throne of France opened the prison-doors of Ferdinand; but the privations, and sufferings, and solitude of years, had weakened his moral and physical economy—he was prematurely old—and did not live to enjoy his freedom, so long wished for. The widow princess deemed it expedient to enter into new nuptials. She espoused Thomas of Savoy. The day after this marriage, mounted in a stately car with her husband, she went in procession through the city of Lisle; but when she arrived at the place where her father had been executed, a bloody phantom rose before her—the head but half attached to the bust—and uttered the most frightful menaces. Who shall pronounce whether this apparition was the effect of a guilty conscience, stimulated by the accusations of the populace, or a nervous disorder, the beginning of divine vengeance! At all events, from that day Joan led a life of agony and terror, always haunted by the fatal spectre. Consulting holy churchmen, she was advised to build a monastery on the very spot where the phantom rose. Joan not only did this, but also erected a hospital and two convents; and that her repentance might prove still more efficacious, assumed herself the habit of a nun, and died in the cloister in the year 1241. Her death-bed was surrounded by the holy sisterhood, who lavished every comfort of religion upon her; she grasped convulsively the crucifix, and her last words were, in accents of despair, "Will God forgive me?"

JOANNA,

Of Naples, daughter of Robert, king of Naples, of the Anjou dynasty, succeeded her father in 1343. She was then sixteen, handsome and accomplished. She had been for some time married to her cousin Andreas of Hungary; but this union was not a happy one. Andreas claimed to be king and to share his wife's authority, which, by her father's will, had been solely left to her. The conduct of Andreas, and his haughty manners, offended the Neapolitan nobility, and his Hungarian guards excited their jealousy. A conspiracy was formed by the nobles, and one night while the court was at Aversa, Andreas was strangled, and his body thrown out of a window of the castle.

Joanna went immediately to Naples, and thence issued orders for the apprehension of the murderers. Many persons were put to a cruel death as accessaries, but public opinion still implicated the queen in the murder. The same year Joanna married her cousin Louis, prince of Tarentum. Soon after Louis, king of Hungary, the brother of Andreas, came with an army to avenge his brother's death. He defeated the queen's troops, and entered Naples. Joanna then took refuge in her hereditary principality of Provence. She soon repaired to Avignon, and, before Pope Clement VI., protested her innocence and demanded a trial. She was tried and acquitted; and, out of gratitude, she gave up to the papal see the town and county of Avignon.

In the mean time, a pestilence had frightened away the Hungarians from Naples, and Joanna, returning to her kingdom, was solemnly crowned with her husband, in 1351. Joan reigned many years in peace. Having lost her husband in 1362, she married James of Arragon, a prince of Majorca, and on his death she married, in 1376, Otho, duke of Brunswick; but having no children, she gave her niece Margaret to Charles, duke of Durazzo, and appointed him her successor. On the breaking out of the schism between Urban VI. and Clement VII., Joanna took the part of the latter. Urban excommunicated her, and gave her kingdom to Charles Durazzo, who revolted against his sovereign and benefactress. With the aid of the pope he raised troops, defeated the queen, and took her prisoner. He then tried to induce Joanna to abdicate in his favour; but she firmly refused, and named Louis of Anjou, brother of Charles V., king of France, as her successor. Charles then transferred Joanna to the castle of Muro, in Basilicata, where he caused her to be murdered, in 1382. She was a woman of great accomplishments, and many good qualities.

JOANNA II.,

Daughter of Charles Durazzo, and sister of Ladislaus, king of Naples, succeeded the latter in 1414. She was then forty-four, and was noted for her licentiousness and weakness. She married, from political motives, James, Count de la Marche, who was allied to the royal family of France. But the union proved a most unhappy one, and James fled to France, where it is said that he ended his days in a convent. Meantime unworthy favourites ruled in succession in the court of Joanna. One of them, Ser Gianni Caracciolo, of a noble family, saw his influence disputed by the famous Condottiere Sforza Attendolo, who, together with many barons that were jealous of Caracciolo, took the part of Louis of Anjou, grandson of that Louis to whom Joanna I. had bequeathed the crown. The queen sought for support in Alfonso of Arragon, king of Sicily, whom she appointed her suc-

cessor. Alfonso came to Naples; but the fickle Joan, having made her peace with Sforza, revoked her adoption of Alfonso, and appointed Louis of Anjou her successor. Alfonso was obliged to return to Sicily, and soon after Caracciolo was murdered in consequence of court jealousy. Louis of Anjou died also, and was followed to the grave by Joanna herself, who appointed René of Anjou her successor. She died in 1435, leaving her kingdom in great disorder, and with the prospect of disputed succession and civil war.

JUDITH,

Daughter of Welff, a count, by some writers called the duke of Bavaria, was selected, from her beauty, to be the second wife of Louis le Debonnaire, son of Charlemagne, emperor of France. She was well educated, and succeeded in obtaining such control over the king's affections, that she governed not only in the palace, but also exercised the greatest influence in the government. Her oldest son, who afterwards reigned under the name of Charles the Bald, was born in 823; but as the king had already divided his estates between the sons of his former marriage, there was nothing left for him. Judith immediately exerted herself to obtain a kingdom for her child; and having made her god-son, Bernard, duke of Aquitaine, prime minister, a national assembly was convoked at Worms, and by the consent of Lothaire, the eldest son of Louis, the country between the Jura, Alps, Rhine, and Maine, was given to Charles, who was placed under the care of Bernard.

Pepin, the second son of Louis, having convinced Lothaire of his folly in yielding up his possessions at the request of Judith, induced him to unite with him in a rebellion against Judith and Louis. In 829 they surrounded Aix, took Judith and her husband prisoners, and accusing Judith of too great intimacy with Bernard, forced her to take the veil, in the convent of St. Radegonde, at Poitiers. They, however, permitted Judith to have a private interview with her husband, on condition that she would urge on him the necessity of an immediate abdication. Judith promised to do so; but instead, advised Louis to yield to circumstances, and go to the monastery of St. Médard, at Soissons, but not to abdicate the crown. The king followed her advice; and, in 830, Lothaire, having quarrelled with his brother, restored the crown to Louis, who immediately recalled Judith. The pope released her from her conventual vows, and she cleared herself by an oath from the accusation of adultery that was brought against her. Bernard, who had fled to Aquitaine, also returned, and offered to prove his innocence of the crime by single combat, with any of his accusers. No one accepted the challenge, but the public feeling was so strong against him, that the empress was obliged to send him away.

In 833, the emperor was again betrayed and deposed by his children, although Judith had exerted herself in every way, even by cruelty, to retain for her weak husband the power he could not keep for himself. After a year of confinement, Louis was again placed on the throne; and by the new division of the empire, arranged in 839, Judith had the satisfaction of seeing her son placed in possession of a large share of those estates from which he had seemed forever excluded. Louis the Mild died in 840, and Judith only survived him three years. She died at Tours. Some historians, however, say that her death did not occur till 848, or even till 874. In her heart the mother's ambition was the predominating power.

JULIA DOMNA

Was the daughter of a noble Phœnician, a high priest of the temple of the sun, at Emesa. Nature had blessed her with great intellectual and personal endowments; and the high gifts of beauty, wit, imagination, and discernment, were augmented by all the advantages of study and education. She is said to have been well acquainted with history, moral philosophy, geometry, and other sciences, which she cultivated through life; and her mental accomplishments won her the friendship of all the most distinguished among the learned in Rome, "where," (says one of her modern historians, in modern phrase,) "elle vint, dans l'intention de faire fortune, et y reussit."

From the time of her union with Severus,

(twenty years before his elevation to the throne,) he almost always adopted her counsels, and mainly owed to them that high reputation with his army, which induced his troops in Illyria to proclaim him emperor. Although Julia Domna has been accused, by the scandal of ancient history, of gallantry in her early days, (the common accusation of the compilers of anecdotes, who pass for historians,) all writers acknowledge that the follies of her youth were effaced by the virtues and the genius which glorified her maturity; and that, when seated on the throne of the empire, she surrounded it by whatever the declining literature and science of the day still preserved of the wise, able, and eminent.

Her husband esteemed her genius, and consulted her upon all affairs; and she, in some measure, governed during the reign of her sons, though she had the misfortune of seeing one slain by his execrable brother, whose excesses she inwardly murmured at, when she dared not openly condemn.

To the last hour of her son's life, Julia Domna, who had accompanied him to the East, administered all that was moral or intellectual in the government of the empire; and the respectful civility of the usurper Macrinus to the widow of Severus, might have flattered her with the hope of an honourable if not a happy old age, in the society of the lettered and the scientific, whom to the last she served and protected.

But the heart, if not the spirit of this great woman, and most unfortunate of mothers, was broken. "She had experienced all the vicissitudes of fortune. From an humble station she had been raised to greatness, only to taste the superior bitterness of an exalted rank. She was doomed to weep over the death of one of her sons, and over the life of another. The terrible death of Caracalla, though her good sense must have long taught her to expect it, awakened the feelings of a mother and an empress. She descended with a painful struggle into the condition of a subject, and soon withdrew herself, by a voluntary death, from an anxious and a humiliating dependence." She refused all food and died of starvation.

JULIA MAMMEA,

Mother of Alexander Severus, emperor of Rome, in 222, was possessed of equal genius and courage. She educated her son very carefully for the throne, rendering him a man of virtue and sensibility. Severus thought so highly of his mother that he consulted her in every thing, and followed her advice. Julia having heard of Origen, sent for him, and is supposed to have been converted by him to Christianity. She was murdered with her son, in Gaul, by the discontented soldiery, in 235.

JULIA MŒSA,

Grandmother of Heliogabalus, emperor of Rome, was a great politician, and a virtuous woman. She strove to counteract the bad counsels of the mother of the emperor, and bring him back to common sense and duty. She saw that the Romans would not long bear such a shameful yoke, and she induced the emperor, who always retained his respect for her, to nominate his cousin, Alexander Severus, his successor. Julia Mœsa attained a happy and respected old age, and was placed by Alexander Severus in the list of divinities.

JULIA SŒMIUS,

Mother of Heliogabalus, emperor of Rome, was a native of Apamea; her father was Julius Avitus, and her mother, Mœsa. Her sister, Julia Mammea, was the second wife of the emperor Septimus Severus. Julia Sœmius was made president of a senate of women, which she had elected, to decide the quarrels and affairs of the Roman matrons, an office of some difficulty, if not honour. She at last provoked the people by her debaucheries, extravagance, and cruelties, and was murdered with her son and family, in 222.

JULIA,

A virgin and martyr of Carthage. At the sack of Carthage by Genseric, king of the Vandals, Julia was sold to a heathen merchant, and carried to Syria. Here she was discovered to be a Christian, by her refusal to take a part in some of the festivals instituted in honour of the female deities, and was put to death, in 440.

JULIANNA,

Wife of Eustace de Breteuil, was the natural daughter of Henry I. of England. Her husband having confided to her the defence of the castle de Breteuil, in 1119, she defended it bravely against her father, at the head of a large army. Her father had taken her two sons prisoners, and given them to their enemies, who had mutilated their faces. When Julianna found that she could hold out no longer, she sent to desire an interview with her father, who, suspecting no treachery, went to meet her, when she attempted to kill him. Henry avoided the blow, and forced her to surrender. She was obliged to leave the castle ignominiously, and went to rejoin her husband at Pacy-sur-Eure.

K.

KHAULA,

An Arabian heroine, who, in the famous battle of the Yermonks, between the Greeks and the Arabs, in the seventh century, rallied the Arabs, when they were driven back by the furious onset of their assailants, and, with several other of the chief women, took the command of the army. In leading the van, Khaula was beaten to the ground by a Greek, when Wafeira, one of her female friends, rescued her, by striking off his head with one blow. This courageous conduct so animated the Arabs, that they routed the Greeks with great loss. Khaula afterwards married the caliph Ali.

L.

LABANA,

A Moorish-Spaniard, of a noble family at Corduba. She was a most accurate poetess, and also was skilled in philosophy and music. She died young, in 995.

LAURA,

The beloved of Petrarch, is better known by that title, than by her own name of Laura de Noyes. She was born at Avignon, and married Hugo de Sade. Petrarch first saw her in 1327, and conceived a passion for her, which existed during her life; yet her chastity has never been called in question. Petrarch wrote three hundred and eighteen sonnets and eighty-eight songs, of which Laura was the subject. She died of the plague, in 1348, aged thirty-eight. She is said to have had a graceful figure, a sweet voice, a noble and distinguished appearance, and a countenance which inspired tenderness.

The poetry of Petrarch gave Laura a wide celebrity during her lifetime. It is recorded, that the king of Bohemia, arriving at Avignon, sought out this well-sung lady, and kissed her on the forehead, in token of homage. All this may appear very pleasant; romantic young ladies may even account Laura a very fortunate woman; but there is a dark side to the picture. The husband of Laura was not pleased with the notoriety which the devotion of Petrarch conferred on the object of his passion or his poetry. No wonder the jealousy of the husband, even an Italian husband, should have been awakened; and though no real infidelity of his wife was ever discovered, yet it was not possible he could enjoy the quiet happiness of domestic life, which is based on perfect confidence in the affections as well as principles of the married pair. The children of this ill-matched couple showed either that their training was neglected, or their natural gifts very mediocre; both consequences unfavourable to the character of their mother. Of Laura's nine sons, not one was ever distinguished for sense or spirit; and her only daughter conducted herself in such an irregular manner, that her friends were forced to shut her up in a convent. Such were the children of this "beloved of Petrarch." Surely, Laura's celebrity can be no object of envy to any good mother who has good children. And Petrarch — could he have been an honourable man, who, for twenty-two years, made love to another man's wife?

LEELA,

Of Granada, a Moorish-Spaniard, who was celebrated for her learning. She died in the early part of the thirteenth century.

LEVI,

Justin de, daughter of André Perotti, of Sasso Ferrato, a descendant of the illustrious house of Levi, was born at Cremona, in the fourteenth century, and was a successful writer of Italian poetry. She was a contemporary and correspondent of Petrarch. She addressed to him a sonnet, to which he replied by another. But, to avoid the appearance of rivalry with this celebrated poet, she determined to write only in French. She married *Louis* de Puytendre, a French gentleman, living on the borders of the Rhine, and was the ancestress of Clotilde de Surville.

LEIVA,

Maria Virginia di. Horace remarks, in an often-quoted sally, that many heroes worthy of renown have existed, acted, and been forgotten, because there was no bard to cast his sacred light around their deeds. The interest awakened by the poet, is indeed universal and far-spreading. Who, for instance, does not feel more alive to the identity of Agamemnon — the very king noted by Homer — or of Andromache, or of Helen, than to the well-authenticated existence of many an actual prince or pretty woman, who, wanting the bard, is made known to us merely by chronological tablets? It is that sort of interest, inspired by being the subject of the pen of genius, that renders the Signora Di Leiva worthy a place in these sketches. Manzoni, in the best romance Italy has

ever produced—we may say, one of the best romances to be found in any language—has given importance to the memory of an otherwise obscure gentlewoman. Those versed in Italian literature, need not be reminded of the interesting and strongly depicted account of the lady of Monza; but little is to be added to the episode of the "Promessi Sposi."

It must be stated, that the circumstances detailed in that work did not really happen at Monza, but in some obscure bourg, whose name cannot now be ascertained; the real name of the lady was Maria Virginia di Leiva. Her father, Antonio di Leiva, from an unjust ambition to endow his son with an excessive wealth, immured this unfortunate daughter in a convent, where she was forced to take the veil, without the smallest vocation or sentiment of religion. To recompense her for this sacrifice, uncommon privileges were extended to her; she was accountable to nobody for her time or actions, and this led to her ruin. A young nobleman, of dissolute habits and abandoned life, found means to attract her attention from a neighbouring house—to gain her affections, and to seduce her. Thus far Manzoni:—but the work called the Monaca di Monza, by Rossini, which affects to give a detailed and continued life of this lady, is entirely incorrect and without real foundation. The true end of her history is, that the scandalous life she led, was brought by report to the ears of the Cardinal Borromeo, who quietly withdrew her from the scene of her errors, placed her in another monastery, under strict overseeing, and in fine, by tenderness and spiritual exhortations, awakened her torpid conscience, instructed her in religious truths, and brought about a sincere repentance. She became as eminent for the saintly piety of her latter days, as she had been offensive from her early licentiousness. Her seducer, after a series of fearful crimes—among which murder was to be reckoned—came to an untimely and violent death.

LIOBA,

A RELATION of St Boniface, the intrepid apostle of Northern Europe, was placed by him at the head of a convent which he had founded for women, in the midst of the barbarous tribes of Germany, not far from the monastery of Fulda. She was a very learned woman for that age, and was thoroughly acquainted with the writings of the Fathers, ecclesiastical law, and theology. The Bible was almost always in her hands, and even during her sleep she had it read to her. All her life, Lioba was considered a saint. She was the only woman who was ever allowed to enter the monastery of Fulda. When St. Boniface was massacred at Friesland, he requested to be buried near Lioba; "I wish," said he, "to wait with her for the day of resurrection. Those who have laboured together for Christ, ought together to receive their reward."

LOIS and EUNICE,

MOTHER and daughter, were Jewish women, and early believers in the Christian faith; they resided at Lystra, a city of Lycaonia. Eunice was the mother of Timothy, who was the first bishop of the Ephesians, and the favourite convert and friend of the apostle Paul. As the husband of Eunice was a Greek, the religious education of Timothy must have been entirely the work of his mother and grandmother. This is proved by what Paul says in his epistle to Timothy regarding the "unfeigned faith" of these two noble women. He judged the piety of this gifted young man by the measure of excellence they possessed; and if Timothy came up to this standard of the female soul, Paul was satisfied. Thus was the piety of woman held up as the pattern for the best of men, by the sternest and most masculine mind among the apostles. See Acts, chap. xvi., and 2 Timothy, chap. i.

LOSA,

ISABELLA, a native of Cordova, Spain, was so illustrious for her knowledge of Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, that she was honoured with the degree of D. D. When she became a widow, she took the habit of St. Clair, went to Italy, and founded there the hospital of Loretto, where she ended her days, in acts of devotion and benevolence, March 5th, 1546, aged seventy-three.

LOUISA,

OF Savoy, countess of Angoulême, wife of Charles, duke of Orleans, and mother of Francis I., who succeeded to the throne of France in 1515. Immediately on his accession, he raised Angoulême into a duchy from motives of filial affection. Louisa had been eminently beautiful, and even then, time had diminished her charms but little, while the gifts of nature were carefully improved and embellished by cultivation. Gifted with strong talents, and a mind active, vigorous, penetrating, and decisive, she aimed at the acquisition of power, but, unhappily for the nation, her virtues were overbalanced by her vices; her passions were strong and impetuous, and to their gratification she sacrificed all a woman should hold dear; vain, avaricious, intriguing, jealous, and implacable, she thwarted the best concerted plans of her son,

and occasioned the greatest distress to the nation.

Francis, on his Italian expedition, left his mother regent of the kingdom, and, after his return from it, when his duchy of Milan was threatened by the Pope, and Lautrec was appointed its governor, Louisa, partly from avarice, and partly from an inveterate dislike she had conceived for Lautrec, who had spoken too freely of some of her intrigues, seized and appropriated the three hundred thousand crowns which had been raised for the pay of the Milanese troops. Lautrec performed prodigies of valour, but the Swiss mercenaries, who formed the greater part of the army, enraged at not receiving their pay, left him, and Lautrec was obliged to return to France. The king was so enraged at the loss of the Milanese, that he at first refused to see him; but, having at length obtained an audience, he justified himself by imputing the disasters of the campaign to the want of the promised money. Francis flew into a violent passion with Semblancy, superintendant of the finances, insisting on knowing what had become of the money he had ordered to be sent to Italy; the minister, a man of virtue and integrity, who had grown grey in the service of his country, confessed he had been obliged to pay it to the duchess d'Angoulême, who had taken the consequences on herself; but that infamous woman had the presumption to deny the fact, though Semblancy produced her receipt for the amount. When Semblancy had thus justified himself in the eyes of Francis, and continued to enjoy his place, the vindictive Louisa soon suborned one of his clerks to accuse him of peculation; he was tried by partial judges, condemned, and executed.

Louisa's affections had long been fixed on the duke of Bourbon, but finding her love rejected by a prince sincerely attached to his wife, in revenge she prejudiced the king against him. The death of the duchess of Bourbon revived her former tenderness, and she offered her hand to the duke. This being rejected with contempt, she doomed Bourbon to destruction. A law-suit was commenced against him, to recover some possessions he held in right of his wife; and the judges, overawed by Louisa, pronounced a sentence by which his estate was sequestered. Bourbon, driven to desperation by this injustice, entered into a treaty with Henry VIII., of England, and Charles V., of Germany, against the king of France.

At first, Francis was successful in repelling the confederate princes, which encouraged him to attempt, in person, the recovery of the Milanese; in vain did his mother and his wisest ministers dissuade him from it; he departed, leaving the duchess regent of the kingdom. After the battle of Pavia, at which he had lost his army and his liberty, he addressed the following note to his mother, "Madame, all is lost except our honour." The captivity of the king, and the loss of a flourishing army, added to a discontent prevailing throughout the kingdom, seemed to threaten a general insurrection. In this trying emergency, the magnanimity of Louisa was eminently displayed, and the kingdom, which her passions had endangered, her abilities were exerted to save. She assembled, at Lyons, the princes of the blood, the governors of the provinces, and the notables of the realm, who generously resolved to ransom immediately the officers and soldiers taken at Pavia. The army and garrisons were recruited, and enabled to repel the Imperialists, while Louisa conciliated the favour of the king of England, whom she disengaged from the confederacy; and to her mediation Francis acknowledged himself indebted for his liberty, which he recovered in March, 1526. The terms of his liberation by the emperor were so exorbitant that he never intended to fulfil them, and the Pope absolved him from his oath.

Consequently, hostilities continued, till Margaret of Austria and the duchess of Angoulême met at Cambray, and settled the terms of pacification, whence the peace was called the "Ladies' Peace." Louisa died, 1571. In obedience to her counsels, Francis completed, after her death, her favourite project of annexing the duchy of Brittany to the crown.

LUCILLA,

A DAUGHTER of M. Aurelius, celebrated for her youthful virtues and her beauty; and also notorious, at a later period, for her debaucheries and misfortunes. At the age of sixteen, her father sent her to Syria, to marry the emperor Verus, who was then at war with the Parthians and Armenians. Lucilla loved her husband passionately, and, at first, conducted herself with great modesty and discretion; but, seeing Verus plunge into dissipations of every kind, while he neglected her, she yielded to the fashion of the times, and became very profligate. After the death of Verus, she married, by order of her father, an old but virtuous senator. She was accused of incest with her brother Commodus; and when he treated her with coldness, she, with many of the senators, conspired against him. The plot was discovered, and Lucilla was banished, in 185. Soon after, she was put to death by her brother, in the thirty-eighth year of her age.

LUCY, ST.,

A VIRGIN martyr, born at Syracuse. She refused to marry a young man who addressed her, because she had determined to devote herself to religion, and, to prevent his importunities, she gave her whole fortune to the poor. Enraged at this, the young man accused her, before Paschasius the heathen judge, of professing Christianity, and Lucy was put to death by him, in 805.

M.

MALATESTI,

BATTISTA, of Urbino. This very erudite lady was the daughter of Guido di Montefeltro, lord of Urbino. She was a pupil of Leonardo Bruni. She understood Latin, and was so expert in philosophy that she was able to hold public theses.

As a widow, she maintained a fair and wise government of her dominions, until having reached a very advanced age, she retired into the convent of St. Clara, where she finished her life in pious tranquillity. She died in 1460.

MARGARET OF ANJOU,

Queen-consort of England, was daughter of Regnier, or René, titular king of Sicily, Naples, and Jerusalem, descended from the counts of Anjou, and brother of Charles V. of France. Brought up in the petty court of Anjou, her natural strength of mind was not enfeebled by indulgence, and she was considered the most accomplished princess of her time, when she was selected by cardinal Beaufort for the wife of Henry VI. of England. She was married in 1445, when only sixteen, to share with a weak prince a throne disturbed by rancorous and contending factions. She naturally threw herself into that party which had favoured her marriage, of which the earl of Suffolk was the chief; and when the destruction of Humphrey, duke of Gloucester, was effected by their machinations, she was generally suspected of being privy to his murder. The surrender of the province of Maine, in France, to the king of that country, who was Margaret's uncle, in consequence of a secret article in the marriage treaty, aggravated the odium under which Margaret and Suffolk laboured; and the sacrifice of that nobleman, which followed, is said to have cost her more tears than are usually shed on the loss of a political ally.

Her son was born in 1453, while the national discontents were rising to a crisis. She was soon after called upon to exert all the vigour of her character in resisting the Yorkists, who had defeated the royal army at St. Albans. Though Henry VI. was taken prisoner, she raised troops, and defended the royal cause with so much spirit, that she effected a favourable compromise, and restored her husband to the sovereignty. The war, however, was renewed, and at the battle of Northampton, the Lancasterians were totally routed, and Henry again taken prisoner. Margaret, with her son, fled to Durham, and thence to Scotland. Returning into the north of England, she interested the nobles there in her cause, and collected a powerful army. With this she met the duke of York at Wakefield, and totally defeated him. The duke was killed in this battle, and, by the order of Margaret, his head was struck off, and, crowned with a paper diadem, was placed on the gates of York. His youngest son, Rutland, was killed in cold blood by the furious Clifford; several prisoners of distinction were put to death, and an example given of the cruelties which marked the progress of this unnatural war.

In 1461, the queen defeated the earl of Warwick, partizan of Edward, son of the duke of York, at the second battle of St. Albans, in which she recovered the person of the king, now a passive agent in the hands of friends and foes. She displayed her fierce and cruel disposition, by ordering lord Bonville to be executed, to whose care Henry had been entrusted by the Yorkists, and to whom the powerless king had promised pardon. The approach of Edward with a superior force, obliged her again to retreat to the north, and that prince was elevated to the throne by the Londoners, and the lords of the Yorkists.

Margaret's influence, and the licentiousness in which her troops were indulged, increased the Lancasterian party to sixty thousand men. It was met at Towton, in Yorkshire, by Edward and Warwick, at the head of forty thousand men, and a battle was fought, March 1461, which was the bloodiest of these destructive wars. The Lancasterians were defeated, and Margaret and Henry, who had remained at York, hastily retreated to Scotland. After soliciting aid in vain from that country, she went over to France for the same purpose: and by offering to deliver Calais to the French, should Henry be restored to the crown, she obtained the succour of two thousand men, with which she landed in Scotland. Joined by some of her partizans, and a band of freebooters, she made an incursion into the north of England, and proceeded to Hexham. She was there met and defeated by a force under lord Montacute.

The unfortunate queen fled with her son into a forest, where she was seized by a band of robbers, who took her jewels, and treated her with great indignity. While they were quarrelling about the booty, Margaret escaped, and fled wearied and terrified into the depths of the forest. Seeing a man coming towards her with a drawn sword, she summoned up all her courage, and going to meet him, "Here, friend," said she, "I commit to your protection the son of your king." Struck by the nobleness and dignity of her manner, and charmed with the confidence reposed in him, the man, though a robber, devoted himself to her service. He concealed the queen and her son for some time in the woods, and then led them to the coast, whence they escaped to Flanders.

Margaret went to her father's court, where she remained several years, while her husband was imprisoned in the Tower of London. In 1470, the rebellion of the earl of Warwick against Edward, and his subsequent arrival in France, produced an alliance between him and the exiled queen. It was agreed that Warwick should endeavour to restore the house of Lancaster, and that Edward, the son of Margaret and Henry, should marry his daughter Anne, which alliance took place in France. Warwick landed in England, and Edward was forced to escape to Flanders. Margaret was preparing to second his efforts; but on the very day on which she landed at Weymouth, the battle of Barnet, April 14th, 1471, terminated the life of Warwick, and the hopes of the confederacy. Margaret, with her son, took refuge in the sanctuary of Beaulieu, in Hampshire, intending to return to France; but being encouraged by the increase of her party, she advanced to Tewksbury, where she was met by Edward, who totally defeated her, and took her and her son prisoners, the latter of whom was cruelly put to death. Margaret was confined in the Tower, where her husband died about the

same time. Louis XI. ransomed her, and she returned again to her father's protection.

The home to which the loving René welcomed his forlorn daughter, was a castle on the river Mayence; the scenery was beautiful, and the king had a gallery of paintings and sculpture, which he took delight in adorning with his own paintings; he had also ornamented the walls of his garden with heraldic designs carved in marble. It was in such pursuits that René, a true Provençal sovereign, found alleviations for his afflictions. But Margaret's temperament was of too stormy a nature to admit of the slightest alleviation of her griefs. She passed her whole time in bitter regrets, or unavailing sorrows. This intensity of suffering affected her constitution. The agonies and agitations she had undergone seemed to turn her blood into gall: her eyes were sunken and hollow, her skin was disfigured by a dry, scaly leprosy, until this princess, who had been a miracle of beauty, such as the world seldom beholds, became a spectacle of horror.

Her errors and her misfortunes were the result of the circumstances by which she was surrounded; her talents and virtues were of a lofty stamp; had she been married to a stronger-minded man, she would no doubt have been a better and a happier woman.

MARGARET,

Countess of the Tyrol and duchess of Carinthia. Her father Henry succeeded to the throne of Bohemia, at the death of Winzeslaus III., but was expelled from it by John of Luxemburg. Henry preserved the title of king and retired to the castle of the Tyrol, where, in 1318, was born the princess Margaret. This sole heiress of the Tyrol and of Carinthia soon became the aim of the houses of Austria, Bavaria, and Luxemburg. King John of Bohemia, with finesse superior to the others, ingratiated himself with the count of Tyrol, who agreed to betroth the countess Margaret, then seven years old, to his son John, yet an infant. The union did not take place till the year 1338, when Margaret had reached the age of twenty.

This princess, who was of a light and frivolous disposition, open to flattery, and easily swayed by the designing, had an invincible repugnance to her husband, who, to the petulance of a beardless boy, joined the haughtiness of a sovereign. The ambition of the house of Bavaria took advantage of these circumstances, and secret negotiations were opened with Margaret. Her marriage with John was cancelled, and the emperor proposed one of his sons as his successor. Some suspicions entering the mind of John, he proceeded to harsh measures with his wife, causing her to be guarded in a tower of the castle of the Tyrol. This was a very imprudent step; for it excited her subjects to such indignation, that the emissaries of Bavaria found it an easy matter to excite a revolt. John was himself driven from the country, and Margaret fell into the hands of the emperor.

Ludovic, margrave of Brandenburg, was selected to become the new spouse of Margaret. His handsome person, pleasing manners, and military reputation, easily reconciled her to the decree. But he manifested extreme repugnance to wed a princess who was without intrinsic merit, who was lawfully married to another, and who was related to him within the permitted degrees of consanguinity. His father silenced all these scruples; the dower of Margaret, in his eyes, neutralized every objection. He used his imperial power to annul her first marriage, and proceeded to unite her with Ludovic.

In the year 1361, Ludovic died suddenly, and many attributed his death to poison; some even hinted that Margaret was implicated; but there exist no proofs of such an atrocity. The death of their only son, Mainard, in the flower of his age, has also been by some ascribed to his mother's malice. But the most authentic historians are far from attributing to her such revolting wickedness. What can really be proved is her want of capacity, which was shown in the mistakes she made when, for a short time, the powers of government were concentrated in her hands. Rodolph, who, by many manœuvres and intrigues, had captivated the favours of Margaret, had, in the life-time of Ludovic, obtained from her a settlement investing him with the inheritance of the Tyrol in case of her husband and son dying without heirs. He, taking advantage of her weakness, induced her to abdicate her sovereignty in his favour; painting the troubles that invest a throne, and the life of pleasure and ease she would lead in a court that was then the first in Europe. She had an appointed revenue of 6000 gold marks, and four princely residences. When all was concluded, she proceeded with the widow of Mainard to the court of Vienna, where she was received with most distinguished attention. She passed six years of tranquillity, if insignificant pleasures deserve that term, and died in 1369. She was buried in the convent of St. Croce, near Baden.

MARGARET, ST.,

A virgin, who is said to have suffered martyrdom at Antioch, in 275. She is not mentioned by the ancient martyrologists, and she did not become famous till the eleventh century. A festival is

held in honour of her memory on the 20th of July. The Orientals reverence her under the name of St. Pelagia, or St. Marina, and the western church under that of St. Geruma, or St. Margaret.

MARGARET,

Sister of Edgar Atheling, grandson of Edmund Ironsides, king of England, fled to Scotland on the invasion of William the Conqueror, and married Malcolm, king of that country. She was a very amiable and benevolent princess. Her sons, Edgar, Alexander, and David, successively filled the throne of Scotland; and her daughter Matilda married Henry I. of England. She died November 16th, 1093, aged forty-seven.

MARGARET,

Daughter of Robert, duke of Burgundy, married Louis Hutin, king of France, in 1305. She was a beautiful but very licentious woman. Her lover was flayed alive, and she herself was strangled to death, in 1315.

MARGARET OF SCOTLAND,

The first wife of Louis XI. of France, died in 1445, at the age of twenty-six, before her husband had ascended the throne. Margaret was devoted to literature, and, while she lived, patronised men of learning and genius. Her admiration for the poet Alain Chartier is said to have induced her to kiss his lips, as he sat asleep one day in a chair. Her attendants being astonished at this act of condescension, the princess replied that "she did not kiss the man, but the lips which had given utterance to so many exquisite thoughts." She excited in the gloomy and ferocious Louis XI. a taste for science and literature, which lasted long after her death. She left no children. Her death is said to have been caused by the calumnies circulated against her; of which, however, she was proved innocent.

MARGARET,

Daughter of Raymond Berenger, count of Provence, married St. Louis, king of France, in 1254, and attended him during his wars in the Holy Land with the Saracens; when, on his captivity, she behaved with heroic intrepidity in the defence of Damietta. She died at Paris in 1285, aged seventy-six.

MARGARET,

The Semiramis of the North, third daughter of Waldemar, king of Denmark, was born in 1353. At the age of six she was contracted to Haguin, king of Norway; but the Swedes, of whom his father Magnus was king, insisted on his renouncing the alliance; and to oblige them, he consented to demand Elizabeth of Holstein in marriage, whom he espoused by proxy. But, on her voyage to Norway, a storm drove her off the coast of Denmark, where she was detained by Waldemar until his daughter was married to Haguin in 1366.

Waldemar died in 1375, leaving only two daughters, of whom Margaret was the younger. Olaus, the son of Margaret, was at that time king of

Norway; and as the grandson of Magnus, who had however been deposed, he had some claims on the crown of Sweden. The eldest daughter, Ingeburga, wife of Henry, duke of Mecklenburg, had also a son; but the right of succession was then confused and uncertain, and Margaret contrived that the election should be decided in favour of her son, then eleven years old, who was placed on the throne, under her guidance as regent. Haguin died soon after; and Olaus died in 1387, at the age of twenty-two; with him the male line was extinct, and custom had not yet authorized the election of a woman. Henry of Mecklenburg omitted nothing that could advance his pretensions; but Margaret's genius, and well-placed liberality, won over the bishops and clergy, which was in effect gaining the greater part of the people, and she was unanimously elected queen of Denmark.

But her ambition grasped at the crown of Norway also; she sent deputies to solicit the states, gained over the chief people by money, and found means to render herself mistress of the army and garrisons; so that, had the nation been otherwise disposed, she would in the end have succeeded; but they readily yielded to her wishes. The Norwegians, perceiving that the succession was in danger of being extinct, entreated her to secure it by an advantageous marriage; but she received the proposal coldly. To satisfy, however, their desire, she consented to appoint a successor; but fixed on one so young that she would have full time to satisfy her ambition before he could be of age to take any share in the government; yet he was the true heir, and grandson of her sister.

She recommended herself so strongly to the Swedes, who were oppressed by their king Albert, who had gone to war with her, that they renounced their allegiance to that prince, and made her a solemn offer of their crown, thinking that her good sense would set bounds to her ambition, and prevent any encroachment on their rights. She accepted the offer, marched to their assistance, defeated Albert, who was deposed, in 1388, after a war of seven years. She then imprisoned him another seven years, till he made a solemn renunciation

of his crown, and retired to the dominions of his brother, the duke of Mecklenburg. Margaret then assumed the reins of government in Sweden, and was distinguished by the appellation of the Semiramis of the North.

In 1395, she associated with her in the three elective kingdoms, her great-nephew Eric, duke of Pomerania. She governed with absolute authority; and when reminded of her oaths by the nobility, who added, "they had the records of them," she replied, "I advise you to keep them carefully; as I shall keep the castles and cities of my kingdom, and all the rights belonging to my dignity."

At the treaty of Calmar, concluded in 1397, she endeavoured to make the union of the three kingdoms perpetual, and introduced Eric separately to all the deputies. She represented to them, with eloquence and address, the advantages that would accrue from the consolidation of the three nations into one kingdom; that it would put an end to the frequent wars which desolated them, and render them entirely masters of the commerce of the Baltic; keep in awe the Hanse-towns, grown powerful by the divisions of her people; and acquire for them all the advantages resulting from a perfect conformity of laws, customs, and interests. The majesty of her person, the strength of her arguments and her eloquence, gained over the deputies. They approved and established a fundamental law, which was received by the three nations, and solemnly confirmed by oath. This was the celebrated law called the union of Calmar, which only served to show how impotent are human wishes, though conceived with wisdom and forwarded by address.

Margaret is charged with only one political error, that of suffering Olaus to grant the important duchy of Keswick to the house of Holstein, whose enmity they thus wished to do away, but which proved a thorn in her side till the death of the duke; when she, by her vigorous measures, forced his successors to hold their possessions as a fief from Denmark.

Distinguished at the same time for moderation, solid judgment, enterprising and persevering ambition, Margaret receives different characters from Danish and Swedish historians. The latter were prejudiced against her, because she abridged the power of the nobles and favoured the clergy; but she was exceeded by none in prudence, policy, and true magnanimity. She died suddenly, in 1412, at the age of fifty-nine.

Though merciful, she made the wisest regulations for strict justice, and to prevent offenders being screened from punishment. Private oppressions and abuses she did away, and decreed that assistance should be given to all who were shipwrecked on her coasts; for which acts of humanity she provided rewards by law. She exerted all her power to repress piracies; and by her regulations laid the foundations for future commerce. It was in her reign that we first meet with the mention of the copper mines of Sweden. In fact, she equalled the most famous politicians. Her father, perceiving while she was yet a child her surprising elevation of soul and mental resources, said that nature had been deceived in forming her, and instead of a woman had made a hero.

MARGARET OF VALOIS,

Queen of Navarre, and sister to Francis I. of France, was born at Angoulême, in 1492; being the daughter of Charles of Orleans, duke of Angoulême, and Louisa of Savoy. In 1509, she married Charles, the last duke of Alençon, who died at Lyons, after the battle of Pavia, in 1525. The widow went to Madrid, to attend her brother, who had been taken prisoner in that battle by the Spaniards, and was then ill. She was of the greatest service to her brother, obliging Charles and his ministers, by her firmness, to treat him as his rank required. His love equalled her merits, and he warmly promoted her marriage with Henry d'Albret, king of Navarre. The offspring of this union was Joan d'Albret, mother of Henry IV.

Margaret filled the part of a queen with exemplary goodness, encouraging arts, learning, and agriculture, and everything that could contribute to the prosperity of the kingdom. She died in 1549, of a cold, caught while making observations on a comet. During her life, she inclined to the Protestant faith, but the Roman Catholics say that she was reconverted before she died.

She wrote well in prose and verse, and was called the Tenth Muse; and the Margaret, or pearl, surpassing all the pearls of the East. Some of her works are, "Heptameron, or Novels of the Queen of Navarre;" "Les Marguerites de la Marguerite des Princesses," a collection of her productions, formed by John de la Haye, her valet-de-chambre. A long poem was entitled, "The Triumph of the Lamb;" and another, "The Complaints of a Prisoner."

MARGARET OF YORK,

Sister of Edward IV. of England, married Charles the Rash, duke of Burgundy. She rendered herself notorious by the opposition she made to the accession of Henry VII. to the throne of England, in 1485; and the impostures she supported to disturb his reign.

MARGARET,

Daughter of Maximilian I., emperor of Germany, was betrothed to the dauphin of France, afterwards Charles VIII., but did not marry him. She married the infanta of Spain in 1497, who died the same year. In 1501, she married Philibert, duke of Savoy, who died in 1504. She was governess of the Netherlands, and displayed her religious zeal against the Lutherans. She died, December, 1530, aged fifty.

MARGARETTA OF SAXONY

Was born in the year 1416, and was the daughter of Ernst, Archduke of Austria, and Cimburgia, his wife. In 1431, she married Frederick the Mild, of Saxony, and brought to her husband a dower of 29,000 ducats, which was then considered so great a sum, that the chroniclers mention it as something very extraordinary. She was the

mother of eight children, two of of whom, Ernst and Albert, are particularly mentioned, on account of an incident which nearly cost them their lives. Margaretta had proved herself so wise a counsellor in state affairs, that her husband not only accorded her the right (which she also exercised) of coining legal money, but also, to assist in governing the state. She contributed much, by her wise counsels, to put an end to the bloody wars between the brothers. After these wars were over, she drew upon herself and her husband the hatred of Kuntz von Kaufunger, a brave but wicked knight, who, thinking himself aggrieved, resolved to avenge himself upon his patrons. During the temporary absence of Frederick, Kuntz penetrated, with two companions, into the castle, and kidnapped the two princes. As soon as Margaretta discovered that her enemy had carried off her children, she ordered the alarm-bells to be rung throughout the country, and sent out armed men in pursuit of the robbers. They were discovered in a wood near Grunhair, and captured by a collier; who, when he was requested to name his reward, asked only permission to have the privilege to make as much charcoal, free of expense, as he and his family could attend to. When, in the year 1467, her husband died, she assumed the reins of government, and proved herself truly a mother to her subjects. She was the first sovereign who provided public rooms where the poor could have an opportunity to warm themselves, during the severe winter months. Margaretta died, February 12th, 1486, in her seventieth year, after she had lived a widow for more than twenty-two years.

MARTIA,

Surnamed Proba, or the Just, was, according to Hollinshed, "the widow of Gutiline, king of the Britons, and was left protectress of the realm during the minority of her son. Perceiving much in the conduct of her subjects which needed reformation, she devised sundry wholesome laws, which the Britons, after her death, named the Martian statutes. Alfred caused the laws of this excellently-learned princess, whom all commended for her knowledge of the Greek tongue, to be established in the realm." These laws, embracing trial by jury and the just descent of property, were afterwards collated and further improved by Edward the Confessor. Thus there are good reasons for believing that the remarkable code of laws, called the common law of England, usually attributed to Alfred, were by him derived from the laws first established by a British queen, a woman.

MARY,

The mother of our Lord and Saviour, was the daughter of Eli, or Joachim, of the house of David. She dwelt in the city of Nazareth; and her personal history commences with the salutation of the angel, "Hail, highly favoured, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women."

It was the angel Gabriel that thus addressed her. What appearance this ministering spirit wore, we are not told; but it seems that she *felt* it was an angel, and was "troubled," as she could not comprehend the purport of the salutation. Then Gabriel went on to unfold the purpose of God towards her; that she was to be the blessed mother of the holy Messiah, the "*Jesus;* called the Son of the Highest."

To be the mother of "Shiloh" had been, probably, the hope and prayer of many a pious mother in Israel, from the time of Jacob's prediction. But, though Isaiah had prophesied that "a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us," still it is not probable this was understood literally, or that any Jewish virgin had even hoped to be thus miraculously endowed with the privilege of motherhood.

Mary of Nazareth was a young and humble maiden, betrothed to a poor man, a carpenter named Joseph. Could she, in her lowly estate, ever have dreamed of the glory awaiting her? She could not. She had, in all truth and humility, only been solicitous to perform, from her heart, every duty before her, in the fear and love of God; thus it was that she "found favour with God."

When the angel had assured her she should be the blessed mother of the promised Messiah, and had answered her simple, child-like question, "How shall this be?" she instantly believed, and accepted the high mission.

Zacharias did not believe the announcement made to him by Gabriel of the birth of John. The priest was righteous—as man is righteous—but the difference between the masculine and the feminine nature is most strikingly illustrated in these two examples; Zacharias was earthward in his *doubts*, his *reason;* Mary was heavenward in her *faith*, her *feelings*. He believed not the angel, and was struck dumb; she believed, and "the Holy Ghost overshadowed" her!

Great, indeed, must have been her faith, when it wholly overcame all fear of man, all selfish considerations. She was betrothed, and therefore not only her reputation, but her life, would be placed in jeopardy if she were proven to have been unfaithful to her plighted husband. When assured

that she should "bear a Son," who would not be Joseph's son, it would seem natural that some fears for her own safety might have clouded her faith. But no; her humble, trusting answer was, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word." Worthy was Mary to be the mother of our Saviour;—that the human nature, He who was very God took on himself, should be derived from her, the *obedient woman!* Thus is the high and holy mission of her sex indicated;—to receive the promises of God in humble faith, and transmute these, as it were, like living principles, into the souls of their sons.

The next event in Mary's life was her visit to her cousin Elisabeth, who lived in the "Hill country." Elisabeth was old, but the angel had promised her a son, and had also told Mary of this event. The meeting between these two holy and happy women is one of the most beautiful and sublime exhibitions of piety and inspiration to be found in the world's history. Elisabeth, "filled with the Holy Ghost," poured out the blessing of heaven on the *believing virgin mother*, and predicted the fulfilment of every promise. Then Mary breathed forth that sweetest strain of triumphant faith, love, and thanksgiving, ever recorded as the production of a human mind.—And Mary said,

"My soul doth magnify the Lord.
My Spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.
He hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden;
Behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.
For he that is mighty hath done me great things;
And holy is his name.
His mercy is on them that fear him from generation to generation.
He hath showed strength with his arm;
He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.
He hath put down the mighty from their seats,
And exalted them of low degree.
He hath filled the hungry with good things;
And the rich he hath sent empty away.
He hath holpen his servant Israel,
In remembrance of his mercy.
As he spake to our fathers,
To Abraham and his seed forever."

Though the mental endowments of woman will never atone for the lack of moral excellence, yet we are glad to find, as we do from these records of holy writ, that the mother of our Saviour possessed the highest order of genius, that which can comprehend the *beautiful in the true and the good*, and give fitting expression to these sublime ideas and holy feelings. She was then prepared by her natural gifts, to imbue the opening mind of her divine son with those lofty aspirations, those tender sympathies, which, as a *man*, he always exhibited. His *human soul*, derived from a woman, trained by a woman, was most truly *womanly* in its characteristics. Examine the doctrines he taught, the duties and virtues he enforced, the examples he set—where, in any of these, are the distinctive traits men vaunt as proofs of masculine greatness? Physical strength, earthly honours, riches, worldly wisdom, even the gifts of intellect and the pride of learning, our Saviour put all these down far, far beneath *meekness, mercy, purity, patience, charity, humility;* qualities and graces always considered peculiarly feminine; qualities and graces his blessed mother had displayed and commended.

From the birth of her first-born son, Mary seems to have been absorbed in his destiny. We only see her when ministering to him. That his nature and office were revealed to her, the Bible records; and that she was his first disciple is also indicated, as she first applies the term "my Saviour" to God. She kept all these divine revelations, "all these sayings in her heart." *A woman's heart was the only human heart which then held the secret that the Saviour had come.*

And it was at the suggestion of a woman, of Mary, that the *first miracle* of the Saviour was performed. There seems to be a strange misapprehension in many minds respecting the circumstances attending this miracle—the changing of the water into wine—as if our Saviour spoke chidingly, or disrespectfully, to his mother. The word "*Woman*" is in reality a nobler and more beautiful appellation than *Lady* or *Madam*, or any other conventionalism or title. It is the Eden name of the female, and when our Saviour used it, was most honourable. It appears from the sacred narrative, that Mary, discovering there was no wine, and feeling assured in her own soul that the time was come for her divine Son to begin his mission of love, intimated this to him.

His reply—"Woman, what have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come;" seems to have been in answer to her intuitive faith, he fearing she had anticipated the time of his "*beginning.*" But the sequel shows she was right. And her perseverance was rewarded, when, having ordered the servants to do "whatsoever he saith unto you;"—and they had filled the water-pots with water—it "was made wine." What a triumph this to the power of maternal influence! to the gift of insight or harmony with heavenly things which the mind of a true, and pure, and pious woman possesses! Even the Son of God, when he came in the form of man to redeem the world, was to be subject to this influence; and only at his mother's persuasion begin his miracles!

That, during the three eventful years which followed, Mary watched the ministry of her divine son, rejoicing in his wonderful deeds of love and mercy, and weeping with him in his sorrows, there can be no doubt. And she was beside him in his last agony. We see in this the immense power of her love; though he was condemned to die the bitter death of a felon; forsaken of all his followers save a few women; of all his chosen disciples save one—the faithful, gentle, loving, *womanlike* John; and though the dreadful scene would be "a sword to pierce through her own soul"—yet Mary the mother was near the cross of the Christ. And the last throb of human affection the Son of God manifested was for his mother. With his dying breath, he consigned her to the care of the beloved John.

We have one last glimpse of this "highly favoured among women," as a meek and earnest follower of the faith the risen Saviour had established. In the "Acts of the Apostles" it is re-

corded that in an upper room at Jerusalem, where the eleven apostles "abode"—"these all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication with the women, and *Mary the mother of Jesus.*"

Her history commences with the heavenly salutation, and ends, appropriately, with prayer. Her youth was distinguished by the favour of God; her maturity by active piety and faithful discipleship; her age by fervent devotion and hallowed communion with the first church. Her birthplace, death, and burial, are not recorded; but the life is highest in honour whose records are of holy acts and heroic fidelity. What she said prophetically of herself has proved true—"All generations shall call me blessed." Can the like be said of any *man?* See St. Luke, chap. i., and St. John, chap. ii. and xix.

MARY,

The wife of Cleophas, was mother of James, Jude, Joses, Simeon, and Salome. Cleophas and Joseph, the husband of the Virgin Mary, were probably brothers, which made these Marys sisters. Her children are therefore represented as the brothers of our Lord. She early believed on the Saviour, attended to his preaching, and ministered to his support. She witnessed his crucifixion, and prepared spices to embalm his body; and went, with Mary Magdalene and Salome, "early to the sepulchre." It was this Mary who, with Salome, saw the vision of the angel, and heard from him those cheering words, "Be not afraid; ye seek Jesus of Nazareth; he is risen," &c.

MARY,

Mother of Mark, the Evangelist. She had a house in Jerusalem, where it is thought that the apostles retired, after the ascension of our Lord, and where they received the Holy Ghost. After the imprisonment of Peter, the faithful assembled at this house, and were praying there, when Peter, delivered by the angel, knocked at the door.

MARY AND MARTHA,

Sisters of Lazarus, whom Jesus raised from the dead, lived with their brother at Bethany, a village near Jerusalem. Jesus had a particular affection for this family, and often resorted to their house. One day Martha, preparing an entertainment for him, while Mary sat at his feet, listening to his words, wished her sister's assistance, and said to Jesus, "Do you not see, Lord, that my sister leaves me to minister alone? Bid her come to help me." But Jesus said, that "Mary had chosen the better part, that should not be taken from her."

Six days before the passover, Jesus came to Bethany, and was at meat in the house of Simon. Martha attended, and Lazarus was one of the guests. Mary took a pound of spikenard, the most precious perfume of the kind, and poured it over the head and feet of Jesus.

The sisters were of one mind in the reverence and love they bore him; yet the characters of the two are in striking contrast — Martha was active, Mary contemplative. Martha seems to have been a creature of impulse; Mary was slower of apprehension, and, of course, less sudden in her resolves and movements. Martha had the most fervent faith; Mary the most humble piety. "Jesus loved Martha and her sister, and Lazarus." What a beautiful illustration is here! showing that the sweet, pure affections of domestic life are sanctified by the best blessings of heaven. See St. John, chap. xi.

MARY MAGDALENE

Seems to have been an inhabitant of Magdala, otherwise called Dalmanutha. The city is supposed to have been situated somewhere on the eastern coast of the sea of Galilee. Wherever it was, it probably gave the surname of Magdalene to this Mary. It has been asserted by some writers, that she was a plaiter of hair to the women of her city; but all we *certainly* know of her, is contained in the New Testament. We are there taught, she had been a great sinner, that she repented, came to the feet of Jesus, while he "sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with precious ointment." Her penitence and humility are graphically portrayed; and she has ever since that time been as a star of hope to the fallen sisterhood, proving, that from the lowest depths of degradation the true penitent may be raised, if she will, like Mary Magdalene, turn from her sins, and love the Lord Jesus Christ. From the moment when Mary Magdalene heard those sweet words from the Saviour, "Thy sins are forgiven," she seems to have devoted herself to his followers; and at the cross, and at the sepulchre, she proved that her faith was as firm and devoted, as her love was true and holy. According to the apostle St. John, Mary Magdalene was the first person who reached the sepulchre on the eventful morning, "when it was yet dark;" she first discovered that the stone was taken away from the sepulchre; and to her, the risen Saviour first made himself manifest. This female disciple was honoured above even the beloved John; for he and all the other disciples were *taught* by her that Jesus had *risen* from the tomb.

MARY OF FRANCE

Is one of the first of her sex who wrote French verses, and she holds a distinguished rank among the Anglo-Norman poets. Her learning, her enlightened opinions, and the courage she showed in speaking the truth to ears little accustomed to hear it, place her far in advance of her age. It is to be regretted that the writings of this celebrated woman have thrown no light on her private life, or the name and rank of her family. She was born in France, and probably in Normandy, in 1200. She went to England, where she composed all her works, and died about 1268. Her first productions are lays in French, relating the adventures of valiant knights. There are fourteen of them; she also wrote a hundred and three fables, which show a great penetration into cha-

racter, deep reflection, and are written in an easy and unaffected style.

MARY OF BRABANT,

DAUGHTER of Henry III., duke of Brabant, married Philip the Bold of France, in 1274. She was accused of poisoning her husband's eldest son, by a former marriage; but was deemed innocent because of the knight, who was sent by her brother to challenge her accusers, proving victorious. She was a woman of a cultivated mind, and possessed great influence. She died in 1321.

MARY OF ANJOU,

DAUGHTER of Louis II., king of Sicily and duke of Anjou, was the wife of Charles VII., and the mother of Louis XI. of France. She was a woman of a very heroic character; and though insulted and neglected by her husband, during the latter part of their married life, she applied all the powers of her great mind to secure the crown to him. She died in 1463, aged fifty-nine. She was a devoted mother, and superintended herself her children's education.

MARY,

DAUGHTER of Henry VII. of England, and wife of Louis XII. of France. He died soon afterwards, and she married Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk, by whom she had a daughter, the mother of Lady Jane Grey. She died in 1534, aged thirty-seven.

MARY,

DAUGHTER of Charles, duke of Burgundy, married Maximilian, son of Frederick, emperor of Austria, and thus transferred the dominions of Burgundy to the house of Austria. She died at Bruges, 1482, in consequence of a fall from her horse, while she was hunting.

MARY OF ARRAGON,

DAUGHTER of Sancho III., and wife of Otho of Germany, is said to have been put to death, in 998, for causing the death of the count of Modena, whom she falsely accused of attempts on her virtue.

MATILDA,

OF Scotland, daughter of Malcolm Canmore, king of Scotland, and Margaret Atheling, a descendant of the Anglo-Saxon line of England's kings, was a beautiful and accomplished lady. She married Henry I. of England, and proved a wise and excellent queen. She was charitable to the poor, and always watchful to do what was most useful for her people. She caused bridges to be built, and roads to be made and repaired, while she acted as regent during her husband's absence in Normandy. As king Henry was obliged to pass most of his time in Normandy, then belonging to the English crown, in order to suppress the continual revolts of his Norman subjects, the good Matilda was left to govern England in her own way. She was always popular; and at her decease, in 1118, she was "passionately lamented by every class of the people, to whom her virtues and wisdom had rendered her inexpressibly dear." She was mother of the empress Matilda.

MATILDA, or MAUD,

EMPRESS of Germany, and queen of England, daughter of Henry I., king of England, and Matilda of Scotland, was born in 1102. At eight years of age, she was betrothed to Henry V., emperor of Germany, and was sent to that country for education. The emperor dying without issue, in 1125, Matilda returned to her father's court, who, having lost his only son, caused all his nobles, prelates, &c., to swear fealty to her as his successor, in case he died without male issue; and in 1127, he married her to Geoffrey Plantagenet, eldest son of Fulke, count of Anjou.

Matilda went to reside in Normandy, where, in 1132, her son, afterwards Henry II., was born. By the death of her father, in 1135, she became heiress of all his dominions in England and France. She was then at Anjou with her husband, of which circumstance her cousin Stephen, earl of Blois, took advantage, and seized on the crown of England. The barons of Normandy also submitted to Stephen; but his administration soon becoming unpopular, Matilda, in 1139, landed in England, and a number of powerful barons declared in her favour. A civil war ensued, and in 1141, Stephen was taken prisoner, and Matilda crowned queen in the cathedral of Winchester.

But no sooner was she seated on the throne, than her haughty and impolitic conduct irritated the nobles and estranged her friends. She refused to listen to their requests, or to the petition of the Londoners for the restoration of the laws of Edward the Confessor. Conspiracies were formed against her, and she was obliged, in 1148, to flee to Normandy, where she resided till her death, in 1167. The art of government consists mainly in an accurate knowledge of the human heart; by which princes acquire the art of conciliating the affections of those around them, and by graceful condescensions, win the regard of the lower orders, of whom the great body of the nation, emphatically called "the people," is composed. The German education of the empress Matilda, as well as her pride, prevented her from duly estimating the importance of these things; and thus she failed in obtaining the crown of England, which was hers in the order of regular succession.

MATILDA,

COUNTESS of Tuscany, daughter of Boniface, marquis of Mantua, was born in 1039. Her mother Beatrice, sister of Henry III., emperor of Germany, after the death of Boniface, married Galezo, duke of Lorraine, and contracted Matilda to Godfrey Gibbosus, or Crookback, duke of Spoleto and Tuscany, Gazelo's son by a former marriage. This alliance alarmed Henry, who marched into Italy, took his sister prisoner, and carried her to Germany, hoping to dissolve the agreement; but he died soon after, in 1056. Matilda's husband also died, in 1076, and she was afterwards married to Azo V., marquis of Ferrara, from whom she was divorced by the pope, as she was also

from her third husband, Welpho V., duke of Bavaria, whom she married in 1088. She parted from him in 1095. Dispossessed of her estates by the emperor Henry III., she recovered them, with vast additions, by the aid of the pope, Gregory VII.; who was always a friend of hers, and to whose interests Matilda through life devoted herself. She died in 1115, leaving all her estates to the see of Rome.

Matilda, in her wars with the emperor, manifested an indomitable firmness, that no reverses could shake. It would be tedious to trace the various brawls—they hardly deserve the dignified name of wars — which vexed the little sovereignties of that period. Matilda was so situated as to be shaken by every swell of the storm, but she emerged with honour from all her conflicts. With rare heroism she made and sustained sieges, manœuvred troops, and, after many disasters, proved victorious, enlarged her dominions, and exalted her fame. Dante, so severe upon every flaw, gives this lady unqualified praise in his "Purgatorio," where she is celebrated in beautiful verse.

MATILDA,

Daughter of Baldwin de Lille, count of Flanders, married her cousin, William of Normandy, afterwards king of England. The pope granted them absolution on their marriage, on condition of their erecting two chapels, which they did. She is distinguished for working the tapestry in wool, portraying the descent upon England, which is still preserved in the cathedral at Bayeux. She was a woman of great kindness and generosity; and her death, in 1083, was a source of unfeigned sorrow to her husband, and deep regret of the people both of England and Normandy.

MATTUGLIANI MEA.

Among the women who gave lustre to the literature of Bologna during the fifteenth century, was Bartolomea, whom her contemporaries universally called Mea. She is supposed to have been the wife of Michele Mattugliani, or Mattugani, a man honoured and respected by his fellow-citizens, both for his own merit, and for the elevated situation to which his birth entitled him. She is represented as beautiful, accomplished, and learned. A modern Bolognese writer has indulged his imagination with the probabilities of a romantic attachment between her and the young Carlo Cavalcabo; but this is mere fantasy: we have nothing to authenticate, or even afford the slightest base for such a legend. On the contrary, Mea appears to have been a prudent, virtuous wife.

Carlo Cavalcabo, elevated to the lordship of Bologna in 1405, took pleasure in a select society of intellectual persons. He addressed to the Bolognese poetess a poetical epistle which breathes nothing but the most respectful friendship. She replied to it by an answer in *terza rima*, which is the only one of her works now extant. The poetry is graceful, sweet, and of an elevated moral tone. She enumerates the titles and honours of Cavalcabo, gives him just praise without adulation. In a dignified manner she thanks him for attributing so much merit to her, while she modestly disclaims his praises; she says they will be to her an incentive to improvement. Then follows a learned account of those women who have honoured their sex by virtue, with deprecations for those who

have sought other than honest fame. She concludes by exhorting the lord of Cremona to meritorious enterprises.

MESSALINA VALERIA,

Daughter of Messala Barbatus, was married to Claudius, emperor of Rome, before he came to the empire. She had great influence over her husband, and was as notorious for her cruelties as for her licentiousness. By the instigation of Messalina and her minions, Claudius was led to commit many of those excesses that disgraced his reign. At length, when Claudius was at Ostia, Messalina, in utter contempt of all appearance of propriety, married publicly her lover Lilius, a young nobleman of great beauty. When Claudius heard of the dishonour inflicted on him, he exclaimed, with terror, "Am I still emperor?" His fears were dispelled, and Lilius, with a number of Messalina's

other accomplices, were put to death. She was preparing to go to Claudius, to appease his anger, in which she would probably have succeeded, when Narcissus, the freedman of the emperor, gave orders to kill her, in the year 46. Her name has become almost a common appellation for women of abandoned characters.

MESSALINA,

WIFE of Nero, also called Statilia, was descended from a consular family, and married the consul Atticus Visticus, whom Nero murdered. She received her husband's murderer with tenderness, and married four husbands before she came to the imperial throne. After the death of Nero, in 68, she retired from public life, and occupied herself with literary pursuits. Otho, the eighth emperor of Rome, next addressed her, but before their marriage he destroyed himself, in the year 69.

MONICA,

MOTHER of Augustine, bishop of Hippo, was born of Christian parents, in Numidia. She was not so much indebted to her mother's care, as to that of an old servant of the house, who had nursed her father. This pious servant never suffered the children to drink even water, except at meals, telling them, that if they ever became mistresses, the custom of drinking would remain; and they would indulge it with wine, not water. Yet Monica learned by degrees to drink wine, having been sent to draw it for the use of the family; but having been called a drunkard by one of the maids when in a passion, she, struck with shame that such a reproach should be addressed to her, gave up the practice forever.

She was married to Patricius, a pagan, a native of Tagasta, in Numidia, and endeavoured, by her gentleness, to win him over to her faith, patiently enduring his passionate temper, in the hope that his natural goodness and benevolence would one day make him a restraint to himself. Many of her friends complained to her of the harsh treatment they received from their husbands, when she advised them to follow her plan; which some did, and afterwards thanked her for her counsel. She also completely gained the heart of her unkind and prejudiced mother-in-law. She was never known to repeat any thing that might cause a quarrel, but only what would heal and reconcile.

Though so obedient to her husband, Monica prevailed on him to allow their son Augustine, born in the year 357, to be brought up a Christian; but though he made great progress in learning, he was, in early life, very dissipated. Patricius, who only wished him to be learned and eloquent, was satisfied; but Monica grieved over his errors, and prayed constantly for him, and patiently remonstrated with him for more than nine years. Her husband died a Christian, leaving her only this one son as an object of solicitude.

Augustine had been led away by the doctrine of the Manichees, and still continuing his dissolute life, she entreated a bishop to reason him out of his errors.

"Your son," said he, "is too much elated at present, and carried away by the pleasing novelty of his error, to regard any arguments. Let him alone; only continue praying to the Lord for him; he will, in the course of his studies, discover his error."

But Monica, with floods of tears, persisted in her request. At last, a little out of temper, on account of her importunity, he exclaimed, "Begone, good woman; it is impossible a child of such tears should perish." And the result proved that the bishop was correct, though not till after the anxious mother had waited in mingled anxiety and hope for many years.

She had followed her son to Rome, on hearing of his illness, and remained there with him afterwards. They were conversing one evening on holy subjects: the world appeared of no value to either. Monica said, "Son, what I should do here, and why I am here, I know not; the hope of this life is now quite spent. One thing only, your conversion, was an object for which I wished to live. My God has given me this in a large measure. What do I here?" Five days after this she was seized with a fever. Some one lamented that she was about to die in a foreign land—she had formerly been troubled about it. "Nothing," said she, "is far from God; and I do not fear that he will not know where to find me at the resurrection." She died on the ninth day of her illness, in the fifty-sixth year of her age.

N.

NOGAROLA ISOTTA,

A LEARNED lady of Verona. She was well acquainted with philosophy, theology, and the learned languages; and her reputation was so great, that cardinal Bessarion went to Verona to converse with her. In a dialogue on the question whether Adam or Eve were the greater sinner in eating the forbidden fruit, she ably defended the cause of the mother of mankind against Louis Foscaro. She died, universally respected, in 1468, aged thirty-eight. Five hundred and sixty-six of her letters

were preserved in De Thou's library. She was the daughter of Leonardo and of Bianca Borromeo. She passed her life in the bosom of her family, loved by all her friends, and honoured and esteemed by the most illustrious literati of her day. She has done much to render her name celebrated, but would probably have accomplished still more, had not a premature death removed her from earthly glories. Her works are—"A Dialogue on Original Sin;" "An Elegy on a Beautiful Villa;" "Epistles Preserved in the Ambrosian Library;" "Oration to the Bishop Ermolao, written in Latin;" "An Eulogy on Girolano, Doctor of Divinity;" and a "Latin Epistle to Ludovico Foscarni."

NOGAROLA,

Arco d'Angela, of Verona, was very learned in the Holy Scriptures, and made metrical translations of some of the poetical books. She was a remarkably beautiful and virtuous woman. She lived contemporary with the celebrated Isotta. She has left some epistles, elegantly written.

NOVELLA,

Daughter of John Andreas, a famous canonist of the fourteenth century, was born in Bologna, where her father was professor. He loved his daughter Novella extremely, and instructed her so well in all parts of learning, that when he was engaged in any affair that hindered him from reading lectures to his scholars, he sent his daughter in his stead; but lest her beauty should prevent the attention of her hearers, she had a little curtain drawn before her.

She was married to John Caldesimus, a learned canonist, and did not long survive her marriage. To perpetuate her memory, her father, Andreas, entitled his commentary on the Decretals of Gregory X. "the Novellæ."

OLGA,

Wife of Igor, the second monarch of Russia, was born of the best family in Plescow. She bore Igor one son, called Swetoslaw. Igor being murdered by the Drewenses, Olga revenged his death. She went afterwards to Constantinople, where she was baptized by the name of Helen. The emperor, John Zimisces, was her godfather, and fell in love with her; but she, alleging their spiritual affinity, refused to marry him. Her example induced many of her subjects to embrace Christianity, but had no effect on her son. She died at Pereslaw, in the eightieth year of her age, fourteen years after her baptism.

OCTAVIA,

Daughter of Claudius, emperor of Rome, and Messalina, was betrothed to Silanus; but through the intrigues of Agrippina, the niece and fourth wife of Claudius, she was married, when only fifteen, to the emperor Nero. This wretched tyrant soon divorced her to marry Poppæa, who had her banished to Campania. She was recalled by the people; but Poppæa, resolved on her ruin, caused her to be again banished to an island. There she was ordered to kill herself by opening her veins. She died at the age of twenty. Her head was cut off and carried to Poppæa. To great personal charms, Octavia added modesty, sweetness, beneficence, purity of manners, talents, and irreproachable conduct; and the people in Rome mourned her loss with the greatest grief. She died about the year 56.

P.

PACHECO,

Donna Maria, wife of Don John de Padilla, a young nobleman, who was at the head of the confederacy in Castile, during the minority of Charles V., called the Holy Junta, raised to recover those laws and liberties the Castilians had always prized so highly. During their hostile operations, they were in much distress for money. Donna Maria, a woman of great abilities and unbounded ambition, proposed to seize all the magnificent ornaments in the cathedral of Toledo; but lest that action, apparently sacrilegious, should offend the people, she and her retinue went in a solemn procession to the church, and implored pardon of the saints, whose shrines she was about to violate. The populace thus appeased, they stripped the cathedral and obtained the necessary funds.

In a subsequent engagement, in 1521, the young and brave Padilla was taken prisoner, and condemned to death. He wrote an affectionate letter to his wife, exhorting her to consider his death as his deliverance. This blow was fatal to the confederacy. The city of Toledo alone, animated by Donna Maria, who sought to revenge her husband's death, held out. The prudence and vigour with which she acted justified the confidence the people reposed in her. She wrote to the French general, encouraging him to invade Navarre; she endeavoured to arouse the other Castilian cities; raised soldiers; and, by keeping the death of their beloved general fresh in the minds of the people, she prevented them from being dispirited. Her enemies in vain endeavoured to undermine her

popularity; the city was invested, but she defended it so vigorously that no progress was made in reducing it, till the clergy, whose property she had been forced to invade, openly deserted her, and persuaded the credulous multitude that her influence over them was the effect of enchantment; and that she was assisted by a familiar spirit in the form of a negro maid. Incensed at these suggestions, they themselves took up arms against her, drove her out of the city, and surrendered it to the royalists. She then retired to the citadel, which she defended with amazing fortitude, four months longer; and, when reduced to the last extremity, fled in disguise to Portugal, where she had many relations, and where she passed the remainder of her life.

PADILLA,

MARY DE, a Spanish lady, mistress of Pedro the Cruel, king of Castile in 1350. She possessed such influence over him, that three days after his marriage with the beautiful and virtuous Blanche de Bourbon, he repudiated her for his guilty mistress. After his divorce from Blanche, Pedro married Jeanne de Castro; and two days after was again at the feet of the all-powerful Padilla, who dying soon after, was buried with all the magnificence due to a crowned head.

PAMPHILA,

A GRECIAN authoress, who flourished in Nero's reign, and wrote a general history in thirty-three books, much commended by the ancients, but not extant. She died in the first century after Christ.

PAULA, ST.,

A ROMAN lady of noble birth and great learning. She embraced Christianity; and when she became a widow, she retired to Bethlehem, where she built a monastery, and led a very devout and ascetic life. St. Jerome was the director of her charitable institutions, and he also taught her to read the Scriptures in Hebrew. She died in 407, aged sixty. It is said that she was descended from the families of the Gracchi and Scipios.

PAULINA,

A ROMAN lady of exquisite beauty, and great wealth and virtue, lived in the reign of Tiberius, about the year 30. She was married to Saturninus, a husband worthy of her. Decius Mundus, a Roman knight, fell desperately in love with her, and tried every means, in vain, to obtain her affections. He even offered her two hundred thousand drachmæ. At length Ide, a female domestic of his father's, offered to enable him to accomplish his object for fifty thousand drachmæ, which he gave her. This woman, knowing Paulina's great veneration for Isis, bribed several of the priests of this goddess, who went to Paulina, and told her that the god Anubis was passionately enamoured of her, and that she must visit him. Elated with this honour, Paulina communicated the desire to her husband, who, confiding in her virtue, cheerfully granted the request. She went to the temple, and, being shut up in the dark, Mundus was introduced to her as Anubis. Upon the third day after this, Mundus met Paulina, and, in a keen and sarcastic speech, ridiculed her for her credulity, and informed her of her mistake. Paulina, in the greatest distress, hastened to her husband, and urged him vehemently not to suffer such an indignity to pass unpunished. Saturninus appealed to Tiberius, who caused Ide and the priests of Isis to be crucified for sacrilege, the temple of Isis to be thrown down, and her statue cast into the Tiber. Mundus was simply banished.

PAULINA,

WIFE of Seneca, the celebrated Roman philosopher, insisted upon sharing her husband's fate, who was condemned to die by the order of the emperor Nero. Her veins were accordingly opened at the same time; but fainting from loss of blood, Nero sent and commanded her wounds to be bound up, and conjured her to live. She, however, survived her husband but a short time, looking wan and miserable, and oppressed with the deepest melancholy. She was much younger than her husband. These events occurred about the year 68.

PERPETUA,

VIVIA, a Carthaginian lady, about twenty-two years of age, suffered for her faith during the persecution of the Christians by Severus, emperor of Rome. Her father, a pagan, who loved her tenderly, went to console her in her imprisonment, and attempted to persuade her to renounce Christianity. Perpetua, however, remained firm, which so incensed him, that he beat her severely, and did not visit her for some days. In the mean time she was baptized, having only been a catechumen before. On refusing to sacrifice to idols, she was confined in a dark dungeon and deprived of her infant. Her father again visited her, and in the most tender and affectionate manner entreated her, for his sake and that of her child, to renounce her faith; but she said, "God's will must be done." After her condemnation, Perpetua and Felicitas, another Christian woman, were thrown to a mad bull, who wounded them severely, but did not kill them. Perpetua then caused her brother to be called, and, addressing herself to him and another Christian, she said, "Continue firm in the faith, love one another, and be not offended at our sufferings."

The people insisted on having the martyrs brought into the amphitheatre, that they might see them die. The beauty of Perpetua, and the weak state of Felicitas, who had just been confined, excited some compassion among the savage beholders. Perpetua fell into the hands of an unskilful gladiator, but she guided his trembling hand to her throat. She perished in 205.

PETRONILLA,

DONA, daughter of Ramiro the monk, was betrothed in her infancy to Raymond, count of Barcelona. The conditions of this marriage, that united Catalonia to Arragon, in 1137, were, that the count himself should never bear the title of

"King," but merely that of "Prince" of Arragon, and that the offspring of the queen should succeed to the throne and kingship; that the arms of Catalonia should be united with those of Arragon, but that the standard-bearer should always be an Arragonian; and that the Arragonians should invoke the name of St. George, as that of their patron.

Petronilla gave birth, in 1150, to her eldest son, Raymond, who succeeded to the throne under the name of Alfonso; and subsequently to Pedro, who inherited Sardinia, Carcassone, and Narbonne. She had also two daughters, Aldonza or Dulcis, who, in 1181, married Sancho, prince of Portugal, and another, whose name is not recorded, though she is said to have married Armengaul, count of Urgel.

The queen, being extremely ill previous to the birth of her eldest child, made a will, providing that should the infant prove a son, he should succeed to the crown, but, if a daughter, the throne should be inherited by her husband. This will, excluding a female from inheriting the crown, was ever after quoted as a precedent against the sovereigns of Arragon, when they attempted to bequeath the crown to a daughter.

Raymond dying in August of 1162, Petronilla reigned one year, during the minority of her son, but on his attaining his thirteenth year, in 1163, by the advice of the nobles, resigned the crown to him. The queen died on the 3d of October, 1173, in Barcelona. She was a wise and good ruler over her people.

PHEBE,

A DEACONESS of the port of Corinth called Cenchrea. St. Paul had a particular esteem for her, and Theodoret thinks he lodged at her house while at Corinth. She brought to Rome the epistle he wrote to the Romans, wherein she is so highly commended.

In this epistle, the apostle names, with warm approval, the faith and works of a number of women who appear to have been devoted and important servants of the church at Rome. *Priscilla*, *Mary*, *Junia*, *Tryphena* and *Tryphosa*, *Persis*, *Julia*, the *sister* of Nereus, and the "*mother* of Rufus," whom the apostle calls "*mine;*" a touching tribute to the virtues of this Christian woman. There was no man among the Christian converts ever saluted by Paul with the title of *father;* and that he found a woman worthy of the tender, holy title of *mother*, shows how highly, in his estimation, ranked the piety of the gentle sex. The important trust reposed in Phebe proves, also, the efficient help he derived from woman's ministry in the cause of Christ. See Romans, chap. xvi. A. D. 60.

PHILIPPA OF HAINAULT,

DAUGHTER of the earl of Hainault, married Edward III., king of England, in 1327. In 1346, when, after the victorious battle of Cressy, Edward lay before Calais, David Bruce, king of Scotland, invaded the north of England, and ravaged the country as far as Durham. He was there met by queen Philippa, at the head of twelve thousand

men, commanded by Lord Percy; after a fierce engagement, the Scots were entirely defeated, and their king and many of the nobility taken prisoners. As soon as Philippa had secured her royal captive, she crossed the sea at Dover, and was received in the English camp, before Calais, with all the eclât due to her rank and her victory. Here her intercession is said to have saved the lives of the six citizens of Calais, who were condemned to death by Edward.

Philippa's conduct was always marked by wisdom and generosity, and she was on all occasions the confidant and adviser of her husband. She died before Edward, leaving several children, the eldest of whom was the celebrated Black Prince. Philippa is said to have founded Queen's College, Oxford; but her agency in establishing a manufacturing colony of Flemings at Norwich, in the year 1335, was of far greater importance to the prosperity of the nation. "Blessed be the memory of Edward III. and Philippa of Hainault, his queen, who first invented clothes," says a monastic chronicler. He meant that by the advice of the queen, the English first manufactured *cloth*.

Philippa was also the friend and patroness of Chaucer and Froissart.

PISE, or PISAN, CHRISTINE DE,

WAS born in Venice, in 1363; and, at the age of five years, was taken by her father to France, where he emigrated upon the invitation of Charles V. Thomas de Pise was one of the marked men of his age; possessing all the learning and all the science that could then be attained, his ambitious genius struggled for something beyond, and took the path of astrology. Lamb makes the quaint lament that, through our modern men of science, the stars have become merely astronomical. It was quite otherwise in the fourteenth century; then the stars were really "the poetry of heaven," and the scientific men, poets, through whose imaginations the highest destinies passed, dignified with an august feeling of preternatural skill, that, however false, must have elevated their tone of self-appreciation to something beyond the vanities of our times. Charles V. honoured Thomas de

Pise, and made him his astrologer. Thomas gave his daughter a learned education. The child having an hereditary brightness of mind, applied herself with diligence, and became remarkable, ere she reached womanhood, for her many acquirements. She was well acquainted with history, and equal to any of the scholars of the day in the Greek and Latin languages. She married, early in life, Stephen Castel, a gentleman of Picardy. Shortly after this, her father died; and, at the age of twenty-five, having also lost her husband, she was left destitute of all human support, having no relations in France. To add to her distress, the inheritance of her husband was litigated by some members of his family, and she had great difficulty to obtain a portion of it. Being a foreigner, she was obliged to rely entirely on her own energies; and she applied herself to a resource never before sought by a female. Christine de Pise was the first woman who used her literary abilities to support her household, and made her pen procure bread for her children. Louis, duke of Orleans, brother of Charles VI., was a prince of elegant tastes, and a patron of letters; he discerned the merit of Christine, and invited her frequently to his court, where she met with honourable attention. This unfortunate young man was, as is well known, assassinated by emissaries of the duke of Burgundy. After his death, and the confusion of parties that ensued, the insanity of the king, the invasion of France by the English, all these national misfortunes darkened the state of literature, and obstructed farther progress in social improvement.

Christine lived to an advanced age in the privacy of domestic life. She died in 1441. Some of her poems, which are full of tenderness, were printed in Paris, in 1529; others remain in manuscript, in the royal library. "The Life of Charles V.," written by desire of Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy, is considered her best prose performance. One of her first books was called, "A Hundred Stories of Troyes." She also wrote several long poems. She had three children, one of whom retired to a convent, where Christine passed the latter part of her life.

Henry IV. invited her to the English court; and she was every where received with that homage and veneration which her virtues and talents deserved. True feminine purity and refinement prevail throughout her writings. All her works are written in French.

PLACIDIA,

A DAUGHTER of Theodosius the Great, sister to Honorius and Arcadius, was born about the year 388, and was brought up in the palace of Constantinople. At the third siege and sack of Rome by Alaric, in 410, Placidia was one of the captives carried away by him; she was treated with the respect due her rank; and Ataulphus, Alaric's successor, married her in 414. She bore him a son who soon died. In 415, Ataulphus was murdered by Singeric, who usurped the Gothic throne, and treated the royal widow with great ignominy, obliging her to walk twelve miles before his chariot. Singeric was soon after assassinated, and Placidia was ransomed by the Romans for 600,000 measures of wheat, and returned to Italy.

In 417, Honorius compelled Placidia to marry his general, Constantius, as a reward for his services. She became the mother of Valentinian III. and Honoria. By Placidia's instigation, Constantius urged Honorius to admit him to a partnership in the empire, by which elevation she obtained the title of Augusta; their titles, however, were not acknowledged at the court of Constantinople. Placidia again became a widow in 421. When her son, Valentinian III., was declared emperor, in 425, Placidia assumed the reins of government, during his minority. Her administration was neither wise nor vigorous. She died at Rome, in the year 450.

POLLA ARGENTARIA,

WIFE of Lucan, the Latin poet, who wrote a poem on her merits. This poem is now lost, but her name is immortalized by two other poets of that age, Martial and Statius. Lucan was condemned to death by Nero; but the tyrant allowed him to choose the way in which he would die. He chose the warm bath and an open artery; but entreated his wife to live, and transcribe his great poem, the "Pharsalia;" which she promised him to do. It is said that, after his mournful death, she shut herself up in a solitary retreat, with the bust of Lucan beside her, and there carefully revised the three first books of the "Pharsalia."

POMPEIA PLOTINA,

A ROMAN lady, who married Trajan while he was a private individual. She entered Rome in procession with her husband when he was saluted emperor, in the year 99, and distinguished herself by her affability, humanity, and kindness to the poor and friendless. It is recorded that on approaching the threshold of the palace raised by Nero, she gazed for a moment upon the vast and splendid monument of so many crimes, and pol-

luted by so many vices; then turning to the people, and raising her hands and eyes heavenward, she exclaimed, "May the gods send me forth from this august palace, whenever I may be destined to leave it, even as I now enter it; and may the high destiny to which fortune now raises me leave me in possession of the same qualities with which I this day assume it."

The people applauded her speech and seem always to have loved and revered her. And she proved herself worthy of this warm esteem. She was remarkable for the dignity of her deportment, and for the influence which her chaste example had on the morals of Roman society. Plotina loved tranquillity, and sought to incline her husband's heart to the arts of peace; but Trajan was a soldier, and his passion for military glory superseded to the last his wisdom and his discretion. As Plotina could not dissuade him from his last expedition into Africa and Asia, she accompanied him; was by his side when he passed the Tigris over a bridge of boats; and when he died she was beside him and received his last breath. Then, after she had, by her energy and influence, made her favourite Adrian emperor, she brought back the ashes of her husband to Rome; and still enjoyed all the honours and titles of a Roman empress under Adrian, who, by her means, had succeeded to the vacant throne. At her death, which occurred in the year 122, she was ranked among the goddesses, and received divine honours.

PONTHIEU,

Adelaide, a French lady, whose adventures during the crusades under St. Louis, king of France in the 13th century, have furnished a subject for a romance, a tragedy, and an opera.

PRISCA,

A Roman lady, a convert to Christianity, was horribly tortured, and afterwards beheaded, for refusing to abjure her religion and to sacrifice to idols, under the emperor Claudius, about the year 275.

PROBA,

Valeria Falconia, was the wife of Adolphus, the Roman proconsul, in the reigns of Honorius and Theodosius the Younger. She composed a Virgilian cento upon the books of the Old and New Testaments, which was printed at Frankfort, in 1541. She also wrote an epitaph on her husband.

PULCHERIA,

A daughter of Theodosius the Great, emperor of Rome, in 379. She was eminent for her piety, moderation, and virtue.

PULCHERIA ÆLIA,

Born in 399, was the daughter of Arcadius, emperor of the East. She reigned conjointly with her brother, Theodosius, a mild and feeble prince. The vigorous wisdom of Pulcheria, though only two years the elder, compensated for his defects, and she maintained, by meekness and discretion, that ascendency over him which a superior capacity always gives. Adorned with all the graces of beauty, at fifteen she took a vow of virginity, and persuaded her two younger sisters to do the same. She consecrated herself to the service of God and the state, and divided her time between prayer, charity, and the affairs of the empire. At sixteen, she took the name of Augusta, and as she had always the prudence to preserve her brother's honour, she governed in his name with great success. She gave him the credit of completing the destruction of idolatrous temples and worship, which was due to the spirit, firmness, and wise lenity of her measures. Pulcheria's great natural sagacity enabled her to discover at once how she ought to act, and she executed her purpose with promptitude and vigour.

The empire was agitated by factions, when first she stood at its helm; but it soon enjoyed a perfect peace under her wise administration; she taught her brother to respect the rights of property, saying, that "The more princes abstained from touching the wealth of their people, the greater would be their resources in the wants of the state."

When Theodosius, weak and irresolute, neglected her advice, and suffered himself to be guided by his eunuchs, the empire soon felt and mourned the change. On his death, in 450, as he left but one child, a daughter, married to Valentinian III., Pulcheria became sole mistress of the empire. For political reasons she married Marcian, an old officer in the army, whom she made emperor. She lived four years after, till 454, maintaining the same exemplary character. Her loss was deeply regretted. She alone had sustained the imperial dignity, under the reign of her imbecile brother; and after his death, had placed the crown on a head worthy to wear it. During her life she was a mother to the poor, and she left them her possessions at her death.

R.

RADEGONDE, ST.,

Daughter of Bertarius, king of Thuringia, was taken prisoner in 529, when only eight years old, by Clotaire, king of Normandy. Her childish grace and beauty made such an impression on Clotaire that he resolved to educate her for his wife. She was carefully taught, and, at the age of ten, she renounced paganism for Christianity, in consequence of the instructions of those by whom she was surrounded, and from that early age conceived an ardent desire to devote herself wholly to religion. She was so much opposed to the idea of becoming one of the wives of Clotaire, that when the time approached for that event, she fled, but was brought back to Soissons, and married in spite of her reluctance. Radegonde, to avoid as much as possible her new duties, became literally the servant of the poor and the sick. Having received as a marriage present, the royal domain of Atrés, she converted it into a hospital for indi-

gent women, for whom she performed the most menial and repulsive services. She also passed a great part of her time in reading, or conversing with learned and pious men.

Radegonde spent six years in this way, during all which time, Clotaire obstinately refused to let her go into a convent. A brother of the young queen's had been taken prisoner at the same time, and as he grew up he showed so much of the pride and temper of his race, that Clotaire had him put to death. This was too much for Radegonde to endure, and Clotaire, not wishing to be annoyed by her grief, allowed her to go to Médard, bishop of Noyon, whose reputation for sanctity had extended throughout all France, for consolation. When she arrived at Noyon, she found Médard in his cathedral, and she immediately exclaimed, "Priest of God! I wish to leave the world, and consecrate myself to the Lord." At these words the guard who accompanied her crowded around her, and protested against such an act. While Médard hesitated as to what course he should take, Radegonde fled to the sacristy, threw the dress of a nun over her royal apparel, and returning, said to Médard, "If you refuse to receive me, if you fear man more than God, you will have to answer for it before the Shepherd of the flock."

These words put an end to the uncertainty of the bishop. He annulled, on his own authority, the forced marriage of the queen, consecrated her to God, and sent away the soldiers, who had not dared to offer any farther opposition. Radegonde went to Tours for greater safety, and when Clotaire, still ardently attached to her, sent to reclaim her, she fled to Poitiers. Here the energetic remonstrances of Germain, bishop of Paris, obliged him to leave her, and he allowed her to found a convent there, which she did about 550, where she passed the rest of her life. She was at first the abbess of this convent, but after it was firmly established, she gave up her authority to a lady younger than herself, whom she called Agnes, and lived for the remainder of her life as a simple nun. Her convent held a high reputation in that age for the devotion of its members to religion, and also for their cultivation of literature and the arts. Radegonde died at Poitiers, August 13th, 590. She was afterwards canonized.

ROCHIER,

Agnes du, was a very beautiful girl, the only daughter of a rich tradesman of Paris. Her father left her a handsome fortune, but at the age of eighteen she turned recluse, in the parish of St. Opertune, in 1403. Recluses built themselves a little chamber adjoining the walls of some church. The door of the cell was sealed with great pomp by the bishop, and never again opened. A little window was left, from whence the recluse heard the offices of the church, and received the necessaries of life. Agnes du Rochier lived to the age of ninety-eight.

RODHIA,

A Moorish Spaniard of Cordova, the freedwoman of king Abdelrahman, who wrote many volumes on rhetoric. She is said to have lived one hundred and seven years, and died in 1044.

ROSAMOND

Was the wife of Alboin of Albovinus, king of Lombardy, in the sixth century. Alboin slew her father, Gunimond, king of a neighbouring horde, in battle, and married his daughter by force. And, in order to retain a monument of his victory, he converted the skull of Gunimond into a drinking-cup, which he sent full of wine to Rosamond. In revenge, she had him assassinated.

ROSAMOND,

Daughter of Walter de Clifford, lord Hereford, was the favourite mistress of Henry II., of England. To conceal this amour from his jealous queen, Eleanor, Henry is said to have removed Rosamond to a labyrinth in Woodstock park, where, however, his wife discovered her and obliged her to take poison. Some authors declare that the fair Rosamond died at Godstow nunnery, near Oxford. She had two sons by Henry, William, surnamed Longsword, and Jeffrey, archbishop of York.

ROSARES,

Isabella de, preached in the great church of Barcelona, in Spain. In the reign of Paul III., pope of Rome, she went to that city, and by her eloquence, she converted many of the Jews to Christianity.

ROSSI,

Blanche de, the wife of Battista de la Porta of Padua, was a noble, brave, and faithful woman. In 1237, during the war between the Ghibellines and Guelfs, she went with her husband, who was sent as commander of the forces to Bassano, to defend the city against the tyrant Ezzelino.

Blanche fought by the side of her husband in various skirmishes and upon the walls of the city, and often took the place of his aid-de-camp, when the man was exhausted by his duty. When the city fell into the hands of the enemy by treachery, Battista was killed at the head of his soldiers, fighting to the last. Blanche, tied with cords, was dragged before the conqueror. The tyrant, inflamed by her beauty, offered her liberty and wealth if she would consent to make his house her home. She refused indignantly, and threw herself out of the window—but, contrary to her expectation, she escaped unharmed, and was again brought before her enemy. She now had recourse to stratagem. She pretended to accept the tyrant's proposals, and made only one condition, that of seeing once more the body of her husband. The tyrant consented, and ordered his guards to accompany her to the grave. When they had arrived at it, and after the heavy stone had been removed, she jumped into the grave and caused the stone to fall upon and crush her. Thus died the noble wife of Battista.

ROSSI,

Properzia de. It is uncertain when this illustrious artist was born, but various reasons in-

duce us to fix the date towards 1495. The cities of Bologna and Modena still dispute the honour of having produced her; and such is the cloud that rests upon her early days, that it has never been ascertained who were her parents—and some have even been uncertain whether she was a married or single woman—whether the name of Rossi descended to her from a father, or was given by a husband. The latter doubt is entirely set to rest by Georgio Vasari, who, in his biography of celebrated artists, calls Properzia "a virtuous maiden, possessing every merit of her sex, together with science and learning all men may envy."

She began her progress in the arts by learning to draw of Raimondi—but as the predilection of the age was for sculpture, she soon turned all her attention to that art. Many of her works are still extant and admired. In possession of the Grassi family, at Bologna, is a sculptured representation of our Saviour's passion, where eleven figures are introduced as spectators, each with a characteristic expression, and the whole carved on a peach-stone. She also assisted in the sculptures that adorn the three gates of the façade of St. Petroneus. There is also a very fine figure, in marble, of count Guido di Pepoli, unquestionably her production. She died February 24th, 1530, and George Vasari thus writes: "The lovely maiden was this day made perfect." All the Bolognese mourned her death, for she was considered a miracle of nature. The following epitaph was written by Vincenzo of Bonaccorso Pitti:

Fero splendor di due begli occhi accrebbe
Già marmi a marmi; e stupor nuovo e strano
Ruvidi marmi delicta mano
Fea dianzi vivi, ahi! morte invidia n' ebbe.

RUFINA,

Claudia, a noble British lady, who lived about the year 100, wife of Aulus Rufus Pudens, a Bononian philosopher, and one of the Roman equestrian order. She is said to have been an intimate associate of the poet Martial, who, in many places, highly extols her for beauty, learning, and virtue. Of her poetic writings, Balæus mentions a book of Epigrams, an "Elegy on her Husband's Death," and other poems; besides which she wrote many things in prose.

S.

SABINA,

Julia, grand-niece and heiress of Trajan, and wife of Adrian, emperor of Rome, is celebrated for her private as well as her public virtues. Adrian had married Sabina chiefly through the favour of the empress Plotina; he never loved her, and treated her with the greatest asperity; and the empress was so irritated by his unkindness, that she boasted in his presence that she had disdained to make him a father, lest his children should be more odious and tyrannical than he himself was. The behaviour of Sabina at last so exasperated Adrian, that he poisoned her, or, according to some, obliged her to destroy herself. Divine honours were paid to her memory. She died about 138, after she had been married to Adrian thirty-eight years. It is difficult to assign any motive less unworthy than the base passion of envy for the cruel treatment Sabina endured from her husband. Adrian did not feel flattered by the means which had placed him on the greatest throne in the world. He owed it to Plotina—a woman; and though he was never ungrateful to her, yet Sabina, the niece of Trajan, was really, in birth, above him; and he never forgave her for this superiority. To implicate her in some plot or crime, seemed his first desire. He set spies about her to watch her conduct, and even had the meanness to intercept and read all her letters. After the death of her aunt Plotina, he overwhelmed Sabina with his contempt and calumny. One of the historians of his reign says that he engaged "les personnes de sa cour à lui faire éprouver les plus sanglantes mortifications, et la maltraita tellement qu'elle finit par se donner la mort." And this

wretch was one of the best emperors who governed Rome! That the soul of the woman had not thus lost its love of the good and the true, is proven in

this sad history of Sabina;—with all his scrutiny, the vindictive Adrian could never find cause of accusation against her. She was murdered, not executed.

SABINA,

Poppæa, was a daughter of Titus Ollius. She married a Roman knight, Rufus Crispinus, by whom she had a son. Her beauty captivated Otho, one of Nero's favourites, and afterwards the eighth emperor of Rome. He took her from her husband, and married her; but Nero, who had seen her, and heard her accomplishments extolled, soon took possession of her, and sent Otho to preside over one of the Roman provinces. Nero then repudiated his wife, Octavia, on pretence of barrenness, and married Poppæa, who had Octavia banished and put to death. Nero soon began to treat Poppæa with barbarity, and she died of a kick she received from him during her pregnancy, about the year 65. Her funeral was performed with great pomp, and statues were raised to her memory. She left one son by Nero. She was so anxious to preserve her beauty, that five hundred asses were kept to afford her milk, in which she bathed daily; and from their milk she invented a kind of pomatum, called Poppæanum.

ST. CECILIA,

The patroness of music, is said to have been a Roman lady, born of noble parents, about the year 235. Her story, as related by the Roman Catholics, is, that her parents married her to a young pagan nobleman, Valerianus. Cecilia told him, on her wedding-night, that she was visited nightly by an angel. Valerianus desired to see the angel; and his bride told him that it would be impossible, unless he would become a Christian. This he consented to, and was baptized by pope Urban I.; after which, returning to his wife, he found her at prayer, and by her side a beautiful young man, clothed with brightness. Valerianus conversed with the angel, who foretold his martyrdom, and that of his brother, Tiburtius. In a few years, Valerianus and Tiburtius were beheaded. Cecilia was offered her life, if she would sacrifice to the idols; but she refused, and was thrown into a caldron of boiling water. St. Cecilia is said to have excelled so greatly in music, as to have drawn the angel from the celestial regions by her melody.

SAINTE DES PREZ,

A pupil of Agnes de Bragelongne de Planey, lived in the thirteenth century. She was a French poetess. At the age of twelve, she fell in love with Seymour, an English gentleman, who was then thirty, and who did not reciprocate her affection till ten years after, when he married her; but she died soon. Guillebert d'Erneville, a celebrated troubadour, was one of her suitors.

SALOME,

Only daughter of Antipater, a man of eminence in Idumea, and of Cypron, an Arabian lady of illustrious descent, was sister to Herod, afterwards Herod the Great of Judea. She was an ambitious and intriguing woman, and conceived a strong dislike to Mariamne, Herod's wife, because Mariamne reproached her with the meanness of her family, in comparison with the royal race of the Asmoneans, from whom she herself was descended. She therefore accused Mariamne to Herod of too great intimacy with Joseph, who was both the uncle and husband of Salome, but whom she was willing to sacrifice, to revenge herself on her innocent sister-in-law. Herod, enraged, had Joseph immediately put to death; but his great love for Mariamne induced him to spare her. Some time after, Salome again accused Mariamne of infidelity, and an attempt to poison Herod, which so exasperated him, that he ordered his wife to be executed. When the two sons of Mariamne, Aristobulus and Alexander, were grown up, Salome, envious of their popularity, and fearing lest they should revenge their mother's death, resolved on their destruction, notwithstanding that Aristobulus had married her daughter, Berenice. She succeeded so well in embittering Herod against them, that he accused them before Cæsar of conspiring against him. But they were acquitted. She made two or three other attempts to effect the same object; but failing in them, and losing the confidence of Herod, she resolved to marry Syllæus, prime minister to Obodas, king of Arabia. But when Syllæus found that he would have to conform to the Jewish faith, he declined the proposal. Salome still continued in love with Syllæus; but Herod compelled her to marry Alexas, a friend of his. She afterwards used her influence against Antipater, Herod's eldest son and heir, who had procured the death of his half-brothers, Aristobulus and Alexander; and Antipater was executed. After Herod's death, Salome, by her intrigues, caused dissensions between his two remaining sons, Archelaus and Antipas; but these were settled by Cæsar, who gave to Salome the royal palace at Askelon, besides the cities of Jamnia, Azotus, and Phasaelis, and a large sum of money, which was left her by her brother. She seems to have passed the rest of her life in tranquillity.

SALOME,

The daughter of Herodias and Herod Philip. She so delighted her uncle and mother's husband, Herod Antipas, by her dancing, that he promised her whatever she asked. At her mother's instigation, she requested the head of John the Baptist. Salome married her uncle, Herod the Great; and afterwards Aristobulus, son of Herod, king of Chalcis, by whom she had several children.

SALOME,

Wife of Zebedee, and mother of James the Greater, and John the Evangelist. She was one of those holy women who attended and administered to our Saviour in his journeys. She requested of Jesus that her two sons might sit one on his right, and the other on his left hand. Mark xv. 40. She followed Christ to Calvary, and did not forsake him at the cross. She was one

of those women who came early on Sunday morning with perfumes to embalm the body of Christ.

SAPPHIRA,

THE wife of Ananias, who, with her husband, made pretence of becoming converts to the religion of Jesus, soon after the apostles commenced their mission. We only hear of this couple, because of one wicked act. The disciples of the new faith then shared their property in common. Ananias sold his possessions, pretending to bring all the money to the apostles, while "he kept back part of the price, his wife also being privy."

For this lie, Ananias and Sapphira were struck down dead. The record is remarkable in another respect; it is the only example given in the New Testament of an evil deed, or act of apostasy, done by any woman who professed to follow the Saviour. See Acts, chap. v.

SAPPHIRA,

THE wife of a rich merchant in Gueldres, equally distinguished for her beauty and virtue. Rhinsauld, a German officer, and governor of the town of Gueldres, became enamoured of her, and finding promises and presents ineffectual, imprisoned her husband, pretending that he kept up a traitorous correspondence with the enemies of the state. Sapphira yielded to the passion of the governor, to obtain the promised release of her husband; but Rhinsauld had given private orders for his execution. Sapphira complained to Charles, duke of Burgundy, who ordered Rhinsauld to marry her, and make over to her all his possessions. As soon as this was done, Charles ordered him to be put to death. Thus the children of a wife whom he had seduced, and a husband whom he had murdered, inherited his wealth. This happened in the fifteenth century.

SCALA,

ALEXANDRA, was daughter of Bartholemi Scala, an Italian, eminent as a statesman and man of letters in the fifteenth century, and was a very accomplished woman. She became the wife of the celebrated Marullus, whose avowed reason for marrying her was to become perfect in the Latin tongue. Nevertheless, she was not only a learned, but an excellent and a beautiful woman. She was often praised by Politian in Greek. She died in 1506. Marullus wrote several poems in her praise.

SELVAGGIA; RICCIARDA,

WAS of a noble family of Pistoia, and beloved by Cino, a famous scholar and poet of the fourteenth century. The parents of Ricciarda were haughty, and though she returned the love of the young poet, it was unknown to her family. At length her father, who belonged to the faction of the Bianchi, was banished, with his family, from Pistoia, by the faction of the Neri. They took refuge in a little fortress among the Apennines, where they suffered severe privations. Cino hastened to comfort them, and the parents now received him gladly; but Ricciarda drooped under the pressure of anxiety and want, and died in a few months. Her parents and her lover buried her in a nook among the mountains; and many years afterwards, when Cino had been crowned with wreaths and honours, he made a pilgrimage to her tomb. Ricciarda, or Selvaggia, as she is usually called, possessed poetical talents which were then considered of a high order. Some of her "Madrigals" are now extant; but her chief fame rests on being the beloved of Cino. In the history of Italian poetry, Selvaggia is distinguished as the "bel numero una," the fair number one of the four celebrated women of the fourteenth century. The others were Dante's Beatrice, Petrarch's Laura, and Boccaccio's Fiammetta.

SENENA, or SINA,

WIFE of Gryffydh, son of Llewellyn, prince of North Wales. Gryffydh having been supplanted and imprisoned by his younger brother, David, Senena, a woman of spirit and address, in concert with the bishop of Bangor, and many of the Welsh nobility, entered into a treaty with Henry III. of England, hoping to interest him in her husband's cause. She managed the business so well that she induced Henry to demand Gryffydh of his brother, who gave him up, but, at the same time, infused such suspicions of Gryffydh into the breast of Henry, that he confined him in the Tower of London. After two years' imprisonment, Gryffydh was killed by a fall, while attempting to escape, in the presence of his wife and son, who shared his captivity, 1244. This son afterwards became joint sovereign of Wales, with his brother.

SETON,

LADY, was the wife of Sir Alexander Seton, who was acting-governor of Berwick-upon-Tweed, at the time that important fortress was besieged by Edward III. The garrison, being reduced to a scarcity of provisions, proposed to surrender upon the terms that there should be an armistice of five days, and if in that interval the town and castle should not be relieved by two hundred men-at-arms, or by battle, they should be given up to Edward; the lives and property of the inhabitants to be protected. The eldest son of Sir Alexander Seton was one of the hostages delivered by the Scots for the performance of the conditions: the younger son of Seton was also a prisoner in Edward's hands, having been taken in a sally.

No sooner had Edward obtained the hostages, than he insisted on the immediate surrender of the town, threatening Sir Alexander, that if he refused, his two sons should immediately be hung in front of the ramparts. The governor was thunderstruck, and, in his agony, was on the point of sacrificing his country's honour to his paternal tenderness, when he was roused and supported in his duty by his wife, the mother of these two sons. Lady Seton came suddenly forward, and called upon her husband to stand firm to his honour and his country. She represented, that if the savage monarch did really put his threat into execution, they should become the most wretched of parents, but their sons would have died nobly for their country, and they themselves could wear out life

in sorrow for their loss; but, that if he abandoned his honour, their king, their country, their consciences, nay, their sons themselves, would regard them with contempt; and that they should not only be miserable, but entail lasting disgrace on those they sought to save. Never did Spartan or Roman matron plead with the eloquence of the most exalted virtue, more forcibly against the weakness of her own and her husband's mind. And when she saw, across the water, preparations actually making for the death of her sons, and beheld her husband, at the dreadful spectacle, again giving way, she drew him from the horrid scene, and thus saved his honour, though at the sacrifice of their children. The tyrant put them to death. This was in July, 1332.

SFORZA,

Bianca Maria Visconti, was the natural child of Filippo Visconti; and, being his only daughter, she was legitimated, and apportioned with the dowry of a princess; and, in 1441, she was married to Francesco Sforza, duke of Milan. She was then fifteen years of age, and distinguished among all the ladies of the court for beauty and elegance. The duchess, though not of a race eminent for piety, had always an inclination for promoting religious institutions; by her influence over her husband, who loved her passionately, she was now in a situation to gratify her pious wishes. She placed the first stone in the temple of St. Agnes, in Milan; and, nine years afterwards, erected the church of St. Nicolas, and founded the monastery of Corpo Cristo, in Cremona. But her most useful and greatest establishment was the grand hospital of Milan, a magnificent edifice, which she caused to be begun in 1456, but which was not completed until 1797. After the death of her husband, she was regent for her son, Galeazzo. In her administration she exhibited the utmost strictness, good sense, and political ability. Her son, when arrived at manhood, ungratefully forgetting all he owed to her care and prudence, rendered his conduct so distasteful to her, by his arrogance and rudeness, that she retired to an estate she possessed at Marignard, where she began a plan of life to be pursued in good works and pious duties; when a sudden death terminated her existence, at the age of forty-two, in the year 1468.

SFORZA,

Ipolita, wife of Alphonso II., king of Naples. Born at Milan, 1445; died, 1488. She understood the classical languages; and Lascari wrote a grammar for her, in Greek. Argelatti declares that she wrote Latin with consummate elegance.

In the Ambrosian Library, at Milan, are preserved two orations, in Latin, spoken by her in Mantua, to pope Pius II. In the monastery of Santa Croce is to be seen an autograph manuscript of a codex to Cicero's treatise De Senectute, in which she has produced striking thoughts in a finished style of expression.

SHORE,

Jane, the celebrated mistress of Edward IV., king of England, was the wife of Matthew Shore, a goldsmith in Lombard-street, London. She is represented as extremely beautiful, cheerful, and very generous. She never used her great influence over the king to the prejudice of any one, but in favour of the unfortunate. After his death, she attached herself to Lord Hastings; and when he was executed by Richard III., Jane Shore was also arrested on the accusation of witchcraft; however, she was only condemned to a public penance as an adulteress, and the loss of her property. Sir Thomas More saw her in the reign of Henry VIII., poor, old, and shrivelled, without the least trace of her former beauty. The popular tradition of her dying of hunger in a ditch, is untrue.

SOPHIA,

Of Hispali, was a Spanish-Arabian lady, celebrated for her poetry and oratory. She died in 1039. None of her writings are now extant. She had a sister, Maria, who was also a poet and a learned lady.

SULPITIA,

A Roman poetess, who lived in the reign of Domitian, in the first century after Christ. She has been called the Roman Sappho. There are none of her writings left but a fragment of a satire against Domitian, who published a decree for the banishment of the philosophers from Rome. This satire has usually been printed at the end of the Satires of Juvenal, to whom it has been sometimes falsely attributed. From the invocation, it would seem that she was the author of many other poems, and the first Roman lady who taught her sex to vie with the Greeks in poetry. Her language is easy and elegant, and she appears to have had a ready talent for satire. She is mentioned by Martial and Sidonius Apollinaris, and is said to have addressed to her husband Calenus, who was a Roman knight, "A Poem on Conjugal Love." The thirty-fifth epigram in Martial's

tenth book refers to her poem on conjugal love:

"Omnes Sulpiciam legant puellæ,
Uni quæ cupiant viro placere.
Omnes Sulpiciam legant mariti,
Uni qui cupiant placere nuptæ."

SURVILLE,

MARGUERITE ELEONORE CLOTILDE DE, of the noble family of Vallon Chalys, was the wife of Berenger de Surville, and lived in those disastrous times which immediately succeeded the battle of Agincourt. She was born in 1405, and educated in the court of the count de Foix, where she gave an early proof of literary and poetical talent, by translating, when eleven years old, one of Petrarch's Canzoni, with a harmony of style wonderful, not only for her age, but for the time in which she lived. At the age of sixteen, she married the Chevalier de Surville, then, like herself, in the bloom of youth, and to whom she was passionately attached. In those days no man of high standing, who had a feeling for the misery of his country, or a hearth and home to defend, could avoid taking an active part in the scenes of barbarous strife around him; and De Surville, shortly after his marriage, followed his heroic sovereign, Charles VII., to the field. During his absence, his wife addressed to him the most beautiful effusions of conjugal tenderness to be found in the compass of poetry.

Clotilda has entitled her first epistle "Heroïde à mon époux Bérenger;" and as it is dated in 1422, she could not have been more than seventeen when it was written. The commencement recalls the superscription of the first letter of Heloise to Abelard.

"Clotilde, au sien ami, douce mande accolade!
A son époux, salut, respect, amour!
Ah, tandis qu'eplorée et de cœur si malade,
Te quier la nuit, te redemande au jour—
Que deviens? où cours tu? Lion de ta bien-aimée,
Où les destins, entrainent donc tes pas?
'Faut que le dise, hélas! s'en crois la renommée
De bien long temps ne te reverrai pas?"

Among some other little poems, which place the conjugal and maternal character of Clotilde in a most charming light, one deserves notice for its tender and heartfelt beauty. It is entitled "Ballade à mon premier né," and is addressed to her child, apparently in the absence of its father.

"O chèr enfantelet, vrai portrait de ton père!
Dors sur le sein que ta bouche a pressé!
Dors petit!—clos, ami, sur le sein de ta mère,
Tien doux œillet, par le somme oppressé.
Bel ami—chèr petit! que ta pupille tendre,
Goute un sommeil que plus n'est fait pour moi:
Je veille pour te voir, te nourrir, te defendre,
Ainz qu'il est doux ne veiller que pour toi!"

Contemplating him asleep, she says,

"N'etait ce teint fleuri des couleurs de la pomme,
Ne le diriez vous dans les bras de la mort?"

Then, shuddering at the idea she had conjured up, she breaks forth into a passionate apostrophe to her sleeping child.

"Arrête, chèr enfant! j'en fiémis toute entière—
Reveille toi! chassed un fatal propos!
Mon fils.... pour un moment—ah revois la lumière!
Au prix du tien, rends-moi tout mon répos!
Douce erreur! il dormait.... c'est, assez, je respire.
Songes lègers, flattez son doux sommeil
Ah! quand verrai celui pour qui mon cœur soupire,
Au miens cotés jouir de son réveil?
* * * * *
Quand reverrai celui dont as reçu la vie?
Mon jeune époux, le plus beau des humains
Oui—déja crois voir ta mère, aux cieux ravie,
Que tends vers lui tes innocentes mains.
Comme ira se duisant à ta première caresse!
Au miens baisers com' t'ira disputant!
Ainz ne compte, à toi seul, d'épuiser sa tendresse,—
A sa Clotilde en garde bien autant!"

Her husband, count de Surville, closed his brief career of happiness and glory (and what more than these could he have asked of heaven?) at the siege of Orleans, where he fought under the banner of Joan of Arc. He was a gallant and a loyal knight; so were hundreds of others who then strewed the desolated fields of France: and De Surville had fallen undistinguished amid the general havoc of all that was noble and brave, if the love and genius of his wife had not immortalized him.

Clotilde, after her loss, resided in the château of her husband, in the Lyonnois, devoting herself to literature and the education of her son; and it is very remarkable, considering the times in which she lived, that she neither married again, nor entered a religious house. The fame of her poetical talents, which she continued to cultivate in her retirement, rendered her at length an object of celebrity and interest. The duke of Orleans happened one day to repeat some of her verses to Margaret of Scotland, the first wife of Louis XI.; and that accomplished patroness of poetry and poets wrote her an invitation to attend her at court; which Clotilde modestly declined. The queen then sent her, as a token of her admiration and friendship, a wreath of laurel, surmounted with a bouquet of daisies, (Marguèrites, in allusion to the name of both,) the leaves of which were wrought in silver and the flowers in gold, with this inscription: "*Marguèrite d'Ecosse à Marguèrite d'Helicon.*" We are told that Alain Chartier, envious, perhaps, of these distinctions, wrote a satirical quatrain, in which he accused Clotilde of being deficient in *l'air de cour;* and that she replied to him, and defended herself, in a very spirited rondeau. Nothing more is known of the life of this interesting woman, but that she had the misfortune to survive her son as well as her husband; and dying at the advanced age of ninety, in 1495, she was buried with them in the same tomb.

SYBELLA,

WIFE of Robert of Normandy, son of William the Conqueror, lived in the twelfth century. Her husband was wounded by a poisoned arrow, and, while he slept, Sybella applied her lips to the wound, and drew forth the venom, which soon caused her death.

SYMPHOROSA,

A ROMAN matron, living in the reign of Trajan, embraced the Christian faith with her seven sons. During Trajan's persecution of the Christians, about

the year 108, Symphrosa was ordered to sacrifice to the heathen deities. Refusing to comply with this command, she and her sons were cruelly put to death. Many other women suffered death in this persecution for the same cause.

T.

TENDA,

Beatrice, was born in 1370, in a castle erected in a valley which opens to the north of the celebrated Col di Tenda. Her progenitors were counts Lascari di Ventimiglia, sovereigns of a large province in the maritime region of the Alps, and more properly were called counts di Tenda. How or why Beatrice was given in marriage to the celebrated condottier, Facino Cane, cannot now be ascertained. Probably her family constrained her to this union. By him she was, however, always treated with the greatest consideration and respect; his glories and treasures were divided with her; and while his wife, she received sovereign honours, and by her gentle influence she mitigated the natural cruelty of his disposition. The elevation of Facino Cane was owing to these circumstances. The viscount's family had rendered their sovereignty odious throughout Lombardy by a course of crimes and oppressions beyond endurance. In their domestic relations assassinations and poisonings were frequent; towards their subjects they were cruel and unjust; and towards other princes their outrageous violations of the most solemn treaties seemed to render an alliance with them impossible. Things had arrived at such a point, that at the death of duke Giovanni, all classes were determined to put an end to their dominion. The principal captains of the provinces assembled, and elected the most distinguished of their leaders, Facino Cane, to be at the head of a new government. He, a very warlike and unscrupulous man, soon rendered himself master of the state of Milan; and to the power he would doubtless soon have added the title of duke, had not death taken him off in the midst of his glory and conquests.

He left every possession in the hands of his widow; and from this state of things the viscount's faction evolved a plan for re-obtaining their former dignities. The heir of that house, Filippo Visconti, lived in seclusion; he was brought forward, and by various manœuvres familiar to politicians, a marriage was effected between him and Beatrice di Tenda. By this connection she resigned the treasures, the fortresses, the army of Facino Cane, and by these means he obtained an easy conquest over the various little rulers of the neighbourhood; and, building on the foundation erected by Facino, achieved a state more extended and powerful than had been enjoyed by his predecessors. A curious result of perverse sentiments arose from this; the more he felt that the valour and conduct of Facino had contributed to his grandeur, the plainer he perceived that these qualities eclipsed all that the Viscons could boast of, the more he hated any allusion to the brave condottier; and he felt a growing aversion to Beatrice as the widow of this man, and as the person to whom his own elevation was owing. Besides, she was twenty years older than he; and though she was still handsome, and eminently endowed with accomplishments and mental charms, his inclinations were fixed upon a young girl named Agnes de Maino. At first his hate manifested itself in neglect and contumelious treatment. Beatrice, who had been in the time of Facino the adored object of every attention, the cynosure of all eyes, was now exposed to jeers, and left to solitude. To amuse her dreary hours, she sought to draw around her the society of some persons of letters and talents, and among whom was Orombello, a young gentleman quite remarkable for his sprightly conversation, his many acquirements, and especially his skill in music. This intimacy with the duchess, though perfectly innocent and harmless, was seized upon by Filippo as a pretext for the destruction of his guiltless wife. Calumnies and aspersions were followed by imprisonment; next came the rack. Under its tortures, Orombello avowed whatever they proposed; but on the firmer spirit of Beatrice torture had no effect to oblige her to distort the truth. With a despot and a Visconti, judgment was pronounced as he ordered; and the unhappy victims were condemned to be executed. Beatrice was so much beloved by the people, that Filippo ordered her judgment and decapitation to take place at night, and in the secret dungeons of the castle, as open measures might have caused a revolt. Before the blow of the executioner was allowed to fall, they were again cruelly submitted to the torture, and Orombello again weakly gave way. Beatrice, still superior to bodily suffering, addressed him in a very noble speech, which has been transmitted from an ear-witness. After reproaching him for basely uttering falsehoods in that tremendous hour, she pathetically turned to God, and addressed him in a solemn prayer, as the being who knew her innocence, and as the sole support left to her. They were buried in the court-yard without any memorial. The purity and excellence of Beatrice

were disputed by nobody; and her violent death was in fact a judicial murder. Her melancholy story has been the theme of poets and romance writers, and has been sung by the plaintive genius of Bellini.

THECLA,

A NOBLE lady of Alexandria, in Egypt, who transcribed the whole of the Bible into the Greek, from the original Septuagint copy then in the Alexandrian library; and this ancient copy is still preserved, and is the celebrated Alexandrian manuscript, so often appealed to by commentators. It was presented to Charles I. of England, by the patriarch of Constantinople, in 1628.

THEODELINDA,

QUEEN of the Lombards, was the daughter of Garibaldo, duke of Bavaria. She was betrothed to Childebert, but rejected by his mother, the haughty Brunechild. She afterwards, in 589, married Antari, king of the Lombards, with whom she lived in great affection; when in 590 he died, not without suspicion of poison. The people were very much attached to her; but that turbulent age seemed to require a stronger hand than that of a young girl, to sway the rod of empire. She therefore found it expedient to contract a second marriage with Flavius Agilulphus, who, as her husband, was invested with the ensigns of royalty before a general congress at Milan. She was destined to be a second time a widow. Agilulphus died in 615. From that time she assumed the government as regent, which she maintained with vigour and prosperity; she encouraged and improved agriculture; endowed charitable foundations; and, in accordance with what the piety of that age required, built monasteries. What was more extraordinary, and seems to have been rarely thought of by the men sovereigns of that day, she reduced the taxes, and tried to soften the miseries of the inferior classes. She died in 628, bitterly lamented by her subjects. Few men have exhibited powers of mind so well balanced as were those of Theodelinda; and this natural sense of the just and true fitted her for the duties of government.

THEODORA,

EMPRESS of the East, the wife of Justinian, famous for her beauty, intrigues, ambition, and talents, and for the part she acted in the direction of affairs, both in church and state, in the reign of her husband. Her father was the keeper of the beasts for public spectacles at Constantinople, and she herself was a dancer at the theatre, and a courtezan notorious for her contempt of decency, before her elevation to the throne. Justinian saw her on the stage, and made her his mistress during the reign of his uncle Justin, whose consent he at length obtained for his marriage with Theodora; and a Roman law, which prohibited the marriage of the great officers of the empire with actresses, was repealed in her favour. She was crowned, together with Justinian, in 527; and the death of Justin, shortly after, left her in possession of sovereign authority, through the blind partiality and weakness of her imperial consort. She made use of the power she had attained to raise from obscurity her friends and favourites, and to avenge herself of her enemies. According to Procopius, she continued to indulge herself in the most degrading sensuality after she became empress; and, if the disgusting detail which he gives of her crimes is to be believed, seldom indeed has a brothel been disgraced by scenes of more infamous profligacy than those exhibited in the palace of Theodora. With all her faults, however, this woman displayed courage and presence of mind in circumstances of difficulty and danger; for in the alarming sedition at Constantinople, in 532, her counsels animated the drooping spirits of Justinian, and induced him to forego his inglorious design of fleeing before the rebels, who were subsequently reduced to subjection by Belisarius. Theodora died of a cancer in 548, much to the regret of her surviving husband.

THOMA,

A MOORISH Spaniard, also called Habeba of Valencia. She wrote celebrated books on grammar and jurisprudence. She died in 1127.

THUSNELDA,

THE wife of Herman, or Armin, the prince of the Cherusky and conqueror of Voro. She was born in the year 7 of the new era. A daughter of Segest, a prince of the Cherusky, she married Herman contrary to the wish of her father, who was the ally and friend of the Romans. When Herman took up arms in behalf of his people, she did everything in her power to sustain him in his arduous undertaking. One day, while Herman was pursuing the enemy, Segest attacked his castle, where Thusnelda had been left under the care of Herman's mother, and carried her off, before her husband could hasten to her assistance. Thusnelda remained for a while a prisoner in the hands of her cruel father, who finally delivered her over to the Romans, as a victim for her husband's attempt to liberate his people. Herman made several desperate attempts to rescue her, but in vain; she was carried to Rome with her little

son, and nothing further was discovered of her fate.

TORNABUONI,

Lucrezia, of Florence, was the wife of Pietro de Medici, and mother of Lorenzo the Magnificent. She was a zealous promoter of literature. Under her patronage, and by her encouragement, Pulci published his Morgante. She wrote in Spenserian stanza, or, as the Italians term it, octave rhyme—"The Life of St. John," "The History of Judith," of "Susanna," and of "Tobit," besides the "Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary." She died, 1482.

U.

URRACA, or PATERNA,

Was the wife of Don Ramiro, a king of Oviedo and Leon, who succeeded Don Alphonso on the throne of Spain. Urraca was a very pious Catholic, and celebrated for her zeal in contributing to endow churches. She lavished rich gifts on the church of St. James (Santiago,) in gratitude to that saint for the assistance he rendered the Christians against the Moors at the battle of Clavjo, where he is said to have appeared, armed cap-a-pie, mounted on a white charger, and bearing a white banner, with a red cross embroidered in the centre. This is the origin of invoking this patron saint on the eve of battle, and of the war-cry, of "Santiago y cierra España"—St. James and close Spain! Doña Urraca died in 861, and was buried by the side of her husband, who had died in 831, in the church of St. Mary, in Oviedo.

URGULANIA,

A Roman lady, was a favourite of the empress Livia, mother of Tiberius. So insolent did she grow upon this, that she refused to go to the Senate to give in her evidence, and therefore the prætor was obliged to repair to her house to examine her. Lucius Piso sued her for a debt, and Urgulania withdrew to the emperor's palace, refusing to appear; but Piso proceeded in his suit; and, although Tiberius promised his mother that he would solicit the judges in favour of Urgulania, Livia was at length obliged to have the sum which Piso claimed paid to him.

URGULANILLA,

Grand-daughter of Urgulania, was married to the emperor Claudius, before he was raised to the empire. He had by her a son and daughter. Claudius repudiated Urgulanilla on account of her bad reputation, and her being suspected of murder. In that age of crime, it was a mark of her discretion or innocence when no murder was proven against her.

V.

VALADA,

A Moorish Spaniard, daughter of king Almostakeph, of Corduba, was greatly skilled in polite learning. She more than once contended with scholars noted for their learning, and always bore away the palm. She died in 1091.

VALENTINE,

Of Milan, daughter of John Galeas, duke of Milan, and of Isabelle, the youngest of the ten children of John II. of France, married, in 1389, Louis, duke of Orleans, brother of Charles VI. of France. She was a beautiful and accomplished woman, and appears, in the midst of that disastrous epoch in French history, like an angel of goodness and beauty. The first few years that Valentine passed in France, were spent in the midst of festivals, and all kinds of amusements. Although her husband was unfaithful to her, he surrounded her with all splendour and luxury suited to her rank and station. She occupied herself principally in taking care of her children, and in literary pursuits, for which she, as well as her husband, had a decided taste.

The insanity of her brother-in-law, Charles VI., affected Valentine deeply, and she exerted herself to the utmost to calm his paroxysms, and console him for the negligence of his wife. Charles, in his turn, became very much attached to her; he called her his well-beloved sister, went every day to see her, and in the midst of his ravings could always be controlled by her. Her power over the unhappy monarch seemed to the ignorant populace so supernatural, that she was accused of using sorcery, and, to prevent disagreeable consequences, her husband sent her, in 1395, to the duchy of Orleans.

This exile, so painful to Valentine, terminated in 1398, when she was recalled to Paris; after this time she lived principally at Blois, superintending the education of her sons, till the death of Louis d'Orleans, who was assassinated by the duke of Burgundy, in 1407. Unable to avenge his death, she died of a broken heart, in 1408, aged thirty-eight, recommending to her children, and to John, count of Dunois, the natural son of her husband, the vindication of their father's reputation and glory.

VALERIA,

Daughter of the emperor Dioclesian, who had abdicated the throne in 305, was married to Galerius, on his being created Cæsar, about 292. Galerius became emperor of Rome in 305, and died in 311. He recommended Valeria, and his natural son Candidien, whom he had caused Valeria to adopt, as he had no other, to Licinius, his friend, whom he had raised to be emperor. Valeria was rich and beautiful, and Licinius wished to marry her; but Valeria, to avoid this, fled from the court of Licinius, with her mother Prisca and Candidien, and took refuge with Maximin, one of the other emperors. He had already a wife and children, and as the adopted son of Galerius, had been accustomed to regard Valeria as his mother. But her beauty and wealth tempted him, and he offered to divorce his present wife if she would take her place. Valeria replied, "That still wearing the garb of mourning, she could not think of marriage; that Maximin should remember his

father, the husband of Valeria, whose ashes were not yet cold; that he could not commit a greater injustice than to divorce a wife by whom he was beloved; and that she could not flatter herself with better treatment; in fine, that it would be an unprecedented thing for a woman of her rank to engage in a second marriage."

This reply roused Maximin's fury. He proscribed Valeria, seized upon her possessions, tortured some of her officers to death, and took the rest away from her, banished her and her mother, and caused several ladies of the court, friends of theirs, to be executed on a false accusation of adultery. Valeria, exiled to the deserts of Syria, found means to inform Diocletian of her misery; and he sent to Maximin, desiring the surrender of his daughter, but in vain: the unhappy father died of grief. At length Prisca and Valeria went disguised to Nicomedia, where Licinius was, and mingled unknown among the domestics of Candidien. Licinius soon became jealous of him, and had him assassinated at the age of sixteen. Valeria and Prisca again fled, and for fifteen months wandered in disguise through different provinces. At length they were discovered and arrested in Thessalonica, in 315, and were condemned to death by Licinius, for no other crime than their rank and chastity. They were beheaded, amidst the tears of the people, and their bodies were thrown into the sea. Some authors assert that they were Christians.

VARANO DI COSTANZA,

Born at Camerino, 1428. She had a learned and literary education. Her family having lost the signory of Camerino, she made a Latin harangue to Bianca Visconti, in order to obtain its restitution. Having failed in her eloquence, she wrote to the principal sovereigns of Italy to procure assistance, and this time her efforts resulted successfully. At the restoration of her father she addressed a large assembly in a Latin oration. This erudite lady became the wife of Alexander Sforza, sovereign of Pesaro. She died in 1447, at the age of nineteen, leaving a son, Costanzo. She has left several orations and some epistles.

VELEDA, or VELLEDA,

Was a German prophetess, who lived in the country of the Bructeri in the first century. She exercised a powerful influence over her own countrymen, and the Romans regarded her with great awe and dread. She was venerated as a goddess, and to increase the respect with which she was regarded, she lived in a high tower, allowing no one to see her, and communicating her directions, on the important affairs of her nation, to the people, through one of her relations. She instigated her countrymen to rebel against the Romans.

VICTORINA,

A celebrated Roman matron, who placed herself at the head of the Roman armies, and made war against the emperor Gallienus. Her son Victorinus, and her grand-son of the same name, were declared emperors, but when they were assassinated, Victorina invested with the imperial purple one of her favourites, called Petricius. She was some time after poisoned, in 269, and according to some by Petricius himself.

VON DER WART,

Gertrude, was the wife of baron Von der Wart, who was accused, in the fourteenth century, of being an accomplice in the murder of Albert, emperor of Germany. There is every reason to believe that Von der Wart was innocent, but he was condemned to be broken on the wheel; and during the whole of his sufferings, which lasted for two days and nights, his wife braved the queen's anger and the inclemency of the weather to watch by his scaffold, and soften, as much as possible, the tortures of that agonizing death. During one of the days, she saw the queen, who, in male attire, and surrounded by her courtiers, rode up to see how Von der Wart was bearing his sufferings. The queen ordered Gertrude to be sent away, but some more compassionate persons interfering, she was allowed to remain.

Her own sufferings, with those of her unfortunate husband, are most touchingly described in a letter which she afterwards wrote to a female friend, and which was published some years ago, at Haarlam, in a book entitled, "Gertrude Von der Wart, or Fidelity unto Death." Mrs. Hemans wrote a poem of great pathos and beauty, commemorating this sad story.

W.

WALPURGA, or WALPURGIS,

A saint in the Roman Catholic Church, was born in England, and was the sister of St. Willibald, first bishop of Eichstädt, in Germany, and niece of St. Boniface, the apostle to the Germans. She went to Germany as a missionary, and was made abbess of a convent at Heidenheim, in Franconia. She was a learned woman, and wrote a work in Latin, entitled, "The Travels of St. Willibald." She died in 778, and was canonized after her death by the pope. From some accidental association, the night previous to the first of May is called, in many parts of Germany, Walpurgis night.

WOODVILLE,

Elizabeth, was the widow of Sir John Grey, who lost his life in the battle of Bernard's Heath. Edward IV. king of England, married her, though he had before demanded Bona of Savoy, sister to the queen of France, in marriage. The story of the courtship and marriage of this beautiful woman is like a romance; how king Edward first saw her, when, clad in the deepest weeds of widowhood, she threw herself at his feet and pleaded for the restoration of the inheritance of her fatherless sons; how the king fell desperately in love with her; how she resisted his passion, till he offered her honourable marriage; the secresy of the espousals; and the grandeur of her queenly life,

with the wretchedness of her lot after the death of Edward, are all like scenes in a highly-wrought fiction. The effect of the ill-assorted marriage was soon apparent on the fortunes of Edward. It made the French king, and also the earl of Warwick, his enemy. The queen's happiness was embittered by Edward's infidelity. After the death of Edward, in 1483, her two sons were murdered by their uncle Richard III., who had usurped the crown. After the battle of Bosworth, where Richard was defeated and killed by Henry, earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry VII., the conqueror married Elizabeth, the daughter of Edward IV. and Elizabeth, thus uniting the houses of York and Lancaster.

Elizabeth took a third husband, Lord Stanley. She died in the convent of Bermondsey, where her son-in-law, Henry VII., had provided an asylum for her years and misfortunes. The daughter of Elizabeth, then queen of England, attended her death-bed, and paid her grand-mother every attention.

ZAIDA,

A MOORISH princess, daughter of Benabet, king of Seville, married Alfonso VI., king of Castile and Leon. Zaida is said to have been induced to adopt the Christian faith by a dream, in which St. Isodorus appeared to her and persuaded her to become a convert. Her father, when she acquainted him with the resolution she had formed, made no objections; but fearful it might cause discontent among his subjects, he allowed her to escape to Leon. Thither she fled; the Christian sovereigns instructed her in the new creed, and had her baptized Isabel; or, as some assert, Mary. Zaida subsequently became the third wife of Alfonso, the king; though Pelagius, the bishop of Oviedo, denies that she was married to that sovereign, asserting she was only his mistress. She bore the king one son, Don Sancho, and died soon afterwards, near the close of the eleventh century.

ZENOBIA SEPTIMIA,

QUEEN of Palmyra, was a native of Syria, and a descendant of the Ptolemies. She was celebrated for her beauty, the melody of her voice, her mental talents, literary acquirements, and her distinguished heroism and valour, as well as her modesty and chastity. "Her manly understanding," says Gibbon, "was strengthened and adorned by study. She was not ignorant of the Latin tongue, and possessed in equal excellence the Greek, the Syriac, and the Egyptian languages; she had drawn up, for her own use, an epitome of Oriental history, and familiarly compared the beauties of Homer and Plato, under the tuition of the sublime Longinus."

She married Odenatus, a Saracen prince, who had raised himself from a private station to the dominion of the East; and she delighted in those exercises of war and the chase to which he was devoted. She often accompanied her husband on long and toilsome marches, on horseback or on foot, at the head of his troops; and many of his victories have been ascribed to her skill and valour.

Odenatus was assassinated, with his son Herod, by his nephew Maronius, about the year 267, in revenge for a punishment Odenatus had inflicted on him. Maronius then seized upon the throne; but he had hardly assumed the sovereign title, when Zenobia, assisted by the friends of her husband, wrested the government from him, and put him to death. For five years she governed Palmyra and the East with vigour and ability; so that by her success in warlike expeditions, as well as by the wisdom and firmness of her administration, she aggrandized herself in Asia, and her authority was recognized in Cappadocia, Bithynia, and Egypt. She united with the popular manners of a Roman princess, the stately pomp of the Oriental courts, and styled herself "Queen of the East." She attended, herself, to the education of her three sons, and frequently showed them to her troops, adorned with the imperial purple.

When Aurelian succeeded to the Roman empire, dreading the power of such a rival, and determined to dispossess her of some of the rich provinces under her dominion, he marched, at the head of a powerful army, into Asia; and, having defeated the queen's general, Zabdas, near Antioch, Zenobia retreated to Emessa, whither she was pursued by Aurelian. Under the walls of that city, another engagement, commanded and animated by Zenobia herself, took place, in which the emperor was again victorious. The unfortunate queen withdrew the relics of her forces to Palmyra, her capital, where she was pursued by Aurelian. Having closely invested the city, he found the besieged made a most spirited resistance.

It was after he had been wounded by an arrow, that he wrote his memorable letter to the senate of Rome, defending himself from the charge of protracting the siege unnecessarily.

"The Roman people," says Aurelian, "speak with contempt of the war I am waging against a woman. They are ignorant both of the character and of the power of Zenobia. It is impossible to enumerate her warlike preparations of stones, of arrows, and every species of missile weapons. Every part of the walls is provided with two or

three balistæ, and artificial fires are thrown from her military engines. The fear of punishment has armed her with a desperate courage. Yet still I trust in the protecting deities of Rome, who have hitherto been favourable to all my undertakings."

But though Aurelian appeared confident of final success, yet he found the conquest of Palmyra so difficult that he proposed very advantageous offers to Zenobia, if she would submit and surrender the the city. She rejected his terms, in the following haughty letter, addressed to the emperor himself:

"It is not by writing, but by arms, that the submission you require from me can be obtained. You have dared to propose my surrender to your prowess. You forget that Cleopatra preferred death to servitude. The Saracens, the Persians, the Armenians, are marching to my aid; and how are you to resist our united forces, who have been more than once scared by the plundering Arabs of the desert? When you shall see me march at the head of my allies, you will not repeat an insolent proposition, as though you were already my conqueror and master."

Whatever may be thought of the prudence of this reply, the courage and patriotism of the queen are shown to be of the highest order. She superscribed this daring epistle, "Zenobia, Queen of the East, to Aurelian Augustus."

It was her last triumph. She held out a long time, expecting aid from her allies; but the disturbed state of the country, and the bribes of Aurelian, prevented their arrival. After protracting the siege as long as possible, Zenobia, determined not to surrender, mounted one of the swiftest of her dromedaries, and hastened towards the Euphrates, with a view of seeking an asylum in the Persian territories. But being overtaken in her flight, she was brought back to Aurelian, who sternly demanded of her, how she dared to resist the emperors of Rome. She replied, "Because I could not recognise as such, Gallienus and others like him; *you*, alone, I acknowledge as my conqueror and my sovereign."

At Emessa, the fate of Zenobia was submitted to the judgment of a tribunal, at which Aurelian presided. Hearing the soldiers clamouring for her death, Zenobia, according to Zosimus, weakly purchased her life, with the sacrifice of her well-earned fame, by attributing the obstinacy of her resistance to the advice of her ministers. It is certain that these men were put to death; and as Zenobia was spared, it was conjectured her accusations drew down the vengeance of the emperor on the heads of her counsellors; but the fact has never been proven. One of the victims of this moment of cowardice, was the celebrated Longinus, who calmly resigned himself to his fate, pitying his unhappy mistress, and comforting his afflicted friends. He was put to death in 273.

Zenobia, reserved to grace the triumph of Aurelian, was taken to Rome, which she entered on foot, preceding a magnificent chariot, designed by her, in the days of her prosperity, for a triumphal entry into Rome She was bound by chains of gold, supported by a slave, and so loaded with jewels, that she almost fainted under their weight.

She was afterwards treated more humanely by the victor, who presented her an elegant residence near the Tiber, about twenty miles from Rome, where she passed the rest of her life as a Roman matron, emulating the virtues of Cornelia. Whether she contracted a second marriage, with a Roman senator, as some have asserted, is uncertain. Her surviving son, Vhaballat, withdrew into Armenia, where he possessed a small principality, granted him by the emperor; her daughters contracted noble alliances, and her family was not extinct in the fifth century. She died about the year 300.

Zenobia had written a "History of Egypt;" and, previous to her defeat by Aurelian, she interested herself in the theological controversies of the times; and, either from policy or principle, protected Paul of Samosata, the celebrated unitarian philosopher, whom the council of Antioch had condemned. In estimating her character, it may well be said that she was one of the most illustrious women who have swayed the sceptre of royalty; in every virtue which adorns high station, as far superior to Aurelian, as soul is superior to sense. But moral energy was then overborne by physical force; the era was unpropitious for the gentle sex; yet her triumphs and her misfortunes alike display the wonderful power of woman's spirit.

ZOBEIDE, or ZOEBD-EL-KHEMATIN,

That is, the flower of women, was the cousin and wife of the celebrated caliph Haroun al Raschid. She was a beautiful, pious, and benevolent woman, and is said to have founded the city of Tauris, in Persia. She is frequently mentioned in the "Arabian Nights." She died in 831.

ZOE,

Fourth wife of Leo VI., emperor of Constantinople, was mother of Constantine Porphyrogenitus, during whose minority, 912, she governed with great wisdom and firmness. She crushed the rebellion of Constantine Ducas, made peace with the Saracens, and obliged the Bulgarians to return to their own country. Though thus entitled to the gratitude of her son and the people, she was obliged, by the intrigues of the courtiers, to retire to a private station, and she died in exile.

ZOE,

Daughter of Constantine IX., was born in 978. She married Argyrus, who succeeded her father; but she soon caused her husband to be strangled, and married Michael the Paphlagonian, whom she placed on the throne. She was afterwards confined in a monastery; but on Michael's death, in her sixty-fourth year, she married Constantine Monomachus. She died eight years after this third marriage, in 1050. Another Zoe, daughter of the Stylian, married the emperor Leo, the philosopher, and died in less than two years after, in 898.

REMARKS ON THE THIRD ERA.

THIS portion of time, comprising three hundred and fifty years, commencing with the year 1500 and closing in 1850, though very brief compared with the first era, and short even when measured with the second, yet contains a wonderfully increased number of remembered names among the female sex. Many of these have by their writings contributed greatly to the improvement of morals in literature and society, and also to the progress of popular education: some have become celebrated for their attainments in science and art; and a considerable number have "put on the whole armour of God," and gone forth as messengers of good tidings to their heathen sisters, or as teachers of little children in the way of righteousness. These have been the loveliest examples of true piety, manifested by deeds of disinterested benevolence and Christian love, which have blest the world and uplifted the heart of humanity.

We have now reached the point where woman has gained a sure foundation on which to build her house, if she is wise, (see Proverbs xiv. 1st verse): that foundation is a knowledge of the Word of God.

The declaration of Jehovah to the tempter or spirit of Evil,—"*I will put enmity* between thee and the woman,"—(which is explained at length in the Preface) may be traced in its fulfilment throughout the whole course of history, profane as well as sacred. The tempter has assailed men in their sensuous nature, changing what should have been the pure, protecting love, sanctified by the true marriage of one man with one woman, into unholy lust, which degrades, pollutes, and destroys all hope for the female sex. Licentiousness, polygamy, divorce — these are sins against woman as well as against God's law, established at the Creation, reiterated in the four-fold example of those saved from the "Flood;" but which law, wicked men, instigated by the devil, have in every age of the world disregarded, annulled, or broken. Therefore it is that the progress of human nature, in regaining the path of righteousness, has been so slow. God helped the physical weakness of the first woman by giving to her keeping, the moral destiny of her husband and children, in the *hope* of the promised seed; thus God sanctified, by a spiritual or moral providence* the honour of the mother's office and the glory of the true wife.

Woman was again aided by the special providence which shortened human life, thus rendering the male sex dependent on female care and training for, comparatively, a very large portion of their lives. And, lastly, at the close of the first era, when the moral sense or instinct of woman was nearly darkened, God sent forth his true light, constrained men to see, and thus saved the race.

Rome's last patriot was a woman, the noble-minded Agrippina. When she was starved to death, by order of the brutal Tiberius, the last gleam of hope for humanity seemed fading from the world. The enmity of the spirit of Evil had nearly destroyed the purity, and with it the power for good, of the female. And it is worthy of note that the year when Agrippina was murdered was the very year in which Jesus Christ was crucified! But His death was followed by His glorious resurrection, bringing life and immortality to the knowledge of the world, and exalting woman by making the virtues consonant with her nature, the rule for man also. Thus God proclaimed anew, as it were, that the moral power of the world was confided to the female sex.

* I term that a *moral providence*, where divine interposition has evidently been exerted to advance the moral condition of an individual or a people: giving the succession to Jacob; saving and training Moses; and preserving the Jews under Ahasuerus, were each and all *moral providences*

Jesus Christ, whose life and lessons were a stern rebuke of the selfishness, licentiousness, and unbelief of men, and the true witness and tender encouragement of the disinterestedness, the purity or penitence, and faith of woman, Jesus Christ gave the first mission of his Gospel to his female disciples. These were sent to make known to the apostles the great doctrine they were to preach to all the world — that Christ was risen from the dead. (See St. Mat. xxviii. 9, 10.— St. John, xx. 17.) Does it not seem impossible that men, the appointed teachers of this Gospel, should ever have sought to disparage and degrade the sex whose faithfulness and devotion the Saviour had thus publicly honoured? But so it has been. The Roman Catholic church degraded women, when it degraded marriage by making the celibacy of the priests a condition of greater holiness than married life. From this falsehood against the Word of God, came those corrupting sins which, at the close of our Second Era, seemed about to dissolve the whole fabric of civilized society, and spread the most polluting crimes of heathen nations over the Christian world.* How the powers of darkness must have triumphed, when their machinations had drawn on their poor, deluded servants to destroy the then most noble and wonderful exemplar of female purity, patriotism, and piety, the world contained! The fire that consumed Joan of Arc seemed to have reduced to ashes the hopes of that progress in morality, which regard for its development in the female character can, humanly speaking, only ensure. But God's good providence again baffled the powers of evil. In the same year, perchance at the very moment this meek martyr patriot laid down her life, there was a poor, persecuted exile in Strasburg, carving those little wooden blocks, destined to open an Art which would ensure, to the end of time, the means of improvement and moral influence to the female mind.

The art of printing holds the next place to the Gospel, in the emancipation of women from the power of wicked men.

When the great Reformer threw his ink-stand at the demon on the wall, he used the most potent weapon of exorcism against the powers of darkness which divine Providence had then put into his hands. It was by reading the Word of God that the nine nuns of Nimptsch discerned the contrast between the Christian life, and the daily routine of the cloister. They left their superstitions and returned to the duties God imposes on the sex. Among these nuns was Catharine Bora; and when Luther made his declaration of uniting himself with her in the true and holy marriage ordained by the Creator as the state good for man, then the Reformer gave a surety for the moral progress of humanity, which the enemy of good has never been able to overcome. But this improvement is only where the Bible is read, and its authority acknowledged. The Chinese nation cannot advance in moral culture while their women are consigned to ignorance and imbecility: the nations of the East are slaves to sensuality and sin, as well as to foreign masters; and thus they must remain till Christianity, breaking the fetters of polygamy from the female sex, shall give to the mothers of men freedom, education, and influence.

The last fifteen hundred years hardly add a leaf to our record from the life of heathendom; but the Era is remarkable for the development of genius and talent in a new race of women — the Anglo-Saxon. Hitherto, the great nations of antiquity, with those of Southern and Western Europe, have furnished nearly all the names recorded. Now the sceptre of female power, always founded in morals, has passed to the British Island, and from thence to our United American nation. The reasons are obvious. No other nations have the Bible in their homes; or the preached Gospel on every Sabbath; or a free press; and no other nations have guaranteed the personal freedom of subject and citizen. As men reach a higher standard of Christian civilization, their minds are lifted up to understand the moral nature of woman; then their estimate of her fitness to aid in the great movements of humanity and religion is exalted, and the wife goes forth to help her husband in the most lofty and holy mission human beings can hold,— that of conveying the light of the Gospel to the world that is still in darkness.

This Third Era bears the names of illustrious queens, who have ruled their people with a wisdom above that of kings; of good and gifted women who have won the high places of genius, and performed noble deeds of philanthropy. But the name which, concentrating the attributes of genius with the excellencies of female character, brought out in the heroism of acting or suffering in the greatest cause, is that of Ann H. Judson.

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* "Such was the almost universal corruption of the clergy during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, that the priestly office had fallen into almost general disrepute: the isolated virtue of a few faithful servants of God had not sufficed to redeem it from contempt. The Reformation, by abolishing the celibacy of the ecclesiastics, restored the sanctity of wedlock. The marriage of the clergy put an end to an untold amount of secret profligacy. The Reformers became examples to their flocks in the most endearing and important of human relationship,—and it was not long before the people rejoiced to see the ministers of religion in the character of husbands and fathers."—*D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation.*

THIRD ERA.

FROM THE YEAR 1500 TO 1850.*

A.

ABARCA, MARIA DE,

A Spanish lady, distinguished herself, in the middle of the seventeenth century, by the peculiar excellence of the portraits she painted. She was contemporary with Rubens and Velasquez, by whom she was much esteemed. The time of her death is unknown.

ABINGTON, FRANCES,

An eminent English actress, whose maiden name was Barton, was born in 1785. Some part of her earlier life she is said to have spent in great poverty, and when about fifteen, she joined a company of strolling players. In 1752, she was engaged at the Haymarket, London, where she was received with great applause. In 1755, she married Mr. James Abington, and in 1759, she left London for Dublin, where she was long the chief theatrical favourite. Her forte was in comedy; and as the finished lady, or romping chambermaid, she was equally at home. In 1761, Mrs. Abington left her husband to reside with Mr. Needham, who bequeathed her part of his fortune at his death. In 1799 she quitted the stage, and died at London in 1815.

ACCIAIOLI, MAGDALEN,

A native of Florence, celebrated for her beauty and genius. She was a great favourite of Christina, duchess of Tuscany, and wrote poems in a very pleasing and elegant style. She died in 1610.

ACCORAMBONI, VITTORIA,

Was born in 1585, of a noble family, in Agudio, a little town of the duchy of Urbino. From her infancy, she was remarked for extraordinary beauty and loveliness. Her father established his residence at Rome during her early youth; there she became the "cynosure" of the neighbouring nobility, as well as that of Rome. Her father married her to Felice Peretti, nephew and adopted son of the cardinal Montalto, afterwards Pope Sixtus V. In the family of her husband she was adored, and all her desires anticipated; when, in

the midst of seeming prosperity and delight, Peretti was entrapped into a solitary situation, and murdered. Rumour attributed this assassination to the prince Paolo Orsini, who was madly enamoured of Vittoria; nor was she free from suspicion of having consented to this crime. She certainly justified her accusers, by speedily uniting herself in marriage to the prince. From this step, sprang her melancholy catastrophe. Orsini was not young; he had grown enormously stout, and was afflicted with complaints that menaced him with sudden death. In order to provide for the possible widowhood of his young wife, he made a will, which, by endowing her largely, awakened the cupidity and animosity of his natural heirs. After his death, which happened as had been anticipated, at the conclusion of an inordinate feast, the duchess took possession of her inheritance. She was not allowed to enjoy it long; her palace was entered by forty masked assassins, who cruelly plunged a dagger in her heart, and besides, murdered her brother, who resided with her.

She takes a place among the literary women of Italy, having been admired for her poetical talents during her life. And there exists in the Ambrosian library at Milan, a volume of her sonnets, full of grace and sentiment.

* Including the names of all the distinguished women who are deceased.

ACKLAND, LADY HARRIET,

Wife of Major Ackland, an officer in that portion of the British army in America under the command of General Burgoyne, accompanied her husband to America in 1776, and was with him during the disastrous campaign of 1777, which terminated in Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga. Accustomed as she was to every luxury, she shrank from no hardship or danger, while allowed to remain with her husband; and her gentleness and conciliatory manners often softened the bitterness of political animosity.

Major Ackland being taken prisoner at the battle of Saratoga, Lady Harriet determined to join him; and obtaining from Burgoyne a note, commending her to the protection of General Gates, she set out in an open boat, during a violent storm, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Brudenell, a chaplain in the British army, her own maid and her husband's valet, to the American camp. Here she was kindly received, and allowed to join her husband. After Major Ackland's return to England, he was killed in a duel, caused by his resenting some aspersions cast on the bravery of the British soldiers in America; and the shock of his death deprived Lady Harriet of her reason for two years. She afterwards married the same Mr. Brudenell who had accompanied her to the camp of General Gates. Lady Harriet outlived her second husband many years, and died at a very advanced age.

In a work by Madame de Riedesel, who was also at the battle of Saratoga, (her husband, Major de Riedesel, was one of the German officers employed by the English government in the war against the American colonies,) she makes this mention of the subject of our memoir:

"Lady Ackland's tent was near ours. She slept there, and spent the day in the camp. On a sudden, she received the news that her husband was mortally wounded, and taken prisoner. She was greatly distressed; for she was much attached to him, though he was rude and intemperate; yet a good officer. She was a very lovely woman. And lovely in mind, as in person."

ADAMS, ABIGAIL,

Wife of John Adams, second President of the United States, was daughter of the Rev. William Smith, minister of a Congregational church at Weymouth, Massachusetts, and of Elizabeth Quincy. She was born Nov. 22d, 1744, and, in Oct. 1767, married John Adams, then a lawyer, residing at Weymouth. Mr. Adams was appointed minister plenipotentiary to the court of Great Britain, and, in 1784, Mrs. Adams sailed from Boston to join him. She returned in 1788, having passed one year in France and three in England. On her husband's being appointed Vice President, in 1789, she went to reside at Philadelphia, then the seat of government, with him; as she also did when he was chosen President, in 1797. After Mr. Adams' defeat, in 1800, they retired to Quincy, where Mrs. Adams died, Oct. 28th, 1818. Her letters to her son, John Quincy Adams, were very much admired. She was a woman of true greatness and elevation

of mind, and, whether in public or private life, she always preserved the same dignified and tranquil demeanour. As the mistress of a household, she united the prudence of a rigid economist with the generous spirit of a liberal hospitality; faithful and affectionate in her friendships, bountiful to the poor, kind and courteous to her dependants, cheerful, and charitable in the intercourse of social life with her neighbours and acquaintances, she lived in the habitual practice of benevolence, and sincere, unaffected piety. In her family relations, few women have left a pattern more worthy of imitation by her sex.

Her letters have been collected, and, with a Biographical Sketch by her grand-son, Charles F. Adams, were published some years since. We will give a few extracts, first, from a letter to her son, John Quincy Adams, the sixth President of the United States.

* * * *

"Your father's letters came to Salem, yours to Newburyport, and soon gave ease to my anxiety, at the same time that it excited gratitude and thankfulness to Heaven, for the preservation you all experienced in the imminent dangers which threatened you. You express, in both your letters, a degree of thankfulness. I hope it amounts to more than words, and that you will never be insensible to the particular preservation you have experienced in both your voyages. You have seen how inadequate the aid of man would have been, if the winds and the seas had not been under the particular government of that Being, who 'stretched out the heavens as a span,' who 'holdeth the ocean in the hollow of his hand,' and 'rideth upon the wings of the wind.'

"If you have a due sense of your preservation, your next consideration will be, for what purpose you are continued in life. It is not to rove from clime to clime, to gratify an idle curiosity; but every new mercy you receive is a new debt upon you, a new obligation to a diligent discharge of the various relations in which you stand connected; in the first place, to your great Preserver; in the next, to society in general; in particular, to your country, to your parents, and to yourself.

"The only sure and permanent foundation of virtue is religion. Let this important truth be engraven upon your heart. And also, that the foundation of religion is the belief of the one only God, and a just sense of his attributes, as a being infinitely wise, just, and good, to whom you owe the highest reverence, gratitude, and adoration; who superintends and governs all nature, even to clothing the lilies of the field, and hearing the young ravens when they cry; but more particularly regards man, whom he created after his own image, and breathed into him an immortal spirit, capable of a happiness beyond the grave; for the attainment of which he is bound to the performance of certain duties, which all tend to the happiness and welfare of society, and are comprised in one short sentence, expressive of universal benevolence, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' This is elegantly defined by Mr. Pope, in his 'Essay on Man.'

'Remember, man, the universal cause
Acts not by partial, but by general laws,
And makes what happiness we justly call,
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind.'

"Thus has the Supreme Being made the good will of man towards his fellow-creatures an evidence of his regard to Him, and for this purpose has constituted him a dependent being and made his happiness to consist in society. Man early discovered this propensity of his nature, and found

'Eden was tasteless till an Eve was there.'

"Justice, humanity, and benevolence are the duties you owe to society in general. To your country the same duties are incumbent upon you, with the additional obligation of sacrificing ease, pleasure, wealth, and life itself for its defence and security. To your parents you owe love, reverence, and obedience to all just and equitable commands. To yourself,—here, indeed, is a wide field to expatiate upon. To become what you ought to be, and what a fond mother wishes to see you, attend to some precepts and instructions from the pen of one, who can have no motive but your welfare and happiness, and who wishes, in this way, to supply to you the personal watchfulness and care, which a separation from you deprived you of at a period of life, when habits are easiest acquired and fixed; and, though the advice may not be new, yet suffer it to obtain a place in your memory, for occasions may offer, and perhaps some concurring circumstances unite, to give it weight and force.

"Suffer me to recommend to you one of the most useful lessons of life, the knowledge and study of yourself. There you run the greatest hazard of being deceived. Self-love and partiality cast a mist before the eyes, and there is no knowledge so hard to be acquired, nor of more benefit when once thoroughly understood. Ungoverned passions have aptly been compared to the boisterous ocean, which is known to produce the most terrible effects. 'Passions are the elements of life,' but elements which are subject to the control of reason. Whoever will candidly examine themselves, will find some degree of passion, peevishness, or obstinacy in their natural tempers. You will seldom find these disagreeable ingredients all united in one; but the uncontrolled indulgence of either is sufficient to render the possessor unhappy in himself, and disagreeable to all who are so unhappy as to be witnesses of it, or suffer from its effects.

"You, my dear son, are formed with a constitution feelingly alive; your passions are strong and impetuous; and, though I have sometimes seen them hurry you into excesses, yet with pleasure I have observed a frankness and generosity accompany your efforts to govern and subdue them. Few persons are so subject to passion, but that they can command themselves, when they have a motive sufficiently strong; and those who are most apt to transgress will restrain themselves through respect and reverence to superiors, and even, where they wish to recommend themselves, to their equals. The due government of the passions, has been considered in all ages as a most valuable acquisition. Hence an inspired writer observes, 'He that is slow to anger, is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city.' This passion, co-operating with power, and unrestrained by reason, has produced the subversion of cities, the desolation of countries, the massacre of nations, and filled the world with injustice and oppression. Behold your own country, your native land, suffering from the effects of lawless power and malignant passions, and learn betimes, from your own observation and experience, to govern and control yourself. Having once obtained this self-government, you will find a foundation laid for happiness to yourself and usefulness to mankind. 'Virtue alone is happiness below;' and consists in cultivating and improving every good inclination, and in checking and subduing every propensity to evil. I have been particular upon the passion of anger, as it is generally the most predominant passion at your age, the soonest excited, and the least pains are taken to subdue it;

—'what composes man, can man destroy.'

"I do not mean, however, to have you insensible to real injuries. He who will not turn when he is trodden upon is deficient in point of spirit; yet, if you can preserve good-breeding and decency of manners, you will have an advantage over the aggressor, and will maintain a dignity of character which will always insure you respect, even from the offender.

"I will not overburden your mind at this time. I mean to pursue the subject of self-knowledge in some future letter, and give you my sentiments upon your future conduct in life, when I feel disposed to resume my pen.

"In the mean time, be assured, no one is more sincerely interested in your happiness, than your ever affectionate mother."

From another letter to this her favourite son, of a later date, we will add a few sentences which breathe the true mother's heart.

"After two years' silence, and a journey of which I can scarcely form an idea, to find you safely returned to your parent, to hear of your health and to see your improvements! You cannot know, should I describe to you, the feelings of a parent. Through your father, I sometimes heard from you, but one letter only ever reached me after you arrived in Russia. Your excuses, however, have weight and are accepted; but you must give them further energy by a ready attention to your pen in future. Four years have already passed away since you left your native land and this rural cottage; humble indeed when compared to the palaces you have visited, and the pomp you have been witness to; but I dare say, you have not been so inattentive an observer as to suppose, that sweet peace and contentment cannot inhabit the lowly roof and bless the tranquil inhabitants, equally guarded and protected in person and property in this happy country as those who reside in the most elegant and costly dwellings. If you live to return, I can form to myself an idea of the pleasure you will take in treading over the ground and visiting every place your early years were accustomed wantonly to gambol in; even the rocky common and lowly whortleberry bush will not be without their beauties.

"My anxieties have been and still are great, lest the numerous temptations and snares of vice should vitiate your early habits of virtue, and destroy those principles, which you are now capable of reasoning upon, and discerning the beauty and utility of, as the only rational source of happiness here, or foundation of felicity hereafter. Placed as we are in a transitory scene of probation, drawing nigher and still nigher day after day to that important crisis which must introduce us into a new system of things, it ought certainly to be our principal concern to become qualified for our expected dignity.

"What is it, that affectionate parents require of their children, for all their care, anxiety, and toil on their account? Only that they would be wise and virtuous, benevolent and kind.

"Ever keep in mind, my son, that your parents are your disinterested friends, and that if, at any time, their advice militates with your own opinion or the advice of others, you ought always to be diffident of your own judgment; because you may rest assured, that their opinion is founded on experience and long observation, and that they would not direct you but to promote your happiness. Be thankful to a kind Providence, who has hitherto preserved the lives of your parents, the natural guardians of your youthful years. With gratitude I look up to Heaven, blessing the hand which continued to me my dear and honoured parents until I was settled in life; and, though now I regret the loss of them, and daily feel the want of their advice and assistance, I cannot suffer as I should have done, if I had been early deprived of them."

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We will now give a few extracts from the letters to her husband;—and first, from one dated October 25th, 1782.

"My dearest Friend,

"The family are all retired to rest; the busy scenes of the day are over; a day which I wished to have devoted in a particular manner to my dearest friend; but company falling in prevented it, nor could I claim a moment until this silent watch of the night.

"Look, (is there a dearer name than *friend?* Think of it for me,) look to the date of this letter, and tell me, what are the thoughts which arise in your mind? Do you not recollect that eighteen years have run their circuit since we pledged our mutual faith to each other, and the hymeneal torch was lighted at the altar of love? Yet, yet it burns with unabating fervour. Old Ocean has not quenched it, nor old Time smothered it in this bosom. It cheers me in the lonely hour; it comforts me even in the gloom which sometimes possesses my mind.

"It is, my friend, from the remembrance of the joys I have lost, that the arrow of affliction is pointed. I recollect the untitled man to whom I gave my heart, and, in the agony of recollection, when time and distance present themselves together, wish he had never been any other. Who shall give me back time? Who shall compensate to me those years I cannot recall? How dearly have I paid for a titled husband? Should I wish you less wise, that I might enjoy more happiness? I cannot find that in my heart. Yet Providence has wisely placed the real blessings of life within the reach of moderate abilities; and he who is wiser than his neighbour sees so much more to pity and lament, that I doubt whether the balance of happiness is in his scale.

"I feel a disposition to quarrel with a race of beings who have cut me off, in the midst of my days, from the only society I delighted in. 'Yet no man liveth for himself,' says an authority I will not dispute. Let me draw satisfaction from this source, and, instead of murmuring and repining at my lot, consider it in a more pleasing view. Let me suppose, that the same gracious Being, who first smiled upon our union and blessed us in each other, endowed my friend with powers and talents for the benefit of mankind, and gave him a willing mind to improve them for the service of his country. You have obtained honour and reputation at home and abroad. Oh! may not an inglorious peace wither the laurels you have won.

"I wrote you by Captain Grinnell. The *Firebrand* is in great haste to return, and I fear will not give me time to say half I wish. I want you to say many more things to me than you do; but you write so wise, so like a minister of state. I know your embarrassments. Thus again I pay for titles. Life takes its complexion from inferior things. It is little attentions and assiduities that sweeten the bitter draught and smooth the rugged road.

"I have repeatedly expressed my desire to make a part of your family. But 'Will you come and see me?' cannot be taken in that serious light I should choose to consider an invitation from those I love. I do not doubt but that you would be glad to see me, but I know you are apprehensive of dangers and fatigues. I know your situation may

be unsettled, and it may be more permanent than I wish it. Only think how the words, 'three, four, and five years' absence' sound! They sink into my heart with a weight I cannot express. Do you look like the miniature you sent? I cannot think so. But you have a better likeness, I am told. Is that designed for me? Gracious Heaven! restore to me the original, and I care not who has the shadow."

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From another letter of November, the same year:—

"My dearest Friend,

"I have lived to see the close of the third year of our separation. This is a melancholy anniversary to me, and many tender scenes arise in my mind upon the recollection. I feel unable to sustain even the idea that it will be half that period ere we meet again. Life is too short to have the dearest of its enjoyments curtailed; the social feelings grow callous by disuse, and lose that pliancy of affection which sweetens the cup of life as we drink it. The rational pleasures of friendship and society, and the still more refined sensations of which delicate minds only are susceptible, like the tender blossom, when the rude northern blasts assail them, shrink within and collect themselves together, deprived of the all-cheering and beamy influence of the sun. The blossom falls, and the fruit withers and decays; but here the similitude fails, for, though lost for the present, the season returns, the tree vegetates anew, and the blossom again puts forth.

"But, alas! with me those days which are past are gone for ever, and time is hastening on that period when I must fall to rise no more, until mortality shall put on immortality, and we shall meet again, pure and disembodied spirits. Could we live to the age of the antediluvians, we might better support this separation; but, when threescore years and ten circumscribe the life of man, how painful is the idea, that, of that short space, only a few years of social happiness are our allotted portion!

'Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his world, his throne, I 'd scorn them all.'

"No. Give me the man I love; you are neither of an age or temper to be allured by the splendour of a court, or the smiles of princesses. I never suffered an uneasy sensation on that account. I know I have a right to your whole heart, because my own never knew another lord; and such is my confidence in you, that, if you were not withheld by the strongest of all obligations, those of a moral nature, your honour would not suffer you to abuse my confidence."

Here is the description of a scene in London, when Mrs. Adams was there, in 1786.

"London, 2 April, 1786.

"Your kind letter, my dear niece, was received with much pleasure. These tokens of love and regard, which I know flow from the heart, always find their way to mine, and give me a satisfaction and pleasure beyond anything which the ceremony and pomp of courts and kingdoms can afford. The social affections are and may be made the truest channels for our pleasures and comforts to flow through. Heaven formed us not for ourselves but others,

'And bade self-love and social be the same.'

"Perhaps there is no country where there is a fuller exercise of those virtues than ours at present exhibits, which is, in a great measure, owing to the equal distribution of property, the small number of inhabitants in proportion to its territory, the equal distribution of justice to the poor as well as the rich, to a government founded in justice and exercised with impartiality, and to a religion which teaches peace and good-will to man; to knowledge and learning being so easily acquired and so universally distributed; and to that sense of moral obligation which generally inclines our countrymen to do to others as they would that others should do to them. Perhaps you will think that I allow to them more than they deserve, but you will consider that I am only speaking comparatively. Human nature is much the same in all countries, but it is the government, the laws, and religion, which form the character of a nation. Wherever luxury abounds, there you will find corruption and degeneracy of manners. Wretches that we are, thus to misuse the bounties of Providence, to forget the hand that blesses us, and even deny the source from whence we derived our being.

"But I grow too serious. To amuse you, then, my dear niece, I will give you an account of the dress of the ladies at the ball of the Comte d'Adhémar; as your cousin tells me that she some time ago gave you a history of the birth-day and ball at court, this may serve as a counterpart. Though, should I attempt to compare the apartments, St. James's would fall as much short of the French Ambassador's, as the court of his Britannic Majesty does of the splendour and magnificence of that of his Most Christian Majesty. I am sure I never saw an assembly room in America, which did not exceed that at St. James's in point of elegance and decoration; and, as to its fair visitors, not all their blaze of diamonds set off with Parisian rouge, can match the blooming health, the sparkling eye, and modest deportment of the dear girls of my native land. As to the dancing, the space they had to move in gave them no opportunity to display the grace of a minuet, and the full dress of long court-trains and enormous hoops, you well know were not favourable for country dances, so that I saw them at every disadvantage; not so the other evening. They were much more properly clad;—silk waists, gauze, or white or painted tiffany coats, decorated with ribbon, beads, or flowers, as fancy directed, were chiefly worn by the young ladies. Hats turned up at the sides with diamond loops and buttons of steel, large bows of ribbons and wreaths of flowers, displayed themselves to much advantage upon the heads of some of the prettiest girls England can boast. The light from the lustres is more favourable to beauty than daylight, and the colour acquired by dancing, more becoming than rouge, as fancy

dresses are more favourable to youth than the formality of a uniform. There was as great a variety of pretty dresses, borrowed wholly from France, as I have ever seen; and amongst the rest, some with sapphire-blue satin waists, spangled with silver, and laced down the back and seams with silver stripes; white satin petticoats trimmed with black and blue velvet ribbon; an odd kind of head-dress, which they term the 'helmet of Minerva.' I did not observe the bird of wisdom, however, nor do I know whether those who wore the dress had suitable pretensions to it. 'And pray,' say you, 'how were my aunt and cousin dressed?' If it will gratify you to know, you shall hear. Your aunt, then, wore a full-dress court cap without the lappets, in which was a wreath of white flowers, and blue sheafs, two black and blue flat feathers (which cost her half a guinea a-piece, but that you need not tell of), three pearl pins, bought for court, and a pair of pearl ear-rings, the cost of them—no matter what; less than diamonds, however. A sapphire blue *demi-saison* with a satin stripe, sack and petticoat trimmed with a broad black lace; crape flounce, &c.; leaves made of blue ribbon, and trimmed with white floss; wreaths of black velvet ribbon spotted with steel beads, which are much in fashion, and brought to such perfection as to resemble diamonds; white ribbon also, in the Vandyke style, made up of the trimming, which looked very elegant; a full dress handkerchief, and a bouquet of roses. 'Full gay, I think, for my *aunt*.' That is true, Lucy, but nobody is old in Europe. I was seated next the duchess of Bedford, who had a scarlet satin sack and coat, with a cushion full of diamonds, for hair she has none, and is *but seventy-six*, neither. Well, now for your cousin; a small, white Leghorn hat, bound with pink satin ribbon; a steel buckle and band which turned up at the side, and confined a large pink bow; large bow of the same kind of ribbon behind; a wreath of full-blown roses round the crown, and another of buds and roses withinside the hat, which, being placed at the back of the hair, brought the roses to the edge; you see it clearly; one red and black feather, with two white ones, completed the head-dress. A gown and coat of Chambéri gauze, with a red satin stripe over a pink waist, and coat flounced with crape, trimmed with broad point and pink ribbon; wreaths of roses across the coat; gauze sleeves and ruffles. But the poor girl was so sick with a cold, that she could not enjoy herself, and we retired about one o'clock, without waiting supper, by which you have lost half a sheet of paper, I dare say; but I cannot close without describing to you Lady N—— and her daughter. She is as large as Captain C——'s wife, and much such a made woman, with a much fuller face, of the colour and complexion of Mrs. C——, who formerly lived with your uncle Palmer, and looks as if porter and beef stood no chance before her; add to this, that it is covered with large red pimples, over which, to help the natural redness, a coat of rouge is spread; and, to assist her shape, she was dressed in white satin, trimmed with scarlet ribbon. Miss N—— is not so large, nor quite so red, but has a very small eye, with the most impudent face you can possibly form an idea of, joined to manners so masculine, that I was obliged frequently to recollect that line of Dr. Young's,

'Believe her dress; she 's not a grenadier;'

to persuade myself that I was not mistaken."

* * * * *

Extract from a letter to a female friend, written in 1809, when Mrs. Adams was about 65 years of age:—

"Ossian says, 'Age is dark and unlovely.' When I look in my glass, I do not much wonder at the story related of a very celebrated painter, Zeuxis, who, it is said, died of laughing at a comical picture he had made of an old woman. If our glass flatters us in youth, it tells us truths in age. The cold hand of death has frozen up some of the streams of our early friendships; the congelation is gaining upon our vital powers, and marking us for the tomb. 'May we so number our days as to apply our hearts unto wisdom.'

'The man is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour.'

"When my family was young around me, I used to find more leisure, and think I could leave it with less anxiety than I can now. There is not any occasion for detailing the whys and the wherefores. It is said, if riches increase, those increase that eat them; but what shall we say, when the eaters increase without the wealth? You know, my dear sister, if there be bread enough, and to spare, unless a prudent attention manage that sufficiency, the fruits of diligence will be scattered by the hand of dissipation. No man ever prospered in the world without the consent and co-operation of his wife. It behoves us, who are parents or grand-parents, to give our daughters and granddaughters, when their education devolves upon us, such an education as shall qualify them for the useful and domestic duties of life, that they should learn the proper use and improvement of time, since 'time was given for use, not waste.' The finer accomplishments, such as music, dancing, and painting, serve to set off and embellish the picture; but the groundwork must be formed of more durable colours.

"I consider it as an indispensable requisite, that every American wife should herself know how to order and regulate her family; how to govern her domestics, and train up her children. For this purpose, the all-wise Creator made woman an help-meet for man; and she who fails in these duties does not answer the end of her creation.

'Life's cares are comforts; such by Heaven designed;
They that have none must make them, or be wretched.
Cares are employments; and, without employ,
The soul is on a rack, the rack of rest.'

I have frequently said to my friends, when they have thought me overburdened with care, I would rather have too much than too little. Life stagnates without action. I could never bear merely to vegetate;

'Waters stagnate when they cease to flow.'

These letters have an air of romantic sentiment; and yet it was only the expression of true feeling which Mrs. Adams always exhibited in her daily conduct. Her grand-son, Charles F. Adams, thus accounts for the style which characterizes her correspondence:

"In her neighbourhood, there were not many advantages of instruction to be found; and even in Boston, the small metropolis nearest at hand, for reasons already stated, the list of accomplishments within the reach of females was, probably, very short. She did not enjoy an opportunity to acquire even such as there might have been, for the delicate state of her health forbade the idea of sending her away from home to obtain them. In a letter, written in 1817, the year before her death, speaking of her own deficiencies, she says: 'My early education did not partake of the abundant opportunities which the present days offer, and which even our common country schools now afford. *I never was sent to any school.* I was always sick. Female education, in the best families, went no further than writing and arithmetic; in some few and rare instances, music and dancing.' Hence it is not unreasonable to suppose that the knowledge gained by her was rather the result of the society into which she was thrown, than of any elaborate instruction.

"This fact, that the author of the letters in the present volume never went to any school, is a very important one to a proper estimate of her character. For, whatever may be the decision of the long-vexed question between the advantages of public and those of private education, few persons will deny, that they produce marked differences in the formation of character. Seclusion from companions of the same age, at any time of life, is calculated to develope the imaginative faculty, at the expense of the judgment; but especially in youth, when the most durable impressions are making. The ordinary consequence, in females of a meditative turn of mind, is the indulgence of romantic and exaggerated sentiments drawn from books, which, if subjected to the ordinary routine of large schools, are worn down by the attrition of social intercourse. These ideas, formed in solitude, in early life, often, though not always, remain in the mind, even after the realities of the world surround those who hold them, and counteract the tendency of their conclusions. They are constantly visible in the letters of these volumes, even in the midst of the severest trials. They form what may be considered the romantic turn of the author's mind; but, in her case, they were so far modified by a great admixture of religious principle and by natural good sense, as to be of eminent service in sustaining her through the painful situations in which she was placed, instead of nursing that species of sickly sensibility, which too frequently, in similar circumstances, impairs, if it does not destroy, the power of *practical* usefulness."

Many women fill important stations with the most splendid display of virtues; but few are equally great in retirement; there they want the animating influence of a thousand eyes, and the inspiration of homage and flattery. This is human nature in its common form; and though female nature is often beautifully displayed in retirement, yet to change high station for a quiet home is a trial few women would have borne with such sweet serenity as did Mrs. Adams. She was, in retirement at Quincy, the same dignified, sensible, and happy woman, as when at the capitol, surrounded by fashion, wit, and intellect. This serenity arose from a settled and perfect, but philosophical and Christian contentment, which great minds only can feel. Such purity and elevation of soul preserve the faculties of the mind, and keep them vigorous even in old age. Thus lived this genuine daughter of America, leaving at her peaceful death, a rich legacy of the *loftiest* virtues, made manifest by her example, as the inheritance of the women of her beloved country.

ADAMS, HANNAH,

A CELEBRATED American writer, was born in Medfield, Massachusetts, in 1755. Her father was a respectable farmer in that place, rather better educated than persons of his class usually were at that time; and his daughter, who was a very delicate child, profited by his fondness for books. So great was her love for reading and study, that when very young she had committed to memory nearly all of Milton, Pope, Thomson, Young, and several other poets.

When she was about seventeen her father failed in business, and Miss Adams was obliged to exert herself for her own maintenance. This she did at first by making lace, a very profitable employment during the revolutionary war, as very little lace was then imported. But after the termination of the conflict she was obliged to resort to some other means of support; and having acquired from the students who had boarded with her father, a competent knowledge of Latin and Greek, she undertook to prepare young men for college; and succeeded so well, that her reputation was spread throughout the state.

Her first work, entitled, "The View of Religions," which she commenced when she was about

thirty, is a history of the different sects in religion. It caused her so much hard study and close reflection, that she was attacked before the close of her labours by a severe fit of illness, and threatened with derangement. Her next work was a carefully written "History of New England;" and her third was on "The Evidences of the Christian Religion." Though all these works showed great candour and liberality of mind and profound research, and though they were popular, yet they brought her but little besides fame; which, however, had extended to Europe, and she reckoned among her correspondents many of the learned men of all countries. Among these was the celebrated abbé Gregoire, who was then struggling for the emancipation of the Jews in France. He sent Miss Adams several volumes, which she acknowledged were of much use to her in preparing her own work, a "History of the Jews," now considered one of the most valuable of her productions. Still, as far as pecuniary matters went, she was singularly unsuccessful, probably from her want of knowledge of business, and ignorance in worldly matters; and, to relieve her from her embarrassments, three wealthy gentlemen of Boston, with great liberality, settled an annuity upon her, of which she was kept in entire ignorance till the whole affair was completed.

The latter part of her life passed in Boston, in the midst of a large circle of friends, by whom she was warmly cherished and esteemed for the singular excellence, purity, and simplicity of her character. She died, November 15th, 1832, at the age of seventy-six, and was buried at Mount Auburn; the first one whose body was placed in that cemetery. Through life, the gentleness of her manners, and the sweetness of her temper were childlike; she trusted all her cares to the control of her heavenly Father; and she did not trust in vain.

ADORNI, CATHARINE FIESCHI,

A GENOESE lady, married a dissipated young man, Julian Adorni, whom, by her modest and virtuous conduct, she reclaimed. After his death she retired to Geneva, where she devoted herself to acts of piety and benevolence. She wrote several works on divinity; and died in 1510, aged sixty-three.

ADRICHOMIA, CORNELIA,

A DESCENDANT of the noble family of Adrictem, and a nun in Holland of the St. Augustine order, who lived in the sixteenth century, published a poetical version of the psalms, with several other religious poems. Her excellent understanding and erudition are commended by writers of her own time. She composed for herself the following epitaph:

Corpus homo, animam superis Cornelia mando;
Pulve rulerta caro vermibus esca datur.
Non ac lacrymas, non singultus, tristesque querelas,
Sed Christo oblatus nunc precor umbra preces.

AGNESI, MARIA GAETANA,

A NATIVE of Milan, born March 16th, 1718, gave early indications of extraordinary abilities, devoted herself to the abstract sciences, and at the age of nineteen supported a hundred and ninety-one theses, which were afterwards published. She attained such consummate skill in mathematics, that the pope allowed her to succeed her father as professor at Bologna. Her knowledge of ancient and modern languages was also extensive. She died in 1799, at Milan, where several years before she had taken the veil. Her great work is "Analytical Institutions," and has been translated by the Rev. John Colson, of the University of Cambridge. This able mathematician considered "The Analytical Institutions" of Agnesi such an excellent work, that he studied Italian in order to translate it into English. At his death he left the manuscript ready for publication. The commentators of Newton were acquainted with her mathematical works, while they were in manuscript. In 1801, the works were published in two volumes, at the expense of Baron Maseres, to do honour to her memory, and also to prove that women have minds capable of comprehending the most abstruse studies. Her eulogy was pronounced in Italian by Frisé, and translated into French by Boulard. In her genius she resembled Mrs. Somerville.

AGREDA, MARIE D',

SUPERIOR of a convent at Agreda, in Spain, founded by her parents, wrote a fanatical book on the life of the Virgin Mary, which she said had been revealed to her from heaven. A translation of this extravagant book, which was prohibited at Rome, was published at Brussels in 1717. Notwithstanding the absurdities of this work, it was deemed so fascinating and dangerous by the theological faculty at Paris, that it was thought proper to censure it. A violent opposition was made to the censure by some of the doctors of the Sorbonne, which, on this important occasion, were divided into two fierce parties, to one of whom the name of Agredians was given, which they long retained. One of the propositions of this singular work was—"That God gave to the holy virgin all that he would, and would give her all that he could, and could give her all that was not of the essence of God."

Marie d'Agreda died in 1665, aged sixty-three. Great efforts were made at Rome to procure her canonization, but without effect.

AGOSTINA, THE MAID OF SARAGOSSA.

SPAIN can boast of having produced heroines from the earliest records of history. The glorious memory of the women of Saguntum and Numantia, in the time of the Romans, and of Maria Pacheco, widow of the celebrated Padilla, may be paralleled in our days by the fame of Agostina of Saragossa.

This illustrious maiden exposed her life for her king and country at the memorable siege of Saragossa in 1808. General Le Fevre had been despatched in the June of that year to reduce Saragossa, where the royal standard of the Bourbons had been unfurled. This city was not fortified; it was surrounded by an ill-constructed wall, twelve

feet high by three broad, intersected by houses; these houses, the neighbouring churches and convents, were in so dilapidated a state, that from the roof to the foundation were to be seen in each immense breaches; apertures begun by time and increased by neglect. A large hill, called Il Torero, commanded the town at the distance of a mile, and offered a situation for most destructive bombardment. Among the sixty thousand inhabitants there were but two hundred and twenty regular troops, and the artillery consisted of ten old cannon.

The French began the siege in a rather slothful style; they deemed much exertion unnecessary; Saragossa, they said, was only inhabited by monks and cowards. But their opinions and their efforts were destined to an entire revolution. Very seldom in the annals of war has greater heroism, greater bravery, greater horror and misery been concentrated, than during the two months that these desperate patriots repelled their invaders. No sacrifices were too great to be offered, no extremities too oppressive to be endured by the besieged; but, as it often occurs among the noblest bodies of men, that one sordid soul may be found open to the far-reaching hand of corruption, such a wretch happened to be entrusted with a powder-magazine at Saragossa. Under the influence of French gold, he fired the magazine on the night of the 2d of June. To describe the horrors that ensued would be impossible. The French, to whom the noise of the explosion had been a signal, advanced their troops to the gates. The population, shocked, amazed, hardly knowing what had occurred, entirely ignorant of the cause, bewildered by conflagration, ruins, and the noise of the enemy's artillery unexpectedly thundering in their ears, were paralyzed, powerless; the overthrow, the slaughter of those who stood at the ramparts, seemed more like a massacre than a battle; in a short time the trenches presented nothing but a heap of dead bodies. There was no longer a combatant to be seen; nobody felt the courage to stand to the defence.

At this desperate moment an unknown maiden issued from the church of Nostra Donna del Pillas, habited in white raiment, a cross suspended from her neck, her dark hair dishevelled, and her eyes sparkling with supernatural lustre! She traversed the city with a bold and firm step; she passed to the ramparts, to the very spot where the enemy was pouring on to the assault; she mounted to the breach, seized a lighted match from the hand of a dying engineer, and fired the piece of artillery he had failed to manage; then kissing her cross, she cried with the accent of inspiration—"Death or victory!" and reloaded her cannon. Such a cry, such a vision, could not fail of calling up enthusiasm; it seemed that heaven had brought aid to the just cause; her cry was answered—"Long live Agostina!"

"Forward, forward, we will conquer!" resounded on every side. Nerved by such emotions, the force of every man was doubled, and the French were repulsed on all sides.

General Lefevre, mortified at this unexpected result, determined to reduce the place by famine, as well as to distress it by bombardment from Il Torero. The horrors that followed his measures would be too painful to detail, but they afforded Agostina an opportunity of displaying her intrepidity. She threw herself in the most perilous positions, to rescue the unhappy beings wounded by the bombs or by the falling of timbers. She went from house to house, visiting the wounded, binding up their hurts, or supplying aid to the sick and starving. The French, by their indomitable perseverance, had, from step to step, rendered themselves masters of nearly half the city. Lefevre thought his hour of triumph had now certainly arrived—he sent to the commandant, Palafox, to demand a capitulation. Palafox received this in public; he turned to Agostina, who stood near him, completely armed—"What shall I answer?"

The girl indignantly replied, "War to the knife!"

Her exclamation was echoed by the populace, and Palafox made her words his reply to Lefevre.

Nothing in the history of war has ever been recorded, to resemble the consequence of this refusal to capitulate. One row of houses in a street would be occupied by the Spanish, the opposite row by the French. A continual tempest of balls passed through the air; the town was a volcano; the most revolting butchery was carried on for eleven days and eleven nights. Every street, every house, was disputed with musket and poignard. Agostina ran from rank to rank, everywhere taking the most active part. The French were gradually driven back; and the dawn of the 17th of August, saw them relinquish this long-disputed prey, and take the road to Pampeluna. The triumph of the patriots—their joy, was unspeakable. Palafox rendered due honours to the brave men who had perished, and endeavoured to remunerate the few intrepid warriors who survived—among them was Agostina. But what could be offered commensurate with the services of one who had saved the city? Palafox told her to select what honours she pleased—any thing

would be granted her. She modestly answered that, she begged to be allowed to retain the rank of engineer, and to have the privilege of wearing the arms of Saragossa. The rest of her life was passed in honourable poverty, until the year 1826, when she died,

"By all her country's wishes blest!"

AGUILAR, GRACE,

Was born at Hackney, England, June, 1816. Her father was Emanuel Aguilar, a merchant descended from the Jews of Spain. Grace was the eldest child; and her delicate health, during infancy and early youth, was a source of great solicitude to her parents. She was educated almost entirely at home, her mother being her instructor till she attained the age of fourteen, when her father commenced a regular course of reading to her, while she was employed in drawing or needlework. At the age of seven she began keeping a regular journal; when she was about fifteen she wrote her first poetry; but she never permitted herself the pleasure of original composition until all her duties and her studies were performed.

Grace Aguilar was extremely fond of music; she had been taught the piano from infancy; and, in 1831, commenced the harp. She sang pleasingly, preferred English songs, invariably selecting them for the beauty or sentiment of the words. She was also passionately fond of dancing; and her cheerful, lively manners, in the society of her young friends, would scarcely have led any to imagine how deeply she felt and pondered the serious and solemn subjects which afterwards formed the labour of her life. She enjoyed all that was innocent; but the sacred feeling of duty always regulated her conduct. Her mother once expressed the wish that Grace would not waltz; and no solicitation could afterwards tempt her. Her mother also required her to read sermons, and study religion and the Bible regularly; this was done by Grace cheerfully, at first as a task, but finally with much delight; for evidence of which we will quote her own words in one of her works, "Women of Israel."

"This (reading the Bible and studying religion) formed into a habit, and persevered in for life, would in time, and without labour or weariness, give the comfort and the knowledge that we seek; each year would become brighter and more blest; each year we should discover something we knew not before; and, in the valley of the shadow of death, feel to our heart's core that the Lord our God is Truth."

The first published work of Miss Aguilar was "The Magic Wreath," a little poetical work. Soon afterwards, "Home Influences" appeared; and then, the "Women of Israel." All of these works are highly creditable to the literary taste and talents of the writer; and they have a value beyond what the highest genius could give—the stamp of truth, piety, and love, and an earnest desire to do good to her fellow-beings. The death of her father, and the cares she took on herself in comforting her mother, and sustaining the exertions of her brothers, undermined, by degrees, her delicate constitution. She went abroad for her health, and died in Frankfort, in 1847. She was buried there in the cemetery, one side of which is set apart for the Jews, the people of her faith. The stone which marks the spot bears upon it a butterfly and five stars, emblematic of the soul in heaven; and beneath appears the inscription—"Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates."

Her works do indeed praise her. She died at the early age of thirty-one, and was never at leisure to pursue literature as her genius would have prompted, had not her spirit been so thoroughly subjected to her womanly duties. She seems always to have striven to make her life useful. She shows this in writing chiefly for her own sex; and her productions will now be stamped with the value which her lovely character, perfected and crowned by a happy death, imparts. She could not speak for some time before her decease; but having learned to use her fingers, in the manner of the deaf and dumb, almost the last time they moved, it was to spell upon them feebly—"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

Since her decease, a work which she left in manuscript has been published, entitled "Woman's Friendship." The following poem is from her "Magic Wreath." Its subject will be found in the biography of Ingeborge.

"He clasp'd that slight and faded form,
Unto a heart that bled;
The monarch's tears fell thick and warm
Upon that drooping head.
Her long fair hair, long as a veil
Of faint and shadowy gold,
Around a face, which a wild tale
Of bitter anguish told.
'Oh! what avail my crown and state
When thou art from me flown!
Thy Philip's heart is desolate,
My beautiful, my own!
I cannot, cannot bid thee go;
My curse on Gregory's head!
I will proclaim him as my foe,
Though princes strike me dead.'

"'My liege, my husband, heed me not,
But peace to France restore,
Oh! be this broken heart forgot,
And thou'—she could no more.
She rais'd her head, that soft blue eye
Could scarce the monarch meet;
She grasped his robe—with one low sigh
Sunk fainting at his feet.
And on that pale and beauteous face
Th' imperial Philip gaz'd;
Then to a wild and strain'd embrace
That death-like form he rais'd.
One kiss, impassion'd, on *her* brow—
Ah! 'twill not break that sleep;
And he to whom e'en princes bow
Now turn'd aside to weep.
Oh! 'twas of power a cruel stroke
Such loving hearts to sever;
Ere Agnes from that long trance woke,
They parted—and forever."

AIGUILLON, DUCHESS D',

Niece of the Cardinal de Richelieu, was the first lady of high rank whose house was opened to all men of letters. There men of talent were received, together with the greatest noblemen of the

court. These assemblies had much influence on the manners of the French. The duchess was a woman of intelligence, piety, and the greatest generosity. After the death of Richelieu, under the direction of the devout Vincent de Paul, she united in all benevolent works. She endowed hospitals, bought slaves to set them free, liberated prisoners, and maintained missionaries in France and distant countries. She died in 1675.

AIKIN, LUCY,

An English writer, was the only daughter of Dr. Aikin, the brother of Mrs. Barbauld. Like her father and aunt, she devoted herself to literature. Her principal works are, "Epistles on the Character of Women," "Juvenile Correspondence," "The Life of Zuinglius, the Reformer," and a "History of the Court of Queen Elizabeth." She lived in the latter part of the eighteenth and the early part of the present century. Her "Memoir" of her father, Dr. John Aikin, is a beautiful tribute of filial affection. She was enabled, by the careful education he had given her, to enjoy the pleasures of mental intercourse with him; and how well she repaid his care, this monument she has constructed to the memory of his genius and goodness is a touching and enduring proof. At the close of the Memoir, she describes the feebleness which oppressed his body, while yet his mind could enjoy, in a degree, the pleasures of intellect; and in such a way as necessarily made him entirely dependent on female care and society.

Thus it invariably is at the close of man's life, as well as at its beginning, that he must rely for his enjoyment, comfort, life even, on the love, the care, and the sympathy of woman. The more faithfully he cherishes his wife, and educates his daughters, the happier and better will he be through life, and at his dying hour.

The following are the remarks to which we alluded:—

"That life may not be prolonged beyond the power of usefulness, is one of the most natural, and apparently of the most reasonable wishes man can form for the future;—it was almost the only one which my father expressed or indulged, and I doubt not that every reader will be affected with some emotions of sympathetic regret on learning that it was in his case lamentably disappointed. To those whose daily and hourly happiness chiefly consisted in the activity and enjoyment diffused over his domestic circle by his talents and virtues, the gradual extinction of this mental light was a privation afflictive and humiliating beyond expression. But in all the trials and sorrows of life, however severe, enough of alleviation is blended to show from what quarter they proceed; and there were still circumstances which called for grateful acknowledgment. The naturally sweet and affectionate disposition of my dear father; his strictly temperate and simple habits of living, and the mastery over his passions which he had so constantly exercised, were all highly favourable circumstances; and their influence long and powerfully counteracted the irritability of disease, and caused many instructive, and many soothing and tender impressions to mingle with the anxieties and fatigues of our long and melancholy attendance.

"His literary tastes were another invaluable source of comfort; long after he was incapacitated from reading himself, he would listen with satisfaction during many hours in the day to the reading of others; poetry, in particular, exercised a kind of spell over him; Virgil and Horace he heard with delight for a considerable period, and the English poets, occasionally, to the very last. The love of children, which had always been an amiable feature in his character, likewise remained; and the sight of his young grand-children sporting around him, and courting his attention by their affectionate caresses, had often the happy effect of rousing him from a state of melancholy languor, and carrying at least a transient emotion of pleasure to his heart."

The writings of Miss Aikin are attractive from the quiet, good sense, refined taste, and kind spirit always exhibited. Her last work, "The Life of Addison," was somewhat severely criticised in regard to the accuracy of dates, and some other matters, of minor importance when compared with the value of this contribution to the memory of a good man and an accomplished scholar. The character of Mr. Addison was never before set in so favourable a light; and Miss Aikin deserves to have her memory revered by all who love to see the works which genius has left made themes of affectionate study, by one who could sympathize with the literary tastes, and benevolent feelings of the philanthropist and the author.

AÏSSÉ, DEMOIS,

Was born in Circassia, 1689, and was purchased by the count de Ferriol, the French ambassador at Constantinople, when a child of four years, for 1500 livres. The seller declared her to be a Circassian princess. She was of great beauty. The count took her with him to France, and had her taught all the accomplishments of the day. She sacrificed her innocence to her benefactor, but she resisted the splendid offers of the duke of Orleans. Of her numerous suitors she favoured only the chevalier Aidy, who had taken the vows at Malta. Aidy wished to obtain a release from them, but his mistress herself opposed the attempt. The fruit of this love was a daughter, born in England. Aïssé became afterwards a prey to the bitterest remorse; she tried in vain to resist her passion, and sank under the struggle between her love and her conscience. She died 1727, at the age of thirty-eight. Her letters were published, first with notes by Voltaire, and afterwards, in 1806, with the letters of Mesdames de Villars, Lafayette, and de Tencin. They are written in a pleasant, fluent strain, and contain many anecdotes of the prominent persons of her time.

AIROLA, ANGELICA VERONICA,

A Genese lady of high rank, who lived in the seventeenth century. She learned the art of painting from Dominico Fiasella; after which she executed some good pictures on religious subjects.

most of them for the churches and convents of her native city. At the close of her life she became a nun of the order of St. Bartholomew della Olivella, at Genoa.

ALACOQUE, MARIE,

A NUN in the convent of the Visitation, at Paraile-monial, in the province of Burgundy, who was born about the middle of the seventeenth century, was celebrated for her sanctity throughout all France. She, in conjunction with Claude de la Colombiére, a famous Jesuit, and confessor to the duchess of York, wife of James, afterwards James II. of England, gave a form to the celebration of the solemnity of the heart of Christ, and composed an office for the occasion. The renowned defender of the bull Unigenitus, John Joseph Languet, afterwards archbishop of Sens, was an ardent admirer of this holy fanatic, and published, in 1729, a circumstantial account of her life. She imagined that Christ appeared to her in a vision, and demanded her heart, which, when she gave him, he returned enclosed in his own, saying, "Henceforth thou shalt be the beloved of my heart." With such wild imaginings the book of the visions of Marie Alacoque is filled, but at the time they were written they had an astonishing effect. In 1674, she declared that her divine bridegroom had showed to her his heart, and told her that he was determined, in these last days, to pour out all the treasures of his love on those faithful souls who would devote themselves to an especial adoration of it; and commanded her to acquaint father la Colombiére, his servant, that he should institute a yearly festival to his heart, and promise, to such as should dedicate themselves to it, eternal happiness. The Jesuits immediately complied with this celestial mandate, and in all parts of the world, fraternities were formed, and passion-masses, and nine-day devotions, were instituted to the honour of the heart of Jesus. In all Spain there was not a nun who had not a present from the Jesuits of a heart, cut out of red cloth, to be worn next the skin. The display of a burning zeal for making proselytes was regarded as the peculiar characteristic of the true worshipper of the heart.

ALBANY, or ALBANI, LOUISA,

COUNTESS of, daughter of prince Stolberg-Gedern, in Germany, was born in 1753, and married in 1772 to Charles James Edward, called the young Pretender, grandson of James II. They resided at Rome, and had a little court, by which they were addressed as king and queen. In 1780, Louisa left her husband, who was much older than herself, and with whom she did not agree, and retired to a convent. She afterwards went to France; but on her husband's death in 1788, she returned to Italy, and settled in Florence. She was then privately married to count Victor Alfieri, the Italian poet, who died at her house in 1803. She, however, still went by the name of countess of Albany, widow of the last of the Stuarts, up to the time of her death. She was fond of literature and the arts, and her house was the resort of all distinguished persons in Florence. She died there January 29th, 1824, aged seventy-two.

Her name and her misfortunes have been transmitted to posterity in the works and the autobiography of Alfieri. This famous poet called her *mia donna*, and confessed that to her he owed his inspiration. Without the friendship of the countess of Albany, he has said that he never should have achieved anything excellent: "*Senza laquella mon aurei mai fatta nulla di buono.*" The sketch of his first meeting with her is full of sentiment and genuine poetry. Their love for each other was true, delicate and faithful; and their ashes now repose under a common monument, in the church of Santa Croce, at Florence, between the tombs of Machiavelli and Michael Angelo.

ALBEDYHL,

BARONESS D', a Swedish writer, authoress of Gefion, an epic poem, published at Upsala, in 1814, has been called the Swedish Sévigné, from the elegance of her epistolary style.

ALBEMARLE, ANNE CLARGES,

DUCHESS of, was the daughter of a blacksmith; who gave her an education suitable to the employment she was bred to, which was that of a milliner. As the manners are generally formed early in life, she retained something of the smith's daughter, even at her highest elevation. She was first the mistress, and afterwards the wife of general Monk. He had such an opinion of her understanding, that he often consulted her in the greatest emergencies. As she was a thorough royalist, it is probable she had no inconsiderable share in the restoration of Charles II. She is supposed to have recommended several of the privy-councillors in the list which the general presented to the king soon after his landing. It is more than probable that she carried on a very lucrative trade in selling offices, which were generally filled by such as gave her most money. She was an implacable enemy to Lord Clarendon; and had so great an influence over her husband, as to prevail upon him to assist in the ruin of that great man, though he was one of his best friends. Indeed, the general was afraid to offend her, as her anger knew no bounds. Nothing is more certain than that the intrepid commander, who was never afraid of bullets, was often terrified by the fury of his wife.

ALBRET, CHARLOTTE D',

DUCHESS de Valentinois, sister of John D'Albret, king of Navarre, and wife of Cæsar Borgia, son of Pope Alexander VI., whose misfortunes she shared, without reproaching him for his vices, was pious, sensible, and witty, and had much genius for poetry. She died in 1514.

ALBRET, JEANNE D',

DAUGHTER of Henry d'Albret, king of Navarre, and his wife, the illustrious Margaret of Navarre, sister of Francis I. of France, ranks high among women distinguished for their great qualities. In 1500, when Jeanne was only eleven, she was mar-

ried, against her own and her parents' wishes, to the duke of Cleves, by her uncle Francis, who feared lest her father should give her in marriage to Philip, son of the emperor of Germany, Charles V. The nuptials were never completed, and were soon declared null and void by the pope, through the intercession of the king of Navarre.

In October, 1548, Jeanne was again married, at Moulins, to Antoine de Bourbon, duke de Vendome, to whom she bore two sons, who died in their infancy. Her third son, afterwards Henry IV. of France, was born at Pau, in Navarre, December 15th, 1553. The king of Navarre, from some whimsical ideas respecting the future character of the child, had promised his daughter to show her his will, which she was anxious to see, if, during the pangs of childbirth, she would sing a Bearnaise song. This Jeanne promised to do, and she performed her engagement, singing, in the language of Bearn, a song commencing

"Notre Dame du bout du pont, aidez *moi en* cette heure."

On the death of her father, May 25th, 1555, Jeanne became queen of Navarre. Like her mother, she was the protectress of the reformed religion, of which, it is believed, she would, with her husband, have made a public profession, but for the menaces of Henry II. of France, and the pope. In 1558, in consequence of the dangers that threatened them, they were compelled to make a visit to the court of France, leaving their son and their kingdom under the joint care of Susanne de Bourbon, wife to Jean d'Albret, and Louis d'Albret, bishop of Lescar. About this time, Jeanne, young, gay, and lovely, began to display less zeal than her husband in the cause of the reformers. Fond of amusements, and weary of preaching and praying, she remonstrated with her husband respecting the consequences of his zeal, which might prove the ruin of his estates. Eventually, however, Jeanne became the protectress of Calvinism, which her husband not merely renounced, but persecuted the reformers, gained over by the stratagems of Catharine de Medicis, and by advantages proposed to him by Philip II. and the court of Rome. Jeanne resisted the entreaties of her husband, and, resenting his ill-treatment of the reformers, she retired from France.

In Nov. 1562, the king of Navarre died of a wound he received at the siege of Rouen, regretting, on his death-bed, his change of religion, and declaring his resolution, if he lived, of espousing more zealously than ever the cause of the Reformation. On the following Christmas, the queen made a public proclamation of her faith, and abolished popery throughout her dominions. At the same time, she fortified Bearn against the Spaniards, who, it was reported, were plotting to surprise the city. The offices of the Roman Catholic church were prohibited throughout Bearn, its altars overthrown, and its images destroyed. Twenty ministers were recalled to instruct the people in their own language, academies were established, and the affairs of the state, both civil and ecclesiastical, were regulated by the queen.

In 1563, Jeanne had been cited to Rome by the pope; the Inquisition, in case of her non-appearance, declared her lands and lordships confiscated, and her person subjected to the penalties appointed for heresy. But the court of France revoked the citation, conceiving it militated against the liberties of the Gallican church. By the insurrections of her Roman Catholic subjects, Jeanne was kept in continual alarm; but, holding the reins of government with a vigorous hand, she rendered all their projects abortive.

In 1568, she left her dominions to join the chiefs of the Protestant party. She mortgaged her jewels to raise money for the troops, and *going*, with her young son, Henry, devoted from his birth to the cause of the Reformation, to Rochelle, she assembled and harangued the troops; and addressed letters to the foreign princes, and particularly to the queen of England, imploring their pity and assistance.

In the meantime, the Roman Catholics of Bearn, assisted by Charles IX., taking advantage of the absence of the queen, seized on the greater part of the country, of which, however, the count de Montgomery dispossessed them, and violated the articles of capitulation, by causing several of the leaders of the insurrection to be put to death. This breach of honour and humanity admits of no excuse.

An alliance was proposed, by the court of France, between Henry of Navarre and Margaret of Valois, sister of Charles IX., to which, by specious offers and pretences, Jeanne was induced to lend an ear; having taken a journey to Paris for the preparation of these inauspicious nuptials, she was seized with a sudden illness, and, not without suspicions of poison, expired soon after, June 10th, 1572, in the forty-fourth year of her age.

She was accustomed to say, "that arms once taken up should never be laid down, but upon one of three conditions—a safe peace, a complete victory, or an honourable death." Her daughter, Catharine, wife of the duke de Bar, continued a Protestant all her life.

Jeanne possessed a strong and vigorous understanding, a cultivated mind, and an acquaintance with the languages. She left several compositions in prose and verse. The following extemporary stanzas was made by her, on visiting the printing-press of Robert Stephens, May 21st, 1566:

"Art singulier, d'ici aux derniers ans,
Représentez aux enfants de ma race
Que j'ai suivi des craignants Dieu la trace,
Afin qu'ils soient les mêmes pas suivants."

The second is her reply to M. Ballay, who had complimented her "Impromptu" very highly:

Que mériter on ne puisse l'honneur
Qu'avez escript, je n'en suis ignorante;
Et si ne suis pour cela moins contente,
Que ce n'est moy à qui appartient l'heur
Je cognois bien le pris et la valeur
De ma louange, et cela ne me tente
D'en croire plus que ce qui se présente,
Et n'en sera de gloire enflé mon cœur;
Mais qu'un Bellay ait daigné de l'escrire,
Honte je n'ay à vous et chacun dire,
Que je me tiens plus contente du tiers,
Plus satisfaite, et encor glorieuse,
Sans mériter me trouver si heureuse,
Qu'on puisse voir mon nom en vos papiers.

De leurs grands faits les rares anciens
Sont maintenant contens et glorieux,
Ayant trouvé poëtes curieux
Les faire vivre, et pour tels je les tiens
Mais j'ose dire (et cela je maintiens)
Qu'encor ils ont un regret ennuieux,
Dont ils seront sur moymesme envieux,
En gémissant aux Champs-Elysiens:
C'est qu'ils voudroient (pour certain je le scay)
Revivre ici et avoir un Bellay,
Ou qu'un Bellay de leur temps eust été.
Car ce qui n'est savez si dextrement
Feindre et parer, que trop plus aisément
Le bien du bien seroit par vous chanté.

Le papier gros et l'encre trop espesse,
La plume lourde et la main bien pesante;
Stile qui point l'oreille ne contente,
Foible argument et mots pleins de rudesse
Monstrent assez mon ignorance expresse;
Et si n'en suis moins hardie et ardente,
Mes vers semer, si subject se présente:
Et qui pis est, en cela je m'adresse
A vous, qui pour plus aigres les gouster,
En les meslant avecques des meilleurs,
Faictes les miens et vostres escouter.
Telle se voit différence aux couleurs:
Le blanc au gris sçait bien son lustre oster.
C'est l'heur de vous, et ce sont mes malheurs.

Le temps, les ans, d'armes me serviront
Pour pouvoir vaincre ma jeune ignorance,
Et dessus moy à moymesme puissance
A l'advenir, peut-estre, donneront.
Mais quand cent ans sur mon chef doubleront
Si le hault ciel un tel age m'advance,
Gloire j'auray d'heureuse récompense,
Si puis attaindre à celles qui seront
Par leur chef-d'œuvre en los toujours vivantes.
Mais tel cuider seroit trop plein d'audace,
Bien suffira si près leurs excellentes
Vertus je puis trouver une petite place:
Encor je sens mes forces languissantes,
Pour espérer du ciel tel heur et grace."

ALBRIZZI, TEOTOCHI ISABELLA.

This lady, of much celebrity for her talents, was born on the island of Corfu, of one of the most illustrious families of that island. Her father, count Spindosi Teotochi, was for many years president of the senate of the Ionian islands. At a very early age, Isabella was married to Carlo Marino, a Venetian nobleman, whom she accompanied to Italy, which she never left again during her life.

Marino was a man of letters, and the author of a history of Venetian commerce; it was his society and guidance which determined the literary bent of her mind, and gave the first impetus to her studious habits; but his existence was prematurely terminated, and her subsequent union with the count Albrizzi placed her in a situation where her talents and tastes obtained complete development. Her house at Venice became the resort of all the noted characters resident in Italy, or visiting its storied land. Lord Byron, Cuvier, Canova, Denon, Foscolo and Humboldt, were the habitués of her saloon. Byron called her the Venetian De Stael. She possessed that fine tact that belongs to a feeling heart, combined with the courtesy which a life passed in good society bestows. It was observed, that amid the concourse of strangers, artists, authors, and notable persons of every sort and nation—and even Chinese have been seen at her conversazione—nobody, however obscure, was ever neglected; nobody left her house without an agreeable impression. She has written one very interesting work, "Life of Vittoria Colonna," in which simplicity and elegance are remarkably combined. A little work, in which she has defended the "Mirza of Alfieri" against the attacks of a celebrated critic, has been highly praised. The "Portraits of Celebrated Contemporaries," from the subject, the author, and its intrinsic merits, became justly popular. "The Observations upon the Works of Canova," a book inspired by friendship, manifests a judicious taste for the arts; is full of instruction for strangers, and interest for philosophic and poetic minds.

As a mother, her devotion was complete and her intelligence admirable. She gave unwearied pains to the moral and intellectual education of her children, and administered their property with consummate ability. Nor did these loving cares go unrewarded; she had the happiness of possessing in her sons, tender and congenial friends, in seeing them partake with her, the general esteem, and in her last painful malady, their assiduity and filial affection softened the pangs of death, and smoothed her passage to the tomb.

ALOYSIA, SIGEA,

Of Toledo, a Spanish lady, and celebrated for her learning, who wrote a letter to Paul III., the pope of Rome, in 1540, in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, and Syriac. She was afterwards called to the court of Portugal, where she composed several works, and died young.

ALTOVITI, MARSEILLE D',

A Florentine lady, who settled at Marseilles, and devoted herself to writing Italian poetry. She died in 1609.

AMELIA, ANNA,

Duchess of Weimar, was a German princess, highly distinguished for her talents and virtues, whose patronage was powerfully exerted for the improvement of taste and learning among her countrymen. She was the daughter of the duke of Brunswick, and the niece of Frederick II. of Prussia. Her birth took place October 24th,

1739. At the age of seventeen, she was married to the duke of Weimar, who left her a widow, after a union of about two years. The commencement of the seven years' war, which then took place, rendered her situation peculiarly embarrassing, as, while herself a minor, she was called to the guardianship of her infant son, the sovereign of the little state over which she presided. To add to her difficulties, she found herself obliged, as a princess of the empire, to take part against her uncle, the great Frederick. But he treated her personally with great respect, and though her provinces suffered severely, they were preserved from absolute ruin. When peace was established, she directed her cares to the education of her sons, and the public affairs of the duchy. Her regency was attended with great advantages to the country. In the administration of justice, the management of the revenue, in public establishments, she was alike sedulous; and under her fostering patronage a new spirit sprang up among her people, and diffused its influence over the north of Germany. Foreigners of distinction, artists, and men of learning, were attracted to her court, either as visitors or fixed residents. The use of a large library was given to the public; a new theatre erected, and provision was made for the improved education of youth. The university of Jena underwent a revision, and the liberality of the princess was exerted in modifying and extending the establishment. She delighted in the society of men of talents and literature, and succeeded in drawing within the circle of her influence many individuals of high celebrity. The city of Weimar became the resort of the most distinguished literary men of Germany, whom the duchess encouraged, by her liberal patronage, to come and reside at her court. Wieland, Herder, Schiller, and Goethe, formed a constellation of genius of which any city might be proud. They all held some distinguished office about her court. The duchess withdrew, in 1775, from public life, having given up the sovereign authority to her eldest son, then of age. Her health, which had suffered from a recent severe attack of illness, made this retirement desirable; and she also anticipated great gratification from the study of those arts to which she had always been attached, especially music, with which she was intimately acquainted. The conclusion of her life was clouded by misfortune; and the deaths of several of her relatives, the ruin of royal houses with which she was connected, and the miseries occasioned by the French invasion of Germany, contributed to embitter the last moments of her existence. She died in April, 1807, and was interred on the 19th of that month at Weimar.

AMMANATI, LAURA BATTIFERRI,

Wife of Bartholemew Ammanati, a Florentine sculptor and architect, was daughter of John Anthony Battiferri, and born at Urbino, in 1513. She became celebrated for her genius and learning. Her poems are highly esteemed. She was one of the members of the Introvati Academy at Sienna; and died at Florence, in 1589, aged seventy-six. She is considered one of the best Italian poets of the sixteenth century.

ANDREINI, ISABELLA,

Was born at Padua, in 1553. She became an actress of great fame, and was flattered by the applauses of men of wit and learning of her time. The Italian theatre was considered, in that day, a literary institution. She is described as a woman of elegant figure, beautiful countenance, and melodious voice; of taste in her profession, and conversant with the French and Spanish languages; nor was she unacquainted with philosophy and the sciences. She was a votary of the muses, and cultivated poetry with ardour and success. The Intenti academicians of Pavia, conferred upon her the honours of their society, and the title of Isabella Andreini, Comica Gelosa, Academica Intenta, detta l'Accesa. She dedicated her works to cardinal Aldobrandini, (nephew to pope Clement VIII.) by whom she was greatly esteemed, and for whom many of her poems were composed. In France, whither she made a tour, she met with a most flattering reception from the king, the queen, and the court. She died in 1604, at Lyons, in the forty-second year of her age. Her husband was overwhelmed with affliction at her loss, and erected a monument to her memory, in the city in which she expired, inscribed with an epitaph commemorative of her virtues. The learned strove to outdo each other in pronouncing panegyrics on her character. Even a medal was struck, with this inscription, "Æterna Fama."

Her works are numerous, and still much admired by the lovers of Italian literature; they are readily found in print. She left a son, born in 1578, who was also a poet; he wrote, among other things, "Adamo," a sacred drama, in five acts, with chorusses, &c., Milan, 1613, and 1617, with prints, designed by Carlo Antonio Proccachini, a celebrated landscape painter of his time, and of the school of the Carracci; but in a wretched style, Paradise being represented as full of clipt hedges, squares, parterres, straight walks, &c. But what is more interesting, Voltaire, in his visit to England, in 1727, suggested that Milton took his hint of his Paradise Lost from this drama. This obtained little credit at the time, and was contemptuously rejected by Dr. Johnson, in his Life of Milton. Mr. Hayley, however, has revived the question, and with considerable advantage to Voltaire's supposition; and it seems now to be the opinion, that the coincidence between Andreini's plan and Milton's, is too great to be the effect of chance. But the "Adamo" is here only of importance as showing the influence of the talents of the mother in forming the mind of her son. Her "Æterna Fama" was his inspiration.

ANGUSCIOLA, SOPHONISBA,

Better known by the name of Sophonisba, an Italian painter of great eminence, both in portrait and historical painting, was born at Cremona in 1533, and died at Genoa in 1626. She was twice married. She was of a very distinguished family, and was first taught by Bernardino Campo of Cre-

mona, and afterwards learned perspective and colouring from Bernardo Gatti, called Soraio. Her principal works are portraits, yet she executed several historical subjects with great spirit; the attitudes of her figures are easy, natural, and graceful. She became blind through over-application to her profession, but she enjoyed the friendship of some of the greatest characters of the day. Vandyck acknowledged himself more benefited by her than by all his other studies. Some of the principal works by this artist are the "Marriage of St. Catharine," and a portrait of herself, playing on the harpsichord with an old female attendant in waiting.

ANGUSCIOLA, LUCIA,

Sister of the above-mentioned, was an artist of considerable skill. She obtained a reputation equal to Sophonisba's, by her portraits, as well for truth and delicacy of colouring, as for ease of attitude and correctness of resemblance.

ANNA IWANOWNA,

Empress of Russia, was the second daughter of the czar Iwan, or John, the elder brother, and for some time the associate of Peter the Great. She was born February 8th, 1694. In 1710 she married Frederic William, duke of Courland, who died in 1711. On the death of the emperor Peter II., in 1730, she was declared empress by the council of state, the senate, and the principal military officers at Moscow. They passed over her elder sister, the duchess of Mecklenburg, and the princess Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great, and afterwards empress, thinking that, with Anna for an empress, they might reduce the government to a limited monarchy; but they were unsuccessful in their intrigues, for though she consented to all the required conditions, yet when she felt her position secure, she annulled her promises, and declared herself empress and autocrat of all the Russias.

The empress Anna had a good share of the ability which has long distinguished the imperial family of Russia; and managed the affairs of the empire with superior judgment. She was not, however, a very popular sovereign, owing to the many oppressive acts of her favourite Biron, a minion whom she had raised from a low condition to be duke of Courland. She discountenanced the drunkenness in which both sexes used to indulge; only one nobleman was allowed, as a special favour, to drink as much as he pleased; and she also discouraged gaming. Her favourite amusements were music and the theatre. The first Italian opera was played at St. Petersburg, in her reign. She also directed the famous palace of ice to be built. She died in 1740.

ANN AMELIA,

Princess of Prussia, sister to Frederick the Great, born in 1723, died 1787. She distinguished herself by her taste for the arts. She set to music "The Death of the Messiah" by Romler. She was a decided friend to the far-famed baron Trenck; and there can be no doubt, that this attachment for the princess, was the cause of Trenck's misfortunes. Frederick was incensed that a subject should aspire to the hand of his sister. She continued her attachment to Trenck when both had grown old, and Frederick was in his grave, but death prevented her from providing for Trenck's children as she intended.

ANNE OF AUSTRIA,

Queen of Louis XIII. of France, and regent during the minority of Louis XIV., was daughter of Philip II. of Spain, and was married to Louis XIII. in 1615. Anne found a powerful enemy in cardinal Richelieu, who had great influence over the king, and she was compelled to yield, as long as he lived, to the great minister.

Had Anne possessed greater talents, or been more agreeable, the case might have been different; but her coldness and gravity of demeanour, which only covered frivolity, alienated Louis XIII. Her attachment to her native country was also represented as a crime by the cardinal, and his whispers as to her betraying intelligence, brought upon Anne the ignominy of having her person searched, and her papers seized.

When it was known that the queen was in disgrace, the malcontent nobles, with Gaston, the king's brother, at their head, rallied around her, and she was implicated in a conspiracy against Louis XIII. Richelieu took advantage of this, to represent her as wishing to get rid of Louis to marry Gaston; and Anne was compelled to appear before the king's counsel to answer this grave charge. Her dignity here came to her aid, and, scorning to make a direct reply, she merely observed, contemptuously, "That too little was to be gained by the change, to render such a design on her part probable." The duke of Buckingham's open court to the neglected queen, also gave rise to malicious reports.

On the death of Louis XIII., Anne, as mother of the infant king, held the undisputed reins; and she gave one great proof of wisdom in her choice of cardinal Mazarin as a minister. However, some oppressive acts of Mazarin gave birth to a popular insurrection, which terminated in a civil

war, called the war of the Fronde, in which Anne, her minister, and their adherents, were opposed to the nobility, the citizens, and the people of Paris. But Anne and Mazarin came off triumphant. The result of this rebellion, and of Anne of Austria's administration, was, that the nobles and middle classes, vanquished in the field, were never afterwards able to resist the royal power, up to the great revolution. Anne's influence over the court of France continued a long time; her Spanish haughtiness, her love of ceremonial, and of power, were impressed on the mind of her son, Louis XIV. Some modern French writers have pretended to find reasons for believing this proud queen was secretly married to cardinal Mazarin, her favourite adviser and friend. But no sufficient testimony, to establish the fact of such a strange union, has been adduced. The queen died in 1666, aged sixty-four. She was a very handsome woman, and celebrated for the beauty of her hands and arms.

Anne of Austria appears to have been estimable for the goodness and kindness of her heart, rather than for extraordinary capacity; for the attractions of the *woman* rather than the virtues of the queen; a propensity to personal attachments, and an amiable and forgiving temper, were her distinguishing characteristics. A woman who procured her subsistence by singing infamous songs, exposed to sale one grossly reflecting on the queen. This woman, after having exercised her odious profession for some time, was committed to prison. Anne, hearing of the miserable situation to which the wretch who had defamed her was abandoned, secretly sent to her abundant relief. The last favour which the queen-mother exacted from her son, was to recal a gentleman by whom she had been libelled.

In a history of the press of Caille, an anecdote appears, by which it may be seen that Anne of Austria loved literature, and sustained its freedom and dignity. Antoine Berthier, librarian of Paris, having formed a design to add to the life of Cardinal Richelieu two volumes of letters and memoirs, which he had carefully collected, addressed himself to the regent, to whom he intimated that, without a powerful protection, he dared not hazard the publication, as many persons still living and received with favour at court, were freely treated in this collection. "Proceed without fear," replied she, "and make so many blush for vice, that, for the future, virtue only may find repose in France."

The life of this queen had been marked with vicissitude, and clouded by disquiet. At one period, subjected by an imperious minister, whose yoke she had not the resolution to throw off, she became an object of compassion even to those who caballed and revolted against her; yet her affections were never alienated from France, in favour of which she interested herself, with spirit and zeal, in the war against her native country. The French, at length, relinquished their prejudices, and did her justice. The latter years of her life were passed in tranquillity, in retirement, and in the exercise of benevolence.

The following curious portrait, in which, with an affectation of antithesis, some malice and prejudice seem manifested, is drawn of her by Cardinal de Retz: — "The queen had, beyond any person I have ever seen, that kind of wit which is necessary not to appear a fool to those unacquainted with her. She possessed more sharpness than pride, more pride than grandeur, more of manner than solidity, more avidity for money than liberality, more liberality than selfishness, more attachment than passion, more of hardness than fierceness, a memory more retentive of injuries than benefits, more desire of being pious than piety, more obstinacy than firmness, and more of incapacity than of any of the foregoing qualities."

Anne of Austria was interred at St. Denis; her heart was carried to *Le Val de Grace*, of which she had been the foundress; and the following epitaph was made on her:

"Sister, wife, mother, daughter of kings! Never was any more worthy of these illustrious titles."

ANNE

QUEEN of England, second daughter of James II. by his first wife Anne Hyde, was born at Twickenham on the 6th of February, 1664. She was educated in the religion of the church of England; and, in 1683, married prince George, brother of Christian V., king of Denmark. At the revolution in 1688, Anne and her husband adhered to the dominant party of her brother-in-law William III.; and, by act of settlement, the English crown was guaranteed to her and her children in default of issue to William and Mary. But all her children died in infancy or early youth.

Anne ascended the throne on the death of William in 1702; and two months afterwards, England, the Empire, and Holland, declared war against France and Spain; in which Marlborough and Peterborough, the English generals, and Leake, Rooke, Shovel, and Stanhope, the English admirals, greatly distinguished themselves. During the brilliant course of Marlborough's conquests, the spirit of political intrigue, which was

perhaps never more fully developed than in the latter years of the reign of Anne, was stifled by the enthusiasm of the people. But as the war of the succession proceeded with few indications of its being brought to an end, the great commander of the English forces gradually lost his popularity, from the belief that his own avarice and ambition were the principal causes of the burdens which the war necessarily entailed upon the nation. A formidable party, too, had arisen, who asserted the supremacy of the church and the doctrine of the right divine of kings and the passive obedience of subjects — opinions which had expelled James II. from his kingdom, and had placed his childless daughter upon the throne. These opinions, however, were supposed to be indirectly encouraged by the queen, and were exceedingly popular amongst a passionate and unreasoning people.

In July, 1706, the legislative union of Scotland and England was completed, which was mainly owing to the earnest and steady efforts of the queen in favour of the union. Anne was all her life under the control of her favourites, first of the duchess of Marlborough, and afterwards of Mrs. Masham. The duchess of Marlborough, a woman of the most imperious, ambitious, avaricious, and disagreeable character, kept the queen in a state of subjection or terror for more than twenty years. The detail of the scenes occurring between them would hardly be believed, were it not authenticated by careful writers. Miss Strickland, in her "History of the Queens of England," has given this curious subject a thorough examination.

Anne was mother of seventeen children, all of whom died young. When left a widow, she would not listen to the entreaties of the parliament (although but forty-four years old at the time) to conclude another marriage, which might throw new obstacles in the way of the restoration of her own family. She now intended to put all power into the hands of the tories, who were then the majority in the three kingdoms. The duchess of Marlborough lost her influence; Godolphin, Sunderland, Somers, Devonshire, Walpole, Cowper, were superseded by Harley, earl of Oxford; Bolingbroke, Rochester, Buckingham, George Grenville, and Sir Simon Harcourt; and the parliament was dissolved. Peace was resolved upon. Marlborough was accused, suspended and banished. Meanwhile Anne, notwithstanding the measures which she publicly took against her brother, seems not to have given up the hope of securing to him the succession; but the irreconcileable enmity of Oxford and Bolingbroke, the former of whom accused the latter of favouring the Pretender, was an insurmountable obstacle.

Grieved at the disappointment of her secret wishes, the queen fell into a state of weakness and lethargy, and died July 20th, 1714. The words, "O, my dear brother, how I pity thee!" which she pronounced on her death-bed, unveiled the secret of her whole life. The reign of Anne was distinguished not only by the brilliant successes of the British arms, but also as the golden age of English literature, on account of the number of admirable and excellent writers who flourished at this time; among whom were Pope and Addison. It may be considered the triumph of the English high-church party, owing to her strong predilection for the principles by which it has always been actuated. Her private character was amiable; but her good sense was rendered ineffectual from the want of energy. The kindness of her disposition obtained for her the title of the *good queen Anne.* She was an excellent wife and mother, and a kind mistress.

The common people loved her well, a sure proof of her real worth as a woman and a sovereign. So strong was this feeling of veneration for her character and memory, that for many years after her death her name had power to agitate or excite them. In the reign of George I., Edmund Curl was set in the pillory for some of his libellous publications, and told the mob, who surrounded him, "that he was put there for speaking well of the memory of good queen Anne." Upon hearing this, the people (*mob* in English parlance) not only laid aside the missiles with which they had come prepared to pelt him, but they waited patiently till he had stood his appointed time, and then "escorted him to his own house with great respect." Anne deserved this love of her people, because in all her conduct she showed that her wish was to do them good. Unhappily for them, she had not the energy to do what she would willingly have had done. The education of the poor was at that time utterly neglected. The queen endeavoured to have the abuses of the "charity schools" rectified; but her appeal to the archbishop of Canterbury, though she wrote a letter to him herself, was unavailing.

One remarkable feature in the literary progress of that age must not be forgotten. Miss Strickland thus describes it:

"In the first year of the reign of Anne, an annual was established called the Ladies' Diary, or Women's almanack; according to its prospectus 'containing directions for love, marriage, preserving (not hearts, but plums and gooseberries), cookery, perfumery, bills of fare, and many other concerns peculiar to the fair sex.' The editor's description of this unique performance throws some light on the domestic customs of an age little known though very near. There was a copy of verses in praise of queen Anne, which were actually spoken 'in the lord-mayor's parlor by one of the blue-coat boys (at the last thanksgiving-day, about the Vigo business), with universal applause.' Then the calendar, with the common notes of the year, the times when marriage comes in and out, and the eclipses all in one page. A 'picture of the queen in copper' (that is, a copperplate engraving), very well performed. The rest of the literature consisted of 'delightful tales.' The preface was a dissertation on the happiness of England, enjoyed under the reign of queen Elizabeth and the present queen (Anne). Many ardent aspirations the worthy editor made to obtain the lives of celebrated queens, more particularly queens of England, and he even names Margaret of Anjou on his list, but gives up the undertaking on the most solemn conviction 'that no dates of

birth or death can be found for any queen excepting queen Elizabeth and queen Anne.' 'This being the first almanac printed for the use of the fair sex, and under the reign of a glorious woman,' saith Mr. Tipper, 'some would advise me to dedicate it to the queen, with some such dedication as this:

"'To the queen's most excellent majesty. This Ladies' Diary, or Woman's Almanack, being the first ever published for the peculiar use of the fair sex, is, with all humility, dedicated to your most sacred majesty.'"

The work was successful; the oldest of all English annuals by at least a hundred years, it is the survivor of most of them. The "Ladies' Diary" is published to this day — the only mathematical periodical in Great Britain. Thus the "good queen Anne" deserves that her memory be kindly regarded by her own sex, for the encouragement she gave to female talent, when so little estimation was awarded it. Two celebrated women flourished in her reign, Mary Astell, and Elizabeth Elstob.

ANNE OF FERRARA,

Daughter of Hercules II., duke of Ferrara, married, in 1549, Francis duke of Guise, and behaved with great spirit and courage during the wars of the League. She was imprisoned for some time at Blois.

ANNE DE GONZAGUE,

Wife of Edward count Palatine, died at Paris, in 1684, aged sixty-eight; and was honoured with an eulogium by the celebrated Bossuet.

ARBLAY, MADAME D',

Better known to the world as Frances Burney, was the second daughter of Dr. Burney, author of a "History of Music." She was born at Lynn-Regis, in the county of Norfolk, England, on the 13th of June, 1752. Her father was organist at Lynn, but in 1760 he removed to London, his former residence; where he numbered among his familiar friends Garrick, Barry the artist, the poets Mason and Armstrong, and other celebrated characters.

Fanny, though at the age of eight she did not know her letters, yet was shrewd and observant; and as soon as she could read, commenced to scribble. At fifteen she had written several tales, unknown to any one but her sister.

The only regular instruction she ever received, was when she was, together with her sister Susanna, placed for a short period at a boarding-school in Queen Square, that they might be out of the way during their mother's last illness; and when the melancholy tidings of this lady's death were communicated to them, the agony of Frances, though then but nine years of age, was so great that the governess declared she had never met with a child of such intense feelings.

But though she received little regular education, there was no want of industry and application on her part; for, at an early age, she became acquainted with the best authors in her father's library, of which she had the uncontrolled range; and she was accustomed to write extracts from, and remarks upon, the books she read, some of which it is said would not have disgraced her maturer judgment.

She had also the advantage of the example of her father's own industry and perseverance, to stimulate her to exertion; for Dr. Burney, notwithstanding his numerous professional engagements as a teacher of music, studied and acquired the French and Italian languages *on horseback*, from pocket grammars and vocabularies he had written out for the purpose.

In the French language his daughter Frances received some instructions from her sister Susanna, who was educated in France; and in Latin, at a later period, she had some lessons from Dr. Johnson himself, though it must be confessed, she does not seem to have taken much delight in this study — applying to that learned language rather to please her tutor than herself.

Dr. Burney had, at the period of her youth, a large circle of intellectual and even literary acquaintance, and at his house often congregated an agreeable but miscellaneous society, including, besides many eminent for literature, several accomplished foreigners, together with native artists and scientific men; and his children, emancipated from the restraints of a school-room, were allowed to be present at, and often to take a share in, the conversation of their father's guests; by which their minds were opened, their judgments enlightened, and their attention turned to intellectual pursuits; perhaps in a far greater degree than if they had regularly undergone all the drudgery of the usual routine of what is termed "education."

The following is a comparative sketch of the character of Miss Frances Burney, drawn about this period by her younger sister, Susanna, afterwards Mrs. Phillips,—to whom her diary was subsequently addressed.

"Sister Fanny is unlike her [Hester Burney, the eldest daughter] in almost everything, yet both are very amiable, and love each other as sincerely as ever sisters did. The characteristics of Hetty seem to be wit, generosity, and openness of

heart; Fanny's, sense, sensibility, and bashfulness, and even a degree of prudery. Her understanding is superior, but her diffidence gives her a bashfulness before company with whom she is not intimate, which is a disadvantage to her. My eldest sister shines in conversation, because, though very modest, she is totally free from any *mauvaise honte;* were Fanny equally so, I am persuaded she would shine no less. I am afraid my eldest sister is too communicative, and that my sister Fanny is too reserved. They are both charming girls—*des filles comme il y en a peu.*"

Dr. Burney was at this period accustomed to employ his daughters in copying out his manuscripts for the press, tracing over and over again the same page, with the endless alterations his critical judgment suggested. Upon these occasions Frances was his principal amanuensis, and thus she became early initiated in all the mysteries of publication, which was of much advantage to her when she began to write for the press.

At seventeen, Miss Burney wrote "Evelina," her first published novel, and now considered by good judges her best work; though "Cecilia" is the more highly finished. "Evelina" was published in 1778, and soon became popular in London. Its author did not long remain unknown, and Miss Burney attained a celebrity few young novel-writers have ever enjoyed. She was introduced to Dr. Johnson, and speedily gained an enviable place in his favour. He appreciated very justly, both the abilities and moral excellence of Miss Burney. On one occasion, speaking of her work, he observes, "Evelina seems a work that should result from long experience, and deep and intimate knowledge of the world; yet it has been written without either. Miss Burney is a real wonder. What she is, she is intuitively. Dr. Burney told me she had the fewest advantages of any of his daughters, from some peculiar circumstances. And such has been her timidity, that he himself had not any suspicion of her powers. * * * Modesty with her is neither pretence nor decorum; it is an ingredient in her nature; for she who could part with such a work for twenty pounds, could know so little of its worth or of her own, as to leave no possible doubt of her humility."

Miss Burney's next publication was "Cecilia," which work called forth an eulogium from the celebrated Mr. Burke. In a letter to Miss Burney he says, "There are few—I believe I may say fairly there are none at all—that will not find themselves better informed concerning human nature, and their stock of observations enriched, by reading your 'Cecilia.'" * * * "I might trespass on your delicacy if I should fill my letter to you with what I fill my conversation to others; I should be troublesome to you alone if I should tell you all I feel and think on the natural vein of humour, the tender pathetic, the comprehensive and noble moral, and the sagacious observation, that appear quite throughout this extraordinary performance."

In a few years after this, Miss Burney, through the favourable representations made concerning her by her venerable friend, Mrs. Delany, was invited to accept a place in the household of queen Charlotte. A popular writer thus sketches the result, and the subsequent events of her chequered life:

"The result was, that in 1786 our authoress was appointed second keeper of the robes to queen Charlotte, with a salary of £200 a-year, a footman, apartments in the palace, and a coach between her and her colleague. The situation was only a sort of splendid slavery. 'I was averse to the union,' said Miss Burney, 'and I endeavoured to escape it; but my friends interfered—they prevailed—and the knot is tied.' The queen appears to have been a kind and considerate mistress; but the stiff etiquette and formality of the court, and the unremitting attention which its irksome duties required, rendered the situation peculiarly disagreeable to one who had been so long flattered and courted by the brilliant society of her day. Her colleague, Mrs. Schwellenberg, a coarse-minded, jealous, disagreeable German favourite, was also a perpetual source of annoyance to her; and poor Fanny at court was worse off than her heroine Cecilia was in choosing among her guardians. Her first official duty was to mix the queen's snuff, and keep her box always replenished, after which she was promoted to the great business of the toilet, helping her majesty off and on with her dresses, and being in strict attendance from six or seven in the morning till twelve at night! From this grinding and intolerable destiny Miss Burney was emancipated by her marriage, in 1793, with a French refugee officer, the Count D'Arblay. She then resumed her pen, and in 1795 produced a tragedy, entitled 'Edwin and Elgitha,' which was brought out at Drury Lane, and possessed at least one novelty—there were three bishops among the *dramatis personæ*. Mrs. Siddons personated the heroine, but in the dying scene, where the lady is brought from behind a hedge to expire before the audience, and is afterwards carried once more to the back of the hedge, the house was convulsed with laughter! Her next effort was her novel of 'Camilla,' which she published by subscription, and realized by it no less than three thousand guineas. In 1802 Madame D'Arblay accompanied her husband to Paris. The count joined the army of Napoleon, and his wife was forced to remain in France till 1812, when she returned and purchased, from the proceeds of her novel, a small but handsome villa, named Camilla Cottage. Her success in prose fiction urged her to another trial, and in 1814 she produced 'The Wanderer,' a tedious tale in five volumes, which had no other merit than that of bringing the authoress the large sum of £1500. The only other literary labour of Madame D'Arblay was a memoir of her father, Dr. Burney, published in 1832. Her husband and her son (the Rev. A. D'Arblay of Camden Town chapel, near London) both predeceased her—the former in 1818, and the latter in 1837. Three years after this last melancholy bereavement, Madame D'Arblay herself paid the debt of nature, dying at Bath, in January, 1840, at the great age of eighty-eight. Her 'Diary and Letters' edited by her niece,

were published in 1842, in five volumes. If judiciously condensed, this work would have been both entertaining and valuable; but at least one half of it is filled with small unimportant details and private gossip, and the self-admiring weakness of the authoress shines out in almost every page. The early novels of Miss Burney form the most pleasing memorials of her name and history. In them we see her quick in discernment, lively in invention, and inimitable, in her own way, in portraying the humours and oddities of English society. Her good sense and correct feeling are more remarkable than her passion. Her love scenes are prosaic enough, but in 'showing up' a party of 'vulgarly genteel' persons, painting the characters in a drawing-room, or catching the follies and absurdities that float on the surface of fashionable society, she has rarely been equalled. She deals with the palpable and familiar; and though society has changed since the time of 'Evelina,' and the glory of Ranelagh and Mary-le-bone Gardens has departed, there is enough of real life in her personages, and real morality in her lessons, to interest, amuse, and instruct. Her sarcasm, drollery, and broad humour, must always be relished."

We will now give a few extracts from the *first* and the *last* works of this interesting writer.

From "Evelina."

A PRETENDED HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

"When we had been out near two hours, and expected every moment to stop at the place of our destination, I observed that Lady Howard's servant, who attended us on horseback, rode on forward till he was out of sight, and soon after returning, came up to the chariot window, and delivering a note to Madame Duval, said he had met a boy who was just coming with it to Howard Grove, from the clerk of Mr. Tyrell.

"While she was reading it, he rode round to the other window, and, making a sign for secresy, put into my hand a slip of paper, on which was written, 'Whatever happens, be not alarmed, for you are safe, though you endanger all mankind!'

"I really imagined that Sir Clement must be the author of this note, which prepared me to expect some disagreeable adventure: but I had no time to ponder upon it, for Madame Duval had no sooner read her own letter, than, in an angry tone of voice, she exclaimed, 'Why, now, what a thing is this; here we're come all this way for nothing!'

"She then gave me the note, which informed her that she need not trouble herself to go to Mr. Tyrell's, as the prisoner had had the address to escape. I congratulated her upon this fortunate incident; but she was so much concerned at having rode so far in vain, that she seemed less pleased than provoked. However, she ordered the man to make what haste he could home, as she hoped at least to return before the captain should suspect what had passed.

"The carriage turned about, and we journeyed so quietly for near an hour that I began to flatter myself we should be suffered to proceed to Howard Grove without further molestation, when, suddenly, the footman called out, 'John, are we going right?'

"'Why, I ain't sure,' said the coachman; 'but I'm afraid we turned wrong.'

"'What do you mean by that, sirrah?' said Madame Duval; 'why, if you lose your way, we shall be all in the dark.'

"'I think we should turn to the left,' said the footman.

"'To the left!' answered the other; 'No, no; I'm pretty sure we should turn to the right.'

"'You had better make some inquiry,' said I.

"'*Ma foi*,'' cried Madame Duval, 'we're in a fine hole here; they neither of them know no more than the post. However, I'll tell my lady as sure as you're born, so you'd better find the way.'

"'Let's try this road,' said the footman.

"'No,' said the coachman, 'that's the road to Canterbury; we had best go straight on.'

"'Why, that's the direct London road,' returned the footman, 'and will lead us twenty miles about.'

"'*Pardie*,' cried Madame Duval; 'why, they won't go one way nor t'other; and, now we're come all this jaunt for nothing, I suppose we shan't get home to night.'

"'Let's go back to the public-house,' said the footman, 'and ask for a guide.'

"'No, no,' said the other; 'if we stay here a few minutes, somebody or other will pass by; and the horses are almost knocked up already.'

"'Well, I protest,' cried Madame Duval, 'I'd give a guinea to see them sots horse-whipped. As sure as I'm alive they're drunk. Ten to one but they'll overturn us next.'

"After much debating, they at length agreed to go on till we came to some inn, or met with a passenger who could direct us. We soon arrived at a small farm-house, and the footman alighted and went into it.

"In a few minutes he returned, and told us we might proceed, for that he had procured a direction. 'But,' added he, 'it seems there are some thieves hereabouts, and so the best way will be for you to leave your watches and purses with the farmer, whom I know very well, and who is an honest man, and a tenant of my lady's.'

"'Thieves!' cried Madame Duval, looking aghast; 'the Lord help us! I've no doubt but we shall be all murdered!'

"The farmer came to us, and we gave him all we were worth, and the servants followed our example. We then proceeded, and Madame Duval's anger so entirely subsided, that, in the mildest manner imaginable, she entreated them to make haste, and promised to tell their lady how diligent and obliging they had been. She perpetually stopped them to ask if they apprehended any danger, and was at length so much overpowered by her fears, that she made the footman fasten his horse to the back of the carriage, and then come and seat himself within it. My endeavours to encourage her were fruitless; she sat in the middle, held the man by the arm, and protested that if he did but save her life, she would make his fortune. Her uneasiness gave me much concern, and it was

with the utmost difficulty I forbore to acquaint her that she was imposed upon; but the mutual fear of the captain's resentment to me, and of her own to him, neither of which would have any moderation, deterred me. As to the footman, he was evidently in torture from restraining his laughter, and I observed that he was frequently obliged to make most horrid grimaces from pretended fear, in order to conceal his risibility.

"Very soon after, 'The robbers are coming!' cried the coachman.

"The footman opened the door, and jumped out of the chariot.

"Madame Duval gave a loud scream.

"I could no longer preserve my silence. 'For heaven's sake, my dear madam,' said I, 'don't be alarmed; you are in no danger; you are quite safe; there is nothing but——'

"Here the chariot was stopped by two men in masks, who, at each side, put in their hands, as if for our purses. Madame Duval sunk to the bottom of the chariot, and implored their mercy. I shrieked involuntarily, although prepared for the attack: one of them held me fast, while the other tore poor Madame Duval out of the carriage, in spite of her cries, threats, and resistance.

"I was really frightened, and trembled exceedingly. 'My angel!' cried the man who held me, 'you cannot surely be alarmed. Do you not know me? I shall hold myself in eternal abhorrence if I have really terrified you.'

"'Indeed, Sir Clement, you have,' cried I; 'but, for heaven's sake, where is Madame Duval?—why is she forced away?'

"'She is perfectly safe; the captain has her in charge; but suffer me now, my adored Miss Anville, to take the only opportunity that is allowed me to speak upon another, a much dearer, much sweeter subject.'

"And then he hastily came into the chariot, and seated himself next to me. I would fain have disengaged myself from him, but he would not let me. 'Deny me not, most charming of women,' cried he—'deny me not this only moment lent me to pour forth my soul into your gentle ears, to tell you how much I suffer from your absence, how much I dread your displeasure, and how cruelly I am affected by your coldness!'

"'Oh, sir, this is no time for such language; pray, leave me; pray, go to the relief of Madame Duval; I cannot bear that she should be treated with such indignity.'

"'And will you—can you command my absence? When may I speak to you, if not now?—does the captain suffer me to breathe a moment out of his sight?—and are not a thousand impertinent people for ever at your elbow?'

"'Indeed, Sir Clement, you must change your style, or I will not hear you. The impertinent people you mean are among my best friends, and you would not, if you really wished me well, speak of them so disrespectfully.'

"'Wish you well! Oh, Miss Anville, point but out to me how in what manner I may convince you of the fervour of my passion—tell me but what services you will accept from me, and you shall find my life, my fortune, my whole soul at your devotion.'

"'I want nothing, sir, that you can offer. I beg you not to talk to me so—so strangely. Pray, leave me; and pray, assure yourself you cannot take any method so successless to show any regard for me, as entering into schemes so frightful to Madame Duval, and so disagreeable to myself.'

"'The scheme was the captain's; I even opposed it; though I own I could not refuse myself the so long wished-for happiness of speaking to you once more without so many of—your friends to watch me. And I had flattered myself that the note I charged the footman to give you would have prevented the alarm you have received.'

"'Well, sir, you have now, I hope, said enough; and if you will not go yourself to seek for Madame Duval, at least suffer me to inquire what is become of her.'

"'And when may I speak to you again?'

"'No matter when; I don't know; perhaps—'

"'Perhaps what, my angel?'

"'Perhaps never, sir, if you torment me thus.'

"'Never! Oh, Miss Anville, how cruel, how piercing to my soul is that icy word! Indeed I cannot endure such displeasure.'

"'Then, sir, you must not provoke it. Pray, leave me directly.'

"'I will, madam; but let me at least make a merit of my obedience—allow me to hope that you will in future be less averse to trusting yourself for a few moments alone with me.'

"I was surprised at the freedom of this request; but while I hesitated how to answer it, the other mask came up to the chariot door, and, in a voice almost stifled with laughter, said, 'I've done for her! The old buck is safe; but we must sheer off directly, or we shall be all a-ground.'

"Sir Clement instantly left me, mounted his horse, and rode off. The captain, having given some directions to his servants, followed him.

"I was both uneasy and impatient to know the fate of Madame Duval, and immediately got out of the chariot to seek her. I desired the footman to show me which way she was gone; he pointed with his finger, by way of answer, and I saw that he dared not trust his voice to make any other. I walked on at a very quick pace, and soon, to my great consternation, perceived the poor lady seated upright in a ditch. I flew to her, with unfeigned concern at her situation. She was sobbing, nay, almost roaring, and in the utmost agony of rage and terror. As soon as she saw me, she redoubled her cries, but her voice was so broken, I could not understand a word she said. I was so much shocked, that it was with difficulty I forbore exclaiming against the cruelty of the captain for thus wantonly ill-treating her, and I could not forgive myself for having passively suffered the deception. I used my utmost endeavours to comfort her, assuring her of our present safety, and begging her to rise and return to the chariot.

"Almost bursting with passion, she pointed to her feet, and with frightful violence she actually beat the ground with her hands.

"I then saw that her feet were tied together

with a strong rope, which was fastened to the upper branch of a tree, even with a hedge which ran along the ditch where she sat. I endeavoured to untie the knot, but soon found it was infinitely beyond my strength. I was therefore obliged to apply to the footman; but being very unwilling to add to his mirth by the sight of Madame Duval's situation, I desired him to lend me a knife. I returned with it, and cut the rope. Her feet were soon disentangled, and then, though with great difficulty, I assisted her to rise. But what was my astonishment when, the moment she was up, she hit me a violent slap on the face! I retreated from her with precipitation and dread, and she then loaded me with reproaches which, though almost unintelligible, convinced me that she imagined I had voluntarily deserted her; but she seemed not to have the slightest suspicion that she had not been attacked by real robbers.

"I was so much surprised and confounded at the blow, that for some time I suffered her to rave without making any answer; but her extreme agitation and real suffering soon dispelled my anger, which all turned into compassion. I then told her that I had been forcibly detained from following her, and assured her of my real sorrow at her ill-usage.

"She began to be somewhat appeased, and I again entreated her to return to the carriage, or give me leave to order that it should draw up to the place where we stood. She made no answer, till I told her that the longer we remained still, the greater would be the danger of our ride home. Struck with this hint, she suddenly, and with hasty steps, moved forward.

"Her dress was in such disorder that I was quite sorry to have her figure exposed to the servants, who, all of them, in imitation of their master, hold her in derision; however, the disgrace was unavoidable.

"The ditch, happily, was almost dry, or she must have suffered still more seriously; yet so forlorn, so miserable a figure, I never before saw. Her head-dress had fallen off; her linen was torn; her negligee had not a pin left in it; her petticoats she was obliged to hold on; and her shoes were perpetually slipping off. She was covered with dirt, weeds, and filth, and her face was really horrible, for the pomatum and powder from her head, and the dust from the road, were quite pasted on her skin by her tears, which, with her rouge, made so frightful a mixture that she hardly looked human.

"The servants were ready to die with laughter the moment they saw her; but not all my remonstrances could prevail on her to get into the carriage till she had most vehemently reproached them both for not rescuing her. The footman, fixing his eyes on the ground, as if fearful of again trusting himself to look at her, protested that the robbers avowed they would shoot him if he moved an inch, and that one of them had stayed to watch the chariot, while the other carried her off; adding, that the reason of their behaving so barbarously, was to revenge our having secured our purses. Notwithstanding her anger, she gave immediate credit to what he said, and really imagined that her want of money had irritated the pretended robbers to treat her with such cruelty. I determined, therefore, to be carefully on my guard, not to betray the imposition, which could now answer no other purpose than occasioning an irreparable breach between her and the captain.

"Just as we were seated in the chariot, she discovered the loss which her head had sustained, and called out, 'My God! what is become of my hair? Why, the villain has stole all my curls!'

"She then ordered the man to run and see if he could find any of them in the ditch. He went, and presently returning, produced a great quantity of hair in such a nasty condition, that I was amazed she would take it; and the man, as he delivered it to her, found it impossible to keep his countenance; which she no sooner observed, than all her stormy passions were again raised. She flung the battered curls in his face, saying, 'Sirrah, what do you grin for? I wish you'd been served so yourself, and you wouldn't have found it no such joke; you are the impudentest fellow ever I see, and if I find you dare grin at me any more, I shall make no ceremony of boxing your ears.'

"Satisfied with the threat, the man hastily retired, and we drove on."

From "The Diary."

A DAY OF HAPPINESS IN A PALACE.

"Tuesday, March 10th, 1789.—This was a day of happiness indeed!—a day of such heartfelt public delight as could not but suppress all private disturbance.

"The king sent to open the house of lords by commission.

"The general illumination of all London proved the universal joy of a thankful and most affectionate people, who have shown so largely, on this trying occasion, how well they merited the monarch thus benignantly preserved.

"The queen, from her privy purse, gave private orders for a splendid illumination at this palace: Rebecca painted a beautiful transparency; and Mr. Smelt had the regulation of the whole.

"The King — Providence — Health — and Britannia, were displayed with elegant devices: the queen and princesses, all but the youngest, went to town to see the illumination there; and Mr. Smelt was to conduct the surprise. It was magnificently beautiful.

"When it was lighted and prepared, the princess Amelia went to lead her papa to the front window: but first she dropped on her knees, and presented him a paper with these lines—which, at the queen's desire, I had scribbled in her name, for the happy occasion:—

TO THE KING.

'Amid a rapt'rous nation's praise
That sees thee to their prayers restor'd,
Turn gently from the gen'ral blaze,—
Thy Charlotte woos her bosom's lord.

Turn and behold where, bright and clear,
Depictur'd with transparent art,
The emblems of her thought appear,
The tribute of a grateful heart.

O! small the tribute, were it weigh'd
With all she feels—or half she owes!
But noble minds are best repaid
From the pure spring whence bounty flows.

P. S. The little bearer begs a kiss
From dear papa, for bringing this.

"I need not, I think, tell you, the little bearer begged not in vain. The king was extremely pleased. He came into a room belonging to the princesses, in which we had a party to look at the illuminations, and there he stayed above an hour; cheerful, composed, and gracious! all that could merit the great national testimony to his worth this day paid him."

A ROYAL READING PARTY.

"In one of our Windsor excursions at this time, while I was in her majesty's dressing-room, with only Mr. De Luc present, she suddenly said, 'Prepare yourself, Miss Burney, with all your spirits, for to-night you must be reader.'

"She then added that she recollected what she had been told by my honoured Mrs. Delany, of my reading Shakspeare to her, and was desirous that I should read a play to herself and the princesses; and she had lately heard, from Mrs. Schwellenberg, 'nobody could do it better, when I would.'

"I assured her majesty it was rather *when I could*, as any reading Mrs. Schwellenberg had heard must wholly have been better or worse according to my spirits, as she had justly seemed to suggest.

"The moment coffee was over the princess Elizabeth came for me. I found her majesty knotting, the princess royal drawing, princess Augusta spinning, and lady Courtown I believe in the same employment; but I saw none of them perfectly well.

"'Come, Miss Burney,' cried the queen, 'how are your spirits?—How is your voice?'

"'She says, ma'am,' cried the kind princess Elizabeth, 'she shall do her best!'

"This had been said in attending her royal highness back. I could only confirm it, and that *cheerfully*,—to hide *fearfully*.

"I had not the advantage of choosing my play, nor do I know what would have been my decision had it fallen to my lot. Her majesty had just begun Colman's works, and 'Polly Honeycomb' was to open my campaign.

"'I think,' cried the queen most graciously, 'Miss Burney will read the better for drawing a chair and sitting down.'

"'O yes, mamma! I dare say so!' cried princess Augusta and princess Elizabeth, both in a moment.

"The queen then told me to draw my chair close to her side. I made no scruples. Heaven knows I needed not the addition of standing! but most glad I felt in being placed thus near, as it saved a constant painful effort of loud reading.

"'Lady Courtown,' cried the queen, 'you had better draw nearer, for Miss Burney *has the misfortune* of reading rather low at first.'

"Nothing could be more amiable than this opening. Accordingly, I did, as I had promised, my best; and, indifferent as that was, it would rather have surprised you, all things considered, that it was not yet worse. But I exerted all the courage I possess, and, having often read to the queen, I felt how much it behooved me not to let her surmise I had any *greater* awe to surmount.

"It is but a vulgar performance; and I was obliged to omit, as well as I could at sight, several circumstances very unpleasant for reading, and ill enough fitted for such hearers.

"It went off pretty flat. Nobody is to comment, nobody is to interrupt; and even between one act and another not a moment's pause is expected to be made.

"I had been already informed of this etiquette by Mr. Turbulent and Miss Planta; nevertheless, it is not only oppressive to the reader, but loses to the hearers so much spirit and satisfaction, that I determined to endeavour, should I again be called upon, to introduce a little break into this tiresome and unnatural profundity of respectful solemnity. My own embarrassment, however, made it agree with me for the present uncommonly well.

"Lady Courtown never uttered one single word the whole time; yet is she one of the most loquacious of our establishment. But such is the settled etiquette.

"The queen has a taste for conversation, and the princesses a good-humoured love for it, that doubles the regret of such an annihilation of all nature and all pleasantry. But what will not prejudice and education inculcate? They have been brought up to annex silence to respect and decorum: to talk, therefore, unbid, or to differ from any given opinion even when called upon, are regarded as high improprieties, if not presumptions.

"They none of them do justice to their own minds, while they enforce this subjection upon the minds of others. I had not experienced it before; for when reading alone with the queen, or listening to her reading to me, I have always frankly spoken almost whatever has occurred to me. But there I had no other examples before me, and therefore I might inoffensively be guided by myself; and her majesty's continuance of the same honour has shown no disapprobation of my proceeding. But here it was not easy to make any decision for myself: to have done what lady Courtown forbore doing would have been undoubtedly a liberty.

"So we all behaved alike; and easily can I now conceive the disappointment and mortification of poor Mr. Garrick when he read 'Lethe' to a royal audience. Its tameness must have tamed even him, and I doubt not he never acquitted himself so ill.

"The next evening I had the same summons; but 'The English Merchant' was the play, which did far better. It is an elegant and serious piece, which I read with far greater ease, and into which they all entered with far greater interest.

"The princess royal was so gracious when the queen left the room, upon our next coming to town, to pay me very kind compliments upon my own part of the entertainment, though her brother

the duke of Clarence happened to be present. And the two other princesses were full of the characters of the comedy, and called upon me to say which were my favourites, while they told me their own, at all our subsequent meetings for some time.

This is all I have been able to recollect of March in which my dearest readers might not themselves be writers. Chiefly I rejoice they witnessed the long-wished, long-dreaded interview with my formerly most dearly loved Mrs. Thrale—not writing it saves me much pang."

POETRY IN A PALACE.

"You may suppose my recovery was not much forwarded by a ball given at the Castle on Twelfth-Day. The queen condescended to say that I might go to bed, and she would content herself with the wardrobe-woman, in consideration of my weak state; but then she exhorted me not to make it known to the Schwellenberg, who would be quite wretched at such a thing.

I returned my proper thanks, but declined the proposal, so circumstanced, assuring her majesty that it would make me wretched to have an indulgence that could produce an impropriety which would make Mrs. Schwellenberg so through my means.

And now to enliven a little: what will you give me, fair ladies, for a copy of verses written between the queen of Great Britain and your most small little journalist?

The morning of the ball the queen sent for me, and said she had a fine pair of old-fashioned gloves, white, with stiff tops and a deep gold fringe, which she meant to send to her new master of the Horse, lord Harcourt, who was to be at the dance. She wished to convey them in a copy of verses, of which she had composed three lines, but could not get on. She told me her ideas, and I had the honour to help her in the metre; and now I have the honour to copy them from her own royal hand:—

TO THE EARL OF HARCOURT.

Go, happy gloves, bedeck earl Harcourt's hand,
And let him know they come from fairy-land,
Where ancient customs still retain their reign;
To modernize them all attempts were vain.
Go, cries queen Mab, some noble owner seek,
Who has a proper taste for the antique.

Now, no criticising, fair ladies!—the assistant was allowed neither a pen nor a moment, but called upon to help finish, as she might have been to hand a fan. The earl, you may suppose, was sufficiently enchanted.

How, or by whom, or by what instigated, I know not, but I heard that the newspapers, this winter, had taken up the cause of my apparent seclusion from the world, and dealt round comments and lamentations profusely. I heard of this with much concern."

LETTER TO A FRIEND IN AFFLICTION.

"The sad turn of your thoughts softens without surprising me, the misfortune was so unexpected; nevertheless, the religious view in which your melancholy places it convinces me your grief will give way, when it can, and not be nourished repiningly or without effort. How, how shall I wish and pray, my dearest M., that a scene of new and permanent maternal comfort may repay, in some measure, your past afflictions, and awaken and enliven you to new happiness! I only fear the terror you will conceive from every possible alarm may lessen the coming consolation, by increasing its anxiety. Endeavour, my dear friend, endeavour, *d'avance*, to prepare your mind for a confidence without which you can enjoy nothing, and which, without exertion, will now surely fly you.

A singular instance of the unhappiness of wanting this confidence has lately fallen under my eyes. The mother of a very fine child felt and indulged a solicitude so great that, by degrees, it became a part of her existence; she was never without it,—in presence, in absence, in sickness, in health,—no matter which,—prosperity and adversity made no difference; and the anxiety grew to such a height that she is now threatened with a consumption herself, from no other cause. You know, and may perhaps divine her. She used to walk out by the side of the nurse with a watch in her hand, to measure, to a minute, the exact time it spent in the air. She started forward to meet every passenger, and examine their appearance, before she suffered the child to proceed in its walk; and turned it to the right to avoid one face, and presently back to the left that it might not see another. She rose in the dead of night to go and look at it; she quitted all society two or three times in a visit, to examine it; and, in short, she made herself, her husband, and all her friends miserable by this constant distrust and apprehension, and is now, in a languishing and declining state, sent southward to try the change of air for herself, while all the time the child is one of the most healthy, beautiful, and robust I ever saw in my life.

What a world is this! can one help to exclaim, when the first of blessings can thus be rendered a scourge to our friends and an infelicity to ourselves? For this lady, who, happy in her conjugal fate, had no wish but for a child, has never known a tranquil day since her boon has been granted."

THE KING'S BIRTHDAY.

"June 4th, 1791.—Let me now come to the 4th, the last birthday of the good, gracious, benevolent king I shall ever, in all human probability, pass under his royal roof.

The thought was affecting to me, in defiance of my volunteer conduct, and I could scarce speak to the queen when I first went to her, and wished to say something upon a day so interesting. The king was most gracious and kind when he came into the state dressing-room at St. James's, and particularly inquired about my health and strength, and if they would befriend me for the day. I longed again to tell him how hard I would work them, rather than let them, on such a day, drive

me from my office; but I found it better suited me to be quiet; it was safer not to trust to any expression of loyalty, with a mind so full, and on a day so critical.

With regard to health, my side is all that is attended with any uneasiness, and that is sometimes a serious business. Certainly there is nothing premature in what has been done.

And—O picquet!—life hardly hangs on earth during its compulsion, in these months succeeding months, and years creeping, crawling, after years.

At dinner Mrs. Schwellenberg presided, attired magnificently. Miss Goldsworthy, Mrs. Stainforth, Messrs. De Luc and Stanhope dined with us; and while we were still eating fruit, the duke of Clarence entered.

He was just risen from the king's table, and waiting for his equipage to go home and prepare for the ball. To give you an idea of the energy of his royal highness's language, I ought to set apart a general objection to writing, or rather intimating, certain forcible words, and beg leave to show you, in genuine colours, a royal sailor.

We all rose, of course, upon his entrance, and the two gentlemen placed themselves behind their chairs, while the footman left the room; but he ordered us all to sit down, and called the men back to hand about some wine. He was in exceeding high spirits and in the utmost good humour. He placed himself at the head of the table, next Mrs. Schwellenberg, and looked remarkably well, gay, and full of sport and mischief, yet clever withal, as well as comical.

"Well, this is the first day I have ever dined with the king, at St. James's on his birthday. Pray, have you all drunk his majesty's health?"

"No, your roy'l highness: your roy'l highness might make dem do dat," said Mrs. Schwellenberg.

"O, by —— will I! Here, you (to the footman); bring champagne! I'll drink the king's health again, if I die for it! Yet, I have done pretty well already: so has the king, yet I promise you! I believe his majesty was never taken such good care of before. We have kept his spirits up, I promise you; we have enabled him to go through his fatigues; and I should have done more still, but for the ball and Mary—I have promised to dance with Mary!"

Princess Mary made her first appearance at court to-day: she looked most interesting and unaffectedly lovely: she is a sweet creature, and perhaps, in point of beauty, the first of this truly beautiful race, of which princess Mary may be called *pendant* to the prince of Wales.

Champagne being now brought for the duke, he ordered it all round. When it came to me I whispered to Westerhaults to carry it on: the duke slapped his hand violently on the table, and called out, "O, by ——, you shall drink it!"

There was no resisting this. We all stood up, the duke sonorously gave the royal toast.

"And now," cried he, making us sit down again, "where are my rascals of servants? I sha'nt be in time for the ball; besides, I've got a deuced tailor waiting to fix on my epaulette! Here, you, go and see for my servants! d'ye hear? Scamper off!"

Off ran William.

"Come, let 's have the king's health again. De Luc, drink it. Here, champagne to De Luc!"

I wish you could have seen Mr. De Luc's mixed simper—half pleased, half alarmed. However, the wine came and he drank it, the duke taking a bumper for himself at the same time.

"Poor Stanhope!" cried he; "Stanhope shall have a glass too! Here, champagne! what are you all about? Why don't you give champagne to poor Stanhope?"

Mr. Stanhope, with great pleasure, complied, and the duke again accompanied him.

"Come hither, do you hear?" cried the duke to the servants; and on the approach, slow and submissive, of Mrs. Stainforth's man, he hit him a violent slap on the back, calling out, "Hang you! why don't you see for my rascals?"

Away flew the man, and then he called out to Westerhaults, "Hark'ee! bring another glass of champagne to Mr. De Luc!"

Mr. De Luc knows these royal youths too well to venture at so vain an experiment as disputing with them; so he only shrugged his shoulders and drank the wine. The duke did the same.

"And now, poor Stanhope," cried the duke; "give another glass to poor Stanhope, d'ye hear?"

"Is not your royal highness afraid," cried Mr. Stanhope, displaying the full circle of his borrowed teeth, "I shall be apt to be rather up in the world, as the folks say, if I tope on at this rate?"

"Not at all! you can't get drunk in a better cause. I 'd get drunk myself if it was not for the ball. Here, champagne! another glass for the philosopher! I keep sober for Mary."

"O, your royal highness!" cried Mr. De Luc, gaining courage as he drank, "you will make me quite droll of it if you make me go on,—quite droll!"

"So much the better! so much the better! it will do you a monstrous deal of good. Here, another of champagne for the queen's philosopher!"

Mr. De Luc obeyed, and the duke then addressed Mrs. Schwellenberg's George. "Here! you! you! why, where is my carriage? run and see, do you hear?"

Off hurried George, grinning irrepressibly.

"If it was not for that deuced tailor, I would not stir. I shall dine at the Queen's house on Monday, Miss Goldsworthy; I shall come to dine with princess royal. I find she does not go to Windsor with the queen."

The queen meant to spend one day at Windsor, on account of a review which carried the king that way.

Some talk then ensued upon the duke's new carriage, which they all agreed to be the most beautiful that day at court. I had not seen it, which, to me, was some impediment against praising it.

He then said it was necessary to drink the queen's health.

The gentlemen here made no demur, though

Mr. De Luc arched his eyebrows in expressive fear of consequences.

"A bumper," cried the duke, "to the queen's gentleman-usher."

They all stood up and drank the queen's health.

"Here are three of us," cried the duke, "all belonging to the queen; the queen's philosopher, the queen's gentleman-usher, and the queen's son; but, thank Heaven, I'm nearest!"

"Sir," cried Mr. Stanhope, a little affronted, "I am not now the queen's gentleman-usher; I am the queen's equerry, sir."

"A glass more of champagne here! What are you all so slow for? Where are all my rascals gone? They've put me in one passion already this morning. Come, a glass of champagne for the queen's gentleman-usher!" laughing heartily.

"No, sir," repeated Mr. Stanhope; "I am equerry now, sir."

"And another glass to the queen's philosopher!"

Neither gentleman objected; but Mrs. Schwellenberg, who had sat laughing and happy all this time, now grew alarmed, and said, "Your royal highness, I am afraid for the ball!"

"Hold you your potato-jaw, my dear," cried the duke, patting her; but, recollecting himself, he took her hand and prétty abruptly kissed it, and then, flinging it hastily away, laughed aloud, and called out, "There! that will make amends for anything, so now I may say what I will. So here! a glass of champagne for the queen's philosopher and the queen's gentleman-usher! Hang me if it will not do them a monstrous deal of good?"

Here news was brought that the equipage was in order. He started up, calling out, "Now, then, for my deuced tailor."

"O, your royal highness!" cried Mr. De Luc, in a tone of expostulation, "now you have made us droll, you go!"

Off, however, he went. And is it not a curious scene? All my amaze is, how any of their heads bore such libations.

In the evening, I had by no means strength to encounter the ball-room. I gave my tickets to Mrs. and Miss Douglass.

Mrs. Stainforth was dying to see the princess Mary in her court dress. Mr. Stanhope offered to conduct her to a place of prospect. She went with him. I thought this preferable to an unbroken evening with my fair companion, and, Mr. De Luc thinking the same, we both left Mrs. Schwellenberg to unattire, and followed. But we were rather in a scrape by trusting to Mr. Stanhope after all this champagne: he had carried Mrs. Stainforth to the very door of the ball-room, and there fixed her—in a place which the king, queen, and suite, must brush past in order to enter the ball-room. I had followed, however, and the crowds of beef-eaters, officers, and guards, that lined all the state-rooms through which we exhibited ourselves, prevented my retreating alone. I stood, therefore, next to Mrs. Stainforth, and saw the ceremony.

The passage was made so narrow by attendants, that they were all forced to go one by one. First, all the king's great state-officers, amongst whom I recognized lord Courtown, Treasurer of the Household; lord Salisbury carried a candle! —'tis an odd etiquette. These being passed, came the king—he saw us and laughed; then the queen's Master of the Horse, lord Harcourt, who did ditto; then some more.

The Vice-Chamberlain carries the queen's candle, that she may have the arm of the Lord Chamberlain to lean on; accordingly, lord Aylesbury, receiving that honour, now preceded the queen: she looked amazed at sight of us. The kind princesses one by one acknowledged us. I spoke to sweet princess Mary, wishing her royal highness joy; she looked in a delight and an alarm nearly equal. She was to dance her first minuet. Then followed the Ladies of the Bedchamber, and lady Harcourt was particularly civil. Then the Maids of Honour, every one of whom knew and spoke to us. I peered vainly for the Duke of Clarence, but none of the princes passed us. What a crowd brought up the rear! I was vexed not to see the Prince of Wales.

Well, God bless the king! and many and many such days may he know!

I was now so tired as to be eager to go back; but the queen's philosopher, the good and most sober and temperate of men, was really a little giddy with all his bumpers, and his eyes, which were quite lustrous, could not fix any object steadily: while the poor gentleman-usher—equerry, I mean—kept his mouth so wide open with one continued grin,—I suppose from the sparkling beverage,—that I was every minute afraid its pearly ornaments, which never fit their case, would have fallen at our feet. Mrs. Stainforth gave me a significant look of making the same observation, and, catching me fast by the arm, said, "Come, Miss Burney, let's you and I take care of one another;" and then she safely toddled me back to Mrs. Schwellenberg, who greeted us with saying, "Vel! bin you much amused? Dat prince Villiam—oders de duke de Clarence—bin raelly ver merry —oders vat you call tipsy."

ARCHINTA, MARGHERITA,

Was born in Milan towards the beginning of the sixteenth century. She was of noble birth, but more distinguished for her talent than for this accident of nature. She composed many lyric poems, and pieces of music, according to the taste of that age.

ARMYNE, LADY MARY,

Daughter of Henry Talbot, fourth son of George, earl of Shrewsbury, married Sir William Armyne, and distinguished herself by her knowledge of history, divinity, and of the languages. She was very liberal to the poor, and contributed largely to the support of the missionaries sent to North America. She endowed three hospitals; and died in 1675.

ARNAUDE DE ROCAS,

One of the daughters of Chypriotes, who, after the taking of Nicosie, in 1570, was carried away by the Turks and held in captivity. Arnaude, destined by her beauty for the seraglio of the sultan, was, with several of her companions, put into a vessel about to sail for Constantinople. But, preferring death to dishonour, the heroic maiden contrived, in the dead of night, to convey fire to the powder-room, and perished, amidst the wreck of the vessel, with the victims of her desperation.

ARNAULD, MARIE ANGELIQUE,

Sister of Robert, Antoine, and Henri Arnauld, was abbess of the Port-Royal convent, and distinguished herself by the reformation and sanctity she introduced there, and also at the convent of Maubuisson, where she presided five years. She returned to Port-Royal, and died in 1661, aged seventy. Her mother and six of her sisters passed the evening of their life in her convent.

She was early distinguished for her capacity and her virtues. While at Maubuisson, she became acquainted with St. Francis de Sales, bishop of Geneva, who continued through his whole life to correspond with her. She displayed peculiar skill and sagacity in the changes she introduced into the convents under her control. Careful to exact nothing of the nuns of which she had not set the example, she found, in the respect and emulation she inspired, an engine to which constraint is powerless. Self-denial, humility, and charity, were among the most prominent of her virtues.

ARNAULD, ANGELIQUE,

Niece to the celebrated Marie Angelique Arnauld, abbess of Port-Royal, entered the cloister at six years of age, and formed herself upon the model of her aunts, by whom she was educated. She inherited their virtues and endowments, and was at length elevated to the same station, which she filled with equal dignity and capacity. She was distinguished for her taste and penetration, and for her eloquence and facility in speaking and composition. She died January 29th, 1684, at the age of fifty-nine.

ARNAULD, CATHARINE AGNES,

Was chosen, while yet in her noviciate, by her elder sister, Marie Angelique, to be the mistress of the novices at the convent of Port-Royal. During the five years that Marie Angelique passed in the abbey at Maubuisson, Catharine was entrusted with the government of Port-Royal, and appointed coadjutrix with her sister, who was desirous of resigning it wholly to her management. Agnes, respected and beloved by the nuns, instructed them no less by her example than by her eloquent discourses. She was equally celebrated for her talents and her piety. She was the author of two small treatises, entitled "Le Chapelet Secret du Saint Sácrament," and "L'Image de la Réligeuse, parfaite et imparfaite." The former was censured by some members of the Sorbonne, and it was suppressed.

Catharine Agnes Arnauld died February 19th, 1671, at the age of seventy-seven.

ARNOULT, SOPHIE,

A Parisian actress, born at Paris, February 17th, 1740. Her father kept a *hôtel garni*, and gave her a good education. Nature endowed her with wit, sensibility, a charming voice, and great personal attractions. Chance brought her upon the stage, where she delighted the public from 1757 to 1778. The princess of Modena happened to be in retirement at the *Val de Grâce*, and was struck with a very fine voice that sang at evening mass. Sophie Arnoult was the songstress; and on the princess speaking of her discovery, she was obliged, against her mother's wish, to join the royal choir. This paved the way for Sophie to the Parisian opera, where she soon became queen. All persons of rank, and all the literati, sought her society; among the latter, were D'Alembert, Diderot, Helvétius, Duclos, and Rousseau. She was compared to Aspasia and Ninon de l'Enclos. Her wit was so successful, that her *bons mots* were collected. It was sometimes severe, yet it made her no enemies. She died in 1802. In the beginning of the revolution, she bought the parsonage at Luzarche, and transformed it into a country-house, with this inscription over the door, *Ite missa est.* Her third son, Constant Dioville de Brancas, colonel of cuirassiers, was killed at the battle of Wagram.

ARRAGON, JOAN OF,

Was the wife of Ascanio Colonna, prince of Tagliacozza, who was made grand constable of the kingdom of Naples by Charles V., in 1520. He assisted the imperial forces when Rome was besieged, under the command of Bourbon, in 1527, and obtained a great reputation for bravery and military skill. Like all the petty sovereigns of that age of war and violence, his life was one of vicissitude and agitation. He died in the state prison of Castel Nuovo, at Naples, in 1557. He has been accused of traitorous practices with the French, at that time at war with his country; other authorities say that he was incarcerated by orders of the Inquisition. His son, Marc Antonio

Colonna, appears to have been one of those heroes, "Impiger iracundus, inexorabilis acer," born to give and take blows all his life. His gallantry at the battle of Lepanto, and daring actions while viceroy of Sicily, merit the praise of a good soldier. He died, it is supposed, by poison; no unusual close of the stormy existences of the leaders of that time.

Of Joan herself, there are no anecdotes recorded. Nothing is known of the events of her life; but a more widely-spread contemporary celebrity is attached to few women. All the writers of her epoch, speak of her in terms that appear hyperbolical, so very extravagant are their epithets—*divine, perfect, adorable,* are the least of these. She is very much commended for her good judgment, practical sense, courage, and fortitude; but we are no where told how or where she exerted these qualities. Agostine Ninfo, a physician and philosophic writer, in speaking of perfect beauty, proposes *Joan of* Arragon as an example. Eulogies were composed to her honour by the greatest wits of her time; and in most languages, as Greek, Latin, Italian, French, Spanish, Sclavonic, Polonese, Hungarian, and even Hebrew and Chaldean; one of the most singular monuments, undoubtedly, that gallantry ever raised to female merit. This homage was decreed her in 1555, at Venice, in the Academy of Dubbiosi, and a volume was published there in 1558, a few years before her death, with this magnificent title, "Temple to the divine Lady Signora Joan of Arragon — constructed by all the most elegant minds, in all the polite languages of the world." She died in 1577.

ARRAGON, TULLIA D',

An Italian poetess, who lived about the middle of the sixteenth century, was the natural daughter of Peter Tagliava d'Arragon, archbishop of Palermo and a cardinal, himself an illegitimate descendant of the royal house of Arragon. She was a woman of great beauty, genius, and education, so that the first scholars of the age celebrated her praises with enthusiastic admiration. Girolamo Muzio, by whom she was passionately beloved, expatiates, in the third book of his letters, on her talents and virtues; her perfections are the constant theme of his poems, in which she is sometimes spoken of under the name of Thalia and Syrrhenie.

One of her most celebrated productions was a poem, entitled "Dell 'Infinita d'Amor." She also wrote "Il Meschino," or "The Unfortunate One," a poetical romance. In her early years, she resided at Ferrara, Rome and Venice; but the latter part of her life she spent at Florence, where she died.

ARUNDEL, LADY BLANCHE,

A daughter of the earl of Worcester, and wife of lord Arundel of Wardour, is celebrated for her heroic defence of Wardour Castle, in Wiltshire, England. She was summoned to surrender, May 2d, 1643, by Sir Edward Hungerford, commander-in-chief of the parliamentary forces in Wiltshire, at the head of about thirteen hundred men; but lady Arundel, whose husband was then at Oxford, replied, that she had the orders of her lord to keep the castle, and those orders she was determined to obey. On this reply the battery commenced, and continued without intermission for nearly six days. The castle contained but twenty-five fighting-men; and wearied with exertion their strength began to fail, when the ladies and their maid-servants took their place in keeping watch, and loading their muskets. The women and children were repeatedly offered safety if the besieged would surrender, but they chose rather to perish than to buy their own lives at the expense of those of their brave soldiers.

At length, reduced to extremity, lady Arundel was forced to surrender, after making stipulations that the lives of all in the fortress should be spared, &c. The conditions were agreed to, but all excepting that relating to their personal safety were violated. Lady Arundel, and her children, were carried prisoners to Shaftesbury, where her two sons, children of seven and nine, were taken from her. She died October 29th, 1649, at the age of sixty-six. Her husband had died at Oxford, in 1643, of wounds he received in the battle of Lansdown, in the service of Charles I.

Lady Arundel is buried with her husband, near the altar of an elegant chapel, at Wardour Castle. On the monument is an inscription, which, after giving their titles and ancestry, thus concludes: "This lady, as distinguished for her courage as for the splendour of her birth, bravely defended, in the absence of her husband, the castle of Wardour, with a spirit above her sex, for nine days, with a few men, against Sir Edward Hungerford, Edmund Ludlow, and their army, and then delivered it up on honourable terms. Obit. 28 October, 1649, Etat. 66. Requiescat in pace. 'Who shall find a valiant woman? The price of her is as things brought from afar off, and from the uttermost coast. The heart of her husband trusteth in her.'—Prov. 31."

ARUNDEL, MARY,

Was the daughter of sir Thomas Arundel, knight. She was married, first to Robert Ratcliff, who died without issue, 1566; secondly, to Henry Howard, earl of Arundel.

She translated from English into Latin "The Wise Sayings and Eminent Deeds of the Emperor Alexander Severus." This translation is dedicated to her father; the manuscript is in the royal library at Westminster. She translated also from Greek into Latin, select "Sentences of the seven wise Grecian Philosophers." In the same library are preserved, of her writing, "Similies collected from the books of Plato, Aristotle, Seneca, and other philosophers," which she also dedicated to her father.

ASCHAM, MARGARET,

Was married in 1554 to Roger Ascham, the celebrated preceptor of queen Elizabeth. Margaret brought a considerable fortune to her husband, and what was of more worth, a heart and mind willing and qualified to aid him. To her

care the world is indebted for Mr. Ascham's book, entitled "The Schoolmaster;" to which she prefixed an epistle dedicatory, to the honourable Sir William Cecill, knight. The work was published in 4to, 1570, London, and reprinted in 1589. Mrs. Ascham is supposed to lie interred with her husband, in the church of St. Sepulchre, London.

ASKEW, ANNE,

Daughter of Sir William Askew, of Kelsay, in Lincolnshire, England, was born in 1529. She received a liberal and learned education, and early manifested a predilection for theological studies. Her eldest sister, who was engaged to Mr. Kyme of Lincolnshire, died before the nuptials were completed. Sir William Askew, unwilling to lose a connexion which promised pecuniary advantages, compelled his second daughter, Anne, notwithstanding her remonstrances and resistance, to fulfil the engagement entered into by her sister. But, however reluctantly she gave her hand to Mr. Kyme, to whom she bore two children, she rigidly fulfilled the duties of a wife and mother.

Though educated in the Roman Catholic religion, Anne became interested in the Reformation, which was causing great excitement in the minds of all persons of thought and education at that time; and devoted herself to the examination of the Bible and other works from which both parties affected to derive their faith. She was at length convinced of the truth of the doctrine of the reformers, and declared herself a convert to their principles. Her presumption in daring to exercise her own judgment so incensed her husband, that, at the suggestion of the priest, he drove her with ignominy from his house. Anne, conceiving herself released by this treatment from the obligations that had been imposed on her, determined to sue for a separation, and for this purpose she went to London.

Here she met with a favourable reception at court, and was particularly distinguished by the queen, Catharine Parr, who favoured in secret the doctrines of the reformation. But her husband and the priest accused her to Henry VIII., rendered more than usually irritable, vindictive, and tyrannical by declining health, of dogmatising on the subject of the real presence, a doctrine of which he was particularly tenacious. The sex and youth of the heretic aggravated the bitterness of her adversaries, who could not forgive a woman the presumption of opposing argument and reason to their dogmas.

Anne was seized, in March, 1545, and taken into custody. She was repeatedly examined respecting her faith, transubstantiation, masses for departed souls, &c. &c. Her answers to the questions proposed to her were more clear and sensible than satisfactory to her inquisitors. The substance and particulars of this examination were written by herself and published after her death.

On the twenty-third of March, a relation succeeded, after several ineffectual attempts, in bailing her. But she was soon apprehended again, and summoned before the king's council at Greenwich. She replied to their inquiries with firmness, and without prevarication. She was remanded to Newgate, and not allowed to receive visits from any one, even from Dr. Latimer. She wrote herself to the king and chancellor, explaining her opinions; but her letter served only to aggravate her crime. She was then taken to the Tower, and interrogated respecting her patrons at court, but she heroically refused to betray them. Her magnanimity served but to incense her persecutors, who endeavoured to extort a confession from her by the rack; but she sustained the torture with fortitude and resignation. The chancellor, Wriothesely, commanded the lieutenant of the Tower to strain the instrument of his vengeance; on receiving a refusal, he threw off his gown, and exercised himself the office of executioner. When Anne was released from the rack, every limb was dislocated and she fainted with anguish. After she recovered, she remained sitting on the ground for two hours, calmly reasoning with her tormentors. She was carried back to her confinement, and pardon and life were offered to her if she would recant; but she refused, and was condemned to the stake.

A report having been circulated, that the prisoner had yielded, Anne wrote a letter to John Lascelles, her former tutor, and to the public, justifying herself of the charge. She also drew up a confession of her faith, and an attestation of her innocence, which she concluded by a prayer for fortitude and perseverance. A gentleman who saw her the day previous to her execution, observes, that amidst all her pains and weakness, (being unable to rise or stand without assistance) her expression of mingled enthusiasm and resignation showed a sweetness and serenity inexpressibly affecting.

At the stake, letters were brought to her from the chancellor, exhorting her to recant, and promising her pardon. Averting her eyes from the paper, she replied, that "She came not thither to deny her Lord and Master." The same proposition was made to her four fellow-sufferers, but without success. While Shaxton, an apostate from his principles, harangued the prisoners, she listened attentively, nicely distinguishing, even at that terrible moment, between what she thought true and what erroneous. She was burnt at Smithfield, July 16th, 1546, in the twenty-fifth year of her age.

ASTELL, MARY,

An ornament of her sex and country, was the daughter of Mr. Astell, a merchant at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where she was born, about 1668. She was well educated, and amongst other accomplishments was mistress of the French, and had some knowledge of the Latin tongue. Her uncle, a clergyman, observing her uncommon genius, took her under his tuition, and taught her mathematics, logic, and philosophy. She left the place of her nativity when she was about twenty years of age, and spent the remaining part of her life at London and Chelsea. Here she pursued her studies with assiduity, made great proficiency in the above sciences, and acquired a more complete knowledge

of the classic authors. Among these, Seneca, Epictetus, Hierocles, Antoninus, Tully, Plato, and Xenophon, were her favourites.

Her life was spent in writing for the advancement of learning, religion, and virtue; and in the practice of those devotional duties which she so zealously and pathetically recommended to others, and in which, perhaps, no one was ever more sincere and devout. Her sentiments of piety, charity, humility, friendship, and other Christian graces, were very refined and sublime; and she possessed them in such a distinguished degree, as would have done her honour even in primitive times. But religion sat very gracefully upon her, unattended with any forbidding airs of sourness and bigotry. Her mind was generally calm and serene; and her conversation was not only interesting, but highly entertaining. She would say, "The good Christian alone has reason, and he always ought to be cheerful;" and, "That dejected looks and melancholy airs were very unseemly in a Christian." But these subjects she has treated at large in her excellent writings. Some very great men bear testimony to the merit of her works; such as Atterbury, Hickes, Walker, Norris, Dodwell, and Evelyn.

She was remarkably abstemious, and seemed to enjoy an uninterrupted state of health, till a few years before her death; when, having a severe operation performed on her, for a cancer in the breast, it so much impaired her constitution, that she did not survive it. When she was confined to her bed by a gradual decay, and the time of her dissolution drew nearer, she ordered her shroud and coffin to be made, and brought to her bed-side, and there to remain in her view, as a constant memento of her approaching fate, and to keep her mind fixed on proper contemplations. She died in 1731, in the sixty-third year of her age, and was buried at Chelsea.

Her writings are as follow: "Letters Concerning the Love of God," published 1695; "An Essay in Defence of the Female Sex, in a Letter to a Lady, written by a Lady," 1696; "A Serious Proposal to the Ladies, for the Advancement of their true and greatest Interest," &c.; and a second part to the same, 1697; "An Impartial Enquiry into the Causes of Rebellion and Civil War in this kingdom, in an Examination of Dr. Kennet's Sermon," 1703–4; "Moderation Truly Stated; or, a Review of a late Pamphlet intituled Moderation a Virtue, or the Occasional Conformist Justified from the Imputation of Hypocrisy," 1704. The prefatory discourse is addressed to Dr. Davenant, author of the pamphlet, and of essays on peace and war, &c. "A Fair Way with the Dissenters and their Patrons, not writ by Mr. Lindsay, or any other furious Jacobite, whether a Clergyman or Layman; but by a very Moderate Person, and a Dutiful Subject to the Queen," 1704. While this treatise was in press, Dr. Davenant published a new edition of his "Moderation still a Virtue;" to which she immediately returned an answer, in a postscript in this book. Her next work was "Reflections upon Marriage," to which is added a preface in answer to some objections, 1705. She next published "The Christian Religion as Professed by a Daughter of the Church of England," &c., 1705. This pamphlet was attributed to Bishop Atterbury. Her next work was "Six Familiar Essays on Marriage, Crosses in Love and Friendship, written by a Lady," 1706. "Bartlemy Fair; or, an Enquiry after it," was her last, published in 1709, and occasioned by Colonel Hunter's celebrated Letter on Enthusiasm. It was republished in 1722, without the words "Bartlemy Fair."

ASTORGAS, MARCHIONESS OF,

A LADY who lived in the latter part of the seventeenth century, in Spain, during the reign of Charles II., killed with her own hands a beautiful woman, the mistress of her husband, and having prepared the heart of her victim, placed it at dinner before her husband. When he had eaten it, she rolled the head of the woman to him on the table. She then took refuge in a convent, where she became insane through rage and jealousy.

AUBESPINE, MAGDALEN DE L',

A FRENCH lady, celebrated for her wit and beauty; was the wife of Nicholas de Neuville, seignieur de Villeroi. She composed several works in verse and prose, and died on her own demesne, in 1596. Ronsard held her in high estimation. She is also complimented by Francis Grudé, by whom we are informed, that she translated, in verse, the epistles of Ovid.

AUNOY, MARIE CATHARINE JUNELLE DE BARNEVILLE, COMTESSE D',

WIDOW of the Count D'Aunoy, and niece of the celebrated Madame Destoges, died in 1705. She wrote with ease, though negligently, in the department of romance. People of a frivolous taste still read with pleasure her "Tales of the Fairies," four volumes in duodecimo, and especially her "Adventures of Hippolytus, Earl of Douglas," a story natural and interesting in the style, with abundance of the marvellous in the adventures. Her "Memoires Historiques de ce qui c'est passé de plus Remarquable en Europe depuis 1672 jus qu'en, 1679," are a medley of truth and falsehood. She wrote also "Memoirs of the Court of Spain," where she had lived with her mother, a work which presents us with no favourable idea of the Spanish nation. Her "Memoirs of the Court of England" was rather better arranged; and a "History of John de Bourbon, Prince de Karency," in three volumes duodecimo, which is one of those historical romances that are the offspring of slender abilities joined to a warm imagination. Her husband, the Count D'Aunoy, being accused of high treason, by three Normans, very narrowly escaped with his head. One of his accusers, struck with remorse of conscience, declared the whole charge to be groundless. The countess left four daughters.

AVOGADRO, LUCIA,

AN Italian poetess, displayed early poetical talents, and won the praise even of Tasso. Only a

few of her lyrics still remain, but they justify the praise that was bestowed upon her. She died in 1568.

AUSTEN, JANE,

An English novelist, was born at Steventon, in Hampshire, on the 16th of December, 1775, her father being the rector of that parish. He died while Miss Austen was still young, and his widow and two daughters retired to Southampton, and subsequently to the village of Chawton, in the same county, where the novels of Jane Austen were written. "Sense and Sensibility;" "Pride and Prejudice;" "Mansfield Park;" and "Emma," were published anonymously during the author's life. Her other two works, "Northanger Abbey" and "Persuasion," were published after her death. In May, 1817, Miss Austen's health rendered it necessary that she should remove to some place where constant medical aid could be procured, and she went to Winchester, where she died on the 24th of July, aged forty-two. Her beauty, worth, and genius, made her death deeply lamented. The consumption, of which she died, seemed only to increase her mental powers. She wrote while she could hold a pen, and the day before her death composed some stanzas replete with fancy and vigour. The great charm of Miss Austen's works lie in their truth and simplicity, and in their high finish and naturalness. Sir Walter Scott speaks of her in the highest terms. Another writer, who appears to have known her well, thus describes her:

"Of personal attractions, she possessed a considerable share. Her stature was that of true elegance. It could not have been increased without exceeding the middle height. Her carriage and deportment were quiet, yet graceful. Her features were separately good. Their assemblage produced an unrivalled expression of that cheerfulness, sensibility, and benevolence, which were her real characteristics. Her complexion was of the finest texture. It might with truth be said, that her eloquent blood spoke through her modest cheek. Her voice was extremely sweet. She delivered herself with fluency and precision. Indeed, she was formed for elegant and rational society, excelling in conversation as much as in composition. In the present age, it is hazardous to mention accomplishments. Our authoress would, probably, have been inferior to few in such acquirements, had she not been so superior to most in higher things. She had not only an excellent taste for drawing, but, in her earlier days, evinced great power of hand in the management of the pencil. Her own musical attainments she held very cheap. Twenty years ago, they would have been thought more of, and twenty years hence, many a parent will expect her daughter to be applauded for meaner performances. She was fond of dancing, and excelled in it. It remains now to add a few observations on that which her friends deemed more important; on those endowments, which sweetened every hour of their lives.

If there be an opinion current in the world, that perfect placidity of temper is not reconcilable to the most lively imagination, and the keenest relish for wit, such an opinion will be rejected for ever by those who have had the happiness of knowing the authoress of the following works. Though the frailties, foibles, and follies of others could not escape her immediate detection, yet even in their vices did she never trust herself to comment with unkindness. The affectation of candour is not uncommon; but she had no affectation. Faultless herself, as nearly as human nature can be, she always sought, in the faults of others, something to excuse, to forgive, or forget. Where extenuation was impossible, she had a sure refuge in silence. She never uttered either a hasty, a silly, or a severe expression. In short, her temper was as polished as her wit. Nor were her manners inferior to her temper. They were of the happiest kind. No one could be often in her company without feeling a strong desire of obtaining her friendship, and cherishing a hope of having obtained it. She was tranquil without reserve or stiffness; and communicative without intrusion or self-sufficiency. She became an authoress entirely from taste and inclination. Neither the hope of fame nor profit mixed with her early motives. Most of her works, as before observed, were composed many years previous to their publication. It was with extreme difficulty that her friends, whose partiality she suspected, whilst she honoured their judgment, could prevail on her to publish her first work. Nay, so persuaded was she that its sale would not repay the expense of publication, that she actually made a reserve from her very moderate income to meet the expected loss. She could scarcely believe what she termed her great good fortune when 'Sense and Sensibility' produced a clear profit of about £150. Few so gifted were so truly unpretending. She regarded the above sum as a prodigious recompense for that which had cost her nothing. Her readers, perhaps, will wonder that such a work produced so little at a time when some other authors have received more guineas than they have written lines. The works of our authoress, however, may live as long as those which have burst on the world with more eclât. But the public has not been unjust; and our authoress was far from thinking it so. Most gratifying to her was the applause which, from time to time, reached her ears from those who were competent to discriminate. Still, in spite of such applause, so much did she shrink from notoriety, that no accumulation of fame would have induced her, had she lived, to affix her name to any productions of her pen. In the bosom of her own family she talked of them freely, thankful for praise, open to remark, and submissive to criticism. But in public she turned away from any allusion to the character of an authoress. She read aloud with very great taste and effect. Her own works, probably, were never heard to so much advantage as from her own mouth; for she partook largely in all the best gifts of the comic muse. She was a warm and judicious admirer of landscape, both in nature and on canvass. At a very early age, she was enamoured of Gilpin on the Picturesque; and she

seldom changed her opinions either on books or men.

"Her reading was very extensive in history and belles lettres; and her memory extremely tenacious. Her favourite moral writers were Johnson, in prose, and Cowper, in verse. It is difficult to say at what age she was not intimately acquainted with the merits and defects of the best essays and novels in the English language. Richardson's power of creating, and preserving the consistency of his characters, as particularly exemplified in 'Sir Charles Grandison,' gratified the natural discrimination of her mind, whilst her taste secured her from the errors of his prolix style and tedious narrative. She did not rank any work of Fielding quite so high. Without the slightest affectation, she recoiled from everything gross. Neither nature, wit, nor humour, could make her amends for so very low a scale of morals.

"Her powers of inventing characters seems to have been intuitive, and almost unlimited. She drew from nature; but, whatever may have been surmised to the contrary, never from individuals. The style of her familiar correspondence was in all respects the same as that of her novels. Everything came finished from her pen; for, on all subjects, she had ideas as clear as her expressions were well chosen. It is not hazarding too much to say, that she never despatched a note or letter unworthy of publication.

"One trait only remains to be touched on. It makes all others unimportant. She was thoroughly religious and devout; fearful of giving offence to God, and incapable of feeling it towards any fellow-creature.

"She retained her faculties, her memory, her fancy, her temper, and her affections, warm, clear, and unimpaired, to the last. Neither her love of God, nor of her fellow-creatures, flagged for a moment. She made a point of receiving the sacrament before excessive bodily weakness might have rendered her perception unequal to her wishes. She wrote whilst she could hold a pen, and with a pencil when a pen was become too laborious. Her last voluntary speech conveyed thanks to her medical attendant; and to the final question asked of her, purporting to know her wants, she replied, 'I want nothing but death.'"

In our selection from the writings of this estimable lady, we quote from "Northanger Abbey;" it is simple in plot, and the heroine may be found in every-day life. She is nevertheless an exquisite creation of fancy, but her naturalness makes her loveliest charm; and first, we have her manner of training at home, or rather how she was permitted to grow up, like a wild flower, in her own sweet way:

THE HEROINE'S CHILDHOOD.

"No one who had ever seen Catherine Morland in her infancy would have supposed her born to be a heroine. Her situation in life, the character of her father and mother, her own person and disposition, were all equally against her. Her father was a clergyman, without being neglected, or poor, and a very respectable man, though his name was Richard — and he had never been handsome. He had a considerable independence, besides two good livings — and he was not in the least addicted to locking up his daughters. Her mother was a woman of useful plain sense, with a good temper, and, what is more remarkable, with a good constitution. She had three sons before Catherine was born; and instead of dying in bringing the latter into the world, as any body might expect, she still lived on—lived to have six children more — to see them growing up around her, and to enjoy excellent health herself. A family of ten children will be always called a fine family, where there are heads and arms and legs enough for the number; but the Morlands had little other right to the word, for they were in general very plain, and Catherine, for many years of her life, as plain as any. She had a thin awkward figure, a sallow skin, without colour, dark lank hair, and strong features;—so much for her person;—and not less unpropitious for heroism seemed her mind. She was fond of all boys' plays, and greatly preferred cricket, not merely to dolls, but to the more heroic enjoyments of infancy, nursing a dormouse, feeding a canary-bird, or watering a rose-bush. Indeed she had no taste for a garden; and if she gathered flowers at all, it was chiefly for the pleasure of mischief — at least, so it was conjectured from her always preferring those which she was forbidden to take. Such were her propensities — her abilities were quite as extraordinary. She never could learn or understand anything before she was taught; and sometimes not even then, for she was often inattentive, and occasionally stupid. Her mother was three months in teaching her only to repeat the 'Beggar's Petition;' and, after all, her next sister, Sally, could say it better than she did. Not that Catherine was always stupid — by no means; she learned the fable of 'The Hare and many Friends,' as quickly as any girl in England. Her mother wished her to learn music; and Catherine was sure she should like it, for she was very fond of tinkling the keys of the old forlorn spinnet; so, at eight years old, she began. She learned a year, and could not bear it; — and Mrs. Morland, who did not insist on her daughters being accomplished in spite of incapacity or distaste, allowed her to leave off. The day which dismissed the music-master was one of the happiest of Catherine's life. Her taste for drawing was not superior; though whenever she could obtain the outside of a letter from her mother, or seize upon any other odd piece of paper, she did what she could in that way, by drawing houses and trees, hens and chickens, all very much like one another. Writing and accounts she was taught by her father; French by her mother: her proficiency in either was not remarkable, and she shirked her lessons in both whenever she could. What a strange, unaccountable character! for with all these symptoms of profligacy at ten years old, she had neither a bad disposition nor a bad temper; was seldom stubborn, scarcely ever quarrelsome, and very kind to the little ones, with few interruptions of tyranny; she was moreover noisy and wild, hated confinement and cleanliness, and loved nothing so well in

the world as rolling down the green slope at the back of the house.

Such was Catherine Morland at ten. At fifteen, appearances were mending; she began to curl her hair and long for balls; her complexion improved, her features were softened by plumpness and colour, her eyes gained more animation, and her figure more consequence. Her love of dirt gave way to an inclination for finery, and she grew clean as she grew smart; she had now the pleasure of sometimes hearing her father and mother remark on her personal improvement. 'Catherine grows quite a good-looking girl — she is almost pretty to-day,' were words which caught her ears now and then; and how welcome were the sounds! To look *almost* pretty, is an acquisition of higher delight to a girl who has been looking plain the first fifteen years of her life, than a beauty from her cradle can ever receive.

Mrs. Morland was a very good woman, and wished to see her children everything they ought to be; but her time was so much occupied in lying-in and teaching the little ones, that her elder daughters were inevitably left to shift for themselves; and it was not very wonderful that Catherine, who had by nature nothing heroic about her, should prefer cricket, base-ball, riding on horseback, and running about the country at the age of fourteen, to books — or at least books of information — for, provided that nothing like useful knowledge could be gained from them, provided they were all story and no reflection, she had never any objection to books at all, but from fifteen to seventeen she was in train for a heroine; she read all such works as heroines must read to supply their memories with those quotations which are so serviceable and so soothing in the vicissitudes of their eventful lives.

From Pope, she learnt to censure those who

> 'bear about the mockery of wo.'

From Gray, that

> 'Many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its fragrance on the desert air.'

From Thomson, that

> ——'It is a delightful task
> To teach the young idea how to shoot.'

And from Shakspeare, she gained a great store of information — among the rest, that

> ——'Trifles, light as air,
> Are, to the jealous, confirmation strong,
> As proofs of Holy Writ.'

That

> 'The poor beetle, which we tread upon,
> In corporal sufferance, feels a pang as great
> As when a giant dies.'

And that a young woman in love always looks

> ——'like Patience on a monument
> Smiling at Grief.'

So far, her improvement was sufficient — and in many other points, she came on exceedingly well; for though she could not write sonnets, she brought herself to read them; and though there seemed no chance of her throwing a whole party into raptures by a prelude on the pianoforte of her own composition, she could listen to other people's performance with very little fatigue. Her greatest deficiency was in the pencil — she had no notion of drawing—not enough even to attempt a sketch of her lover's profile, that she might be detected in the design. There she fell miserably short of the true heroic height. At present, she did not know her own poverty, for she had no lover to pourtray. She had reached the age of seventeen without having seen one amiable youth who could call forth her sensibility; without having inspired one real passion, and without having exerted even any admiration but what was very moderate and very transient. This was strange indeed! But strange things may generally be accounted for if their cause be fairly searched out. There was not one lord in the neighbourhood; no, not even a baronet. There was not one family among their acquaintance who had reared and supported a boy accidentally found at their door — not one young man whose origin was unknown. Her father had no ward, and the 'squire of the parish no children.

But when a young lady is to be a heroine, the perverseness of forty surrounding families cannot prevent her. Something must and will happen to throw a hero in her way."

Mr. Allen, who owned the chief of the property about Fullerton, the village in Wiltshire where the Morlands lived, was ordered to Bath for the benefit of a gouty constitution; and his lady, a good-humoured woman, fond of Miss Morland, and probably aware that if adventures will not befall a young lady in her own village, she must seek them abroad, invited her to go with them. Mr. and Mrs. Morland were all compliance, and Catherine all happiness.

THE HEROINE AT A BALL.

"So they went to Bath, and Catherine made her first appearance in the ball-room, anticipating a most delightful evening; for she had come to be happy. But the party was late, and poor Miss Morland never had the offer of a partner. But there was good fortune in store for her; and this is the history of the second ball.

"They made their appearance in the lower rooms; and here fortune was more favourable to our heroine. The master of the ceremonies introduced to her a very gentleman-like young man as a partner. His name was Tilney. He seemed to be about four or five-and-twenty, was rather tall, had a pleasing countenance, a very intelligent and lively eye, and, if not quite handsome, was very near it. His address was good, and Catherine felt herself in high luck. There was little leisure for speaking while they danced; but when they were seated at tea, she found him as agreeable as she had already given him credit for being. He talked with fluency and spirit—and there was an archness and pleasantry in his manner which interested, though it was hardly understood by her. After chatting some time on such matters as naturally arose from the objects around them, he suddenly addressed her with — 'I have hitherto been very remiss, madam, in the proper attentions of a partner here; I have not yet asked you how long you

have been in Bath; whether you were ever here before; whether you have been at the Upper Rooms, the theatre, and the concert; and how you like the place altogether. I have been very negligent —but are you now at leisure to satisfy me in these particulars? If you are, I will begin directly."

"You need not give yourself that trouble, sir."

"No trouble, I assure you, madam." Then forming his features into a set smile, and affectedly softening his voice, he added, with a simpering air, "Have you been long in Bath, madam?"

"About a week, sir," replied Catherine, trying not to laugh.

"Really!" with affected astonishment.

"Why should you be surprised, sir?"

"Why, indeed!" said he, in his natural tone— "but some emotion must appear to be raised by your reply, and surprise is more easily assumed, and not less reasonable than any other. Now let us go on. Were you never here before, madam?"

"Never, sir."

"Indeed! Have you yet honoured the Upper Rooms?"

"Yes, sir, I was there last Monday."

"Have you been to the theatre?"

"Yes, sir, I was at the play on Tuesday."

"To the concert?"

"Yes, sir, on Wednesday."

"And are you altogether pleased with Bath?"

"Yes, I like it very well."

"Now I must give one smirk, and then we may be rational again."

Catherine turned away her head, not knowing whether she might venture to laugh.

"I see what you think of me," said he gravely —"I shall make but a poor figure in your journal to-morrow."

"My journal!"

"Yes, I know exactly what you will say; Friday, went to the Lower Rooms; wore my sprigged muslin robe with blue trimmings — plain black shoes — appeared to much advantage; but was strangely harassed by a queer, half-witted man, who would make me dance with him, and distressed me by his nonsense."

"Indeed, I shall say no such thing."

"Shall I tell you what you ought to say?"

"If you please."

"I danced with a very agreeable young man, introduced by Mr. King—had a great deal of conversation with him — seems a most extraordinary genius; hope I may know more of him. *That*, madam, is what I *wish* you to say."

"But, perhaps, I keep no journal."

"Perhaps you are not sitting in this room, and I am not sitting by you. These are points in which a doubt is equally possible. Not keep a journal! How are your absent cousins to understand the tenor of your life in Bath without one? How are the civilities and compliments of every day to be related as they ought to be, unless noted down every evening in a journal? How are your various dresses to be remembered, and the particular state of your complexion, and curl of your hair to be described in all their diversities, without having constant recourse to a journal? My dear madam, I am not so ignorant of young ladies' ways as you wish to believe me; it is this delightful habit of journalising which largely contributes to form the easy style of writing for which ladies are so generally celebrated. Everybody allows that the talent of writing agreeable letters is peculiarly female. Nature may have done something, but I am sure it must be essentially assisted by the practice of keeping a journal."

"I have sometimes thought," said Catherine, doubtingly, "whether ladies do write so much better letters than gentlemen! That is—I should not think the superiority was always on our side."

"As far as I have had opportunity of judging, it appears to me that the usual style of letter-writing among women is faultless, except in three particulars."

"And what are they?"

"A general deficiency of subject, a total inattention to stops, and a very frequent ignorance of grammar."

"Upon my word! I need not have been afraid of disclaiming the compliment. You do not think too highly of us in that way."

"I should no more lay it down as a general rule that women write better letters than men, than that they sing better duets, or draw better landscapes. In every power, of which taste is the foundation, excellence is pretty fairly divided between the sexes."

They were interrupted by Mrs. Allen: "My dear Catherine," said she, "do take this pin out of my sleeve; I am afraid it has torn a hole already; I shall be quite sorry if it has, for this is a favourite gown, though it cost but nine shillings a yard."

"That is exactly what I should have guessed it, madam," said Mr. Tilney, looking at the muslin.

"Do you understand muslins, sir?"

"Particularly well; I always buy my own cravats, and am allowed to be an excellent judge; and my sister has often trusted me in the choice of a gown. I bought one for her the other day, and it was pronounced to be a prodigious bargain by every lady who saw it. I gave but five shillings a yard for it, and a true Indian muslin."

Mrs. Allen was quite struck by his genius. "Men commonly take so little notice of those things," said she: "I can never get Mr. Allen to know one of my gowns from another. You must be a great comfort to your sister, sir."

"I hope I am, madam."

"And pray, sir, what do you think of Miss Morland's gown!"

"It is very pretty, madam," said he, gravely, examining it; "but I do not think it will wash well; I am afraid it will fray."

"How can you," said Catherine, laughing, "be so——" she had almost said strange.

"I am quite of your opinion, sir," replied Mrs. Allen; "and so I told Miss Morland when she bought it."

"But then, you know, madam, muslin always turns to some account or other; Miss Morland will get enough out of it for a handkerchief, or a

cap, or a cloak. Muslin can never be said to be wasted. I have heard my sister say so forty times, when she has been extravagant in buying more than she wanted, or careless in cutting it to pieces.'

"Bath is a charming place, sir; there are so many good shops here. We are sadly off in the country; not but what we have very good shops in Salisbury, but it is so far to go; eight miles is a long way; Mr. Allen says it is nine, measured nine; but I am sure it cannot be more than eight; and it is such a fag — I come back tired to death. Now here one can step out of doors and get a thing in five minutes."

Mr. Tilney was polite enough to seem interested in what she said; and she kept him on the subject of muslins till the dancing recommenced. Catherine feared, as she listened to their discourse, that he indulged himself a little too much with the foible of others. — "What are you thinking of so earnestly?" said he, as they walked back to the ball-room; "not of your partner, I hope; for by that shake of the head, your meditations are not satisfactory."

Catherine coloured, and said, "I was not thinking of any thing."

"That is artful and deep, to be sure; but I had rather be told at once that you will not tell me."

"Well then, I will not."

"Thank you; for now we shall soon be acquainted, as I am authorised to tease you on this subject whenever we meet; and nothing in the world advances intimacy so much."

They danced again; and, when the assembly closed, parted, on the lady's side at least, with a strong inclination for continuing the acquaintance. Whether she thought of him so much while she drank her warm wine and water, and prepared herself for bed, as to dream of him when there, cannot be ascertained; but I hope it was no more than in a slight slumber, or a morning doze at most; for if it be true, as a celebrated writer has maintained, that no young lady can be justified in falling in love before the gentleman's love is declared, it must be very improper that a young lady should dream of a gentleman before the gentleman is first known to have dreamed of her."

Mr. Tilney proved to be a young clergyman, with a very lovely sister, Eleanor, and a very selfish, proud father, General Tilney. After several disappointments, which, to the romantic fancy of our little heroine, appeared like the scenes in a novel, Mr. Tilney and his sister took the happy Catherine out for a walk.

A WALK AND CONVERSATION.

"The next morning was fair, and Catherine almost expected another attack from the assembled party. With Mr. Allen to support her, she felt no dread of the event; but she would gladly be spared a contest, where victory itself was painful; and was heartily rejoiced, therefore, at neither seeing nor hearing any thing of them. The Tilneys called for her at the appointed time; and no new difficulty arising, no sudden recollection, no unexpected summons, no impertinent intrusion to disconcert their measures, my heroine was most unnaturally able to fulfil her engagement, though it was made with the hero himself. They determined on walking round Beechen Cliff, that noble hill, whose beautiful verdure and hanging coppice render it so striking an object from almost every opening in Bath.

"I never look at it," said Catherine, as they walked along the side of the river, "without thinking of the south of France."

"You have been abroad, then?" said Henry, a little surprised.

"Oh! no, I only mean what I have read about. It always puts me in mind of the country that Emily and her father travelled through, in the 'Mysteries of Udolpho.' But you never read novels, I dare say?"

"Why not?"

"Because they are not clever enough for you —gentlemen read better books."

"The person, be it gentleman or lady, who has not pleasure in a good novel, must be intolerably stupid. I have read all Mrs. Radcliffe's works, and most of them with great pleasure. The Mysteries of Udolpho, when I had once begun it, I could not lay down again; I remember finishing it in two days — my hair standing on end the whole time."

"Yes," added Miss Tilney, "and I remember that you undertook to read it aloud to me, and that when I was called away for only five minutes, to answer a note, instead of waiting for me, you took the volume in the Hermitage-walk, and I was obliged to stay till you had finished it."

"Thank you, Eleanor; — a most honourable testimony. You see, Miss Morland, the injustice of your suspicions. Here was I, in my eagerness to get on, refusing to wait only five minutes for my sister; breaking the promise I had made of reading it aloud, and keeping her in suspense at a most interesting part, by running away with the volume, which, you are to observe, was her own, particularly her own. I am proud when I reflect on it, and I think it must establish me in your good opinion."

"I am very glad to hear it, indeed, and now I shall never be ashamed of liking Udolpho myself. But I really thought, before, young men despised novels amazingly."

"It is *amazingly;* it may well suggest *amazement*, if they do—for they read nearly as many as women. I myself have read hundreds and hundreds. Do not imagine that you can cope with me in a knowledge of Julias and Louisas. If we proceed to particulars, and engage in the never-ceasing inquiry of 'Have you read this?' and 'Have you read that?' I shall soon leave you as far behind me as — what shall I say? — I want an appropriate simile; — as far as your friend Emily herself left poor Valancourt when she went with her aunt into Italy. Consider how many years I have had the start of you. I had entered on my studies at Oxford, while you were a good little girl, working your sampler at home!"

"Not very good, I am afraid. But now, really,

do not you think Udolpho the nicest book in the world?"

"The nicest;—by which, I suppose, you mean the neatest. That must depend upon the binding."

"Henry," said Miss Tilney, "you are very impertinent. Miss Morland, he is treating you exactly as he does his sister. He is for ever finding fault with me, for some incorrectness of language, and now he is taking the same liberty with you. The word 'nicest,' as you used it, did not suit him; and you had better change it as soon as you can, or we shall be overpowered with Johnson and Blair all the rest of the way."

"I am sure," cried Catherine, "I did not mean to say any thing wrong; but it *is* a nice book, and why should not I call it so?"

"Very true," said Henry, "and this is a very nice day, and we are taking a very nice walk, and you are two very nice young ladies. Oh! it is a very nice word, indeed!—it does for every thing. Originally, perhaps, it was applied only to express neatness, propriety, delicacy, or refinement;—people were nice in their dress, in their sentiments, or their choice. But now every commendation on every subject is comprised in that one word."

"While, in fact," cried his sister, "it ought only to be applied to you, without any commendation at all. You are more nice than wise. Come, Miss Morland, let us leave him to meditate over our faults in the utmost propriety of diction, while we praise Udolpho in whatever terms we like best. It is a most interesting work. You are fond of that kind of reading?"

"To say the truth, I do not much like any other."

"Indeed!"

"That is, I can read poetry and plays, and things of that sort, and do not dislike travels. But history, real solemn history, I cannot be interested in. Can you?"

"Yes, I am fond of history."

"I wish I were, too. I read it a little as a duty, but it tells me nothing that does not either vex or weary me. The quarrels of popes and kings, with wars or pestilences, in every page. The men all so good for nothing, and hardly any women at all—it is very tiresome: and yet I often think it odd that it should be so dull, for a great deal of it must be invention. The speeches that are put into the heroes' mouths, their thoughts and designs—the chief of all this must be invention, and invention is what delights me in other books."

"Historians, you think," said Miss Tilney, "are not happy in their flights of fancy. They display imagination without raising interest. I am fond of history—and am very well contented to take the false with the true. In the principal facts, they have sources of intelligence in former histories and records, which may be as much depended on, I conclude, as any thing that does not actually pass under one's own observation; and, as for the little embellishments you speak of, they are embellishments, and I like them as such. If a speech be well drawn up, I read it with pleasure, by whomsoever it may be made—and probably with much greater, if the production of Mr. Hume or Mr. Robertson, than if the genuine words of Caractacus, Agricola, or Alfred the Great."

"You are fond of history! and so are Mr. Allen and my father; and I have two brothers who do not dislike it. So many instances within my small circle of friends is remarkable! At this rate, I shall not pity the writers of history any longer. If people like to read their books, it is all very well; but to be at so much trouble in filling great volumes, which, as I used to think, nobody would willingly ever look into, to be labouring only for the torment of little boys and girls, always struck me as a hard fate; and though I know it is all very right and necessary, I have often wondered at the person's courage that could sit down on purpose to do it."

"That little boys and girls should be tormented," said Henry, "is what no one at all acquainted with human nature in a civilized state can deny; but on behalf of our most distinguished historians, I must observe that they might well be offended at being supposed to have no higher aim; and that, by their method and style, they are perfectly well qualified to torment readers of the most advanced reason and mature time of life. I use the verb, 'to torment,' as I observed to be your own method, instead of 'to instruct,' supposing them to be now admitted as synonymous."

"You think me foolish to call instruction a torment; but if you had been as much used as myself to hear poor little children first learning their letters and then learning to spell, if you had ever seen how stupid they can be for a whole morning together, and how tired my poor mother is at the end of it, as I am in the habit of seeing almost every day of my life at home, you would allow that to *torment* and to *instruct*, might sometimes be used as synonymous words."

"Very probably. But historians are not accountable for the difficulty of learning to read; and even you yourself, who do not altogether seem particularly friendly to very severe, very intense application, may perhaps be brought to acknowledge that it is very well worth while to be tormented for two or three years of one's life, for the sake of being able to read all the rest of it. Consider—if reading had not been taught, Mrs. Radcliffe would have written in vain—or perhaps might not have written at all."

Catherine assented—and a very warm panegyric from her on that lady's merits closed the subject. The Tilneys were soon engaged in another, on which she had nothing to say. They were viewing the country with the eyes of persons accustomed to drawing, and decided on its capability of being formed into pictures, with all the eagerness of real taste. Here Catherine was quite lost. She knew nothing of drawing—nothing of taste—and she listened to them with an attention which brought her little profit, for they talked in phrases which conveyed scarcely any idea to her. The little which she could understand, however, appeared to contradict the very few notions she had entertained on the matter before. It seemed

as if a good view were no longer to be taken from the top of a high hill, and that a clear blue sky was no longer a proof of a fine day. She was heartily ashamed of her ignorance. A misplaced shame. Where people wish to attach, they should always be ignorant. To come with a well-informed mind, is to come with an inability of administering to the vanity of others, which a sensible person would always wish to avoid. A woman, especially if she have the misfortune of knowing any thing, should conceal it as well as she can.

The advantages of natural folly in a beautiful girl have been already set forth by the capital pen of a sister author;—and to her treatment of the subject I will only add, in justice to men, that though to the larger and more trifling part of the sex, imbecility in females is a great enhancement of their personal charms, there is a portion of them too reasonable and too well-informed themselves to desire any thing more in woman than ignorance. But Catherine did not know her own advantages — did not know that a good-looking girl, with an affectionate heart and a very ignorant mind, cannot fail of attracting a clever young man, unless circumstances are particularly untoward. In the present instance, she confessed and lamented her want of knowledge; declared that she would give any thing in the world to be able to draw; and a lecture on the picturesque immediately followed, in which his instructions were so clear that she soon began to see beauty in every thing admired by him, and her attention was so earnest, that he became perfectly satisfied of her having a great deal of natural taste. He talked of fore-grounds, distances, and second distances—side-screens, and perspectives—lights and shades;—and Catherine was so hopeful a scholar, that when they gained the top of Beechen Cliff, she voluntarily rejected the whole city of Bath, as unworthy to make part of a landscape. Delighted with her progress, and fearful of wearying her with too much wisdom at once, Henry suffered the subject to decline, and by an easy transition from a piece of rocky fragment and the withered oak which he had placed near its summit, to oaks in general, to forests, the enclosure of them, waste-lands, crown-lands and government, he shortly found himself arrived at politics; and from politics, it was an easy step to silence. The general pause which succeeded his short disquisition on the state of the nation, was put an end to by Catherine, who, in rather a solemn tone of voice, uttered these words:—"I have heard that something very shocking, indeed, will soon come out in London."

Miss Tilney, to whom this was chiefly addressed, was startled, and hastily replied, "Indeed!—and of what nature?"

"That I do not know, nor who is the author. I have only heard that it is to be more horrible than any thing we have met with yet."

"Good heaven!—Where could you hear of such a thing?"

"A particular friend of mine had an account of it in a letter from London yesterday. It is to be uncommonly dreadful. I shall expect murder and every thing of the kind."

"You speak with astonishing composure! But I hope your friend's accounts have been exaggerated;—and if such a design is known beforehand, proper measures will undoubtedly be taken by government to prevent its coming to effect."

"Government," said Henry, endeavouring not to smile, "neither desires nor dares to interfere in such matters. There must be murder; and government cares not how much."

The ladies stared. He laughed, and added, "Come, shall I make you understand each other, or leave you to puzzle out an explanation as you can? No — I will be noble. I will prove myself a man, no less by the generosity of my soul than the clearness of my head. I have no patience with such of my sex as disdain to let themselves sometimes down to the comprehension of yours. Perhaps the abilities of women are neither sound nor acute—neither vigorous nor keen. Perhaps they may want observation, discernment, judgment, fire, genius, and wit."

"Miss Morland, do not mind what he says; but have the goodness to satisfy me as to this dreadful riot?"

"Riot! — what riot?"

"My dear Eleanor, the riot is only in your own brain. The confusion there is scandalous. Miss Morland has been talking of nothing more dreadful than a new publication which is shortly to come out, in three duodecimo volumes, two hundred and seventy-six pages in each, with a frontispiece to the first, of two tombstones and a lantern — do you understand? — And you, Miss Morland — my stupid sister has mistaken all your clearest expressions. You talked of expected horrors in London — and instead of instantly conceiving, as any rational creature would have done, that such words could relate only to a circulating library, she immediately pictured to herself a mob of three thousand men assembling in St. George's Fields; the bank attacked, the Tower threatened, streets of London flowing with blood, a detachment of the 12th Light Dragoons, (the hopes of the nation,) called up from Northampton to quell the insurgents, and the gallant captain Frederick Tilney, in the moment of charging at the head of his troop, knocked off his horse by a brickbat from an upper window. Forgive her stupidity. The fears of the sister have added to the weakness of the woman; but she is by no means a simpleton in general."

Catherine looked grave. "And now, Henry," said Miss Tilney, "that you have made us understand each other, you may as well make Miss Morland understand yourself — unless you mean to have her think you intolerably rude to your sister, and a great brute in your opinion of women in general. Miss Morland is not used to your odd ways."

"I shall be most happy to make her better acquainted with them."

"No doubt; — but that is no explanation of the present."

"What am I to do?"

"You know what you ought to do. Clear your character handsomely before her. Tell her that you think very highly of the understanding of women."

"Miss Morland, I think very highly of the understanding of all the women in the world — especially of those — whoever they may be — with whom I happen to be in company."

"That is not enough. Be more serious.'"

"Miss Morland, no one can think more highly of the understanding of women than I do. In my opinion, nature has given them so much, that they never find it necessary to use more than half."

"We shall get nothing more serious from him now, Miss Morland. He is not in a sober mood. But I do assure you that he must be entirely misunderstood, if he can ever appear to say an unjust thing of any woman at all, or an unkind one of me."

It was no effort to Catherine, to believe that Henry Tilney could never be wrong. His manner might sometimes surprise, but his meaning must always be just:—and what she did not understand, she was almost as ready to admire, as what she did. The whole walk was delightful, and though it ended too soon, its conclusion was delightful too; — her friends attended her into the house, and Miss Tilney, before they parted, addressing herself with respectful form, as much to Mrs. Allen as to Catherine, petitioned for the pleasure of her company to dinner on the day after the next. No difficulty was made on Mrs. Allen's side — and the only difficulty on Catherine's was in concealing the excess of her pleasure."

THE ROMANCE OF MYSTERY.

The tendency to exaggerate every occurrence, so common with enthusiastic and undisciplined minds, and to invest commonplace occurrences with the rainbow tints of fancy, is well depicted in the scene we shall now give.

General Tilney, who had been informed Catherine was a great heiress, wished to obtain her wealth, and for that purpose planned a marriage between his son Henry and her. To make this sure, he invited her to go with the family to Northanger Abbey, and pass a few weeks. The idea was delightful to Catherine, who longed to see an old abbey or castle, where, she was sure, strange things must have occurred. She found, in the room appropriated to her use, an old chest—

"She advanced and examined it closely; it was of cedar, curiously inlaid with some darker wood, and raised about a foot from the ground, on a carved stand of the same. The lock was silver, though tarnished from age; at each end were the imperfect remains of handles, also of silver, broken, perhaps, prematurely, by some strange violence; and, on the centre of the lid, was a mysterious cipher in the same metal. Catherine bent over it intently, but without being able to distinguish any thing with certainty. She could not, in whatever direction she took it, believe the last letter to be a *T:* and that it should be any thing else in that house was a circumstance to raise no common degree of astonishment. If not originally theirs, by what strange events could it have fallen into the Tilney family?

Her fearful curiosity was every moment growing greater; and seizing, with trembling hands, the hasp of the lock, she resolved at all hazards to satisfy herself at least as to its contents. With difficulty, for something seemed to resist her efforts, she raised the lid a few inches; but at that moment a sudden knocking at the door of the room made her, starting, quit her hold, and the lid closed with alarming violence. This ill-timed intruder was Miss Tilney's maid, sent by her mistress to be of use to Miss Morland; and though Catherine immediately dismissed her, it recalled her to the sense of what she ought to be doing, and forced her, in spite of her anxious desire to penetrate this mystery, to proceed in her dressing without farther delay. Her progress was not quick, for her thoughts and her eyes were still bent on the object so well calculated to interest and alarm; and though she dared not waste a moment upon a second attempt, she could not remain many paces from the chest. At length, however, having slipped one arm in her gown, her toilette seemed so nearly finished, that the impatience of her curiosity might safely be indulged. One moment surely might be spared; and, so desperate should be the exertion of her strength, that, unless secured by supernatural means, the lid in one moment should be thrown back. With this spirit she sprang forward, and her confidence did not deceive her. Her resolute effort threw back the lid, and gave to her astonished eyes the view of a white cotton counterpane, properly folded, reposing at one end of the chest in undisputed possession!

She was gazing on it with the first blush of surprise, when Miss Tilney, anxious for her friend's being ready, entered the room, and to the rising shame of having harboured for some minutes an absurd expectation, was then added the shame of being caught in so idle a search. "That is a curious old chest, is not it?" said Miss Tilney, as Catherine hastily closed it, and turned away to the glass. "It is impossible to say how many generations it has been here. How it came to be first put in this room I know not, but I have not had it moved, because I thought it might sometimes be of use in holding hats and bonnets. The worst of it is that its weight makes it difficult to open. In that corner, however, it is at least out of the way."

Catherine had no leisure for speech, being at once blushing, tying her gown, and forming wise resolutions with the most violent despatch. Miss Tilney gently hinted her fear of being late; and in half a minute they ran down stairs together, in an alarm not wholly unfounded, for General Tilney was pacing the drawing-room, his watch in his hand, and having, on the very instant of their entering, pulled the bell with violence, ordered "dinner to be on the table *directly!*"

Catherine trembled at the emphasis with which he spoke, and sat pale and breathless, in a most humble mood, concerned for his children, and de-

testing old chests; and the general, recovering his politeness as he looked at her, spent the rest of his time in scolding his daughter, for so foolishly hurrying her fair friend, who was absolutely out of breath from haste, when there was not the least occasion for hurry in the world: but Catherine could not at all get over the double distress of having involved her friend in a lecture and been a great simpleton herself, till they were happily seated at the dinner table, when the general's complacent smiles, and a good appetite of her own, restored her to peace. The dining-parlour was a noble room, suitable in its dimensions to a much larger drawing-room than the one in common use, and fitted up in a style of luxury and expense which was almost lost on the unpractised eye of Catherine, who saw little more than its spaciousness and the number of their attendants. Of the former, she spoke aloud her admiration; and the general, with a very gracious countenance, acknowledged that it was by no means an ill-sized room; and farther confessed, that, though as careless on such subjects as most people, he did look upon a tolerably large eating-room as one of the necessaries of life; he supposed, however, "that she must have been used to much better sized apartments at Mr. Allen's?"

"No, indeed," was Catherine's honest assurance; "Mr. Allen's dining-parlour was not more than half as large:" and she had never seen so large a room as this in her life. The general's good humour increased. Why, as he *had* such rooms, he thought it would be simple not to make use of them; but, upon his honour, he believed there might be more comfort in rooms of only half their size. Mr. Allen's house, he was sure, was exactly of the true size for rational happiness.

The evening passed without any farther disturbance, and, in the occasional absence of General Tilney, with much positive cheerfulness. It was only in his presence that Catherine felt the smallest fatigue from her journey; and even then, even in moments of languor or restraint, a sense of general happiness preponderated, and she could think of her friends in Bath without one wish of being with them.

The night was stormy; the wind had been rising at intervals the whole afternoon; and by the time the party broke up, it blew and rained violently. Catherine, as she crossed the hall, listened to the tempest with sensations of awe, and, when she heard it rage round a corner of the ancient building and close with sudden fury a distant door, felt for the first time that she was really in an Abbey. Yes, these were characteristic sounds; — they brought to her recollection a countless variety of dreadful situations and horrid scenes, which such buildings had witnessed, and such storms ushered in; and most heartily did she rejoice in the happier circumstances attending her entrance within walls so solemn!—*She* had nothing to dread from midnight assassins or drunken gallants. Henry had certainly been only in jest in what he had told her that morning. In a house so furnished, and so guarded, she could have nothing to explore or to suffer; and might go to her bed-room as securely as if it had been her own chamber at Fullerton. Thus wisely fortifying her mind, as she proceeded up stairs, she was enabled, especially, on perceiving that Miss Tilney slept only two doors from her, to enter her room with a tolerably stout heart; and her spirits were immediately assisted by the cheerful blaze of a wood fire. "How much better is this," said she, as she walked to the fender, "how much better to find a fire ready lit, than to have to wait shivering in the cold till all the family are in bed, as so many poor girls have been obliged to do, and then to have a faithful old servant frightening one by coming in with a fagot! How glad I am that Northanger is what it is! If it had been like some other places, I do not know that, in such a night as this, I could have answered for my courage;—but now, to be sure, there is nothing to alarm one."

She looked around the room. The window curtains seemed in motion. It could be nothing but the violence of the wind penetrating through the divisions of the shutters; and she stepped boldly forward, carelessly humming a tune, to assure herself of its being so, peeped courageously behind each curtain, saw nothing on either low window-seat to scare her, and on placing a hand against the shutter, felt the strongest conviction of the wind's force. A glance at the old chest, as she turned away from this examination, was not without its use; she scorned the causeless fears of an idle fancy, and began with a most happy indifference to prepare herself for bed. "She should take her time; she should not hurry herself; she did not care if she were the last person up in the house. But she would not make up her fire; *that* would seem cowardly, as if she wished for the protection of light after she was in bed." The fire, therefore, died away, and Catherine, having spent the best part of an hour in her arrangements, was beginning to think of stepping into bed, when, on giving a parting glance round the room, she was struck by the appearance of a high, old-fashioned black cabinet, which, though in a situation conspicuous enough, had never caught her notice before. Henry's words, his description of the ebony cabinet which was to escape her observation at first, immediately rushed across her; and though there could be nothing really in it, there was something whimsical; it was certainly a very remarkable coincidence! She took her candle and looked closely at the cabinet. It was not absolutely ebony and gold; but it was Japan, black and yellow Japan of the handsomest kind; and as she held her candle, the yellow had very much the effect of gold. The key was in the door, and she had a strange fancy to look into it; not, however, with the smallest expectation of finding any thing, but it was so very odd, after what Henry had said. In short, she could not sleep till she had examined it. So, placing the candle with great caution on a chair, she seized the key with a very tremulous hand, and tried to turn it; but it resisted her utmost strength. Alarmed, but not discouraged, she tried it another way; a bolt flew, and she believed herself successful; but how strangely mysterious!—the door was still immove-

able. She paused a moment in breathless wonder. The wind roared down the chimney, the rain beat in torrents against the windows, and every thing seemed to speak the awfulness of her situation. To retire to bed, however, unsatisfied on such a point, would be vain, since sleep must be impossible with the consciousness of a cabinet so mysteriously closed in her immediate vicinity. Again, therefore, she applied herself to the key, and after moving it every possible way for some instants with the determined celerity of hope's last effort, the door suddenly yielded to her hand: her heart leaped with exultation at such a victory, and having thrown open each folding door, the second being secured only by bolts of less wonderful construction than the lock, though in that her eye could not discern any thing unusual, a double range of small drawers appeared in view, with some larger drawers above and below them; and in the centre, a small door, closed also with a lock and key, secured in all probability a cavity of importance.

Catherine's heart beat quickly, but her courage did not fail her. With a cheek flushed by hope, and an eye straining with curiosity, her fingers grasped the handle of a drawer and drew it forth. It was entirely empty. With less alarm and greater eagerness she seized a second, a third, a fourth; each was equally empty. Not one was left unsearched, and in not one was any thing found. Well read in the art of concealing a treasure, the possibility of false linings to the drawers did not escape her, and she felt round each with anxious acuteness in vain. The place in the middle alone remained now unexplored; and though she had "never from the first had the smallest idea of finding any thing in any part of the cabinet, and was not in the least disappointed at her ill success thus far, it would be foolish not to examine it thoroughly while she was about it." It was some time, however, before she could unfasten the door, the same difficulty occurring in the management of this inner lock as of the outer; but at length it did open; and not in vain, as hitherto, was her search; her quick eyes directly fell on a roll of paper pushed back into the farther part of the cavity, apparently for concealment, and her feelings at that moment were indescribable. Her heart fluttered, her knees trembled, and her cheeks grew pale. She seized, with an unsteady hand, the precious manuscript, for half a glance sufficed to ascertain written characters; and while she acknowledged with awful sensations this striking exemplification of what Henry had foretold, resolved instantly to peruse every line before she attempted to rest.

The dimness of the light her candle emitted made her turn to it with alarm; but there was no danger of its sudden extinction, it had yet some hours to burn; and that she might not have any greater difficulty in distinguishing the writing than what its ancient date might occasion, she hastily snuffed it. Alas! it was snuffed and extinguished in one. A lamp could not have expired with more awful effect. Catherine, for a few moments, was motionless with horror. It was done completely; not a remnant of light in the wick could give hope to the rekindling breath. Darkness impenetrable and immoveable filled the room. A violent gust of wind, rising with sudden fury, added fresh horror to the moment. Catherine trembled from head to foot. In the pause which succeeded, a sound like receding foot-steps and the closing of a distant door struck on her affrighted ear. Human nature could support no more. A cold sweat stood on her forehead, the manuscript fell from her hand, and groping her way to the bed, she jumped hastily in, and sought some suspension of agony by creeping far underneath the clothes. To close her eyes in sleep that night, she felt must be entirely out of the question. With a curiosity so justly awakened, and feeling in every way so agitated, repose must be absolutely impossible. The storm, too, abroad, so dreadful! She had not been used to feel alarm from wind, but now every blast seemed fraught with awful intelligence. The manuscript so wonderfully found, so wonderfully accomplishing the morning's prediction, how was it to be accounted for? What could it contain? — to whom could it relate? — by what means could it have been so long concealed?—and how singularly strange that it should fall to her lot to discover it! Till she had made herself mistress of its contents, however, she could have neither repose nor comfort; and with the sun's first rays she was determined to peruse it. But many were the tedious hours which must yet intervene. She shuddered, tossed about in her bed, and envied every quiet sleeper. The storm still raged, and various were the noises, more terrific even than the wind, which struck at intervals on her startled ear. The very curtains of her bed seemed at one moment in motion, and at another the lock of her door was agitated, as if by the attempt of somebody to enter. Hollow murmurs seemed to creep along the gallery, and more than once her blood was chilled by the sound of distant moans. Hour after hour passed away, and the wearied Catherine had heard three proclaimed by all the clocks in the house, before the tempest subsided, or she unknowingly fell fast asleep.

The housemaid's folding back her window-shutters at eight o'clock the next day, was the sound which first roused Catherine; and she opened her eyes, wondering that they could ever have been closed on objects of cheerfulness; her fire was already burning, and a bright morning had succeeded the tempest of the night. Instantaneously, with the consciousness of existence, returned her recollection of the manuscript; and, springing from the bed in the very moment of the maid's going away, she eagerly collected every scattered sheet which had burst from the roll on its falling to the ground, and flew back to enjoy the luxury of their perusal on her pillow. She now plainly saw that she must not expect a manuscript of equal length with the generality of what she had shuddered over in books; for the roll, seeming to consist entirely of small disjointed sheets, was altogether but of trifling size, and much less than she had supposed it to be at first.

Her greedy eye glanced rapidly over a page. She started at its import. Could it be possible, or did not her senses play her false? An inventory of linen, in coarse and modern characters, seemed all that was before her. If the evidence of sight might be trusted, she held a washing-bill in her hand. She seized another sheet, and saw the same articles with little variation; a third, a fourth, and a fifth presented nothing new. Shirts, stockings, cravats, and waistcoats faced her in each. Two others, penned by the same hand, marked an expenditure scarcely more interesting, in letters, hair-powder, shoe-string, and breeches-ball. And the larger sheet, which had enclosed the rest, seemed by its first cramp line, "To poultice chesnut mare,"—a farrier's bill! Such was the collection of papers, (left, perhaps, as she could then suppose, by the negligence of a servant in the place whence she had taken them,) which had filled her with expectation and alarm, and robbed her of half her night's rest. She felt humbled to the dust. Could not the adventure of the chest have taught her wisdom? A corner of it catching her eye as she lay, seemed to rise up in judgment against her. Nothing could now be clearer than the absurdity of her recent fancies. To suppose that a manuscript of many generations back could have remained undiscovered in a room such as that, so modern, so habitable; or that she should be the first to possess the skill of unlocking a cabinet, the key of which was open to all!

How could she have so imposed upon herself? Heaven forbid that Henry Tilney should ever know her folly! And it was, in a great measure, his own doing, for had not the cabinet appeared so exactly to agree with his description of her adventures, she should never have felt the smallest curiosity about it. This was the only comfort that occurred. Impatient to get rid of those hateful evidences of her folly, those detestable papers then scattered over the bed, she rose directly, and folding them up as nearly as possible in the same shape as before, returned them to the same spot within the cabinet, with a very hearty wish that no untoward accident might ever bring them forward again to disgrace her even with herself.

Why the locks should have been so difficult to open, however, was still something remarkable, for she could now manage them with perfect ease. In this there was surely something mysterious, and she indulged in the flattering suggestion for half a minute, till the possibility of the door's having been at first unlocked, and of being herself its fastener, darted into her head, and cost her another blush.

She got away as soon as she could from a room in which her conduct produced such unpleasant reflections, and found her way with all speed to the breakfast parlour, as it had been pointed out to her by Miss Tilney the evening before. Henry was alone in it; and his immediate hope of her having been undisturbed by the tempest, with an arch reference to the character of the building they inhabited, was rather distressing. For the world would she not have her weakness suspected; and yet, unequal to an absolute falsehood, was constrained to acknowledge that the wind had kept her awake a little. "But we have a charming morning after it," she added, desiring to get rid of the subject, "and storms and sleeplessness are nothing when they are over. What beautiful hyacinths! I have just learned to love a hyacinth."

"And how might you learn? By accident or argument?"

"Your sister taught me; I cannot tell how. Mrs. Allen used to take pains, year after year, to make me like them; but I never could till I saw them the other day in Milsom-street; I am naturally indifferent about flowers."

"But now you love a hyacinth. So much the better. You have gained a new source of enjoyment, and it is well to have as many holds upon happiness as possible. Besides, a taste for flowers is always desirable in your sex, as a means of getting you out of doors and tempting you to more frequent exercise than you would otherwise take. And though the love of a hyacinth may be rather domestic, who can tell, the sentiment once raised, but you may in time come to love a rose?"

"But I do not want any such pursuit to get me out of doors. The pleasure of walking and breathing fresh air is enough for me, and in fine weather I am out more than half my time. Mamma says, I am never within."

"At any rate, however, I am pleased that you have learnt to love a hyacinth. The mere habit of learning to love is the thing; and a teachableness of disposition in a young lady is a great blessing."

AYSA,

A MOORISH female, taken prisoner by the Spaniards under Charles V., at the siege of Tunis, lived in the sixteenth century. She rejected with indignation the offer of Muley-Haseen, who wished to redeem her from captivity, saying that she disdained to owe her liberty to so great a coward.

AZZI DE FORTI, FAUSTINA,

A NATIVE of Arezzo, distinguished for her poetical talents, and admitted into the academy of Arcadia under the name of Eurinomia. She published a volume of Italian poems, and died in 1724.

BABOIS, MADAME VICTOIRE,

A FRENCH poetess, was born in 1759 or 1760, and died in 1839. She was the niece of Ducis, the celebrated French dramatist and translator of Shakespeare. This lady spent her whole life at Versailles, in the midst of her family and friends; and having but a slight acquaintance with men of letters, she was never taught the rules of style and composition, but wrote as nature dictated. Her poetry is very popular in France, and she is also the author of several little prose works. Her elegies were particularly appropriate,

for she had much true feeling, and always sympathized with the sorrows she described. The following was written the evening of her own decease, addressed to her friend Madame Waldon:

"La mort enfin m'ordonne de la suivre,
Et dans sa froide nuit je me sens enfermer;
Mais mon cœur semble me survivre:
Vos chants si doux savent le ranimer;
Je n'ai plus le pouvoir de vivre:
Je sens encor celui d'aimer.

BACCIOCCHI, MARIE ANNE ELISE,

Sister of Napoleon Bonaparte, formerly princess of Lucca and Piombino, was born at Ajaccio, January 8th, 1777, and educated at the royal institution for noble ladies at St. Cyr. She lived at Marseilles, with her mother, during the revolution. In 1797, with her mother's consent, but against her brother's wish, she married Felix Pascal Bacciocchi, a captain in Napoleon's army in Italy. In 1799, she went to Paris, and resided with her brother Lucien, where she collected around her the most accomplished men of the capital. Generous, as she ever was towards distinguished talents, she conferred particular favours on Châteaubriand and Fontanes. Conscious of her intellectual superiority, she kept her husband in a very subordinate position. It was she, in fact, who governed the principalities of Lucca and Piombino. When she reviewed the troops of the duchy of Tuscany, her husband acted as aide-de-camp. She introduced many improvements.

In 1817 she retired to Bologna, but the following year she was obliged to go to Austria. Here she lived, at first, with her sister Caroline; afterwards with her own family at Trieste, where she called herself the countess Compignano. She died August 7th, 1820, at her country-seat, Villa Vicentina, near Trieste. In that city she was distinguished for her benevolence. She left a daughter, Napoleona Elise, born June 3d, 1806, and a son, who remained under the guardianship of their father, although she requested that her brother Jerome might have the charge of them.

This princess was endowed with superior abilities, but she sullied them by great faults. Subjugated by imperious passions, and surrounded by unworthy flatterers, she has been accused of many immoralities, and her conduct was certainly deserving of great censure. But had she belonged to the old regimé her character would have suffered less from public scandal. The family of Napoleon had to share with him in the obloquy of being *parvenus*.

BACHE, SARAH,

The only daughter of Benjamin Franklin, was born at Philadelphia, September 1744. But little is known of her early years, yet as her father knew well the advantages of education, it is probable that hers was not neglected. In 1767, Miss Franklin was married to Richard Bache, a merchant of Philadelphia, but a native of Yorkshire, England. In the troublous times which preceded the American Revolutionary War, Dr. Franklin had acted a conspicuous part; his only daughter was thus trained in the duty of patriotism, and she was prepared to do or to suffer in the cause of her country. Mrs. Bache took an active part in providing clothing for the American soldiers, during the severe winter of 1780. The marquis de Chastellux thus notices a visit he made to her about this time. After detailing the preliminaries of the visit, he goes on:—"Mrs. Bache merited all the anxiety we had to see her, for she is the daughter of Mr. Franklin. Simple in her manners, like her respected father, she possesses his benevolence. She conducted us into a room filled with work, lately finished by the ladies of Philadelphia. This work consisted neither of embroidered tambour waistcoats, nor of net-work edging, nor of gold and silver brocade. It was a quantity of shirts for the soldiers of Pennsylvania. The ladies bought the linen from their own private purses, and took a pleasure in cutting them out and sewing themselves. On each shirt was the name of the lady who made it, and they amounted to twenty-two hundred."

A letter of M. de Marbois to Dr. Franklin, the succeeding year—thus speaks of his daughter: "If there are in Europe any women who need a model of attachment to domestic duties and love for their country, Mrs. Bache may be pointed out to them as such. She passed a part of the last year in exertions to rouse the zeal of the Pennsylvania ladies, and she made on this occasion such a happy use of the eloquence which you know she possesses, that a large part of the American army was provided with shirts, bought with their money, or made by their hands. In her applications for this purpose, she showed the most indefatigable zeal, the most unwearied perseverance, and a courage in asking, which surpassed even the obstinate reluctance of the Quakers in refusing."

Such were the women of America during the long and fearful struggle which preceded the Independence of the United States. Few, indeed, had the talents and opportunities to perform so many benevolent deeds as Mrs. Bache; her patriotism has made her an example for her countrywomen. She died in 1808, aged sixty-four years.

BACON, ANNE,

A LADY distinguished by her piety, virtue, and learning, was the second daughter of Sir Anthony Cook, preceptor to king Edward VI., and was born about the year 1528. She had a very liberal education, and became eminent for her skill in the Greek, Latin, and Italian languages. She was married to Sir Nicholas Bacon, by whom she had two sons, Anthony and Francis, whose distinguished abilities were greatly improved by the tender care of so accomplished a mother. Her task was, however, rendered very easy, because her daughter, Lady Bacon, displayed, at an early age, her capacity, application, and industry, by translating from the Italian of Bernardine Ocline, twenty-five sermons, on the abstruse doctrines of predestination and election. This performance was published about the year 1550. A circumstance took place soon after her marriage, which again called forth her talents and zeal. The Catholics of that period, alarmed at the progress of the Reformation, exerted, in attacking it and throwing an odium upon the Reformers, all their learning and activity. The Council of Trent was called by pope Pius IV., to which queen Elizabeth was invited. The princes of Christendom pressed her, by their letters, to receive and entertain the nuncio, urging her, at the same time, to submit to the Council. Bishop Jewell was employed, on this occasion, to give an account of the measures taken in the preceding parliament, and to retort upon the Romanists, in 'An Apology for the Church of England,' the charges brought against the reformers. The work of the bishop obtained great reputation, but, being written in Latin, was confined to the learned. A translation was loudly called for by the common people, who justly considered their own rights and interests in the controversy. Lady Bacon undertook to translate the bishop's 'Apology,' a task which she accomplished with fidelity and elegance. She sent a copy of her work to the primate, whom she considered as most interested in the safety of the church; a second copy she presented to the author, lest, inadvertently, she had in any respect done injustice to his sentiments. Her copy was accompanied by an epistle in Greek, to which the bishop replied in the same language. The translation was carefully examined, both by the primate and author, who found it so chastely and correctly given, as to stand in no need of the slightest emendation. The translator received, on this occasion, a letter from the primate, full of high and just compliments to her talents and erudition.

Lady Bacon survived her husband, and died about the beginning of the reign of James I., at Gerhamburg, near St. Albans, in Hertfordshire.

BANDETTINI, THERESA,

AN improvisatrice, was born at Lucca, about 1756; she was carefully educated, but was obliged, from loss of property, to go on the stage. She made her first appearance in Florence, and was unsuccessful. Some time after this, while listening to an improvisatore of Verona, she broke forth into a splendid poetical panegyric on the poet. Encouraged by him, she devoted herself entirely to this art. Her originality, fervid imagination, and the truth and harmony of her expressions, soon gained for her great celebrity. In 1789, she married Pietro Landucci, upon whose persuasions she abandoned the stage, travelled through Italy, and was chosen a member of several academies. One of her most celebrated poems was an impromptu, delivered in 1794, before prince Lambertini, at Bologna, on the death of Marie Antoinette of France. In 1813, she returned to Lucca, where she lived retired on her small property. She published *Ode tre*, or Three Odes; of which the first celebrates Nelson's victory at Aboukir, the second, Suwarroff's victories in Italy, and the third, the victories of the arch-duke Charles in Germany. She also published, under the name of Cimarilli Etrusca, *Saggio di Versi Estemporanei*, among which the poem on Petrarch's interview with Laura, in the church, is especially celebrated. She also wrote a tragedy called "Polidoro," which obtained great success at Milan, and an epic poem, "La Deseide." She was an excellent classic scholar, and made many translations from the Latin and Greek. Nor were the qualities of her heart surpassed by these mental advantages. She was beloved by all around her for her amiable, benevolent character, and a piety sincere and cheerful while it regulated her in the most brilliant part of her career—brought comfort, resignation, and tranquillity to her death-bed. She expired in 1837.

BARBAULD, ANNA LETITIA,

To whom the cause of rational education is much indebted, was the eldest child, and only daughter, of the Rev. John Aiken, D. D. She was born on the 20th of June, 1743, at Kibworth Harcourt, in Leicestershire, England, where her father was at that time master of a boys' school. From her childhood, she manifested great quickness of intellect, and her education was conducted with much care by her parents. In 1773, she was induced to publish a volume of her poems, and within the year four editions of the work were called for. And in the same year she published,

in conjunction with her brother, Dr. Aiken, a volume called "Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose." In 1774, Miss Aiken married the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, a dissenting minister, descended from a family of French Protestants. He had charge, at that time, of a congregation at Palgrave, in Suffolk, where he also opened a boarding-school for boys, the success of which is, in a great measure, to be attributed to Mrs. Barbauld's exertions. She also took several very young boys as her own entire charge, among whom were, lord Denman, afterwards Chief Justice of England, and Sir William Gell. It was for these boys that she composed her "Hymns in Prose for Children." In 1775, she published a volume entitled "Devotional Pieces, compiled from the Psalms of David," with "Thoughts on the Devotional Taste, and on Sects and Establishments;" and also her "Early Lessons," which still stands unrivalled among children's books.

In 1786, after a tour to the continent, Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld established themselves at Hampstead, and there several tracts proceeded from the pen of our authoress on the topics of the day, in all which she espoused the principles of the Whigs. She also assisted her father in preparing a series of tales for children, entitled 'Evenings at Home,' and she wrote critical essays on Akenside and Collins, prefixed to editions of their works. In 1802, Mr. Barbauld became pastor of the congregation (formerly Dr. Price's) at Newington Green, also in the vicinity of London; and, quitting Hampstead, they took up their abode in the village of Stoke Newington. In 1803, Mrs. Barbauld compiled a selection of essays from the 'Spectator,' 'Tatler,' and 'Guardian,' to which she prefixed a preliminary essay; and, in the following year, she edited the correspondence of Richardson, and wrote an interesting and elegant life of the novelist. Her husband died in 1808, and Mrs. Barbauld has recorded her feelings on this melancholy event in a poetical dirge to his memory, and also in her poem of "Eighteen Hundred and Eleven." Seeking relief in literary occupation, she also edited a collection of the British novelists, published in 1810, with an introductory essay, and biographical and critical notices. After a gradual decay, this accomplished and excellent woman died on the 9th of March, 1825. Some of the lyrical pieces of Mrs. Barbauld are flowing and harmonious, and her "Ode to Spring" is a happy imitation of Collins. She wrote also several poems in blank verse, characterized by a serious tenderness and elevation of thought. "Her earliest pieces," says her niece, Miss Lucy Aiken, "as well as her more recent ones, exhibit, in their imagery and allusions, the fruits of extensive and varied reading. In youth, the power of her imagination was counterbalanced by the activity of her intellect, which exercised itself in rapid but not unprofitable excursions over almost every field of knowledge. In age, when this activity abated, imagination appeared to exert over her an undiminished sway." Charles James Fox is said to have been a great admirer of Mrs. Barbauld's songs, but they are by no means the best of her compositions, being generally artificial, and unimpassioned in their character.

Her works show great powers of mind, an ardent love of civil and religious liberty, and that genuine and practical piety which ever distinguished her character.

In many a bosom has Mrs. Barbauld, "by deep, strong, and permanent association, laid a foundation for practical devotion" in after life. In her highly poetical language, only inferior to that of Holy Writ, when "the winter is over and gone, and buds come out on the trees, the crimson blossoms of the peach and the nectarine are seen, and the green leaves sprout," what heart can be so insensible as not to join in the grand chorus of nature, and "on every hill, and in every green field, to offer the sacrifice of thanksgiving and the incense of praise."

With each revolving year, the simple lessons of infancy are recalled to our minds, when we watch the beautiful succession of nature, and think, "How doth every plant know its season to put forth? They are marshalled in order; each one knoweth his place, and standeth up in his own rank."

"The snowdrop and the primrose make haste to lift their heads above the ground. When the spring cometh they say, here we are! The carnation waiteth for the full strength of the year; and the hardy laurustinus cheereth the winter months."

Who can observe all this, and not exclaim with her, "Every field is like an open book; every painted flower hath a lesson written on its leaves.

"Every murmuring brook hath a tongue; a voice is in every whispering wind.

"They all speak of him who made them; they all tell us he is very good."

Such sentiments, instilled into the hearts of children, have power, with the blessing of God, to preserve the moral feelings pure and holy; and also to keep the love of nature and the memories of early life among the sweetest pleasures of mature life.

In a memoir written by Miss Lucy Aiken, the niece of Mrs. Barbauld, and kindred in genius as well as in blood, we find this beautiful and just description of the subject of our sketch:

"To claim for Mrs. Barbauld the praise of purity and elevation of mind may well appear superfluous. Her education and connections, the course of her life, the whole tenour of her writings, bear abundant testimony to this part of her character. It is a higher, or at least a rarer commendation to add, that no one ever better loved a sister's praise," even that of such sisters as might have been peculiarly regarded in the light of rivals. She was acquainted with almost all the principal female writers of her time; and there was not one of the number whom she failed frequently to mention in terms of admiration, esteem or affection, whether in conversation, in letters to her friends, or in print. To humbler aspirants in the career of letters, who often applied to her for advice or assistance, she was invariably courteous, and in many instances essentially serviceable. The sight of youth and beauty was peculiarly gratifying to her fancy and her feelings; and children and young persons, especially females, were ac-

cordingly large sharers in her benevolence: she loved their society, and would often invite them to pass weeks or months in her house, when she spared no pains to amuse and instruct them; and she seldom failed, after they had quitted her, to recall herself from time to time to their recollection, by affectionate and playful letters, or welcome presents.

In the conjugal relation, her conduct was guided by the highest principles of love and duty. As a sister, the uninterrupted flow of her affection, manifested by numberless tokens of love, — not alone to her brother, but to every member of his family, — will ever be recalled by them with emotions of tenderness, respect, and gratitude. She passed through a long life without having dropped, it is said, a single friend."

Since the decease of Mrs. Barbauld, her productions have been collected, published in three volumes, and circulated widely both in England and the United States. Some of the prose articles are of extraordinary merit; the one which we here insert, has rarely been excelled for originality of thought and vigour of expression. Its sentiments will never become obsolete, nor its truths lose their value.

ON EDUCATION.

"The other day I paid a visit to a gentleman with whom, though greatly my superior in fortune, I have long been in habits of an easy intimacy. He rose in the world by honourable industry, and married, rather late in life, a lady to whom he had been long attached, and in whom centered the wealth of several expiring families. Their earnest wish for children was not immediately gratified. At length they were made happy by a son, who, from the moment he was born, engrossed all their care and attention. My friend received me in his library, where I found him busied in turning over books of education, of which he had collected all that were worthy notice, from Xenophon to Locke, and from Locke to Catharine Macauley. As he knows I have been engaged in the business of instruction, he did me the honour to consult me on the subject of his researches, hoping, he said, that, out of all the systems before him, we should be able to form a plan equally complete and comprehensive; it being the determination of both himself and his lady to choose the best that could be had, and to spare neither pains nor expense in making their child all that was great and good. I gave him my thoughts with the utmost freedom, and after I returned home, threw upon paper the observations which had occurred to me.

The first thing to be considered, with respect to education, is the object of it. This appears to me to have been generally misunderstood. Education, in its largest sense, is a thing of great scope and extent. It includes the whole process by which a human being is formed to be what he is, in habits, principles, and cultivation of every kind. But of this, a very small part is in the power even of the parent himself; a smaller still can be directed by purchased tuition of any kind. You engage for your child masters and tutors at large salaries; and you do well, for they are competent to instruct him: they will give him the means, at least, of acquiring science and accomplishments; but in the business of education, properly so called, they can do little for you. Do you ask, then, what will educate your son? Your example will educate him; your conversation with your friends; the business he sees you transact; the likings and dislikings you express; these will educate him; — the society you live in will educate him; your domestics will educate him; above all, your rank and situation in life, your house, your table, your pleasure-grounds, your hounds and your stables will educate him. It is not in your power to withdraw him from the continual influence of these things, except you were to withdraw yourself from them also. You speak of *beginning* the education of your son. The moment he was able to form an idea his education was already begun; the education of circumstances — insensible education — which, like insensible perspiration, is of more constant and powerful effect, and of infinitely more consequence to the habit, than that which is direct and apparent. This education goes on at every instant of time; it goes on like time; you can neither stop it nor turn its course. What these have a tendency to make your child, that he will be. Maxims and documents are good precisely till they are tried, and no longer; they will teach him to talk, and nothing more. The *circumstances* in which your son is placed will be even more prevalent than your example; and you have no right to expect him to become what you yourself are, but by the same means. You, that have toiled during youth, to set your son upon higher ground, and to enable him to begin where you left off, do not expect that son to be what you were, — diligent, modest, active, simple in his tastes, fertile in resources. You have put him under quite a different master. Poverty educated you; wealth will educate him. You cannot suppose the result will be the same. You must not even expect that he will be what you now are; for though relaxed perhaps from the severity of your frugal habits, you still derive advantage from having formed them; and, in your heart, you like plain dinners, and early hours, and old friends, whenever your fortune will permit you to enjoy them. But it will not be so with your son: his tastes will be formed by your present situation, and in no degree by your former one. But I take great care, you will say, to counteract these tendencies, and to bring him up in hardy and simple manners; I know their value, and am resolved that he shall acquire no other. Yes, you make him hardy; that is to say, you take a counting-house in a good air, and make him run, well clothed and carefully attended, for, it may be, an hour in a clear frosty winter's day upon your gravelled terrace; or perhaps you take the puny shivering infant from his warm bed, and dip him in an icy cold bath, — and you think you have done great matters. And so you have; you have done all you can. But you were suffered to run abroad half the day on a bleak heath, in weather fit and unfit, wading barefoot through dirty ponds, sometimes losing your

way benighted, scrambling over hedges, climbing trees, in perils every hour both of life and limb. Your life was of very little consequence to any one; even your parents, encumbered with a numerous family, had little time to indulge the softnesses of affection, or the solicitude of anxiety; and to every one else it was of no consequence at all. It is not possible for you, it would not even be right for you, in your present situation, to pay no more attention to your child than was paid to you. In these mimic experiments of education, there is always something which distinguishes them from reality; some weak part left unfortified, for the arrows of misfortune to find their way into. Achilles was a young nobleman, *dios Achilleus*, and therefore, though he had Chiron for his tutor, there was one foot left undipped. You may throw by Rousseau; your parents practised without having read it; you may read, but imperious circumstances forbid you the practice of it.

You are sensible of the advantages of simplicity of diet; and you make a point of restricting that of your child to the plainest food, for you are resolved that he shall not be nice. But this plain food is of the choicest quality, prepared by your own cook; his fruit is ripened from your walls; his cloth, his glasses, all the accompaniments of the table, are such as are only met with in families of opulence: the very servants who attend him are neat, well dressed, and have a certain air of fashion. You may call this simplicity; but I say he will be nice,—for it is a kind of simplicity which only wealth can attain to, and which will subject him to be disgusted at all common tables. Besides, he will from time to time partake of those delicacies which your table abounds with; you yourself will give him of them occasionally; you would be unkind if you did not: your servants, if good-natured, will do the same. Do you think you can keep the full stream of luxury running by his lips, and he not taste of it? Vain imagination!

I would not be understood to inveigh against wealth, or against the enjoyments of it; they are real enjoyments, and allied to many elegancies in manners and in taste;—I only wish to prevent unprofitable pains and inconsistent expectations.

You are sensible of the benefit of early rising; and you may, if you please, make it a point that your daughter shall retire with her governess, and your son with his tutor, at the hour when you are preparing to see company. But their sleep, in the first place, will not be so sweet and undisturbed amidst the rattle of carriages, and the glare of tapers glancing through the rooms, as that of the village child in his quiet cottage, protected by silence and darkness; and moreover, you may depend upon it, that as the coercive power of education is laid aside, they will in a few months slide into the habitudes of the rest of the family, whose hours are determined by their company and situation in life. You have, however, done good, as far as it goes; it is something gained, to defer pernicious habits, if we cannot prevent them.

There is nothing which has so little share in education as direct precept. To be convinced of this, we need only reflect that there is no one point we labour more to establish with children, than that of their speaking truth; and there is not any in which we succeed worse. And why? Because children readily see we have an interest in it. Their speaking truth is used by us as an engine of government—"Tell me, my dear child, when you have broken anything, and I will not be angry with you." "Thank you for nothing," says the child; "if I prevent you from finding it out, I am sure you will not be angry:" and nine times out of ten he can prevent it. He knows that, in the common intercourses of life, you tell a thousand falsehoods. But these are necessary lies on important occasions.

Your child is the best judge how much occasion he has to tell a lie: he may have as great occasion for it, as you have to conceal a bad piece of news from a sick friend, or to hide your vexation from an unwelcome visitor. That authority which extends its claims over every action, and even every thought, which insists upon an answer to every interrogation, however indiscreet or oppressive to the feelings, will, in young or old, produce falsehood; or, if in some few instances the deeply imbibed fear of future and unknown punishment should restrain from direct falsehood, it will produce a habit of dissimulation, which is still worse. The child, the slave, or the subject, who, on proper occasions, may not say, "I do not choose to tell," will certainly, by the circumstances in which you place him, be driven to have recourse to deceit, even should he not be countenanced by your example.

I do not mean to assert, that sentiments inculcated in education have no influence;—they have much, though not the most: but it is the sentiments we let drop occasionally, the conversation they overhear when playing unnoticed in a corner of the room, which has an effect upon children; and *not what is* addressed directly to them in the tone of exhortation. If you would know precisely the effect these set discourses have upon your child, be pleased to reflect upon that which a discourse from the pulpit, which you have reason to think merely professional, has upon you. Children have almost an intuitive discernment between the maxims you bring forward for their use, and those by which you direct your own conduct. Be as cunning as you will, they are always more cunning than you. Every child knows whom his father and mother love and see with pleasure, and whom they dislike; for whom they think themselves obliged to set out their best plate and china: whom they think it an honour to visit, and upon whom they confer honour by admitting them to their company. "Respect nothing so much as virtue," says Eugenio to his son; "virtue and talents are the only grounds of distinction." The child presently has occasion to inquire why his father pulls off his hat to some people and not to others; he is told, that outward respect must be proportioned to different stations in life. This is a little difficult of comprehension: however, by dint of explanation, he gets over it tolerably well. But he sees his father's house in the bustle and hurry of preparation; common business laid aside, everybody in movement, an unusual anxiety to

please and to shine. Nobody is at leisure to receive his caresses or attend to his questions; his lessons are interrupted, his hours deranged. At length a guest arrives: it is my Lord ——, whom he has heard you speak of twenty times as one of the most worthless characters upon earth. Your child, Eugenio, has received a lesson of education. Resume, if you will, your systems of morality on the morrow, you will in vain attempt to eradicate it. "You expect company, mamma: must I be dressed to-day?" "No, it is only good Mrs. Such-a-one." Your child has received a lesson of education, one which he well understands, and will long remember. You have sent your child to a public school; but to secure his morals against the vice which you too justly apprehend abounds there, you have given him a private tutor, a man of strict morals and religion. He may help him to prepare his tasks; but do you imagine it will be in his power to form his mind? His schoolfellows, the allowance you give him, the manners of the age and of the place, will do that; and not the lectures which he is obliged to hear. If these are different from what you yourself experienced, you must not be surprised to see him gradually recede from the principles, civil and religious, which you hold, and break off from your connexions, and adopt manners different from your own. This is remarkably exemplified amongst those of the Dissenters who have risen to wealth and consequence. I believe it would be difficult to find an instance of families, who for three generations have kept their carriage and continued Dissenters.

Education, it is often observed, is an expensive thing. It is so; but the paying for lessons is the smallest part of the cost. If you would go to the price of having your son a worthy man, you must be so yourself; your friends, your servants, your company must be all of that stamp. Suppose this to be the case, much is done: but there will remain circumstances which perhaps you cannot alter, that will still have their effect. Do you wish him to love simplicity? Would you be content to lay down your coach, to drop your title? Where is the parent who would do this to educate his son? You carry him to the workshops of artizans, and show him different machines and fabrics, to awaken his ingenuity. The necessity of getting his bread would awaken it much more effectually. The single circumstance of having a fortune to get, or a fortune to spend, will probably operate more strongly upon his mind, not only than your precepts, but even than your example. You wish your child to be modest and unassuming; you are so, perhaps, yourself,—and you pay liberally a preceptor for giving him lessons of humility. You do not perceive, that the very circumstance of having a man of letters and accomplishments retained about his person, for his sole advantage, tends more forcibly to inspire him with an idea of self-consequence, than all the lessons he can give him to repress it. "Why do not you look sad, you rascal?" says the undertaker to his man in the play of The Funeral; "I give you I know not how much money for looking sad, and the more I give you, the gladder I think you are." So will it be with the wealthy heir. The lectures that are given him on condescension and affability, only prove to him upon how much higher ground he stands than those about him; and the very pains that are taken with his moral character will make him proud, by showing him how much he is the object of attention. You cannot help these things. Your servants, out of respect to you, will bear with his petulance; your company, out of respect to you, will forbear to check his impatience; and you yourself, if he is clever, will repeat his observations.

In the exploded doctrine of sympathies, you are directed, if you have cut your finger, to let that alone, and put your plaster upon the knife. This is very bad doctrine, I must confess, in philosophy; but very good in morals. Is a man luxurious; self-indulgent? do not apply your *physic of the soul* to him, but cure his fortune. Is he haughty? cure his rank, his title. Is he vulgar? cure his company. Is he diffident or mean-spirited? cure his poverty, give him consequence—but these prescriptions go far beyond the family recipes of education.

What then is the result? In the first place, that we should contract our ideas of education, and expect no more from it than it is able to perform. It can give instruction. There will always be an essential difference between a human being cultivated and uncultivated. Education can provide proper instructors in the various arts and sciences, and portion out to the best advantage those precious hours of youth which never will return. It can likewise give, in a great degree, personal habits; and even if these should afterwards give way under the influence of contrary circumstances, your child will feel the good effects of them, for the later and the less will he go into what is wrong. Let us also be assured, that the business of education, properly so called, is not transferable. You may engage masters to instruct your child in this or the other accomplishment, but you must educate him yourself. You not only ought to do it, but you must do it, whether you intend it or no. As education is a thing necessary for all; for the poor and for the rich, for the illiterate as well as for the learned; Providence has not made it dependent upon systems uncertain, operose, and difficult of investigation. It is not necessary, with Rousseau or Madame Genlis, to devote to the education of one child the talents and the time of a number of grown men; to surround him with an artificial world; and to counteract, by maxims, the natural tendencies of the situation he is placed in in society. Every one has time to educate his child: the poor man educates him while working in his cottage—the man of business, while employed in his counting-house.

Do we see a father who is diligent in his profession, domestic in his habits, whose house is the resort of well-informed intelligent people—a mother whose time is usefully filled, whose attention to her duties secures esteem, and whose amiable manners attract affection? Do not be solicitous, respectable couple, about the moral education of

your offspring! do not be uneasy because you cannot surround them with the apparatus of books and systems; or fancy that you must retire from the world to devote yourselves to their improvement. In your world, they are brought up much better than they could be under any plan of factitious education which you could provide for them: they will imbibe affection from your caresses; taste from your conversation; urbanity from the commerce of your society; and mutual love from your example. Do not regret that you are not rich enough to provide tutors and governors, to watch his steps with sedulous and servile anxiety, and furnish him with maxims it is morally impossible he should act upon when grown up. Do not you see how seldom this over-culture produces its effect, and how many shining and excellent characters start up every day, from the bosom of obscurity, with scarcely any care at all?

Are children then to be neglected? Surely not: but having given them the instruction and accomplishments which their situation in life requires, let us reject superfluous solicitude, and trust that their characters will form themselves from the spontaneous influence of good examples, and circumstances which impel them to useful action.

But the education of your house, important as it is, is only a part of a more comprehensive system. Providence takes your child where you leave him. Providence continues his education upon a larger scale, and by a process which includes means far more efficacious. Has your son entered the world at eighteen, opinionated, haughty, rash, inclined to dissipation? Do not despair; he may yet be cured of these faults, if it pleases Heaven. There are remedies which you could not persuade yourself to use, if they were in your power, and which are specific in cases of this kind. How often do we see the presumptuous, giddy youth, changed into the wise counsellor, the considerate, steady friend! How often the thoughtless, gay girl, into the sober wife, the affectionate mother! Faded beauty, humbled self-consequence, disappointed ambition, loss of fortune,—this is the rough physic provided by Providence to meliorate the temper; to correct the offensive petulancies of youth, and bring out all the energies of the finished character. Afflictions soften the proud; difficulties push forward the ingenious; successful industry gives consequence and credit, and developes a thousand latent good qualities. There is no malady of the mind so inveterate, which this education of events is not calculated to cure, if life were long enough; and shall we not hope, that He, in whose hand are all the remedial processes of nature, will renew the discipline in another state, and finish the imperfect man?

States are educated as individuals—by circumstances: the prophet may cry aloud, and spare not; the philosopher may descant on morals; eloquence may exhaust itself in invective against the vices of the age: these vices will certainly follow certain states of poverty or riches, ignorance or high civilization. But what these gentle alteratives fail of doing, may be accomplished by an unsuccessful war, a loss of trade, or any of those great calamities by which it pleases Providence to speak to a nation in such language as *will* be heard. If, as a nation, we would be cured of pride, it must be by mortification; if of luxury, by a national bankruptcy, perhaps; if of injustice, or the spirit of domination, by a loss of national consequence. In comparison of these strong remedies, a fast, or a sermon, are prescriptions of very little efficacy."

A short extract from another excellent Essay we will here introduce, for its good sense, and striking application to the present times.

ON INCONSISTENCY IN OUR EXPECTATIONS.

"But is it not some reproach upon the economy of Providence that such a one, who is a mean dirty fellow, should have amassed wealth enough to buy half a nation?" Not in the least. He made himself a mean dirty fellow for that very end. He has paid his health, his conscience, his liberty, for it; and will you envy him his bargain? Will you hang your head and blush in his presence, because he outshines you in equipage and show? Lift up your brow with a noble confidence, and say to yourself, I have not these things, it is true; but it is because I have not sought, because I have not desired them; it is because I possess something better. I have chosen my lot. I am content and satisfied.

You are a modest man—You love quiet and independence, and have a delicacy and reserve in your temper which renders it impossible for you to elbow your way in the world, and be the herald of your own merits. Be content then with a modest retirement, with the esteem of your intimate friends, with the praises of a blameless heart, and a delicate, ingenuous spirit; but resign the splendid distinctions of the world to those who can better scramble for them.

The man whose tender sensibility of conscience and strict regard to the rules of morality makes him scrupulous and fearful of offending, is often heard to complain of the disadvantages he lies under in every path of honour and profit. "Could I but get over some nice points, and conform to the practice and opinion of those about me, I might stand as fair a chance as others for dignities and preferment." And why can you not? What hinders you from discarding this troublesome scrupulosity of yours, which stands so grievously in your way? If it be a small thing to enjoy a healthful mind, sound at the very core, that does not shrink from the keenest inspection; inward freedom from remorse and perturbation; unsullied whiteness and simplicity of manners; a genuine integrity

"Pure in the last recesses of the mind;"

if you think these advantages an inadequate recompense for what you resign, dismiss your scruples this instant, and be a slave-merchant, a parasite, or—what you please.

"If these be motives weak, break off betimes;"

and as you have not spirit to assert the dignity of virtue, be wise enough not to forego the emoluments of vice.

I much admire the spirit of the ancient philosophers, in that they never attempted, as our moralists often do, to lower the tone of philosophy, and make it consistent with all the indulgences of indolence and sensuality. They never thought of having the bulk of mankind for their disciples; but kept themselves as distinct as possible from a worldly life. They plainly told men what sacrifices were required, and what advantages they were which might be expected.

'Si virtus hoc una potest dare, fortis omisses
Hoc age deliciis.....'

If you would be a philosopher, these are the terms. You must do thus and thus: there is no other way. If not, go and be one of the vulgar.

There is no one quality gives so much dignity to a character as consistency of conduct. Even if a man's pursuits be wrong and unjustifiable, yet if they are prosecuted with steadiness and vigour, we cannot withhold our admiration. The most characteristic mark of a great mind is to choose some one important object, and pursue it through life. It was this made Cæsar a great man. His object was ambition; he pursued it steadily, and was always ready to sacrifice to it every interfering passion or inclination.

* * * * *

There is a different air and complexion in characters as well as in faces, though perhaps each equally beautiful; and the excellencies of one cannot be transferred to the other. Thus if one man possesses a stoical apathy of soul, acts independent of the opinion of the world, and fulfils every duty with mathematical exactness, you must not expect that man to be greatly influenced by the weakness of pity, or the partialities of friendship: you must not be offended that he does not fly to meet you after a short absence; or require from him the convivial spirit and honest effusions of a warm, open, susceptible heart. If another is remarkable for a lively active zeal, inflexible integrity, a strong indignation against vice, and freedom in reproving it, he will probably have some little bluntness in his address not altogether suitable to polished life; he will want the winning arts of conversation; he will disgust by a kind of haughtiness and negligence in his manner, and often hurt the delicacy of his acquaintance with harsh and disagreeable truths."

We do not consider the poetry of Mrs. Barbauld equal to her prose writings;—but there is a *benignity*, mingled with vivacity, in some of her poetical productions which make them always pleasant, as the face of a cheerful friend.

WASHING-DAY.

THE Muses are turn'd gossips; they have lost
The buskin'd step, and clear high-sounding phrase,
Language of gods. Come then, domestic Muse,
In slipshod measure loosely prattling on
Of farm or orchard, pleasant curds and cream,
Or drowning flies, or shoe lost in the mire
By little whimpering boy, with rueful face;
Come, Muse, and sing the dreaded Washing-Day.
Ye who beneath the yoke of wedlock bend,
With bowed soul, full well ye ken the day
Which week, smooth sliding after week, brings on
Too soon;—for to that day nor peace belongs
Nor comfort;—ere the first grey streak of dawn,
The red-arm'd washers come and chase repose.
Nor pleasant smile, nor quaint device of mirth,
E'er visited that day: the very cat,
From the wet kitchen scared and reeking hearth,
Visits the parlour,—an unwonted guest.
The silent breakfast-meal is soon despatch'd;
Uninterrupted, save by anxious looks
Cast at the lowering sky, if sky should lower.
From that last evil, O preserve us, heavens!
For should the skies pour down, adieu to all
Remains of quiet: then expect to hear
Of sad disasters,—dirt and gravel stains
Hard to efface, and loaded lines at once
Snapped short,—and linen-horse by dog thrown down,
And all the petty miseries of life.
Saints have been calm while stretch'd upon the rack,
And Guatimozin smiled on burning coals;
But never yet did housewife notable
Greet with a smile a rainy washing-day.
—But grant the welkin fair, require not thou
Who call'st thyself perchance the master there,
Or study swept, or nicely dusted coat,
Or usual 'tendance;—ask not, indiscreet,
Thy stockings mended, though the yawning rents
Gape wide as Erebus; nor hope to find
Some snug recess impervious: should'st thou try
The 'custom'd garden walks, thine eye shall rue
The budding fragrance of thy tender shrubs,
Myrtle or rose, all crush'd beneath the weight
Of coarse check'd apron,—with impatient hand
Twitch'd off when showers impend: or crossing lines
Shall mar thy musings, as the wet cold sheet
Flaps in thy face abrupt. Woe to the friend
Whose evil stars have urged him forth to claim
On such a day the hospitable rites!
Looks, blank at best, and stinted courtesy,
Shall he receive. Vainly he feeds his hopes
With dinner of roast chicken, savoury pie,
Or tart or pudding:—pudding he nor tart
That day shall eat; nor, though the husband try,
Mending what can't be help'd, to kindle mirth
From cheer deficient, shall his consort's brow
Clear up propitious:—the unlucky guest
In silence dines, and early slinks away.
I well remember, when a child, the awe
This day struck into me; for *then* the maids
I scarce knew why, look'd cross, and drove me from them
Nor soft caress could I obtain, nor hope
Usual indulgences; jelly or creams,
Relic of costly suppers, and set by
For me their petted one; or butter'd toast,
When butter was forbid; or thrilling tale
Of ghost or witch, or murder—so I went
And shelter'd me beside the parlour fire:
There my dear grandmother, eldest of forms,
Tended the little ones, and watch'd from harm,
Anxiously fond, though oft her spectacles
With elfin cunning hid, and oft the pins
Drawn from her ravell'd stocking, might have sour'd
One less indulgent.—
At intervals, my mother's voice was heard,
Urging despatch: briskly the work went on,
All hands employ'd to wash, to rinse, to wring,
To fold, and starch, and clap, and iron, and plait.
Then would I sit me down, and ponder much
Why washings were. Sometimes through hollow bowl
Of pipe amused we blew, and sent aloft
The floating bubbles; little dreaming then
To see, Mongolfier, thy silken ball
Ride buoyant through the clouds—so near approach
The sports of children and the toils of men.
Earth, air, and sky, and ocean, hath its bubbles,
And verse is one of them—this most of all.

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PAINTED FLOWERS.

FLOWERS to the fair: To you these flowers I bring,
And strive to greet you with an earlier spring;
Flowers, sweet and gay and delicate like you,
Emblems of innocence and beauty too,

With flowers the Graces bind their yellow hair,
And flowery wreaths consenting lovers wear.
Flowers, the sole luxury which Nature knew,
In Eden's pure and guiltless garden grew.
To loftier forms are rougher tasks assign'd;
The sheltering oak resists the stormy wind,
The tougher yew repels invading foes,
And the tall pine for future navies grows;
But this soft family, to cares unknown,
Were born for pleasure and delight alone:
Gay without toil, and lovely without art,
They spring to cheer the sense, and glad the heart.
Nor blush, my fair, to own you copy these,
Your best, your sweetest empire is—to please.

BARBIER, MARY ANN,

Born at Orleans, cultivated literature and poetry with much success. She settled at Paris, where she published several tragedies and some operas. It has been said that her name was only borrowed by the Abbé Pellegrin; but it is a mistake. Mademoiselle Barbier had talents and learning; and the Abbé Pellegrin was never anything more to her than her friend and adviser. She died in 1745. The conduct of the tragedies of Mademoiselle Barbier is tolerably regular, and the scenes well connected. The subjects are in general judiciously chosen; but nothing can be more commonplace than the manner in which she treats them. In endeavouring to render the heroines of her plays generous and noble, she degrades all her heroes. We perceive the weakness of a timid pencil, which, incapable of painting objects in large, strives to exaggerate the virtues of her sex; and these monstrous pictures produce an interest that never rises above mediocrity. Nevertheless, we meet with some affecting situations, and a natural and easy versification; but, too much facility renders it negligent, diffuse and prosaic. Her tragedies are entitled, "Arria and Pœtus;" "Cornelia, Mother of the Gracchi;" "Tomyris, Queen of the Mussagetes;" "The Death of Cæsar;" and a comedy, called "The Falcon." She also wrote three operas, which were successful.

BARNARD, LADY ANNE,

Daughter of James Lindsay, fifth earl of Balcarres, of Fifeshire, Scotland, was born December 8th, 1750; and married in 1793 to Sir Andrew Barnard, librarian to George III. She died without children in 1825. She wrote "Auld Robin Gray," one of the most perfect, tender, and affecting of all the ballads of humble life. The authorship of this song was unknown for a long time. Lady Anne Barnard wrote very little, and never anything equal in true pathos or poetry to this first ballad.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame,
And a' the warld to sleep are gane;
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
When my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and socht me for his bride;
But saving a croun, he had naething else beside:
To mak that croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to sea;
And the croun and the pund were baith for me.

He hadna been awa a week but only twa,
When my mother she fell sick, and the cow was stown awa;
My father brak his arm, and young Jamie at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray cam' a courtin' me.

My father couldna work, and my mother couldna spin;
I toiled day and nicht, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee,
Said, Jeanie, for their sakes, Oh, marry me!

My heart it said nay, for I looked for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wreck:
The ship it was a wreck—why didna Jamie dee?
Or why do I live to say, Wae's me?

My father argued sair: my mother didna speak;
But she lookit in my face till my heart was like to break:
Sae they gied him my hand, though my heart was in the sea,
And auld Robin Gray was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When, sitting sae mournfully at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he,
Till he said, I'm come back for to marry thee.

Oh, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say;
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away:
I wish I were dead! but I'm no like to dee;
And why do I live to say, Wae's me?

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

BARONI, ADRIANNE BASILE,

A native of Mantua, Italy, sister of the poet Basile. She was so much admired for her beauty, wit, and accomplishments, that volumes were written in her praise. Her daughter Leonora possessed equal charms, and met with equal admiration; and in 1639 a collection of poems in Latin, Greek, Spanish, Italian, and French, was published, in which her beauty and perfections were portrayed. She resided long at Rome, where she appeared occasionally as a singer. She also wrote some poetical trifles. She was celebrated for her vocal powers.

BARRY, MARIE JEANNE VAUBENIER,

Countess du, was born at Vancouleurs, near the native place of Joan d'Arc, in 1744. Her reputed father was an exciseman of the name of Vaubenier. After his death her mother went with her to Paris, where she was placed in a convent, but soon left it to work at a fashionable milliner's. When she was about sixteen she became mistress to Count Jean du Barry; and soon after was presented to Louis XV. of France, who was immediately fascinated by her beauty. In order that she might appear at court, Guillaume du Barry, brother of Count Jean, consented to the king's desire, and married her, after which she was introduced to the court as Countess du Barry. Her influence over the king was excessive and of long duration, and she often used it to lead him to commit acts of injustice and imprudence. After the death of Louis XV., Madame du Barry was shut up in a convent; but Louis XVI. allowed her to come out, and restored to her the pension and residence left her by the late king. She showed herself grateful for this kindness when Louis XVI. and his family were imprisoned; for she went, regardless of her own danger, to England to sell her jewels for the use of the queen and her children. On her return she was impri

soned and condemned, on the charge of "being a conspirator, and of having worn mourning in London for the death of the tyrant." She was guillotined on the 6th of November, 1793. She wept much when going to the scaffold.

BARTON, ELIZABETH,

A RELIGIOUS fanatic, who lived in the reign of Henry VIII. of England. She was generally called the Holy Maid of Kent, and was originally a servant at Allington; but was taught by designing persons to throw her face and limbs into contortions, to pretend to prophetical powers, and to denounce divine vengeance upon heretics. Venturing, however, to aim her predictions against the king, by announcing that if he should proceed in his attempt to obtain a divorce from Catharine of Arragon, and marry another woman, he would not be king seven months after; she was apprehended and tried, together with her accomplices, for high treason, and executed at Tyburn, in 1534.

John Fisher, bishop of Rochester, a man of great learning and piety, was so deceived by her pretended sanctity and visions, as to become implicated with her, and to suffer the following year the same fate.

BASSEPORTE, MADELEINE FRANCES,

A FRENCH lady, celebrated for her talent in painting plants and animals, especially birds, in water-colours. She was born in 1701, and received instructions from the celebrated Robert. In 1732, she succeeded Obriette, the painter of natural history in the royal gardens, with a salary of one hundred pistoles a year. She died in 1780. Madame Basseporte also produced some good engravings.

BASSI, LAURA MARIA CATHERINE,

BY marriage Veratti, a learned Italian lady, was born at Bologna, in 1711. She was placed in that happy mediocrity of condition equally removed from poverty and riches, where neither the sordid cares of living, nor the futile toys of grandeur absorb the leisure for intellectual improvement. The first person who noticed Laura's extraordinary talents, was the priest Don Lorenzo Stregani, who visited familiarly at the house. He amused himself with teaching the little girl Latin and French. He did not confine himself to what is usual,—simply the power of translating and understanding the Latin authors,—but he urged her to so thorough a knowledge of the language, that she spoke and wrote it with the utmost fluency.

Another man of learning, a professor in the college of medicine, Dr. Gaetano Tacconi, was a friend of the Bassi family; he was so struck with the amazing progress of Laura in the languages, that he prevailed upon her parents, though not without much discussion and delay, to let her abandon household and feminine occupations, and devote herself to a learned education. After having exercised her in logic, he carried her on to metaphysics and natural philosophy. The master's knowledge on these subjects was limited to what was taught in the schools; but the penetrating genius of the pupil was not to be confined to these limits; her scientific studies, and even discoveries, left the faculty of Bologna far behind her in the career of knowledge. The gentlemen who had taken pleasure in cultivating this rare mind, began to feel desirous of surprising the public by a display; but they determined that, as a preparation, some unprejudiced and nice-judging scholars should examine the little damsel, certain of their sanction for presenting her to any trial. For this purpose the abbe Giovanni Trombelli and Dr. Zanotti, were selected. They termed the young person a prodigy; urgently advised her appearing in public, to manifest to the world her wonderful acquirements.

Her natural modesty was great, and she felt very averse to such a step; but when she found the self-love of her masters was most eager, gratitude to them put aside all personal feelings, and it was determined that on the 17th of April, of that year, (1732,) she would, according to the customs of those days, hold a public dispute on philosophy. The palace of Anziani was selected for the assembly. The singularity of the case brought a great concourse: all the learned men, and dignified ecclesiastics from distant towns, besides the noblemen and ladies of rank, crowded to listen to so unusual an orator. Fortunately her powers were equal to the occasion. Her knowledge seemed vast and various, and the elegance and delicacy of her Latin speech was truly wonderful. The applause, the admiration, was unbounded. The cardinal archbishop Lambertini waited upon her the next day, with the warmest congratulations upon her success. At that period, and particularly at Bologna, nobody was recognised truly learned without the degree of doctor. To reach this goal it was necessary that the young girl should enter the lists again, and submit herself to the trial before the college of philosophy. This examination took place the 12th of the following May. The candidate was accompanied by many ladies of distinguished rank. She acquitted herself admirably, and obtained the

most complete success. Her brow was encircled by a silver crown, ornamented with laurel leaves, which was offered by Dr. Bazzani in the name of the faculty. In investing her with the gown which was the ensign of her degree, he addressed her with a Latin oration; to which she made a most elegant extemporaneous reply in the same language. A dinner was given the next day, at the request of the cardinal de Polignac, when all the men of eminent ability were confronted with Laura, and every effort was made to sound her depths; but it was found that not one of these illustrious personages could compete with, or meet her at all points, so various were her acquirements, so subtle her wit, and so solid her understanding.

The highest honours were, after this, bestowed upon her; and the senate, considering that she reflected honours upon the city, settled a pension on her, to enable her to continue her studies without anxiety. The attentions she received brought her into the world, and obliged her to make many visits, and go to assemblies. Mingling in society, she was destined to give up her life of solitary study. She formed an attachment for Dr. Veratti, a celebrated physician, and professor of the institute; this ended in a marriage, when she shone as a wife and mother with admirable domestic qualities, equalling her scholastic ones.

It may here be remarked, that women, who possess some trivial accomplishments, some little skill in music, or futile propensity to write ephemeral verses, assume that these occupations place them above household duties, which are therefore neglected; and that, on the other hand, which is perhaps a more general error, many women declare that the attention due to their families' physical comforts, condemns their own minds to intellectual barrenness, and so clips the wings of their immortal souls that they can reach no flight beyond the consideration of domestic matters. They trust the education and training of their children to hired teachers; while the higher duty of stitching seams, and superintending joints of meats, must be reserved for their own superior intelligence and personal vigilance.

The life of Laura Bassi offers a lesson to both of these classes. She was mother of a numerous offspring, all of whom were most carefully attended to; as a wife, she was a model of tenderness. Mistress of a household, her frugality, and, at the same time, generous hospitality were remarkable; in fine, her abode was a scene of domestic comfort and happiness. But these essential occupations did by no means interfere with her scientific pursuits. Not only did she keep up with the other professors, but it was conceded that not a man in the university could read, and speculate to the extent she manifested, by her experiments in natural philosophy, and her treatises on logical subjects. Besides this, for twenty-eight years, she carried on in her own house a course of experimental philosophy; until the senate selected her to give public lectures on the subject, in the university, as professor of this science. It is a great pity that the pedantic custom of using the Latin language for scientific and literary purposes still held sway in Bologna. Had Laura written in Italian, her writings would have been more extensively known, and would not be buried, as they now are, in classic dust. Her Latin style is peculiarly excellent.

She was modest and unaffected; her memory was very great, her understanding strong, and her conversation enlivened by sallies of wit. She died in 1778, of a disease of the lungs.

Her mortal remains were interred with solemn obsequies. She was buried with the doctor's gown, and silver laurel. Her works remaining are:—An epic poem in manuscript; some poems published by Gobbi; "De problemate quodam Hydrometico, De problemate quodam Mecanico, published by the institute;" some experiments and discoveries on the compression of the air.

BAYNARD, ANNE,

Only daughter of Edward Baynard, an eminent physician, was born at Preston, Lancashire, England, 1672. She was well instructed in the classics and sciences, and wrote Latin with ease and correctness. At the age of twenty-three, she had the knowledge of a profound philosopher. She often said "that it was a sin to be content with a little knowledge."

To the endowments of mind, she added the virtues of the heart; she was pious, benevolent, and simple in her manners; retired, and perhaps too rigid in her habits. She always put aside a portion of her small income for charitable purposes; and to this she added an ardent desire and strenuous efforts for the mental and moral improvement of all within her influence.

About two years previous to her death, her spirits seem to have been impressed with an idea of her early dissolution; a sentiment which first suggested itself to her mind while walking alone, among the tombs, in a church-yard; and which she indulged with a kind of superstitious complacency. On her death-bed, she earnestly entreated the minister who attended her, that he would exhort all the young people of his congregation to the study of wisdom and knowledge, as the means of moral improvement, and real happiness. "I could wish," says she, "that all young persons might be exhorted to the practice of virtue, and to increase their knowledge by the study of philosophy; and more especially to read the great book of nature, wherein they may see the wisdom and power of the Creator, in the order of the universe, and in the production and preservation of all things." "That women are capable of such improvements, which will better their judgments and understandings, is past all doubt, would they but set about it in earnest, and spend but half of that time in study and thinking, which they do in visits, vanity, and folly. It would introduce a composure of mind, and lay a solid basis for wisdom and knowledge, by which they would be better enabled to serve God, and to help their neighbours."

The following character is given of this lady in Mr. Collier's Historical Dictionary. "Anne Baynard, for her prudence, piety, and learning, de-

serves to have her memory perpetuated: she was not only skilled in the learned languages, but in all manner of literature and philosophy, without vanity or affectation. Her words were few, well chosen and expressive. She was seldom seen to smile, being rather of a reserved and stoical disposition; their doctrine, in most parts, seeming agreeable to her natural temper, for she never read or spake of the stoics but with a kind of delight. She had a contempt of the world, especially of the finery and gaiety of life. She had a great regard and veneration of the sacred name of God, and made it the whole business of her life to promote his honour and glory; and the great end of her study was to encounter atheists and libertines, as may appear from some severe satires written in the Latin tongue, in which language she had great readiness and fluency of expression; which made a gentleman of no small parts and learning say of her,

"*Annam* gens *Solymæa*, *Annam* gens *Belgica* jactat,
At superas *Annas*, *Anna Baynarda*, duas."

'Fam'd *Solyma* her *Anna* boasts,
In sacred writ renown'd;
Another *Anna's* high deserts,
Through *Belgia's* coasts resound:
But *Britain* can an *Anna* show,
That shines more bright than they,
Wisdom and piety in her
Sheds each its noblest ray.'

Anne Baynard died at Barnes, in the county of Surrey, in 1697.

BEALE, MARY,

An English portrait-painter, was born in Suffolk, in 1632, and died in 1697. She was the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Cradock, minister of Walton-upon-Thames, and was instructed in her art by Sir Peter Lely, whose works, and those of Vandyck, she studied with the greatest care. Her style was formed on the best models of the Italian school, and her colouring was clear, strong and natural.

She also paraphrased some of the Psalms of David.

BEAUHARNAIS, FANNY, COUNTESS DE,

The aunt of Josephine's first husband, was born at Paris, in 1738. Her father was receiver-general of finances, and he gave her a brilliant education. From her earliest youth, she showed a great taste for poetry. At the age of seventeen, she was married to count de Beauharnais, whom she did not love, and she soon separated from him by taking up her residence in the convent of the Visitation. Here she assembled around her the most distinguished literary and scientific men; but she was criticised as well as flattered; and though Buffon called her his daughter, Le Brun wrote epigrams against her.

In 1773, Madame de Beauharnais published a little work entitled "A Tous les penseurs Salut," in which she undertook the defence of female authorship. But this was considered a strange instance of audacity, though the women of France then ruled everything from state affairs down to fashionable trifles. Le Brun, a bitter and satirical poet, answered Madame de Beauharnais in a strain of keen invective. "Ink," said he, "ill becomes rosy fingers."

Madame de Beauharnais published a volume of fugitive poems; also "Lettres de Stephanie," an historical romance, several other romances, and a comedy entitled "La Fausse inconstance ou le triomphe de l'honnêteté. She died in 1818. We insert a specimen of her poetry.

EPÎTRE AUX FEMMES.

(*Written in* 1773.)

Mon sexe parfois est injuste:
Mais j'absous ce sexe charmant;
Il fut ainsi du temps d'Auguste,
C'est tenir à son sentiment.
Je voudrois le flêchir, sans doute;
Pour des titres, j'en ai plus d'un;
Mes traits n'ont rien que de commun;
Je me tais, et même j'écoute....
N'importe, il me faut renoncer
A l'espoir flatteur du lui plaire;
Auprès de lui j'aurois beau faire.
Tout en moi paroît l'offenser,
Et mes juges, dans leur colère,
M'ôtent jusqu'au droit de penser.
Un jour que j'étois bien sincère,
J'exerçai ma plume à tracer
Les charmes de leur caractère
Par-là, j'ai su les courroucer.
Cependant j'exalte ces dames,
J'encourage leurs défenseurs;
Je leur donne à toutes des ames;
Je chante leurs graces, leurs mœurs,
Et leurs combats, et leur victoire;
Je les compare aux belles fleurs
Qui des campagnes font la gloire:
Elles rejettent mon encens,
Et, ce qu'on aura peine à croire,
Me traitent, dans leur humeur noire,
Presque aussi mal que leurs amans.
Mes vers sont pillés, disent-elles;
Non, Chloé n'en est pas l'auteur;
Elle fut d'une pesanteur....
Le temps ne donne pas des ailes.
Mon Dieu! reprend avec aigreur,
A coup sûr l'une des moins belles,
Jadis je la voyois le soir;
Alors elle écrivoit en prose;
Peut-être, hélas! sans le savoir,
Et hasardoit fort peu de chose.
Mesdames, à ne point mentir,
Je prise fort de tels suffrages:
Mais craignez de m'enorgueillir
En me disputant mes ouvrages;
Ne me donnez point le plaisir
De me croire un objet d'envie;
Je triomphe quand vous doutez;
Rendez-moi vite vos bontés,
Et je reprends ma modestie.

BEAUMONT, MADAME LE PRINCE DE,

An able and lively French writer, whose works, in the form of romances, letters, memoirs, &c., were written for the improvement of youth in morals and religion. She was born at Rouen, April 26th, 1711, and died at Anneci, 1780.

BECTOR, CLAUDE DE,

Descended from an illustrious house in Dauphiny, abbess of St. Honoré de Tarascon, was eminent for her knowledge of Latin, and her fine style of writing. She was honoured by her admirers with the name of *Scholastica*. She gave

early such indications of genius, that a monk, Denis Fauchier, undertook the care of her education. In a little time she made so great a progress, that she equalled the most learned men of the age. Her Latin and French poems, letters, and treatises, for acuteness and solidity, have been classed with the ancient philosophers. She maintained a correspondence with many learned men in France and Italy. Francis I. of France was so charmed with the letters of this abbess, that he carried them about him, and showed them as models worthy of imitation. He went with his sister, Margaret of Navarre, to Tarascon on purpose to see this celebrated lady. She died in 1547.

BEHN, APHRA,

A CELEBRATED English poetess, was descended from a good family in the city of Canterbury. She was born in the reign of Charles I., but in what year is uncertain. Her father's name was Johnson. He was related to lord Willoughby, and by his interest was appointed lieutenant-general of Surinam and thirty-six islands, and embarked for the West Indies when Aphra was very young. Mr. Johnson died on the passage, but his family arrived at Surinam, where Aphra became acquainted with the American prince Oroonoko, whose story she has given in her celebrated novel of that name. She relates that "she had often seen and conversed with that great man, and been a witness to many of his mighty actions; and that at one time, he and Imoinda his wife, were scarce an hour in a day from her lodgings." The intimacy between Oroonoko and the poetess occasioned some reflections on her conduct, from which she was subsequently cleared.

The afflictions she met with at Surinam, in the death of her parents and relations, obliged her to return to England, where, soon after her arrival, she married Mr. Behn, an eminent merchant in London, of Dutch extraction. King Charles II., whom she highly pleased by the entertaining and accurate account she gave him of the colony of Surinam, thought her a proper person to be entrusted with the management of some affairs during the Dutch war, which was the cause of her going to Antwerp. Here she discovered the design formed by the Dutch, of sailing up the Thames, in order to burn the English ships; she made this discovery through her lover, Vander Albert, a Dutchman. This man, who had been in love with her in England, no sooner heard of her arrival at Antwerp, than he paid her a visit; and after a repetition of all his former professions, pressed her extremely to allow him by some signal means to give undeniable proofs of his passion. She accepted this proposal, and employed him in such a manner as made her very serviceable to king Charles I.

The latter end of the year 1666, Albert sent her word by a special messenger that he would be with her at an appointed time, when he revealed to her that Cornelius de Witt and De Ruyter had proposed the abovementioned expedition. Mrs. Behn could not doubt the truth of this communication, and sent information of it immediately by express to England. But her intelligence (though well grounded, as the event showed) being disregarded and ridiculed, she renounced all state affairs, and amused herself during her stay at Antwerp, with the pleasures of the city.

After some time she embarked at Dunkirk for England, and in the passage was near being lost; the ship was driven on the coast for four days, but by the assistance of boats the crew were all saved.

Mrs. Behn published three volumes of poems; the first in 1684, the second in 1685, the third in 1688. They consist of songs and other little pieces, by the earl of Rochester, sir George Etherage, Mr. Henry Crisp, and others, with some pieces of her own. To the second volume is annexed a translation of the duke de Rochefoucault's moral reflections, under the title of "Seneca Unmasked." She wrote also seventeen plays, some histories and novels. She translated Fontenelle's History of Oracles, and Plurality of Worlds, to which last she annexed an essay on translation and translated prose. The Paraphrase of Ænone's Epistle to Paris, in the English translation of Ovid's Epistles, is Mrs. Behn's; and Mr. Dryden, in the preface to that work, pays her the following compliment: — "I was desired to say, that the author, who is of the fair sex, understood not Latin; but if she do not, I am afraid she has given us who do, occasion to be ashamed." She was also the authoress of the celebrated Letters between "A Nobleman and his Sister," printed in 1684; and of eight love-letters to a gentleman whom she passionately loved, and with whom she corresponded under the name of Lycidas. She died, after a long indisposition, April 16th, 1689, and was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

BEKKER, ELIZABETH,

AN ornament of Dutch literature, was born at Flushing, in 1738, and died at the Hague, in 1804. Few female authors have united to so great talents such dignity and purity of morals. Several of her numerous works are considered classics in Dutch literature; especially her romances of "William Leevend;" "Letters of A. Blankhart to C. Wildschut;" and the "History of Sara Bürgerhart." She wrote her most important works in conjunction with her friend Agatha Deken, and the share of each of them in the composition is unknown. Agatha Deken survived her friend only nine days.

BELLAMY, GEORGIANA,

AN actress of some celebrity, was born in 1733. Her mother was a Miss Searle, the mistress of lord Trelawny, who afterwards married captain Bellamy. He separated from her on discovering her infidelity. Miss Bellamy was brought out by Mr. Garrick at the Covent-Garden theatre at the age of fourteen, and met with much success for some years. She died at Edinburgh, in deep distress, in 1788. Her life was a series of errors and misfortunes. She wrote her own memoirs in six volumes.

BELLINI, GUISEPA, COUNTESS,

Was born at Novara in 1776, of one of the most noble families of Italy. She was endowed with a good understanding and great benevolence of character, which a strong sentiment of piety guided and maintained. She was married in the bloom

of youth to the count Marco Bellini, whose character and disposition entirely assimilated with hers. Crowned with all worldly advantages, they were doomed to the affliction of losing their only son. This blow was sensibly felt by the bereaved parents, who thenceforth, unable to enjoy the pleasures of society and idle diversions, resolved to seek alleviation by devoting themselves to works of beneficent utility. Already extremely opulent, a large accession of fortune enabled them to mature an idea they had planned for the public utility; when, in 1831, death removed from the poor their friend and benefactor, the count Bellini.

The widowed countess, remembering her husband's maxim that the "best way of assisting the poor population was by giving them the abilities to maintain themselves," took counsel with the most intelligent and experienced of her fellow-citizens, and, with the assistance of able and practical heads, planned and founded a gratuitous school for arts and trades, for the benefit of the children of both sexes of the Novarese poor. This foundation she endowed with the sum of 100,000 francs. This good work was regularly established by royal permission and concurrence of the municipal authorities, February 9th, 1833.

The countess Bellini died in 1837.

BENDISH, BRIDGET,

Wife of Thomas Bendish, Esq., was the daughter of General Ireton, and grand-daughter of Oliver Cromwell; whom she resembled in piety, dissimulation, personal arrogance, and love of display. After managing her salt-works at Southtown, in Norfolk, with all the labour and exertion of the most menial servant, she would sometimes spend an evening at the public assembly at Yarmouth, where her princely behaviour and dignified manners ensured her the respect of her neighbours. This remarkable woman, who, in public life, would have become famous by her great mental powers and self-command, died in retirement in 1727.

BENGER, ELIZABETH OGILVY,

Was born at Welles in England, in 1778, and had to struggle with many difficulties in early life. So few books could she procure, that she used to read the open pages of the new publications in the window of the only bookseller's shop in the little town in Wiltshire in which she lived, and return, day after day, in the hope of finding another page turned over. She, nevertheless, acquired a respectable portion of learning. On her removal to London, she obtained kind literary friends and patronage, and was generally esteemed for her virtues, manners, and talents. She died January the 9th, 1827. Besides a drama, two novels, and poems, she wrote "Memoirs of Mrs. Hamilton;" "Lobin and Klopstock;" and "Lives of Anne Boleyn; Mary, Queen of Scots; the Queen of Bohemia; and Henry IV. of France."

BENWELL, MARY,

Was an English portrait-painter. Her principal works were in crayons, oil, and miniature, and were exhibited to the public in the Artists' and Royal Academy Exhibitions from 1622 till 1783.

BERNARD, CATHARINE,

Of the academy of the Ricovrate of Padua, was born at Rouen, and died at Paris in 1712. Her works were several times crowned by the French academy, and by that of the Jeux-Floraux. Two of her tragedies were represented at the French theatre, "Brutus," in 1691, and "Laodamia." It is thought she composed these pieces conjointly with Fontenelle, her friend and countryman. She wrote several other works in verse, showing ease and sometimes delicacy. She acquired some celebrity by her *placet* to Louis XIV., to petition for the two hundred crowns given to her annually by that prince; it is to be seen in the "Recueil de vers Choisis du père Bonhors." She discontinued writing for the theatre at the advice of Madame la Chancelière de Pont-Chartrain, who gave her a pension; even suppressing several little pieces, which might have given wrong impressions of her manners and religion. Two romances are likewise ascribed to her; "The Count d'Amboise," and "Ines of Cordova." Some of the journalists attributed to her, others to Fontenelle, the account of the "Island of Borneo."

BETHMANN, FREDERICA,

One of the first ornaments of the Berlin National Theatre, was born in 1760, at Gotha, where her father, whose name was Flittner, had an income by a respectable office. After his death, her mother married the well-known director Grossmann. He visited, with his family, the cities on the Rhine, Cologne, Bonn, Mentz, &c., where Frederica was married to Mr. Unselmann, whc

enjoyed great popularity for his rich comic talent, and she then made her first appearance on the stage. Her agreeable voice induced her to appear first at the opera. She soon acquired by her singing and acting, in naïf as well as in sentimental parts, the undivided approbation of the public; and was called, with her husband, to Berlin, where she became one of the first actresses that Germany has produced, both in tragedy and comedy. In 1803 she was divorced from her husband to marry the renowned Mr. Bethmann. She died in 1814. A truly creative fancy, deep and tender feeling, and an acute understanding, were united in her with a graceful, slender figure, an expressive countenance, and a voice, which, from its flexibility and melodiousness, was fit to touch the deepest chords of the heart, and to mark with rare perfection the nicest shades of thought and feeling.

BERTANA, LUCIA.

In the sixteenth century the literary annals of Italy shone with illustrious names, and among these may be found many women assiduously cultivating poetry and science, and attaining no mean proficiency in these elevated pursuits. Naples boasted Vittoria Colonna, and a few years afterwards, Laura Terracini. Padua possessed Gaspara Stampa; Brescia, Veronica Gambara; and Modena, Tarquenia Molza. At Bologna, among many poetesses at that time, we find Ippolita Paleotti writing elegant verses in Greek and in Latin; the nun Febronia Pannolini, remarkable for her choice prose, and flowing hymns, as well in Latin as in Italian; and Valeria Miani, who achieved that difficulty some male sceptics arrogantly refuse to feminine capacity — a successful tragedy. But among all the Bolognese women, the crown must be yielded to Lucia Bertana. Not only contemporary authorities award her this praise, but Maffei, in his "History of Italian literature," gives her the third place among the most admirable poetesses of the sixteenth century, preferring only Vittoria Colonna and Veronica Gambara. She was born at Bologna, of the family Dall'Oro, in 1521; and became the wife of Gerone Bertana, a gentleman of Modena, where she resided after her marriage. She was not only celebrated for her poetry, but possessed a vigorous and polished prose style. She cultivated music and painting, and turned her attention to what was at that time a respectable and sensible object of study, astrology. Besides these accomplishments, Lucia was gifted with all the virtues of her sex. She was amiable and gentle, and her excellent disposition was manifested in an attempt she most earnestly made to effect a reconciliation between two rival men of letters, Caro and Castelvetro. She conducted the matter with the utmost delicacy and good sense — appealed to the better feelings of each—and tried to show how unworthy of their superior abilities, and solid reputation, was this unmeaning bickering.

She died in Rome in 1567. Her remains were interred in the church of St. Sabina, where her husband elevated a superb monument to her memory. The estimation of various learned societies endeavoured to immortalize her by other means — medals were struck to her fame, which may yet be found in Italian Museums. The following from her pen has been much admired:

SONNET.

Or musa mia lieta e sicura andrai
Per folti boschi e per ameni colli,
Cogli occhi asciutti che già furon molli
Al chiaro fonte ove mercè trovai.

Quivi con le sorelle canterai
I miei pensieri per letizia folli,
Piochè i desiri miei fatti ha satolli
Questo Aristarco, a me tratta di guai.

Ed al gran Castelvetro in atto umile,
Dirai, se il ceil mi dà tanto valore
Degno di voi, ed al gran merto eguale,

Che posta avrai mai sempre e lingua e stile
In celebrar questo chiaro splendore
Onde mi farai forse anche immortale.

BLAKE, KATHARINE,

Wife of William Blake, the artist, was born in humble life, and first noticed by the young painter for the whiteness of her hand and the sylph-like beauty of her form. Her maiden name was Boutcher, not a pretty name to set in rhyme, but her lover inscribed his lyrics to the "dark-eyed Kate." He also drew her picture; and finding she had good domestic qualities, he married her. They lived long and happily together. A writer, who knew them intimately, thus describes her:—

"She seemed to have been created on purpose for Blake: she believed him to be the finest genius on earth; she believed in his verse; she believed in his designs; and to the wildest flights of his imagination she bowed the knee, and was a worshipper. She set his house in good order, prepared his frugal meal, learned to think as he thought, and, indulging him in his harmless absurdities, became as it were bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. She learned—what a young and handsome woman is seldom apt to learn — to despise gaudy dresses, costly meals, pleasant company, and agreeable invitations — she found out the way of being happy at home, living on the simplest of food, and contented in the homeliest

of clothing. It was no ordinary mind which could do all this; and she whom Blake emphatically called his 'beloved,' was no ordinary woman. She wrought off in the press the impressions of his plates — she coloured them with a light and neat hand — made drawings much in the spirit of his compositions, and almost rivalled him in all things, save in the power which he possessed of seeing visions of any individual living or dead, whenever he chose to see them."

William Blake died in 1828, without any visible pain, his faithful wife watching over him to the last. She died a few years afterwards.

BLACK, MRS.,

An English portrait-painter, flourished about the year 1760, and was a member of the Academy in St. Martin's-lane.

BLACK, ——,

Daughter of the preceding, was a portrait-painter in oils and crayons. She acquired much reputation in teaching painting.

BLACKWELL, ELIZABETH,

An English woman of considerable talent, who, to provide subsistence for her husband, who was in prison for debt, published, in two folio volumes, in 1737 and 1739, an Herbal, containing five hundred plates, drawn, engraved, and coloured by herself. The first volume was published in 1737, and the second appeared in 1739. The complete work bore the following title: "A curious Herbal, containing five hundred of the most useful plants which are now used in the practice of physic, engraved on folio copper-plates, after drawings taken from the life. To which is added a short description of the plants, and their common uses in Physic."

While Mrs. Blackwell was completing this laborious undertaking, she resided at Chelsea, near the Garden of Medicinal Plants; where she was frequently visited, and much patronized, by people of distinguished rank and learning. The College of Physicians gave the book a public testimonial of their approbation, and made the author a present. Dr. Pulteney, speaking of this work, says, "For the most complete set of drawings of medicinal plants, we are indebted to the genius and industry of a lady, exerted on an occasion that redounded highly to her praise."

Her husband, Alexander, was born at Aberdeen, brought up as a physician, and went to Sweden about 1740, where he was beheaded, on a charge of being concerned in count Tessin's plot.

BLAMIRE, SUSANNA,

Was born of a respectable family in Cumberland, England, at Cardem Hall, near Carlisle, where she resided till her twentieth year, when her sister marrying a gentleman from Scotland, she accompanied them to that country, where she remained some years. She was distinguished for the excellence of her Scottish poetry. She died unmarried at Carlisle, in 1794, at the age of forty-six. Her lyrics have been greatly admired for their harmonious versification, and their truth and tenderness of feeling. Among these, "The Nabob," "The Waefu' Heart," and "Auld Robin Forbes," are selected as most beautiful. Her poetical works were collected in 1842, and published in one volume, with a memoir, by Patrick Maxwell.

THE NABOB.

When silent time, wi' lightly foot,
Had trod on thirty years,
I sought again my native land
Wi' mony hopes and fears.
Wha kens gin the dear friends I left
May still continue mine?
Or gin I e'er again shall taste
The joys I left langsyne?

As I drew near my ancient pile,
My heart beat a' the way;
Ilk place I passed seemed yet to speak
O' some dear former day;
Those days that followed me afar,
Those happy days o' mine,
Whilk made me think the present joys
A' nacthing to langsyne!

The ivied tower now met my eye,
Where minstrels used to blaw;
Nae friend stepped forth wi' open hand,
Nae weel-kenned face I saw;
Till Donald tottered to the door,
Wham I left in his prime,
And grat to see the lad return
He bore about langsyne.

I ran to ilka dear friend's room,
As if to find them there,
I knew where ilk ane used to sit,
And hang o'er mony a chair;
Till soft remembrance threw a veil
Across these een o' mine,
I closed the door, and sobbed aloud,
To think on auld langsyne!

Some pensy chiels, a new sprung race,
Wad next their welcome pay,
Wha shuddered at my Gothic wa's,
And wished my groves away.
"Cut, cut," they cried, "those aged elms,
Lay low yon mournfu' pine."
Na! na! our fathers' names grow there,
Memorials o' langsyne.

To wean me frae these waefu' thoughts,
They took me to the town;
But sair on ilka weel-kenned face
I missed the youthfu' bloom.
At balls they pointed to a nymph
Wham a' declared divine:
But sure her mother's blushing cheeks
Were fairer far langsyne!

In vain I sought in music's sound
To find that magic art,
Which oft in Scotland's ancient lays
Has thrilled through a' my heart.
The sang had mony an artfu' turn;
My ear confessed 'twas fine;
But missed the simple melody
I listened to langsyne.

Ye sons to comrades o' my youth,
Forgie an auld man's spleen,
Wha 'midst your gayest scenes still mourns
The days he ance has seen.
When time has passed and seasons fled,
Your hearts will feel like mine;
And aye the sang will maist delight
That minds ye o' langsyne!

THE WAEFU' HEART.

Gin living worth could win my heart,
Ye would nae speak in vain;
But in the darksome grave it 's laid,
Never to rise again.

My waefu' heart lies low wi' his,
Whose heart was only mine;
And O! what a heart was that to love!
But I maun na repine.

Yet O! gin heaven in mercy soon
Would grant the boon I crave,
And take the life, now naething worth,
Since Jamie 's in the grave.

And, see, his gentle spirit comes
To speed me on my way,
Surprised, nae doubt, I still am here—
Sair wondering at my stay.

I come, I come, my Jamie dear;
And O! wi' what good will
I follow wheresoe'er ye lead!
Ye canna lead to ill.

—She said; and soon a deadly pale
Her faded cheek possessed;
Her waefu' heart forgot to beat,—
Her sorrows soon to rest.

AULD ROBIN FORBES.

(*In the Cumberland dialect.*)

And auld Robin Forbes hes gien tem a dance,
I pat on my speckets to see them aw prance;
I thout o' the days when I was but fifteen,
And skipp'd wi' the best upon Forbes's green.
Of aw things that is I think thout is meast queer,
It brings that that's by-past and sets it down here;
I see Willy as plain as I dui this bit leace,
When he tuik his cwoat lappet and deeghted his face.

The lasses aw wondered what Willy cud see
In yen that was dark and hard-featured leyke me;
And they wondered ay mair when they talked o' my wit,
And stily telt Willy that cud'nt be it.
But Willy he laughed, and he meade me his weyfe,
And whea was mair happy thro' aw his long leyfe?
It 's e'en my great comfort, now Willy is geane,
That he offen said—nea pleace was leyke his awn heame!

I mind when I carried my wark to yon steyle,
Where Willy was deyken, the time to beguile,
He wad fling me a daisy to put i' my breast,
And I hammered my noddle to mek out a jest.
But merry or grave, Willy often wad tell
There was none o' the leave that was leyke my awn sel;
And he spak what he thout, for I 'd hardly a plack
When we married, and nobbet ae gown to my back.

When the clock had struck eight I expected him heame,
And wheyles went to meet him as far as Dumleane;
Of aw hours it telt, eight was dearest to me,
But now when it streykes there 's a tear i' my ee.
O Willy! dear Willy! it never can be
That age, time, or death, can divide *thee and me*!
For that spot on earth that 's aye dearest to me,
Is the turf that has covered my Willie frae me.

BLANCA, N. LE,

A YOUNG woman who was found wild at Ligny, near Chalons, in France, in 1731, when about ten years of age. She was placed in a convent, and died a nun, in 1760.

BLANCHARD, MADAME,

WAS the wife of François Blanchard, one of the first aeronauts, a Frenchman by birth, who died in 1809. After his death Madame Blanchard continued to make aerial voyages. In 1811, she ascended in Rome, and after going sixty miles, she rose again to proceed to Naples. In June, 1819, having ascended from Tivoli, in Paris, her balloon took fire from some fireworks she had with her, the gondola fell from a considerable height into the street de Provence, and Madame Blanchard was instantly killed.

BLAND, ELIZABETH.

THIS lady was remarkable for her knowledge of the Hebrew language, and for her peculiar skill in writing it.

She was born about the period of the restoration of Charles II., and was daughter and heir of Mr. Robert Fisher, of Long-Acre. She married Mr. Nathaniel Bland, April 26th, 1681, who was then a linen-draper in London, and afterwards lord of the manor of Beeston, in Yorkshire. She had six children, who all died in infancy, excepting one son, named Joseph, and a daughter, Martha, who was married to Mr. George Moore, of Beeston. Mrs. Bland was taught Hebrew by Lord Van Helmont, which she understood so thoroughly as to be competent to the instruction in it of her son and daughter.

Among the curiosities of the Royal Society is preserved a phylactery in Hebrew, written by her, of which Dr. Grew has given a description in his account of rarities preserved at Gresham college. "It is a single scroll of parchment, fifteen inches long, three quarters of an inch in breadth, with four sentences of the law most curiously written upon it in Hebrew; viz. Exod. xiii. from verse 7 to 11, and from 13 to 17; Deut. vi. from verse 3 to 10, and xi. from 13 to 19. Serarius, from the rabbies, saith, that they were written severally upon so many scrolls, and that the Jews do to this day wear them over their foreheads in their manner. So that they are of several sorts or modes, whereof this is one." Mrs. Bland having written the phylactery described by Dr. Grew, at the request of Mr. Thoresby, presented it to the Royal Society.

By the two pedigrees of the family, printed in Mr. Thoresby's Ducatus Leodiensis, pages 209 and 587, it seems she was living in 1712.

BLEECKER, ANNE ELIZA,

ONE of the early poetesses of America, was born in New York, in 1752. Her father was Brandt Schuyler, of that city. In 1769, she married John J. Bleecker, and afterwards lived chiefly at Tom hanick, a little village not far from Albany. It was in this seclusion that most of her poems were written. The death of one of her children, and the capture of her husband, who was taken prisoner by a party of tories, in 1781, caused a depression of spirits and melancholy from which she never recovered. She died in 1783. Several years after her death, her poems were collected by her daughter, Mrs. Faugeres, and published in one volume. There are no wonderful traces of genius in these poems; but they show a refined taste, and talents which might have been cultivated to higher efforts, if the circumstances surrounding the author had been propitious. There is a pure current of conjugal and maternal feeling to be

traced in all her effusions. In her descriptive poetry she seems to have observed nature with the loving eye of a woman, rather than the searching glance of the artist; and she appropriates the scenery, so to speak, to her own affections. The following was written to commemorate her return to her home:

RETURN TO TOMANICK.

Hail, happy shades! though clad with heavy snows,
At sight of you with joy my bosom glows.
Ye arching pines, that bow with every breeze,
Ye poplars, elms, all hail my well known trees!
And now my peaceful mansion strikes my eye,
And now the tinkling rivulet I spy;
My little garden, Flora, hast thou kept,
And watch'd my pinks and lilies while I wept?
Or has the grubbing swine, by furies led,
The enclosure broke, and on my flowerets fed?
Ah me! that spot with blooms so lately graced,
With storms and driving snows is now defaced;
Sharp icicles from every bush depend,
And frosts all dazzling o'er the beds extend:
Yet soon fair spring shall give another scene,
And yellow cowslips gild the level green;
My little orchard sprouting at each bough,
Fragrant with clustering blossoms deep shall glow.
Ah! then 't is sweet the tufted grass to tread,
But sweeter slumbering in the balmy shade;
The rapid humming-bird, with ruby breast,
Seeks the parterre with early blue-bells drest,
Drinks deep the honeysuckle dew, or drives
The labouring bee to her domestic hives:
Then shines the lupine bright with morning gems,
And sleepy poppies nod upon their stems;
The humble violet and the dulcet rose,
The stately lily then, and tulip blows.
Farewell, my Plutarch! farewell, pen and muse!
Nature exults—shall I her call refuse?
Apollo fervid glitters in my face,
And threatens with his beam each feeble grace:
Yet still around the lovely plants I toil,
And draw obnoxious herbage from the soil;
Or with the lime-twigs little birds surprise,
Or angle for the trout of many dyes.
But when the vernal breezes pass away,
And loftier Phœbus darts a fiercer ray,
The spiky corn then rattles all around,
And dashing cascades give a pleasing sound;
Shrill sings the locust with prolonged note,
The cricket chirps familiar in each cot.
The village children rambling o'er yon hill,
With berries all their painted baskets fill.
They rob the squirrel's little walnut store,
And climb the half exhausted tree for more:
Or else to fields of maize nocturnal hie,
Where hid, the elusive water-melons lie;
Sportive, they make incisions in the rind,
The riper from the immature to find;
Then load their tender shoulders with the prey,
And laughing bear the bulky fruit away.

BLESSINGTON, COUNTESS OF,

Was born in Ireland, Sept. 1st, 1789. Her maiden name was Marguerite Power; she was the second daughter of Edmund Power, Esq., of Carrabeen, in the county of Waterford. Marguerite Power was very beautiful, and married, at the early age of fifteen, Captain Farmer, of the forty-seventh regiment. He died in 1817; and, in the following year, Mrs. Farmer married her second husband, Charles John Gardner, earl of Blessington. During the lifetime of the earl he resided with Lady Blessington chiefly in Italy and France; and he died in Paris, in 1829. Lady Blessington returned soon afterwards to London, and devoted herself to literature. She was so prominent in the circle her rank, talents, accomplishments and beauty drew around her, that her biography is familiar to all. She resided in London, till the troubles in Ireland had so embarrassed her estates in that ill-governed country, that she was compelled to dispose of her house and all her property

—her most cherished "household gods"—at public sale. In the spring of 1849, she removed to Paris, where she intended to fix her residence, and died there, early in June, before she had fully established herself in her new home. Among the many testimonials to the natural generosity of her disposition, and the truth of her zeal in the service of her friends, we quote from a notice in the Art-Journal:

"She was largely indebted to Nature for surpassing loveliness of person and graceful and ready wit. Circumstances connected with the earlier years of her life (to which it is needless to refer) 'told' against her through the whole of her career; but we entirely believe that the Nature which gave her beauty, gave her also those desires to be good which constitute true virtue. Those who speak lightly of this accomplished woman, might have better means to do her justice if they knew but a tithe of the cases that might be quoted of her generous sympathy, her ready and liberal aid, and her persevering sustenance whenever a good cause was to be helped, or a virtuous principle was to be promulgated."

She wrote with great facility and elegance of language, but her style is too diffuse, particularly in her novels. Her "Idler in Italy," and "Conversations with Lord Byron," are her best works; the last is very interesting, the subjects owing, probably, much to the spirit with which the hero of the book discourses. The list of Lady Blessington's works is large, comprising the following:—"The Magic Lantern," "Sketches and Fragments," "Tour in the Netherlands," "Conversations with Lord Byron," "The Repealers," "The Two Friends," "The Victims of Society," "The Idler in France," "The Idler in Italy," "The Governess," "Confessions of an Elderly Lady," "Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman," "Desul-

tory Thoughts," "The Belle of a Season," "Lottery of Life," "Meredith," "Strathern," "Memoirs of a Femme de Chambre." She wrote also several illustrated books of poetry. The following is from the "Conversations," &c.:

LORD BYRON IN 1823.

"Saw Lord Byron for the first time. The impression of the first few moments disappointed me, as I had, both from the portraits and descriptions given, conceived a different idea of him. I had fancied him taller, with a more dignified and commanding air, and I looked in vain for the hero looking sort of person with whom I had so long identified him in imagination. His appearance is highly prepossessing; his head is finely shaped, and the forehead open, high, and noble; his eyes are grey and full of expression, but one is visibly larger than the other; the nose is large and well shaped, but, from being a little too thick, it looks better in profile than in front face; his mouth is the most remarkable feature in his face, the upper lip of Grecian shortness, the corners descending, the lips full and finely cut. In speaking, he shows his teeth very much, and they are white and even, but I observed that even in his frequent smiles there is a scornful expression, that is evidently natural, and not, as many suppose, affected. His chin is large and well shaped, and finishes well the oval of his face. He is extremely thin, indeed so much so, that his figure has almost a boyish air; his face is pale, but not the paleness of ill health, but the fairness of a dark-haired person, and his hair, which is getting rapidly grey, is of a dark brown and curls naturally; he uses a good deal of oil in it, which makes it look still darker. His countenance is full of expression, it gains on the beholder the more it is seen, and leaves an agreeable impression. I should say that melancholy was its prevailing character, as I observed that when any observation elicited a smile, it appeared to linger but for a moment on his lip, which instantly resumed its former expression of seriousness. His whole appearance is remarkably gentlemanlike, and he owes nothing of this to his toilet, as his coat appears to have been many years made, is much too large—and all his garments convey the idea of having been purchased ready-made, so ill do they fit him. There is a gaucherie in his movements, which evidently proceeds from the perpetual consciousness of his lameness, that appears to haunt him, for he tries to conceal his foot when seated, and when walking has a nervous rapidity in his manner. He is very slightly lame, and the deformity of his foot is so little remarkable, that I am not now aware which foot it is. His voice and accents are peculiarly agreeable, but effeminate, clear, harmonious, and so distinct, that though his general tone in speaking is rather low than high, not a word is lost. His manners are as unlike my preconceived notions of them as his appearance. I had expected to find him a dignified, cold, reserved, and haughty person, resembling those mysterious personages he so loves to paint in his works, and with whom he has been so often identified by the good-natured world: but nothing can be more different; for were I to point out the prominent defect of Lord Byron, I should say it was flippancy, and a total want of that natural self-possession and dignity which ought to characterize a man of birth and education.

LORD BYRON'S ILL-TEMPER.

Lord Byron dined with us to-day; we all observed that he was evidently discomposed: the dinner and servants had no sooner disappeared, than he quoted an attack against himself, in some newspaper, as the cause. He was very much irritated—much more so than the subject merited—and showed how keenly alive he is to censure, though he takes so little pains to avoid exciting it. This is a strange anomaly that I have observed in Byron—an extreme susceptibility to censorious observations, and a want of tact in not knowing how to steer clear of giving cause to them, that is extraordinary. He winces under castigation, and writhes in agony under the infliction of ridicule, yet gives rise to attack every day.

Ridicule is, however, the weapon he most dreads, perhaps because it is the one he wields with most power; and I observe he is sensitively alive to its slightest approach. It is also the weapon with which he assails all; friend and foe alike come under its cutting point; and the laugh which accompanies each sally, as a deadly incision is made in some vulnerable quarter, so little accords with the wound inflicted, that it is as though one were struck down by summer lightning while admiring its brilliant play.

Byron likes not contradiction: he waxed wroth to-day, because I defended a friend of mine whom he attacked, but ended by taking my hand and saying he honoured me for the warmth with which I defended an absent friend, adding with irony, "Moreover, when he is not a poet, or even a prose writer, by whom you can hope to be repaid by being handed down to posterity as his defender."

"I often think," said Byron, "that I inherit my violence and bad temper from my poor mother, not that my father, from all I could ever learn, had a much better; so that it is no wonder I have such a very bad one. As long as I can remember anything, I recollect being subject to violent paroxysms of rage, so disproportioned to the cause as to surprise me when they were over; and this still continues. I cannot coolly view anything that excites my feelings; and once the lurking devil within me is roused, I lose all command of myself. I do not recover a good fit of rage for days after: mind, I do not by this mean that the ill humour continues, as, on the contrary, that quickly subsides, exhausted by its own violence; but it shakes me terribly—and leaves me low and nervous after. Depend on it, people's tempers must be corrected while they are children; for not all the good resolutions in the world can enable a man to conquer habits of ill humour or rage, however he may regret having given way to them. My poor mother was generally in a rage every day, and used to render me sometimes almost frantic; particularly, when, in her passion, she reproached me with my personal deformity, I

have left her presence to rush into solitude, when, unseen, I could vent the rage and mortification I endured, and curse the deformity that I now began to consider as a signal mark of the injustice of Providence. Those were bitter moments; even now, the impression of them is vivid in my mind; and they cankered a heart that I believe was naturally affectionate, and destroyed a temper always disposed to be violent. It was my feelings at this period that suggested the idea of 'The Deformed Transformed.' I often look back on the days of my childhood, and am astonished at the recollection of the intensity of my feelings at that period: first impressions are indelible. My poor mother, and after her my school-fellows, by their taunts, led me to consider my lameness as the greatest misfortune, and I have never been able to conquer this feeling. It requires great natural goodness, of disposition as well as reflection, to conquer the corroding bitterness that deformity engenders in the mind, and which, while preying on itself, sours one towards all the world. I have read, that where personal deformity exists, it may be always traced in the face, however handsome the face may be. I am sure that what is meant by this is, that the consciousness of it gives to the countenance an habitual expression of discontent, which I believe is the case; yet it is too bad (added Byron with bitterness,) that, because one has a defective foot, one cannot have a perfect face."

LORD BYRON'S REGARD FOR HIS WIFE.

I do not recollect ever having met Byron that he did not, in some way or other, introduce the subject of lady Byron. The impression left on my mind was, that she continually occupied his thoughts, and that he most anxiously desired a reconciliation with her. He declared that his marriage was free from every interested motive; and if not founded on love, as love is generally viewed, a wild, engrossing and ungovernable passion, there was quite sufficient liking in it to have insured happiness had his temper been better. He said that lady Byron's appearance had pleased him from the first moment, and had always continued to please him; and that, had his pecuniary affairs been in a less ruinous state, his temper would not have been excited, as it daily, hourly was, during the brief period of their union, by the demands of insolent creditors, whom he was unable to satisfy, and who drove him nearly out of his senses, until he lost all command of himself, and so forfeited lady Byron's affection. "I must admit," said he, "that I could not have left a very agreeable impression on her mind. With my irascible temper, worked upon by the constant attacks of duns, no wonder that I became gloomy, violent, and I fear often personally uncivil, if no worse, and so disgusted her; though, had she really loved me, she would have borne with my infirmities, and made allowance for my provocations. I have written to her repeatedly, and am still in the habit of writing long letters to her, many of which I have sent, but without ever receiving an answer, and others that I did not send, because I despaired of their doing any good. I will show you some of them, as they may serve to throw a light on my feelings." The next day Byron sent me the letter addressed to lady Byron, which has already appeared in "Moore's Life." He never could divest himself of the idea that she took a deep interest in him; he said that their child must always be a bond of union between them, whatever lapse of years or distance might separate them; and this idea seemed to comfort him.

From the "Tour in Italy."

A BIRTHDAY.

I could be *triste*, and sentimental, were I to give way to the reflections which particular recollections awaken. In England I should experience these doleful feelings, but at Paris *tristesse*, and sentimentality would be misplaced; so I must look *couleur de rose*, and receive the congratulations of my friends, on adding another year to my age; a subject far from meriting congratulations, when one has passed thirty. Youth is like health, we never value the possession of either, until we have begun to decline.

A NEW YEAR.

There is something that excites grave and solemn reflections in this new page, opened in the book of life. I never could understand how people can dance out the old year, and welcome in the new with gaiety and rejoicings. If the departed year has brought us sorrow, (and over how few does it revolve without bringing it!) we look on its departure with chastened feelings; and if its circle has been marked by bright days, how can we see it die without indulging a tender melancholy? I felt all this last night, when the ghosts of departed joys stood before my mind's eye; and I breathed a heartfelt aspiration that the coming year may pass as free from heavy trials as the last. What a merciful arrangement of Divine Providence is the impenetrable veil which covers our destinies! And yet there are mortals who have desired to pierce it; who have thirsted for that knowledge which, if obtained, might empoison the present. How worse than vain is this desire of prying into futurity! Do we not know that our lives, and those of all dear to us, hang on so frail a thread, that a moment may see it cut by inexorable fate!—that it is the condition of our being to behold our friends (the links that bind us to existence,) snapt widely! And yet we would wish to lift the dread veil that hides the yawning graves, to be filled, perhaps in a few days, by some one whose death will render earth a desert. Far, far from me be this unenviable prescience; and let me not tremble for the future by foreseeing what it contains.

OF DANCING AND DRESS IN FRANCE.

All we have heard in praise of French dancing is borne out by what I have seen even in this provincial town. Nothing can be more graceful, or unaffected; no attempt at display is visible; no entre-chats, that alarm people with tender feet for their safety; and no exhibition of vigour likely to bring its practisers to the *melting mood;* a mood

never sufficiently to be reprobated in refined society. The waltz in France loses its objectionable familiarity, by the manner in which it is performed. The gentleman does not clasp his fair partner round the waist with a freedom repugnant to the modesty and destructive to the *ceinture* of the lady; but so arranges it, that he assists her movements, without incommoding her delicacy or her drapery. In short, they manage these matters better in France than with us; and though no advocate for this exotic dance, I must admit that, executed as I have seen it, it could not offend the most fastidious eye.

The French toilette, too, even at this distance from the capital, is successfully attended to; an elegant simplicity distinguishes that of the young ladies, whose robes of organdé or tulle, of a snowy whiteness, well buckled *ceinture*, bouquet of flowers, well-cut shoes, and delicately white gloves, defy criticism, and convey the impression of having been selected by the Graces to be worn for that night only. No robe of materials too expensive to be quickly laid aside, or *chiffonée* and *fanée* by use, here meets the sight; no *ceinture* that betrays the pressure it inflicts; and no gloves that indicate the warmth of the wearer's feelings, or those of her partner, are to be seen. The result is, that the young ladies are simply and tastefully attired, with an extreme attention to the *freshness* of their toilette, and a total avoidance of finery. A much greater degree of prudery, if it may be so called, is exercised in France than in England, with regard to dress; the robes of ladies of all ages conceal much more of the bust and shoulders. They claim some merit for this delicacy, though ill-natured people are not wanting who declare that *prudence* has more to say to the concealment than modesty; the French busts and shoulders being very inferior to the English. Of the former I have had no means of judging, because they are so covered by the dress; but of the latter, all must pronounce that they are charming. Great reserve is maintained by the French ladies in society; shaking hands with gentlemen is deemed indecorous; but to touch a lady's hand with the lips, while bowing over it, is considered respectful. The conversation of young ladies with their partners in the dance, is nearly confined to monosyllables; and when ended, they resume their seats by the side of their respective mothers, or *chaperons*, only speaking when spoken to, and always with an air of reserve, which is never laid aside in public.

BLOMBERG, BARBARA,

A YOUNG lady of noble birth in Ratisbon, mistress of Charles V., emperor of Germany. She was the reputed mother of the natural son of Charles, Don John of Austria, who, dying in 1578, recommended her, and her son, Pyramus Conrad, whom she afterwards had by her husband, to the protection of Philip II. Accordingly, Philip sent for Barbara into Spain, and settled her with a handsome equipage at Mazote.

BIBI JAND,

QUEEN of Dekan in Hindostan in the sixteenth century, was a wise and able princess. She maintained her dominions in peace and prosperity, and repulsed with success the attacks of the Moguls, who wished to subjugate them.

BILDERJIK, KATHARINE WILHELMINA,

WIFE of the celebrated poet of Holland, died at Haarlaem, in 1831. She was herself distinguished for her poetic abilities; and, in 1816, obtained a prize offered at Ghent for the best poem on the battle of Waterloo.

BILLINGTON, ELIZABETH,

THE most celebrated English singer of her day, was born in England, in 1770. She was the daughter of Mr. Weichsell, a German. At the age of fourteen she made her first appearance as a singer, at Oxford; and two years afterwards married Mr. Billington, whom she accompanied to Dublin. Here she made her *début* in the opera of "Orpheus and Eurydice." On returning to London, she appeared at Covent Garden with great success, and rapidly acquired a high reputation. She afterwards visited the continent to avail herself of the instructions of the masters of the art in Paris and Italy. In 1796, she appeared at Venice and at Rome, receiving everywhere the loudest expressions of applause. In 1801, she returned to the London stage, and astonished the whole world by her Mandane, a performance that has hardly ever been equalled in English opera. The last exhibition of her powers was for the benefit of a charity at Whitehall chapel; the queen, the prince-regent, and most of the branches of the royal family, being present. She left England in 1817, and died soon after at an estate she had purchased in the Venetian territories. Her character as a private individual was very bad.

BILLIONI, N. BUSSA,

A CELEBRATED actress at the theatres of France and Brussels, died in 1783.

BOCCAGE, MARIE ANNE DU,

A CELEBRATED French poetess, member of the academies of Rome, Bologna, Padua, Lyons, and Rouen, was born in Rouen in 1710, and died in 1802. She was educated in Paris in a nunnery, where she evinced a love of poetry. She became the wife of a receiver of taxes in Dieppe, who died soon after the marriage, leaving her a youthful widow. She concealed her talents, however, till the charms of youth were past, and first published her productions in 1746. The first was a poem "On the Mutual Influence of the Fine Arts and Sciences." This gained the prize from the academy of Rouen. She next attempted an imitation of Paradise Lost, in six cantos; then of the "Death of Abel;" next a tragedy, the "Amazons;" and a poem in ten cantos, called "The Columbiad." Madame du Boccage was praised by her contemporaries with an extravagance, for which only her sex and the charms of her person can account. *Forma Venus arte Minerva*, was the motto of her admirers, among whom were Voltaire, Fontenelle, and Clairaut. She was always surrounded by distinguished men, and extolled in a multitude of

poems, which, if collected, would fill several volumes. There is a great deal of entertaining matter in the letters which she wrote on her travels in England and Holland, and in which one may plainly see the impression she made upon her contemporaries. Her works have been translated into English, Spanish, German and Italian.

The following is a specimen of the versification of Madame Boccage. These effusions may well be styled the poetry of polite life, and therefore we insert them in the language of the writer. The piquancy and grace, which give effect to the original, would be nearly lost in a translation of these pretty, sparkling French compliments into plain common sense, and unsentimental English rhyme.

A. M. BAILLY,

De l'Académie des Sciences,

Sur son Histoire de l'Astronomie Ancienne et Moderne.

O toi dont le savoir étonne,
Mais qui sais, en l'ornant de fleurs,
Instruire et charmer tes lecteurs,
Bailly, que la gloire environne;
Ton style enchanteur et profond,
Des lauriers qui couvrent ton front,
Te promet la triple couronne.
Le public déjà te la donne.
Du Musée où brillaient jadis
Mairan, Voltaire et les Corneilles,
La palme est due à tes merveilles.
Le Lycée, où nos érudits
Du vieux tems vantent les écrits,
Garde un prix pour tes doctes veilles.
Dès long-tems tes noms sont inscrits
Dans la savante Académie.
Là, ton œil, que guide Uranie,
Des fastes primitifs instruit,
Lit dans l'oubli du tems qui fuit;
Et si ta sublime magie
A voir l'avenir te conduit,
Sous tes crayons, malgré l'envie,
Les traits peints au regard séduit,
Y prendront la forme et la vie;
Une Sibylle le prédit,
La prédiction est accomplie,
Tout est possible à ton génie.

BOIS DE LA PIERRE, LOUISE MARIE,

A LADY of Normandy, who possessed some poetical merit, and wrote memoirs for the history of Normandy, &c. She died Sept. 14th, 1730, aged sixty-seven.

BONAPARTE, RAMOLINA MARIE LETITIA,

WAS born at Ajaccio in the island of Corsica, in 1748. The family of Ramolini is of noble origin, and is derived from the counts of Colatto. The founder of the Corsican branch had married the daughter of a doge of Genoa, and had received from that republic great and honourable distinctions. The mother of Madame Letitia married a second time a Swiss named Fesch, whose family was from Basle. He was a Protestant, but was proselyted by his wife, and entered the Catholic church. From this second marriage was born the cardinal Fesch, half-brother of Madame Bonaparte. Letitia was one of the most beautiful girls of Corsica. She married Charles Bonaparte in 1766; he was a friend of Paoli, and a man of untarnished honour. It is idle to insist on the nobility of the Bonaparte family, since nobody can deny that the deeds of Napoleon were at least equal to those of the founders of any of the most splendid genealogies in Europe; but as no less a person than Chateaubriand has condescended to second the useless falsehoods of those who represented the emperor as springing from a low and vulgar race, it may here be stated, that from Nicolao Bonaparte, exiled as a Ghibellin from Florence, in 1268, to Charles, the Bonapartes can count seven generations of nobility.

Letitia Ramolini espoused Charles Bonaparte in the midst of civil discords and wars; through every vicissitude she followed her husband, and as few persons have been placed in more difficult conjunctures, few have exhibited such strength of mind, courage, fortitude, and equanimity. The most unexampled prosperity, and most unlooked-for adversity have found her equal to the difficulties of each. Her eight children who lived to maturity were the following: Joseph, king of Naples, and afterwards of Spain; Napoleon; Eliza, grand-duchess of Tuscany; Lucien; Pauline, princess Borghese; Louis, king of Holland; Caroline, queen of Naples; and Jerome, king of Westphalia.

In 1785 Charles Bonaparte being sent to France as a deputy from the Corsican nobility, was seized with a cancer of the stomach, and died at Montpelier in the arms of his son Joseph. He left a widow with eight children, and no fortune. Two of the family were educated at the expense of the government — Napoleon at Brienne, and Eliza at St. Cyr — while the others found their mother an instructress capable and energetic. Hers was a character that displayed its resources in difficulties; and she always managed to maintain her children in the position to which they were naturally entitled. She was fond of saying of Napoleon, "That he had never given her a moment's pain, not even at the time which is almost universally woman's hour of suffering." The 15th of August, Madame Bonaparte was coming out of church, when she was attacked with symptoms of

an approaching event; she had barely time to enter her own house — a piece of tapestry hangings was hastily thrown on the marble pavement of the hall, and there Napoleon was born. The tapestry represented a scene from the Iliad.

Madame Bonaparte was always kind and generous; in trouble she was the advocate and protectress of the unfortunate. When Jerome incurred his brother's displeasure for his American marriage, his mother restored him to favour; and when Lucien, for a fault of the same sort, was exiled to Rome, Madame Letitia accompanied him. When Napoleon became sovereign, he allotted her a suitable income, upon which she maintained a decorous court. After the disasters of 1816, she retired to Rome, where she lived in a quiet and dignified manner, seeing nobody but her own connections, and sometimes strangers of high rank, who were very desirous of being presented to her. She never laid aside her black, after the death of Napoleon. She died February 2d, 1836, at the age of eighty-six. For several of the last years of her life she was deprived of her sight, and was bedridden. Madame Letitia was always honoured and respected by those who were able to appreciate her rare qualities.

BONTEMS, MADAME,

Born at Paris in 1718, died in the same city, April 18th, 1768; had received from nature a good understanding, and an excellent taste, which were cultivated by a careful education. She was acquainted with the foreign languages, and it is to her that the French are indebted for the accurate and elegant translation of "Thomson's Seasons." She was the centre of an amiable and select society that frequented her house. Though she was naturally very witty, she only made use of this talent for displaying that of others. She was not less esteemed for the qualities of her heart than of her mind.

BORGHESE, MARIE PAULINE,

Princess, originally Bonaparte, sister of Napoleon, born at Ajaccio, October 20th, 1780; went when the English occupied Corsica in 1793, to Marseilles, where she was on the point of marrying Fréron, a member of the Convention, and son of that critic whom Voltaire made famous, when another lady laid claim to his hand. The beautiful Pauline was then intended for general Duphot, who was afterwards murdered at Rome in December, 1797; but she bestowed her hand from choice on General Leclerc, then at Milan, who had been in 1795 chief of the general staff of a division at Marseilles, and had then fallen in love with her. When he was sent to St. Domingo with the rank of captain-general, Napoleon ordered her to accompany her husband with her son. She embarked in December, 1801, at Brest, and was called by the poets of the fleet the Galatea of the Greeks, the *Venus marina*. Her statue in marble has since been made by Canova at Rome, a successful image of the goddess of beauty. She was no less courageous than beautiful, for when the negroes under Christophe stormed Cape François, where she resided, and Leclerc, who could no longer resist the assailants, ordered his lady and child to be carried on shipboard, she yielded only to force.

After the death of her husband, November 23d, 1802, she married at Morfontaine, November 6, 1803, the prince Camillo Borghese. Her son died at Rome soon after. With Napoleon, who loved her tenderly, she had many disputes and as many reconciliations; for she would not always follow the caprices of his policy. Yet even the proud style in which she demanded what her brothers begged, made her the more attractive to Napoleon. Once, however, when she forgot herself towards the empress, whom she never liked, she was obliged to leave the court. She was yet in disgrace at Nice, when Napoleon resigned his crown in 1814; upon which occasion she immediately appeared a tender sister. Instead of remaining at her palace in Rome, she set out for Elba to join her brother, and acted the part of mediator between him and the other members of his family. When Napoleon landed in France, she went to Naples to see her sister Caroline, and afterwards returned to Rome. Before the battle of Waterloo she placed all her diamonds, which were of great value, at the disposal of her brother. They were in his carriage, which was taken in that battle, and was shown publicly in London. He intended to have returned them to her.

She lived afterwards separated from her husband at Rome, where she occupied part of the palace Borghese, and where she possessed, from 1816, the villa Sciarra. Her house, in which taste and love of the fine arts prevailed, was the centre of the most splendid society at Rome. She often saw her mother, her brothers Lucien and Louis, and her uncle Fesch. When she heard of the sickness of her brother Napoleon, she repeatedly requested permission to go to him at St. Helena. She finally obtained her request, but the news of his death arrived immediately after. She died June 9th, 1825, at Florence. She left many legacies, and a donation, by the interest of which two young men of Ajaccio will be enabled to study medicine and surgery. The rest of her property

she left to her brothers, the count of St. Leu and the prince of Montfort. Her whole property amounted to 2,000,000 francs.

Pauline was very fond of Italian poetry, and took great pleasure in listening to the melancholy verses of Petrarch. Among her accomplishments, the most remarkable certainly was her dramatic talent, which she displayed in private theatricals. Her marriage with the prince Borghese had never given anything like domestic happiness; they had long been separated, when, shortly before her death, in 1825, a reconciliation was effected, and they established their residence at Florence. She was then forty-five years old, but already felt the undermining effects of her fatal malady. Pauline had led a life of pleasure and folly, but her death-bed presented a scene that is sometimes wanting at the close of better-ordered lives. She exhibited the utmost tranquillity, resignation, and courage. Calling her husband, she begged his pardon for the causes of displeasure she had given him. She wrote, with her own hands, a will in which nobody was forgotten — even mere acquaintances were mentioned with appropriate bequests. She fulfilled all those duties the Roman Catholic church enjoins with every mark of the sincerest repentance, and warmest devotion. She spoke with the tenderest affection of her family, only one of whom, Jerome, was with her; she died clasping a picture of the emperor, and her last worldly thought seemed to be with him. Let us hope that this altered frame of mind proceeded from real penitence for the serious errors that stained her early days; for the truth of history compels the acknowledgment that this princess, beautiful, accomplished, high-minded, spirited, and generous, had deserved, by her ill conduct, the repugnance with which prince Camillo Borghese, for many years, regarded her. He appears to have entirely forgiven her, as he manifested a deep affliction at her death.

BOUGNET, MADAME,

Is celebrated for her humanity during the French revolution of 1793, in concealing some of the proscribed deputies, though death was the consequence of this mark of friendship. After supporting these unfortunate men for some time, and seeing them escape from her abode only to perish on the scaffold, she was herself dragged before the tribunal of Bordeaux, and suffered death with Christian resignation.

BOURETTE, CHARLOTTE,

Whose first husband was M. Curé, was a French poetess and lemonade-seller, called *la Muse limonadière*. She was born at Paris in 1714, and died there in 1784. Madame Bourette kept the *Café Allemand*, and was celebrated for her numerous productions in prose and verse. Her writings introduced her to the notice of several sovereigns, princes and princesses of the blood royal, and many of the most celebrated men of her time. Her poetry is careless and prosaic, but her prose compositions poetic and brilliant. She also wrote a comedy, "The Coquette Punished," which was acted with success in the *Théatre Français*.

M. de Fontenelle, visiting Madame Bourette, addressed to her these two lines,

"Si les dames ont droit d'introducire des modes,
En prose disonnais on doit faire les odes."

To this, the lady replied as follows:—

TO M. DE FONTENELLE.

Cher Anacréon de Neustrie,
Dont la rare et sage folie
Joint Epicure avec Zénon,
Votre visite en ma maison,
Malgré le poison de l'Envie,
En tout tems, en toute saison,
Fera le plaisir de ma vie.
Mais en ce saint tems de pardon
Que nous accorde le Saint-Père,
Quel compliment puis-je vous faire
Qui n'ait un fumet d'oraison?
L'on ne parle que de prière,
De conference et de sermon.
Vous le sçavez, fils d'Apollon,
Je peux le dire sans mystère,
Nous parlons tout autre jargon.
Il faut donc sagement me taire,
Ou vous dire avec onction:
Vous m'avez fait faveur insigne;
Ah! seigneur, je n'étois pas digne
Que vous vinssiez dans ma maison!

BOULLOUGNE, MAGDELAINE DE,

Was born at Paris in 1644. She painted historical pieces, but excelled in flowers and fruits She died 1710. Her sister, Genevieve, painted in the same style, and with equal merit. She died 1708, aged sixty-three.

BOURGAIN, THÉRÉSE,

Engaged at the Théatre Français, in Paris, acted the parts of heroines in tragedy, and the young artless girls in comedy. She was a native of Paris. Palissot encouraged her, and the celebrated Dumesnil, then eighty years old, gave her instructions. "Pamela," (by F. de Neufchateau), "Melanie," (by la Harpe), and "Monime," (a character in "Mithridat," by Voltaire), were her most successful parts in tragedy; but in comedy she was greater. She avoided the common fault of most actresses who wish to excel in both kinds, namely, the transferring of the tragic diction to that of comedy, which latter requires, in dialogue, an easy, free, and well-supported style. If she did not reach the accomplished Mlle. Mars, her graceful vivacity, sufficiently aided by study and art, had peculiar charms. She acted also male parts, and her triumph in this kind was the "Page," in the "Marriage of Figaro." She was one of the members of the Théatre Français, whom Napoleon had selected to entertain the congress of kings at Erfurt; at the demand of Alexander I., she went, 1809, to St. Petersburg, where she was much applauded as Eugenia; in Königsberg, she gave recitations before the late queen Louisa of Prussia, who rewarded her liberally; and in the same year she returned to Paris, where justice has always been done to her eminent talents.

BOURGET, CLEMENCE DE,

A lady born of respectable parents at Lyons. She possessed so much merit as a writer, a musician, and a poetess, that she was presented to two

monarchs, who passed through Lyons, as the greatest ornament of her native city. She died of a broken heart, in consequence of the loss of her lover, John de Peyrat, who fell at the siege of Beaurepaire, in 1561. She was the contemporary of Louise Labbé, *la belle Cordière*, and was very much attached to her, but the conduct of Louise at length compelled her more exemplary friend to withdraw her friendship.

BOURIGNON, ANTOINETTE,

Was a celebrated religious enthusiast, and founder of a sect which acquired so much importance that, under the name of the Bourignian doctrine, it is to this day one of the heresies renounced by candidates for holy orders in the Church of Scotland. She was the daughter of a Lille merchant, and was born in 1616; she was so singularly deformed at her birth, that a family consultation was held on the propriety of destroying the infant, as a monster. This fate she escaped, but remained an object of dislike to her mother, in consequence of which her childhood was passed in solitude and neglect; and the first books she got hold of chancing to be "Lives of the Early Christians" and mystical tracts, her ardent imagination acquired the visionary turn that marked her life. It has been asserted that her religious zeal displayed itself so early, that at four years of age she entreated to be removed to a more Christian country than Lille, where the unevangelical lives of the towns-people shocked her.

As Antoinette grew up, her appearance improved in a measure, and, being a considerable heiress, her deformity did not prevent her from being sought in marriage; and when she reached her twentieth year, one of her suitors was accepted by her parents. But the enthusiast had made a vow of virginity; and on the day appointed for celebrating her nuptials, Easter-day, in 1630, she fled, disguised as a hermit. She soon after obtained admittance into a convent, where she first began to make proselytes, and gained over so many of the nuns, that the confessor of the sisterhood procured her expulsion not only from the convent but from the town. Antoinette now wandered about France, the Netherlands, Holland and Denmark, everywhere making converts, and supporting herself by the labour of her hands, till 1648, when she inherited her father's property. She was then appointed governess of an hospital at Lille, but soon after was expelled the town by the police, on account of the disorders that her doctrines occasioned. She then resumed her wanderings. About this time, she was again persecuted with suitors, two of whom were so violent, each threatening to kill her if she would not marry him, that she was forced to apply to the police for protection, and two men were sent to guard her house. She died in 1680, and left all her property to the Lille hospital of which she had been governess.

She believed that she had visions and ecstatic trances, in which God commanded her to restore the true evangelical church which was extinct. She allowed no Liturgy, worship being properly internal. Her doctrines were highly mystical, and she required an impossible degree of perfection from her disciples. She is said to have been extraordinarily eloquent, and was at least equally diligent, for she wrote twenty-two large volumes, most of which were printed at a private press she carried about with her for that purpose. After her death, Poiret, a mystical, Protestant divine, and a disciple of the Cartesian philosophy, wrote her life, and reduced her doctrines into a regular system. She made numerous proselytes, among whom were many men of ability.

Though wealthy, she was by no means benevolent, or even commonly charitable; and she is said to have exercised over her family and servants, "a government as cruel as that of the Sicilian court," and to have justified herself, by maintaining that anger was the love of justice and true virtue, and alleging the severities used by the prophets and apostles.

BOVETTE DE BLEMUR, JACQUELINE,

Embraced early a religious life, and died at Chatillon, in 1696, aged seventy-eight. She wrote several theological works.

BOVEY, CATHARINE,

Married, at fifteen, William Bovey, an English gentleman of opulence and respectability in Gloucestershire. To great beauty, she added the highest degree of benevolence, and all the gentle virtues of private life; so that she is deservedly extolled by Sir Richard Steele, in his dedication of the two volumes of his "Ladies' Library." She was left a widow at the age of twenty-two, and died at Haxley, in 1728, aged fifty-seven. Her maiden name was Riches.

BRACHMAN, LOUISE,

Born in 1778, at Rochlitz. She was an intimate friend of Schiller and Novalis, and contributed, in 1799, over the signature of Louise, a number of poems to the Musen-Almenach (Calendar of the Muses), a periodical edited by those two authors. She was of a very uneven temperament, and subject to long-continued fits of melancholy. Disappointed in two different affairs of the heart, and afterwards in some other expectations of minor importance, she committed suicide, in 1822, while on a visit to some friends in Italy, by drowning herself in the river Saale. She has written, "Poems," published in Dessau and Leipzig, 1800; "Blossoms of Romance," Vienna, 1816; "The Ordeal," "Novelettes," "Scenes from Reality," and "Errors."

BRADSTREET, ANNE,

Daughter of Thomas Dudley, governor of Massachusetts from 1634 to 1650, and wife of Simon Bradstreet, is entitled to remembrance as the author of the first volume of poetry published in America. Her work was dedicated to her father, and published in 1642. The title is, "Several Poems, compiled with great variety of wit and learning, full of delight; wherein especially is contained a complete discourse and description of the four elements, constitutions, ages of man, sea-

sons of the year, together with an exact epitome of the three first monarchies, viz: the Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, and Roman Commonwealth, from the beginning to the end of their last king, with divers other pleasant and serious poems. By a Gentlewoman of New England." She received for her poetical talents the title of the *Tenth Muse*, and the most distinguished men of the day were her friends, and the admirers of her genius. When we examine the poetry of that period, and see the miserable attempts at rhyme, made by the male writers, we must believe Mrs. Bradstreet was "as learned as her coadjutors, and vastly more poetical." The preface to the third edition, printed in 1658, thus sketches her character: "It is the work of a woman honoured and esteemed where she lives for her gracious demeanour, her eminent parts, her pious conversation, her courteous disposition, her exact diligence in her place, and discreet management of her family occasions; and more so, these poems are the fruits of a few hours curtailed from her sleep, and other refreshments."

When Mrs. Bradstreet wrote her poems, she could have had no models, save Chaucer and Spenser. Milton had not become known as a writer when her work was published, and Shakspeare was not read by the Puritans of New England. On the whole, we think Anne Bradstreet fairly entitled to the place assigned her by one of her biographers, "at the head of the American poets of that time." She died in 1672, aged sixty. Mrs. Bradstreet was mother of eight children, whom she trained with great discretion.

EXTRACTS FROM "LINES," ADDRESSED TO HER HUSBAND.

If ever two were one, then surely we;
If ever man were loved by wife, then thee;
If ever wife were happy in a man,
Compare with me, ye women, if ye can.
* * * * * * *
Phœbus, make haste—the day 's too long—begone!
The silent night 's the fittest time for moan.
But stay, this once—unto my suit give ear—
And tell my griefs in either hemisphere:
If in thy swift career thou canst make stay,
I crave this boon, this errand by the way:
Commend me to the man, more loved than life:
Show him the sorrows of his widowed wife;
And if he love, how can he there abide?
My interest 's more than all the world beside. . . .
Tell him the countless steps that thou dost trace
That once a day thy spouse thou mayst embrace,
And when thou canst not meet by loving mouth,
Thy rays afar salute her from the south;
But for one month, I see no day, poor soul!
Like those far situate beneath the pole,
Which day by day long wait for thy arise—
O how they joy when thou dost light the skies!
Tell him I would say more, but can not well;
Oppressed minds abruptest tales do tell.
Now part with double speed, mark what I say,
By all our loves conjure him not to stay!
* * * * * * *
How soon, my dear, death may my steps attend,
How soon 't may be thy lot to lose thy friend,
We both are ignorant; yet love bids me
These farewell lines to recommend to thee,
That when that knot 's untied that made us one,
I may seem thine, who in effect am none.
And if I see not half my days that 's due,
What Nature would, God grant to yours and you;
The many faults that well you know I have
Let be interred in my oblivious grave;
If any worth or virtue is in me,
Let that live freshly in thy memory;
And when thou feel'st no grief, as I no harms,
Yet love thy dead, who long lay in thine arms:
And when thy loss shall be repaid, with gains,
Look to my little babes, my dear remains.

EXTRACTS FROM "CONTEMPLATIONS."

Then higher on the glistering sun I gaz'd,
Whose beams were shaded by the leavie tree,
The more I look'd, the more I grew amaz'd,
And softly said, what glory 's like to thee?
Soul of this world, this Universe's eye,
No wonder, some made thee a deity;
Had I not better known, (alas) the same had I.

Thou as a bridegroom from thy chamber rushest,
And as a strong man, joyes to run a race,
The morn doth usher thee, with smiles and blushes,
The earth reflects her glances in thy face.
Birds, insects, animals with vegetive,
Thy heart from death and dulness doth revive:
And in the darksome womb of fruitful nature dive.

Thy swift annual, and diurnal course,
Thy daily straight, and yearly oblique path,
Thy pleasing fervour, and thy scorching force,
All mortals here the feeling knowledge hath.
Thy presence makes it day, thy absence night,
Quaternal seasons caused by thy might:
Hail creature, full of sweetness, beauty and delight.

Art thou so full of glory, that no eye
Hath strength, thy shining rayes once to behold?
And is thy splendid throne erect so high?
As to approach it, can no earthly mould.
How full of glory then must thy Creator be,
Who gave this bright light lustre unto thee!
Admir'd, ador'd for ever, be that Majesty.

Silent alone, where none or saw, or heard,
In pathless paths I lead my wandering feet,
My humble eyes to lofty skyes I rear'd
To sing some song, my mazed Muse thought meet.
My great Creator I would magnifie,
That nature had, thus decked liberally:
But Ah, and Ah, again, my imbecility!

I heard the merry grasshopper then sing,
The black clad cricket, bear a second part,
They kept one tune and plaid on the same string,
Seeming to glory in their little art.
Shall creatures abject, thus their voices raise?
And in their kind resound their Maker's praise:
Whilst I as mute, can warble forth no higher layes.

When present times look back to ages past,
And men in being fancy those are dead,
It makes things gone perpetually to last,
And calls back months and years that long since fled.
It makes a man more aged in conceit,
Than was Methuselah, or 's grand-sire great:
While of their persons and their acts his mind doth treat.
* * * * * * *
When I behold the heavens as in their prime,
And then the earth (though old) still clad in green,
The stones and trees, insensible of time,
Nor age nor wrinkle on their front are seen;
If winter come, and greenness then do fade,
A Spring returns, and they more youthful made;
But man grows old, lies down, remains where once he 's laid.

By birth more noble than those creatures all,
Yet seems by nature and by custome cursed,
No sooner born, but grief and care make fall
That state obliterate he had at first.
Nor youth, nor strength, nor wisdom spring again,
Nor habitations long their names retain,
But in oblivion to the final day remain.

Shall I then praise the heavens, the trees, the earth,
Because their beauty and their strength last longer?
Shall I wish their, or never to had birth,
Because they 're bigger, and their bodyes stronger?

Nay, they shall darken, perish, fade and dye,
And when unmade, soever shall they lye,
But man was made for endless immortality.

"ELEGY" ON THE DEATH OF A GRANDCHILD WHO DIED IN 1665.

Farewell, dear child, my heart 's too much content,
Farewell, sweet babe, the pleasure of mine eye,
Farewell, fair flower, that for a space was lent,
Then ta'en away into eternity.
Blest babe, why should I once bewail thy fate,
Or sigh, the days so soon were terminate,
Sith thou art settled in an everlasting state?

By nature, trees do rot when they are grown,
And plums and apples thoroughly ripe do fall,
And corn and grass are in their season mown,
And time brings down what is both strong and tall.
But plants new set, to be eradicate,
And buds new blown, to have so short a date,
Is by His hand alone, that nature guides, and fate.

BRAMBATI, EMILIA,

Of Bergamo, was the wife of Ezechiello Solza, distinguished for her poetic talent, and for her eloquence. She became the pleader for the life of her brother, condemned to death by the Tribunal of Venice, and drew tears from the eyes of all the bystanders. Some of her poems remain.

BRAMBATI, ISOTTA,

Of Bergamo, was a good classical scholar, and understood all the polite languages of Europe. She wrote poetry with great elegance; and is said to have managed several law-suits, pleading them herself, in the Senate of Milan, with consummate ability, and, what is more extraordinary, without being thought ridiculous. She was the wife of Girolamo Grumelli. She died in 1586. Some of her letters and poems were published by Comir Ventura, in Bergamo, in 1587.

BRATTON, MARTHA,

A native of Rowan county, N. Carolina, married William Bratton, of South Carolina, and, during the Revolution, a colonel in the American army. While her husband was engaged with his troops away from home, Mrs. Bratton was often left to defend herself and the stores entrusted to her charge. At one time, she blew up the ammunition left under her care, when she saw that otherwise it would fall into the hands of the enemy, and boldly avowed the deed, that no one else might suffer for her act. When threatened with instant death by a British soldier, if she persisted in refusing to give information concerning her husband's retreat, she continued firm in her resolution. Being rescued by the intervention of an officer, she repaid the obligation by saving him from death, when taken prisoner by the American party, and by entertaining him at her house till he was exchanged. She died in 1816.

BREESE, MARY,

A singular character, was born at Lynn, in Norfolk, England, in 1721. She regularly took out a shooting license, kept hounds, and was a sure shot. She died in 1799. By her desire, her dogs and favourite mare were killed at her death and buried in the grave with her.

BREGY, CHARLOTTE SAUMAISE DE CHAZAN, COMTESSE DE,

Niece of the learned Saumaise (Salmasius), was one of the ladies of honour to queen Anne of Austria. She was distinguished for her beauty and wit, both of which she preserved to an advanced age; she died at Paris, April 13th, 1693, aged seventy-four. She wrote a collection of letters and verses in 1688, in which we meet with many ingenious thoughts; her poems turn almost entirely on metaphysical love, which employed her mind more than her heart. But there are several pieces on other subjects. In one of them, she gives the following portrait of herself: "I am fond of praise; and therefore return it with interest to those from whom I receive it. I have a proud and scornful heart; but this does not prevent me from being gentle and civil. I never oppose the opinions of any; but I must own that I never adopt them to the prejudice of my own. I may say with truth that I am naturally modest and discreet, and that pride always takes care to preserve these qualities in me. I am indolent; I never seek pleasure and diversions, but when my friends take more pains than I do to procure them for me, I feel myself obliged to appear very gay at them, though I am not so in fact. I am not much given to intrigue; but if I were involved in one, I think I should certainly conduct myself off with prudence and discretion. I am constant, even to obstinacy, and secret to excess. In order to form a friendship with me, all advances must be made by the other party; but I amply compensate this trouble in the end; for I serve my friends with all the warmth usually employed in selfish interests. I praise and defend them, without once consenting to what I may hear against them. I have not virtue enough to be free from all desire of the goods of fortune and honours; but I have too much for pursuing any of the ways that commonly lead to them. I act in the world conformably to what it ought to be, and too little according to what it is." Her personal appearance she also describes as attractive; which all contemporary writers confirm, and therefore she might mention it without vanity. She corresponded with Henrietta, queen of England; with Christina of Sweden; and with most of the illustrious characters of Europe.

BRENTANO, SOPHIA,

(Her maiden name was Schubart,) was born in the year 1770, at Altenburg. She married, when quite a young girl, F. E. K. Thereau, professor at the University of Jena; in 1804, she was divorced from him, and married, in 1805, the author Clem. Brentano, with whom she lived in Frankford, and afterwards in Heidelberg, where she died in 1806. As a poetess, she evinced a lively and highly cultivated imagination, great harmony in versification, combined with a high polish in her compositions. She published two volumes of poetry, at Berlin, 1800, "Amanda and Edward," at Frankfort, 1803, Spanish and Italian novellettes, in 1804, and various other minor tales.

BRINVILLIERS, MARIE MARGUÉRITE, MARCHIONESS DE,

Was a woman whose singular atrocity gives her a species of infamous claim to notice in this collection. She was born at Paris in 1651, being the daughter of D'Aubrai, lieutenant-civil, of Paris, who married her to N. Gobelin, marquis of Brinvilliers. Although possessed of attractions to captivate lovers, she was for some time much attached

to her husband, but at length became madly in love with a Gascon officer, named Goden St. Croix. This young man had been introduced to her by the marquis himself, who was adjutant of the regiment of Normandy. Her father, being informed of the affair, imprisoned the officer, who was a mere adventurer, in the Bastile, where he was detained a year. This punishment of her lover made the marchioness, apparently, more circumspect; but she nourished in her heart the most implacable hatred towards her father, and her whole family.

While St. Croix was in the Bastile, he learned, from an Italian named Exili, the art of composing the most subtle and mortal poisons; and the result, on his release, was the destruction, by this means, in concurrence with the marchioness, of her father, sister, and two brothers, all of whom were poisoned in the same year, 1670. During the whole time, the marchioness was visiting the hospitals, outwardly as a devotee, but, as was afterwards strongly suspected, really in order to try on the prisoners the effect of the poisons produced by her paramour.

The discovery of these monstrous criminals happened in a very extraordinary manner. St. Croix, while at work distilling poison, accidentally dropped the glass mask which he wore to prevent inhaling the noxious vapour; the consequence was his instantaneous death. As no one appeared to claim his effects, they fell into the hands of government, and the marchioness imprudently laid claim to a casket. She seemed so very anxious to obtain it, that the authorities ordered it to be opened, when it was found to be filled with packets of poison, with ticketed descriptions of the effects these would produce.

When this wicked woman was informed of the opening of the casket, she fled to England; from thence she went to Liege, where she was arrested and brought back to Paris. She was tried for the murder of her father, sister, and brothers, convicted, and condemned to be beheaded and then burned. In this dreadful condition she evinced remarkable courage, or rather insensibility. When she entered the chamber where she was to be put to the question by the torture of swallowing water, she observed three buckets-full provided, and exclaimed — "It is surely intended to drown me; for it is absurd to suppose one of my size can swallow all that."

She listened to her sentence without exhibiting either weakness or alarm, and showed no other emotion on her way to execution, than to request that she might be so placed as to see the officer who had apprehended her. She ascended the ladder, unaided and barefoot, and stood boldly up on the scaffold. What adds to the atrocity of this wretched woman's character, she was proved to have had connections with several persons suspected of the same crimes, and to have provided poisons for the use of others. Many persons of rank and power died suddenly about this period; and the investigation appeared likely to unveil so much guilt in high places, that it was from policy, though most unjustly and disgracefully, abandoned.

The marchioness of Brinvilliers seems to have been by nature inclined to wickedness. She acknowledged in her last confession, that at the age of seven she set fire to a house, urged by an inexplicable desire to commit a crime. Yet she made pretension to religion, went regularly to confession, and when arrested at Leige, a sort of general form was found in her possession, which sufficiently alluded to her criminality to form a strong presumption against her. She probably had more respect for the ceremonies of her faith than for the law of God.

BROOKE, FRANCES,

Whose maiden name was Moore, was the daughter of an English clergyman, and the wife of the Rev. John Brooke, rector of Colny in Norfolk, of St. Augustine in the city of Norwich, and chaplain to the garrison of Quebec. She was as remarkable for her gentleness and suavity of manners as for her literary talents. Her husband died on the 21st of January, 1789, and she herself expired on the 26th of the same month, at Sleaford, England, where she had retired to the house of her son, who had a rectorship in that country. Her first literary performance was "The Old Maid," a periodical work, begun in November, 1755, and continued every Saturday until about the end of July, 1756. In the same year she published "Virginia," a tragedy, with odes, pastorals, and translations. In the preface to this publication she assigns as a reason for its appearance, "that she was precluded from all hopes of ever seeing the tragedy brought upon the stage, by there having been two so lately

on the same subject." Prefixed to this publication were proposals for printing by subscription a poetical translation, with notes, of "Il Pastor Fielo," a work which was probably never completed.

In 1763, she published a novel called "The History of Lady Julia Mandeville," concerning the plan of which there were various opinions, though there seems to have been but one of the execution. It was read with much avidity and approbation. In the same year she published "Letters from Juliet, Lady Catesby, to her Friend Lady Henrietta Campley, translated from the French." She soon afterwards went to Canada with her husband, who was chaplain to the garrison at Quebec; and there saw those romantic scenes, so admirably painted in her next work, entitled "Emily Montague," a novel in four volumes, written in 1769. The next year she published "Memoirs of the Marquis de St. Folaix," in four volumes. On her return to England, accident brought her acquainted with Mrs. Yates, and an intimacy was formed that lasted as long as that lady lived; and when she died, Mrs. Brooke published an eulogy to her memory in the "Gentleman's Magazine." If we are not mistaken, Mrs. Brooke had, with Mrs. Yates, some share in the opera-house. She certainly had some share of the libellous abuse which the management of that theatre at that time produced. Her first play, Virginia, was refused by Garrick. After several years she tried her fortune once more at the theatre; but the tragedy she wrote had not the good fortune to please Mr. Garrick, whose rejection of it excited the authoress's resentment so much that she took a severe revenge on him, in a novel published in 1777, in two volumes, called "The Excursion." This invective she afterwards regretted and retracted. In 1771, she translated "Elements of the History of England, from the invasion of the Romans to the reign of George II., from the abbé Millot," in four volumes. In 1781, she wrote a tragedy called "The Siege of Sinope," which was acted at Covent Garden, but added little to her reputation; it wanted energy and originality. Her next and most popular piece was "Rosina," acted at Covent Garden in 1782. Few pieces have been equally successful. The simplicity of the story, the elegance of the language, and the excellence of the music, caused it to be admired for a long time. Her last work was "Marian," acted in 1788, at Covent Garden, with some success, but very much inferior to Rosina.

BROOKS, MARIA,

Known as a poetess under the name (given to her by Mr. Southey) of Maria del Occidente, was descended from a Welsh family, settled at Medford, in Massachusetts. Her maiden name was Gowen. She was born about 1795, and early displayed uncommon powers of mind. She had rather favourable opportunities of education, yet her own genius was her best teacher. When quite young, Maria Gowen married Mr. Brooks, a merchant of Boston. A few years after their marriage he lost the greater part of his property, and Mrs. Brooks resorted to poetry for occupation and amusement. In 1820, she published "Judith, Esther, and other Poems," which show considerable genius. Mr. Brooks dying in 1823, his widow went to reside with her relations in Cuba, where she wrote her principal work, "Zophiel, or the Bride of Seven," which was published by her at London, during a visit that she made to England, in 1833. Part of the time that she spent in England was passed by her at the residence of Robert Southey, at Keswick, who appreciated her genius very highly. In 1834 Mrs. Brooks returned to the United States. In 1843, she wrote for private circulation, "Idomea, or the Vale of the Yumari," being simply her own history under a different name. In the same year Mrs. Brooks returned to Cuba, to take charge of the estates left her by her uncle. She died at Matanzas, in November, 1845.

The plot of "Zophiel, or the Bride of Seven," was undoubtedly borrowed from the Book of Tobit, in the Apocrypha, and may be fully understood by reading that curious story. Sara, the heroine in Tobit, is married to seven husbands, successively, who all die on entering the bridal chamber, each one "being killed by Asmodeus, an evil spirit." At last Tobias, son of Tobit, is taken under the care of "Raphael that was an angel," and instructed how to overcome the evil spirit. Tobias marries Sara, and drives off Asmodeus by means of "a smoke" made of the liver and heart of a fish,—"The which smell when the evil spirit had smelled, he fled into the utmost parts of Egypt, and the angel bound him."

Mrs. Brooks has, however, displayed much artistic skill, as well as poetical talent, cultivated taste, and literary research, in managing these materials of her poem. "The Bride of Seven" has many beautiful passages; the descriptions are gorgeous and glowing; there is thrilling incident and burning passion; but it lacks nature, simplicity, and true feeling. It excites the fancy, leaving the heart unmoved, comparatively; therefore the poem is deficient in that kind of interest which insures popularity: though praised by critics, it will never be read by the people. The minor poems of Mrs. Brooks are finished with much care; some of these evince the deep affections of woman's heart with great pathos and beauty. The "Ode to the Departed" is one of the last of her poems.

ODE TO THE DEPARTED.

"Con Vistas del Cielo."

The dearth is sore: the orange leaf is curled,
There 's dust upon the marble o'er thy tomb,
My Edgar, fair and dear;
Though the fifth sorrowing year
Hath past, since first I knew thine early doom,
I see thee still, though death thy being hence hath hurled.

I could not bear my lot, now thou art gone —
With heart o'er-softened by the many tears
Remorse and grief have drawn —
Save that a gleam, a dawn,
(Haply, of that which lights thee now,) appears,
To unveil a few fair scenes of life's next coming morn.

What—where is heaven? (earth's sweetest lips exclaim;)
In all the holiest seers have writ or said,
Blurred are the pictures given:
We know not what is heaven,
Save by those views, mysteriously spread,
When the soul looks afar by light of her own flame.

Yet all our spirits, while on earth so faint,
By glimpses dim, discern, conceive, or know,
The Eternal Power can mould
Real as fruits or gold—
Bid the celestial, roseate matter glow,
And forms more perfect smile than artists carve or paint.

To realize every creed, conceived
In mortal brain, by love and beauty charmed,
Ever like the ivory maid
Who, as Pygmalion prayed,
Oped her white arms, to life and feeling warmed,
Would lightly task the power of life's great Chief believed.

If Grecian Phidias, in stone like this,
Thy tomb, could do so much, what can not he
Who from the cold, coarse clod,
By reckless labourer trod,
Can call such tints as meeting seraphs see, [kiss?
And give them breath and warmth like true love's soulfelt

Wild fears of dark annihilation, go!
Be warm, ye veins, now blackening with despair!
Years o'er thee have revolved,
My first-born—thou 'rt dissolved—
All—every tint—save a few ringlets fair—
Still, if thou didst not live, how could I love thee so?

Quick as the warmth which darts from breast to breast,
When lovers, from afar, each other see,
Haply, thy spirit went,
Where mine would fain be sent,
To take a heavenly form, designed to be
Meet dwelling for the soul thine azure eye exprest.

Thy deep-blue eye! say, can heaven's bliss exceed
The joy of some brief moments tasted here?
Ah! could I taste again—
Is there a mode of pain
Which, for such guerdon, could be deemed severe?
Be ours the forms of heaven, and let me bend and bleed!

If one be lost, another serves as well;
Another mantle, or another fair,
As well may be his own
If one dies his—alone
He sighs not long;—enter his home, and there,
When past one little year, another fair will dwell.

Or see yon smiling Creole—her black hair
Braided and glittering, with one lover's gold:
Ere the quick flower has grown
O'er where he sleeps alone,
Already to some other lover sold,
Or given, what both call love, and he 's content to share.

Better for those who love this world, to be
Even as such: a pure, pure flame, intense,
Edgar, as thine, consumes
The cheek its light illumes;
And he whose heart enshrines such flame, must hence,
And join with it, betimes, its own eternity.

For masculine or feminine gave naught
Of fuel to the hallowed fire, that burned
And urged thee on, of life.
Reckless, amid the strife
For worldly wealth, that better had been spurned:
Thy happiness and love, alas! were all *I* sought.

How could I kneel and kiss the hand of Fate,
Were it but mine to decorate some hall—
Here, where the soil I tread
Colours my feet with red—
Far down these isles, to hear your voices call,
Then haste to hear and tell what happ'd while separate!

Beautiful isles! beneath the sunset skies
Tall silver-shafted palm trees rise between
Full orange trees that shade
The living colonnade;
Alas! how sad, how sickening is the scene
That were ye at my side would be a paradise!

E'en one of those cool caves which, light and dry,
In many a leafy hill-side, near this spot,
Seem as by Nature made
For shelter and for shade
To such as bear a homeless wanderer's lot,
Were home enough for me, could those I mourn be nigh.

Palace or cave (where 'neath the blossom and lime
Winter lies hid with wreaths) alike may be,
If love and taste unite,
A dwelling for delight,
And kings might leave their silken courts, to see
O'er such wild, garnished grot, the grandiflora climb.

Thus, thus, doth quick-eyed Fancy fondly wait
The pauses of my deep remorse between;
Before my anxious eyes
'T is thus her pictures rise;
They show what is not, yet what might have been;
Angels, why came I not?—why have I come too late?

The cooling beverage—strengthening draught—as craved
The needs of both, could but these hands have given;
Could I have watched the glow—
The pulse, too quick, or slow—
My earnest, fond, reiterate prayers to Heaven,
Some angel might have come, besought, returned, and saved.

To stay was imbecility—nay, more—
'T was crime—how yearned my panting heart to see,
When, by mere words delayed,
'Gainst the strong wish, I stayed,
(Trifling with that which *inly* spoke to me.)
And longed, and hoped, and feared, till all I feared was o'er!

Mild, pitying George, when maple-leaves were red
O'er Ladaüanna* in his much-loved north,
Breathed here his *last* farewell—
And when the *tears* that *fell*
From April, called Mohecan's† violets forth,
Edgar, as following his, thy friendly spirit fled.

Now, side by side, 'neath cross and tablet white
Is laid, sweet brothers, all of you that 's left;
Yet, all the tropic dew
Can damp, would seem not you:
Your finer particles from earth are reft,
Haply, (and so I 'll hope,) for lovelier forms of light.

Myriads of beings, (for the whole that 's known
In all this world's combined philosophy,)
The eternal will obeyed,
To finish what was made,
When, warm with new-breathed life, new earth and sea,
Returned the smile of him who blessed them from his throne.

Such beings, haply, hovering near us now,
When flesh or flowers in beauty fade or fall,
Gather each precious tint
Once seen to glow and glint,
With fond economy to gladden all:
Heaven's hands, howe'er profuse, no atom's loss allow.

Yet, brothers, spirits, loiter if ye may
A little while, and look on all I do—
Oh! loiter for my sake,
Ere other tasks ye take,
Toward all I should do influence my view,
Then haste, to hear the spheres chime with heaven's favourite lay.

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* Ladaüanna, the aboriginal name of the St. Lawrence.
† Mohecan, the aboriginal name of the Hudson.

Go, hand in hand, to regions new and fair,
In shapes and colours for the scene arrayed —
With looks as bland and dear
As charms, by glimpses, here.
Receive divine commissions; follow — aid
Those legions formed in heaven for many a guardian care.

By every sigh, and throb, and painful throe,
Remembered but to heighten the delight
That crowns the advancing state
Of souls emancipate —
Oh! as I think of you, at lonely night,
Say to my heart, ye're blest, and I can bear my wo.

HYMN.

Sire, Maker, Spirit, who alone canst know
My soul, and all the deep remorse that's there —
I ask no mitigation of my wo;
Yet pity me, and give me strength to bear!

Remorse?—ah! not for ill designedly done:
To look on pain, to me is pain severe;
Yet, yet, dear forms which Death from me hath won,
Had Love been Wisdom, haply were ye here!

Much have I suffered; yet *this* form, unscathed,
Declares thy kind protection, by its thrift:
With secret dews the wounded plant is bathed;
My ills are my desert, my good thy gift.

Three years are flown since my sore heart bereft
Hath mourned for two, ta'en by the powers on high,
Nor tint nor atom that is fair is left
Beneath the marble where their relics lie.

Yet no oblivious veil is o'er them cast:
Blent with my blood, the sympathetic glow
Burns brighter now their mortal lives are past,
Than when, on earth, I felt their joy and wo.

Oh! may their spirits, disembodied, come,
And strong though secret influence dispense—
Pitying the sorrows of an earthly doom,
And smoothing pain with sweet beneficence.

Oh! cover them with forms so made to meet
The models of their souls, that, when they see,
They cast themselves in beauty at thy feet,
In all the heaven of grateful ecstasy

Methinks I see them, side by side, in love,
Like brothers of the zodiac, all around
Diffusing light and fragrance, as they move
Harmonious as the spheric music's sound.

And may these forms in warm and rosy sleep,
(In some fair dwelling for such forms assigned,)
Lie, while o'er air, earth, sea, their spirits sweep,
Quick as the changeful glance of thought and mind.

This fond ideal which my grief relieves,
Father, beneath thy throne may live, may be:
For more than all my feeble sense conceives,
Thy hand can give in blest reality.

Sire, Maker, Spirit! source of all that's fair!
Howe'er my poor words be unworthy thee,
Oh! be not weary of the imperfect prayer
Breathed from the fervor of a wretch like me!

THE MOON OF FLOWERS.

Oh, moon of flowers! sweet moon of flowers!*
Why dost thou mind me of the hours
Which flew so softly on that night
When last I saw and felt thy light?

Oh, moon of flowers! thou moon of flowers!
Would thou couldst give me back those hours
Since which a'dull, cold year has fled,
Or show me those with whom they sped!

Oh, moon of flowers! oh, moon of flowers!
In scenes afar were passed those hours,
Which still with fond regret I see,
And wish my heart could change like thee!

* The savages of the northern part of America sometimes count by moons. May they call the moon of flowers.

TO NIAGARA.

Spirit of Homer! thou whose song has rung
From thine own Greece to this supreme abode
Of Nature — this great fane of Nature's God —
Breathe on my brain! oh, touch the fervid tongue
Of a fond votaress kneeling on the sod!

Sublime and Beautiful! your chapel's here—
Here, 'neath the azure dome of heaven, ye're wed;
Here, on this rock, which trembles as I tread,
Your blended sorcery claims both pulse and tear,
Controls life's source, and reigns o'er heart and head.

Terrific, but, oh, beautiful abyss!
If I should trust my fascinated eye,
Or hearken to thy maddening melody,
Sense, form, would spring to meet thy white foam's kiss,
Be lapped in thy soft rainbows once, and die!

Colour, depth, height, extension — all unite
To chain the spirit by a look intense!
The dolphin in his clearest seas, or thence
Ta'en, for some queen, to deck of ivory white,
Dies not in changeful tints more delicately bright.

Look, look! there comes, o'er yon pale green expanse,
Beyond the curtain of this altar vast,
A glad young swan; the smiling beams that cast
Light from her plumes, have lured her soft advance;
She nears the fatal brink: her graceful life has past!

Look up! nor her fond, foolish fate disdain:
An eagle rests upon the wind's sweet breath;
Feels he the charm? *woos he the scene beneath?*
He eyes the sun; nerves his dark wing again;
Remembers clouds and storms, yet flies the lovely death.

"Niagara! wonder of this western world,
And half the world beside! hail, beauteous queen
Of cataracts!" — an angel, who had been
O'er heaven and earth, spoke thus, his bright wings furled.
And knelt to Nature first, on this wild cliff unseen.

SONG.

Day, in melting purple dying,
Blossoms, all around me sighing,
Fragrance, from the lilies straying,
Zephyr, with my ringlets playing,
Ye but waken my distress;
I am sick of loneliness.

Thou, to whom I love to hearken,
Come, ere night around me darken;
Though thy softness but deceive me,
Say thou 'rt true, and I'll believe thee;
Veil, if ill, thy soul's intent—
Let *me* think it innocent!

Save thy toiling, spare thy treasure:
All I ask is friendship's pleasure;
Let the shining ore lie darkling,
Bring no gem in lustre sparkling:
Gifts and gold are naught to me,
I would only look on thee!

Tell to thee the high-wrought feeling,
Ecstasy but in revealing;
Paint to thee the deep sensation,
Rapture in participation,
Yet but torture, if comprest
In a lone, unfriended breast.

Absent still! Ah! come and bless me!
Let these eyes again caress thee;
Once, in caution, I could fly thee:
Now, I nothing could deny thee;
In a look if death there be,
Come, and I will gaze on thee!

FRIENDSHIP.

To meet a friendship such as mine,
Such feelings must thy soul refine
As are not oft of mortal birth:
'Tis love without a stain of earth,
Fratello del mio cor.

Looks are its food, its nectar sighs,
Its couch the lips, its throne the eyes,
The soul its breath: and so possest,
Heaven's raptures reign in mortal breast,
Fratello del mio cor.

Though Friendship be its earthly name,
Purely from highest heaven it came;
'T is seldom felt for more than one,
And scorns to dwell with Venus' son,
Fratello del mio cor.

Him let it view not, or it dies
Like tender hues of morning skies,
Or morn's sweet flower of purple glow,
When sunny beams too ardent grow,
Fratello del mio cor.

A charm o'er every object plays;
All looks so lovely, while it stays,
So softly forth in rosier tides
The vital flood extatic glides,
Fratello del mio cor.

That, wrung by grief to see it part
A very life-drop leaves the heart:
Such drop, I need not tell thee, fell,
While bidding it, for thee, farewell!
Fratello del mio cor.

PRAYER.

SIRE of the universe—and me—
Dost thou reject my midnight prayer!
Dost thou withhold me even from thee,
Thus writhing, struggling 'gainst despair!
Thou knowest the source of feeling's gush,
Thou knowest the end for which it flows:
Then, if thou bid'st the tempest rush,
Ah! heed the fragile bark it throws!

Fain would my heaving heart be still
But Pain and Tumult mock at rest:
Fain would I meekly meet thy will,
And kiss the barb that tears my breast.
Weak I am formed, I can no more—
Weary I strive, but find not aid;
Prone on thy threshold I deplore,
But ah! thy succour is delayed.

The burning, beauteous orb of day,
Amid its circling host upborne,
Smiles, as life quickens in its ray;
What would it, were thy hand withdrawn!—
Scorch—devastate the teeming whole
Now glowing with its warmth divine;
Spirit, whose powers of peace control
Great Nature's heart, oh! pity mine!

Extracts from Zophiel.

DESCRIPTION OF EGLA.

With unassured yet graceful step advancing,
The light vermilion of her cheek more warm
For doubtful modesty; while all were glancing
Over the strange attire that well became such form.
To lend her space, the admiring band gave way;
The sandals on her silvery feet were blue;
Of saffron tint her robe, as when young day
Spreads softly o'er the heavens, and tints the trembling dew.
Light was that robe as mist; and not a gem
Or ornament impedes its wavy fold,
Long and profuse, save that, above its hem,
'T was broider'd with pomegranate wreath, in gold.
And, by a silken cincture, broad and blue,
In shapely guise about the waist confined,
Blent with the curls that, of a lighter hue,
Half floated, waving in their length behind;
The other half, in braided tresses twined,
Was deck'd with rows of pearls, and sapphire's azure too.
Arranged with curious skill to imitate
The sweet acacia's blossoms; just as live
And droop those tender flowers in natural state;
And so the trembling gems seem'd sensitive,
And pendent, sometimes touch'd her neck; and there
Seem'd shrinking from its softness as alive.
And round her arms, flour-white and round and fair,
Slight bandelets were twined of colours five,
Like little rainbows seemly on those arms;
None of that court had seen the like before,
Soft, fragrant, bright—so much like heaven her charms,
It scarce could seem idolatry to adore.
He who beheld her hand forgot her face;
Yet in that face was all beside forgot;
And he who, as she went, beheld her pace,
And locks profuse, had said, "Nay, turn thee not."
Placed on a banquet couch beside the king,
'Mid many a sparkling guest no eye forbore;
But, like their darts, the warrior princes fling
Such looks as seem'd to pierce, and scan her o'er and o'er;
Nor met alone the glare of lip and eye—
Charms, but not rare: the gazer stern and cool,
Who sought but faults, nor fault or spot could spy;
In every limb, joint, vein, the maid was beautiful,
Save that her lip, like some bud-bursting flower,
Just scorn'd the bounds of symmetry, perchance,
But by its rashness gain'd an added power,
Heightening perfection to luxuriance.
But that was only when she smiled, and when
Dissolved the intense expression of her eye;
And had her spirit love first seen her then,
He had not doubted her mortality.

MELES AND EGLA CONTRASTED.

She meekly stood. He fasten'd round her arms
Rings of refulgent ore; low and apart
Murmuring, "So, beauteous captive, shall thy charms
For ever thrall and clasp thy captive's heart."
The air's light touch seem'd softer as she moved,
In languid resignation; his quick eye
Spoke in black glances how she was approved,
Who shrank reluctant from its ardency.
'T was sweet to look upon the goodly pair
In their contrasted loveliness: her height
Might almost vie with his, but heavenly fair,
Of soft proportion she, and sunny hair;
He, cast in manliest mould, with ringlets murk as night.
And oft her drooping and resigned blue eye
She 'd wistful raise to read his radiant face;
But then, why shrunk her heart?—a secret sigh
Told her it most required what there it could not trace.

ZOPHIEL LISTENING WHILE EGLA SINGS.

His wings were folded o'er his eyes; severe
As was the pain he'd borne from wave and wind,
The dubious warning of that being drear,
Who met him in the lightning, to his mind
Was torture worse; a dark presentiment
Came o'er his soul with paralyzing chill,
As when Fate vaguely whispers her intent
To poison mortal joy with sense of coming ill.
He search'd about the grove with all the care
Of trembling jealousy, as if to trace,
By track or wounded flower, some rival there;
And scarcely dared to look upon the face
Of her he loved, lest it some tale might tell
To make the only hope that soothed him vain:
He hears her notes in numbers die and swell,
But almost fears to listen to the strain
Himself had taught her, lest some hated name
Had been with that dear gentle air enwreathed,
While he was far; she sighed—he nearer came—
Oh, transport! Zophiel was the name she breathed,

MORNING.

How beauteous art thou, O thou morning sun!—
The old man, feebly tottering forth, admires
As much thy beauty, now life's dream is done,
As when he moved exulting in his fires.
The infant strains his little arms to catch
The rays that glance about his silken hair;
And Luxury hangs her amber lamps, to match
Thy face, when turn'd away from bower and palace fair
Sweet to the lip the draught, the blushing fruit:
Music and perfumes mingle with the soul;
How thrills the kiss, when feeling's voice is mute!
And light and beauty's tints enhance the whole.

Yet each keen sense were dulness but for thee:
Thy ray to joy, love, virtue, genius, warms;
Thou never weariest; no inconstancy
But comes to pay new homage to thy charms.
How many lips have sung thy praise, how long!
Yet, when his slumbering harp he feels thee woo,
The pleasured bard pours forth another song,
And finds in thee, like love, a theme for ever new.
Thy dark-eyed daughters come in beauty forth,
In thy near realms; and, like their snow-wreaths fair,
The bright-hair'd youths and maidens of the north
Smile in thy colours when thou art not there.
'T is there thou bid'st a deeper ardor glow,
And higher, purer reveries completest;
As drops that farthest from the ocean flow,
Refining all the way, from springs the sweetest.
Haply, sometimes, spent with the sleepless night,
Some wretch, impassion'd, from sweet morning's breath,
Turns his hot brow, and sickens at thy light;
But Nature, ever kind, soon heals or gives him death.

AMBITION.

Wo to thee, wild Ambition! I employ
Despair's low notes thy dread effects to tell:
Born in high heaven, her peace thou could'st destroy,
And, but for thee, there had not been a hell.
Through the celestial domes thy clarion peal'd;
Angels, entranced, beneath thy banners ranged,
And straight were fiends; hurl'd from the shrinking field,
They waked in agony to wail the change.
Darting through all her veins, the subtle fire,
The world's fair mistress first inhaled thy breath;
To lot of higher beings learn'd to aspire;
Dared to attempt, and doom'd the world to death.
The thousand wild desires, that still torment
The fiercely-struggling soul where peace once dwelt,
But perish'd; feverish hope; drear discontent,
Impoisoning all possess'd—oh! I have felt
As spirits feel—yet not for man we moan:
Scarce o'er the silly bird in state were he,
That builds his nest, loves, sings the morn's return,
And sleeps at evening, save by aid of thee.
Fame ne'er had roused, nor Song her records kept,
The gem, the ore, the marble breathing life,
The pencil's colours, all in earth had slept,
Now see them mark with death his victim's strife.
Man found thee, Death: but Death and dull Decay
Baffling, by aid of thee, his mastery proves;
By mighty works he swells his narrow day,
And reigns, for ages, on the world he loves.
Yet what the price? With stings that never cease,
Thou goad'st him on; and, when too keen the smart,
His highest dole he'd barter but for peace—
Food thou wilt have, or feast upon his heart.

VIRTUE.

Virtue! how many, as a lowly thing,
Born of weak folly, scorn thee! but thy name
Alone they know; upon thy soaring wing
They'd fear to mount; nor could thy sacred flame
Burn in their baser hearts: the biting thorn,
The flinty crag, flowers hiding, strew thy field;
Yet blest is he whose daring bides the scorn
Of the frail, easy herd, and buckles on thy shield.
Who says thy ways are bliss, trolls but a lay
To lure the infant: if thy paths, to view,
Were always pleasant. Crime's worst sons would lay
Their daggers at thy feet, and, *from mere sloth*, pursue.

BROSSIER, MARTHA,

A VERY remarkable woman, who pretended to be possessed by the devil, and came near causing great disorders in France, about the end of the sixteenth century. Her father was a weaver at Romozantin; but as Martha had the art of making a thousand distortions, he found it more profitable to ramble about with her, than to stay at home and mind his trade. Going from town to town, and showing his daughter, as a woman possessed by the devil, and needing the exorcism of the church, a great number of people resorted to him. The cheat was discovered at Orleans, in 1598, and all the priests of that diocese were forbidden to proceed to exorcisms on pain of excommunication. Nor was the bishop of Angiers more easily imposed on; for, having invited Martha to dinner, he caused holy water to be brought to her instead of common water, and *common* water instead of holy water. Martha was not at all affected when she drank the holy water, but made a great many distortions when the common water was handed to her. Upon this the prelate called for the book of Exorcisms, and read the beginning of the Æneid. Martha, supposing the Latin verses to be the exorcism, put herself into violent postures, as though she were tormented by the devil. The bishop, convinced that she was an imposter, reproved her father in private, and advised him to go back with her to Romozantin. But Brossier, on the contrary, carried Martha to Paris, as a better theatre for her to act on, where he hoped to be supported by the credulous, and those whom the edict of Nantes had lately exasperated against the king. He pitched upon the church of St. Genevieve to act his farce in, and it succeeded wonderfully. The capuchins took up the business, and the contortions she made while the exorcists were performing their office, easily persuaded the people that she was a real demoniac. The thing was quickly noised all over the city, and the bishop appointed five of the most famous physicians in Paris to examine into it; who unanimously reported, "that the devil had no hand in the matter, but that there was a great deal of imposture and some distemper in it."

Two days after, two of the physicians seemed to waver; and before they answered the bishop, desired that the three others might be sent for, and time granted them till the next day. The trial came on, on the first of April, 1599, when father Seraphin renewed his exorcisms, and Martha her convulsions. She rolled her eyes, lolled out her tongue, and her whole body trembled; and when the priest uttered the words, "Et homo factus est" (and was made man), she fell down, and tossed herself from the altar to the door of the chapel. Upon this, the exorcist cried out, "That if any one persisted in his incredulity, he needed only to fight that devil, and try to conquer him, if he durst venture his life." Marescot, one of the five physicians, accepted the challenge, took Martha by the throat, and bade her stop. She obeyed, saying that the evil spirit had left her, which father Seraphin confirmed; but Marescot insisted that he had frightened the devil away. People were divided in their opinions about this woman, many believing her to be really a demoniac. At length, there being fears that she might cause a sedition, under pretence of the edict granted to the Protestants, Henry IV. enjoined the parliament of Paris to use their authority; upon which the parliament ordered her to be confined. She was kept in prison for forty days; during which time the best physicians examined her, and asserted that there was nothing supernatural in her case. In the mean time, the priests protested

against this proceeding, saying that it was an encroachment on the privileges of the church, suggested by the heretics, and they were not silenced without much difficulty. On the 27th of May, Brossier was sent with his daughter to Romozantin, and forbidden to allow her to go abroad, without consent of the judge, under pain of corporal punishment. However, the father and daughter went, under the sanction and protection of Alexander de la Rochefoucauld, abbot of St. Martin's, into Auvergne, and to Avignon. The parliament of Paris summoned the abbot twice, and at last ordered that the revenues of his benefice should be seized for contempt of court; nevertheless, these people went to Rome. The bishop of Clermont, brother to the abbot, was suspected of having suggested this foolish undertaking to his brother, and was also deprived of his ecclesiastical revenues.

Henry IV. countermined them at Rome, so that the pope did nothing contrary to the sentence given by the parliament of Paris against the pretended demoniac. Not long after, the abbot died, it is said, of grief, for having undertaken so long a journey to make himself despised; and Martha and her father, forsaken by everybody, took refuge in the hospitals.

BROWN, CATHERINE,

Was a half-blooded Cherokee, born at Willis Valley, in the state of Alabama, about the year 1800. Her father's name, in the Indian language, was Yau-nu-gung-yah-ski, which is, "drowned by a bear." His English name, from his father, was John Brown. Her mother's name was Tsa-luh, in the Cherokee. Her English name was Sarah. They were people of property, and far above the level of their race, but still had no education—they could not speak a word of English. In 1816, the American Board of Foreign Missions sent the Rev. Cyrus Kingsbury to the Cherokee nation, for permission to establish a school in their territory. This was granted, and a school opened at Chickamaugah, within the territory of Tennessee. Catherine had heard of the school, although living at the distance of a hundred miles. She had learned to speak English, by residing at the house of a Cherokee friend, and could read in words of one syllable. She was now seventeen years of age, possessing very fine features, and of roseate complexion. She was decidedly the first of Cherokee beauties. She was modest, gentle and virtuous, with a sweet and affectionate disposition. From her wealth and beauty, she had been indulged as the pride of her parents; but she was the most docile of all the missionary pupils. Her progress was wonderfully rapid. In three months, she learned to read and write. This exceeds the progress of any one on record, in this or any other country. She soon became serious, and then religious; and was baptized in January, 1818. In June, 1820, she undertook to teach a school at Creek-path, near her father's house. She showed the greatest zeal in the cause of enlightening her countrywomen; for those of all ages came to learn something of her. She established religious exercises in her father's house, and brought many to Christianity. She was not contented with the measure of information she had acquired, but intended to push her studies into higher branches of knowledge, which she knew to exist; but while she was contemplating great things for herself and her nation, her health began to decline. She had probably injured herself by too close application to her studies. The change from flying through the groves and paddling the canoe to such a sedentary life, which she must have severely felt, and with her anxiety for the conversion of her family, particularly of a brother, who had died the preceding year, aggravated her disease. She bore her sickness with great resignation, and her piety made a deep impression on the hearts of all who knew and loved her. She died July 18th, 1823, and was buried at Creek-path, beside her dear brother John, whom she had been instrumental in converting to Christianity.

BROWNE, MARY ANNE,

Was born in 1812, at Maiden Head, Berkshire, England. She began to publish at the age of fifteen, and her poems even then showed great genius. Her father removed to Liverpool in 1830; and in 1842, Miss Browne was married to James Gray, a Scotch gentleman, and a nephew of James Hogg, the shepherd-poet. She died at Cork, in 1844. Her first work was "Mont-Blanc;" her others were, "Ada," "Repentance," "The Coronal," "Birth-Day Gift," "Ignatia," volume of "Sacred Poetry," and a great number of fugitive pieces, in prose as well as verse. She was as well known by those among whom she lived for her active benevolence, as for her poetical talents, being eminently pious, gentle, and benevolent. There is very little display of that sort of tender and flowery description, which may be termed *sentimentalism*, in the poetry of Miss Browne. She is reflective, serious, and, at times, sublime. Human nature, as its passions and changes, hopes, fears and joys, are displayed in books and in social life, seems to have been her study, rather than "running brooks" or "flowery meads." Hence, her style is modelled on the manner of the old bards; and though her poetry never reaches the height she evidently sought to attain, it is excellent for its pure taste and just sentiment; while a few instances of bold imagination show vividly the ardour of a fancy, which prudence and delicacy always controlled.

THE HEART AND LYRE.

She left her lyre within the hall,
  When last she parted with her loved;
And still it hangs upon the wall—
  He will not let it be removed.
Around that lyre of sweetest tone
  She twined a wreath of roses fair;
And, though their lovely hue is gone,
  The withered blossoms still are there.

No hand hath touched its silver string
  Since last she waked a parting lay;
To sweep its chords would only bring
  A tuneless tale of its decay.
And there it hangs, slow moldering,
  Its sweetness gone, its passion quelled;
And round it those dead roses cling,
  Like withered hopes still fondly held.

And his sad mourning heart is such—
No happy feeling it affords;
It cannot bear the lightest touch
Of mirth upon its ruined chords.
Her name to him they ne'er repeat,
It would but waken thoughts of wo;
And though 't was once so very sweet,
He could not brook to hear it now.

He fixes on that lyre his eye
For hours, but never, never speaks;
Unmoved he gazes, silently,
And only starts when some chord breaks.
It hath an echo in his heart,
Both mutely their bereavement bear:
In her affections both had part,
And both are left to perish there.

MAN'S LOVE.

When woman's eye grows dull,
And her cheek paleth,
When fades the beautiful,
Then man's love faileth;
He sits not beside her chair,
Clasps not her fingers,
Twines not the damp hair,
That o'er her brow lingers.

He comes but a moment in,
Though her eye lightens,
Though her cheek, pale and thin,
Feverishly brightens:
He stays but a moment near,
When that flash fadeth,
Though true affection's tear
Her soft eyelid shadeth.

He goes from her chamber straight
Into life's jostle,
He meets at the very gate
Business and bustle;
He thinks not of her within,
Silently sighing,
He forgets, in that noisy din,
That she is dying!

And when her young heart is still,
What though he mourneth,
Soon from his sorrow chill
Wearied he turneth,
Soon o'er her buried head
Memory's light setteth,
And the true-hearted dead
Thus man forgetteth!

WOMAN'S LOVE.

When man is waxing frail,
And his hand is thin and weak,
And his lips are parched and pale,
And wan and white his cheek,—
Oh, then doth woman prove
Her constancy and love!

She sitteth by his chair,
And holds his feeble hand;
She watcheth ever there,
His wants to understand;
His yet unspoken will
She hasteneth to fulfil.

She leads him, when the noon
Is bright o'er dale or hill,
And all things, save the tune
Of the honey bees, are still,
Into the garden bowers,
To sit 'midst herbs and flowers.

And when he goes not there,
To feast on breath and bloom,
She brings the posy rare
Into his darkened room;
And 'neath his weary head
The pillow smooth doth spread.

Until the hour when death
His lamp of life doth dim,
She never wearieth,
She never leaveth him;
Still near him night and day,
She meets his eye alway.

And when his trial 's o'er,
And the turf is on his breast,
Deep in her bosom's core
Lie sorrows unexpressed;
Her tears, her sighs, are weak,
Her settled grief to speak.

And though there may arise
Balm for her spirit's pain,
And though her quiet eyes
May sometimes smile again;
Still, still she must regret,—
She never can forget!

SHE WAS NOT MADE FOR HAPPINESS.

She was not made for happiness; her eyes
Were all too soft and deep,
Shade 'midst their radiance—as in lovely skies
Of April when they weep.
Yet when she spake with earnest eloquence,
The soul beneath them burned
As if her thoughts, concentred and intense,
Them into stars had turned.

She was not made for happiness; her brow
Had lines of early thought,
Traced e'en in childhood's sunny time, and now
Still daily deeper wrought.
And her sweet lips! they were not chiselled forms,
Such as the sculptor knows,
The quivering smile, that saddens while it warms,
Hung o'er their rose.

She was not made for happiness; too much
She felt for others' woe,
What to another's heart was but a touch,
Hers felt a cruel blow.
No tale of suffering, sorrow, or disease,
But found an echo there—
A wounded bird—a broken flower—e'en these
Her sympathy might share.

She was not made for happiness; and yet
Too much of ours she made.
With what unmingled anguish and regret
We saw her droop and fade!
Suffering had seemed her birthright dower,
Years of sad pain went o'er,
And yet we loved our frail and feeble flower
Even for this the more.

But standing by her dying bed, we felt
A better prospect dawn;
A mist around her spirit seemed to melt,
A curtain seemed withdrawn.
Bright happy glances from her eyes were sent
Up through the summer sky—
Ah! now she knew her own true element,
The better world on high.

And hopefully she spake, and happily
Of communings with God—
Of light and glory, that we could not see,
Upon the path she trod.
A setting sunbeam from her cloudy lot
At length broke brightly forth—
Oh! she was made for happiness—but not
The happiness of earth.

MEMORY.

"Rather than have one bliss forgot,
Be-all my pains remembered too."
Moore.

And wouldst thou advise me to mix with the crowd,
And strive to efface the remembrance of years:
When, though mists and misfortune too often might shroud,
One smile hath repaid me for long hours of tears?

And say'st thou that memory only can feed
The fever that preys on the desolate heart?
Oh! thou knowest not, unless thou hast felt it indeed,
What joy the remembrance of joy can impart!

There are things that are past, which I would not forget
For the brightest of pleasures that earth can now give;
Their bliss had a mixture of sorrow, and yet
Like stars in the night of my bosom they live.
As on scenes we have passed, when by distance made soft,
We gaze the more fondly the further we go,
So, when years of our prime have gone over, how oft
We turn with delight to past pleasure and wo.

I once felt affections, more gentle and fond,
That shone o'er my soul, like the stars o'er the seas;
And think'st thou my spirit can ever despond,
While memory revives such emotions as these?
Oh! how many a smile and affectionate word
Remain through long years on the wo-blighted mind,
When joy hath shot over its wastes, like a bird
That hath left a bright gift from its plumage behind!

And what though the vision of happiness flies
From the heart that had cherished it fondly before?
Its flowers may be withered, but memory supplies
Their vigour, and fragrance, and beauty once more.
Oh! may my remembrances never depart!
May I still feel a bliss in beholding the past—
While memory over the gems of the heart
Shall, sentinel-like, keep her watch to the last.

KINDRED SPIRITS.

Drops from the ocean of eternity,
Rays from the centre of unfailing light,
Things that the human eye can never see,
Are spirits,—yet they dwell near human sight!
But as the shattered magnet's fragments still,
Though far apart, will to each other turn,—
So, in the breast imprisoned, spirits will
To meet their fellow spirits vainly burn;—
And yet not vainly. If the drop shall pass
Through streams of human sorrow undefiled,—
If the eternal ray that heavenly was,
To no false earthly fire be reconciled,—
The drop shall mingle with its native main,
The ray shall meet its kindred ray again!

JAQUES BALMOT.

(He was the first guide who ever reached the highest summit of Mount Blanc.)

The mountain reared a lofty brow,
Where never footstep trod,
It stood supreme o'er all below,
And seemed alone with God.
The lightnings played around its crest,
Nor touched its stainless snow;
The glaciers bound its mighty breast,
Seas where no currents flow!

And ever and anon the blast
Blew sternly round its head,
The clouds across its bosom vast
A changeful curtain spread;
But, changeless in its majesty,
The mountain was alone,
No voice might tell what there might be,
Its secrets were its own.

He should have worshipped poetry
Who trod its summit first;
He should have had a painter's eye,
On whom the vision burst;
The vision of the lower world
Seen from that mountain's crown,
Where storms midst humbler rocks were curled,
To molehills dwindled down.

Yet 't was a lowly peasant's lot
To find the upward road,
He earliest trod that lofty spot
Where solitude abode.

Methinks, if naught be felt beside,
There must have been delight,
And the strong gush of natural pride,
When he had gained that height.

Thus truth sits throned in lonely power
For ages long and lone,
Till opens in some happy hour
A pathway towards her throne.
And let this thought the humble sway,
And hope their bosoms fill,
"The lowly often lead the way
Up to her sacred hill!"

BRUN, FREDERIKE CHRISTIANA,

A GERMAN poetess, whose maiden name was Münter, was born at Graefentoma, in the principality of Gatha, June 3d, 1765, and died at Copenhagen, March 26th, 1835. She was sister to the celebrated and learned bishop Münter, of Iceland, and wife of the Danish conference counsellor Brun. Encouraged by the example of her husband and her brother, she became an author, and obtained considerable fame as a writer of lyrics. Her prose writings, though not of the first order, are yet far above mediocrity. She is best known as the author of songs of liberty, written when Philhellenic enthusiasm prevailed all over Germany. Almost all her poetic productions are tinctured with a sad and melancholy feeling.

BRUN, MADAME LE,

WAS a French artiste or painter, who gained considerable reputation at Paris. Her paintings, historical pieces as well as portraits, were exhibited in the Louvre. Madame de Genlis speaks of the talents of Madame le Brun with much warmth of praise, and complains that the men sought to depreciate her paintings because she was a woman.

BRUNTON, MARY,

AUTHORESS of "Self-Control" and "Discipline," two novels of superior merit, was born on the 1st of November, 1778. She was a native of Burrey, in Orkney, a small island of about five hundred inhabitants, destitute of tree or shrub. Her father was colonel Balfour, of Elwick, and her mother was niece of field-marshal lord Ligonier, in whose house she had resided before her marriage. Mary was carefully educated, and taught French and Italian by her mother. She was also sent to Edinburgh; but when she was sixteen her mother died, and the whole care of the family devolved on her. At the age of twenty she married the Rev. Mr. Brunton, minister of Bolton, in Haddingtonshire. In 1803, Mr. Brunton was called to Edinburgh, and there his wife had an opportunity of meeting literary persons, and of cultivating her mind. "Self-Control," her first novel, was published anonymously in 1811. The first edition was sold in a month, and a second and third called for. Her next work was "Discipline," a novel of the religious class, to which "Self-Control" belonged. She died in 1818, leaving an unfinished novel called "Emeline," afterwards published with a memoir of the authoress, by her husband.

Her private character was in harmony with her writings; she taught all within the circle of her influence, by her amiable deportment, how beauti-

ful are the characteristics of the true Christian lady, as she now teaches the readers of her excellent works the theory of the loveliness of virtue. We give a few selections from her best novel — "*Self-Control.*"

SKETCH OF THE HEROINE.

It is the fashion of the age to account for every striking feature of a character, from education or external circumstance. Those who are fond of such speculations may trace, if they can, the self-denying habits of Laura, to the eagerness with which her enthusiastic mind imbibed the stories of self-devoting patriots and martyrs, and may find, in one lesson of her preceptress, the tint which coloured her future days. The child had been reading a narrative of the triumphant death of one of the first reformers; and, full of the emulation which the tale of heroic virtue inspires, exclaimed, her eyes flashing through their tears, her little form erect with noble daring, — "Let them persecute me, and I will be a martyr." "You may be so now, to-day, every day," returned Mrs. Douglas. "It was not at the stake that these holy men began their self-denial. They had before taken up their cross daily; and whenever, from a regard to duty, you resign anything that is pleasing or valuable to you, you are for the time a little martyr."

In a solitary village, remote from her equals in age and rank, Laura necessarily lived much alone; and in solitude she acquired a grave and contemplative turn of mind. Far from the scenes of dissipation and frivolity, conversant with the grand and the sublime in nature, her sentiments assumed a corresponding elevation. She had heard that there was vice in the world; she knew that there was virtue in it; and little acquainted with other minds, deeply studious of her own, she concluded that all mankind were like herself engaged in a constant endeavour after excellence; that success in this struggle was at once virtue and happiness, while failure included misery as well as guilt. The habit of self-examination, early formed, and steadily maintained, made even venial trespass appear the worst of evils; while, in the labours of duty and the pleasures of devotion, she found joys which sometimes rose to rapture.

THE LOVER AND HIS DECLARATION.

For the first time since her mother's funeral, captain Montreville prevailed on his daughter to take a solitary walk. Slowly she ascended the hill that overlooked the village, and stopping near its brow, looked back towards the church-yard, to observe a brown hillock that marked the spot where her mother slept. Tears filled her eyes, as passing over long intervals of unkindness, she recollected some casual proof of love; and they fell fast as she remembered, that for that love she could now make no return. She turned to proceed; and the moist eye sparkled with pleasure, the faded cheek glowed with more than the flush of health, when she beheld springing towards her the elegant, the accomplished, colonel Hargrave. Forgotten was languor, forgotten was sorrow; for Laura was just seventeen, and colonel Hargrave was the most ardent, the most favoured of lovers. His person was symmetry itself; his manners had all the fascination that vivacity and intelligence, joined to the highest polish, can bestow. His love for Laura suited with the impetuosity of his character; and for more than a year he had laboured with assiduity and success to inspire a passion corresponding to his own. Yet it was not Hargrave whom Laura loved; for the being on whom she doted had no resemblance to him, except in externals. It was a creature of her imagination, pure as her own heart, yet impassioned as the wildest dreams of fiction, intensely susceptible of pleasure, and keenly alive to pain, yet ever ready to sacrifice the one and to despise the other. This ideal being, clothed with the fine form, and adorned with the insinuating manners, and animated with the infectious love of Hargrave, what heart of woman could resist? Laura's was completely captivated.

Hargrave, charmed with her consummate loveliness, pleased with her cheerful good sense, and fascinated with her matchless simplicity, at first sought her society without thought but of present gratification, till he was no longer master of himself. He possessed an ample fortune, besides the near prospect of a title; and nothing was further from his thoughts than to make the poor unknown Laura a sharer in these advantages. But Hargrave was not yet a villain, and he shuddered at the thought of seduction. "I will see her only *once* more," said he, "and then tear myself from her forever." "Only this once," said he, while day after day he continued to visit her,—to watch with delight, and to cherish with eager solicitude the tenderness which, amidst her daily increasing reserve, his practised eye could distinguish. The passion which we do not conquer will, in time, reconcile us to any means that can aid its gratification. "To leave her now would be dishonourable—it would be barbarous," was his answer to his remonstrating conscience, as he marked the glow of her complexion at his approach, the tremor of her hand at his pressure. "I cannot indeed make her my wife. The woman whom I marry must assist in supporting the rank which she is to fill. But Laura is not made for high life. Short commerce with the world would destroy half her witchery. Love will compensate to us for every privation—I will hide her and myself from a censorious world: she loves solitude; *and*, with her, solitude will be delightful." He forgot that solitude is delightful to the innocent alone.

Meantime the artless Laura saw, in his highly-coloured pictures of happy love, only scenes of domestic peace and literary leisure; and, judging of his feelings by her own, dreamed not of aught that would have disgraced the love of angels. Tedious weeks of absence had intervened since their last meeting; and Hargrave's resolution was taken. To live without her was impossible, and he was determined to try whether he had overrated the strength of her affection, when he ventured to hope that to it she would sacrifice her all. To meet her thus unexpectedly filled him with

joy; and the heart of Laura throbbed quick as he expressed his rapture. Never had his professions been so ardent; and softened by sorrow and by absence, never had Laura felt such seducing tenderness as now stole upon her. Unable to speak, and unconscious of her path, she listened with silent rapture to the glowing language of her lover, till his entreaties wrung from her a reluctant confession of her preference. Unmindful of the feeling of humiliation that makes the moment of such a confession, of all others, the least favourable to a lover's boldness, Hargrave poured forth the most vehement expressions of passion; while, shrinking into herself, Laura now first observed that the shades of evening were closing fast, while their lonely path led through a wood that climbed the rocky hill.

She stopped. "I must return," said she; "my father will be anxious for me at this hour."

"Talk not now of returning," cried Hargrave impetuously; "trust yourself to a heart that adores you. Reward all my lingering pains, and let this happy hour begin a life of love and rapture."

Laura, wholly unconscious of his meaning, looked up in his face with an innocent smile: "I have often taxed you with raving," said she; "now, I am sure, you must admit the charge."

"Do not sport with me, loveliest," cried Hargrave, "nor waste these precious moments in cold delay. Leave forms to the frozen hearts that wait them, and be from this hour mine, wholly and forever."

Laura threw a tearful glance at her mourning habit. "Is this like bridal attire?" said she: "would you bring your nuptial festivities into the house of death, and mingle the sound of your marriage vow with my mother's dying groans?"

"Can this simplicity be affected?" thought Hargrave. "Is it that she will not understand me?" He examined her countenance. All there was candor and unsuspecting love. Her arm rested on his with confiding pressure; and, for a moment, Hargrave faltered in his purpose. The next, he imagined that he had gone too far to recede; and, clasping her to his breast with all the vehemence of passion, he urged his suit in language yet more unequivocal. No words can express her feelings, when, the veil thus rudely torn from her eyes, she saw her pure, her magnanimous Hargrave — the god of her idolatry — degraded to a sensualist, a seducer. Casting on him a look of mingled horror, dismay, and anguish, she exclaimed, "Are you so base?" and, freeing herself, with convulsive struggle, from his grasp, sunk without sense or motion to the ground.

LAURA REFUSES COLONEL HARGRAVE.

Though the understanding of Laura was above her years, she had not escaped a mistake common to the youth of both sexes, when smarting under a recent disappointment in love—the mistake of supposing that all the interest of life is, with respect to them, at an end, and that their days must thenceforth bring only a dull routine of duties without excitement, and of toils without hope. But the leading principle of Laura's life was capable of giving usefulness even to her errors; and the gloom of the wilderness through which her path seemed to lie, only brightened, by contrast, the splendour that lay beyond. "The world," thought she, "has now nothing to offer that I covet, and little to threaten that I fear. What then remains but to do my duty, unawed by its threatenings, unbribed by its joys? Ere this cloud darkened all my earthly prospects, I was not untaught, though I had too much forgotten the lesson, that it was not for pastime I was sent hither. I am here as a soldier who strives in an enemy's land; as one who must run—must wrestle —must strain every nerve, exert every power, nor once shrink from the struggle, till the prize is my own. Nor do I live for myself alone. I have a friend to gratify—the poor to relieve—the sorrowful to console—a father's age to comfort—a God to serve. And shall selfish feelings disincline me to such duties as these? No; with more than seeming cheerfulness, I will perform them all. I will thank Heaven for exempting me from the far heavier task of honouring and obeying a profligate."

A profligate! Must she apply such a name to Hargrave! The enthusiasm of the moment expired at the word, and the glow of virtuous resolution faded to the paleness of despondence and pain.

From a long and melancholy reverie, Laura was awakened by the sound of the garden gate; and she perceived that it was entered by Colonel Hargrave. Instinctively she was retreating from the window, when she saw him joined by her father; and, trembling lest candour was about to confess, or inadvertence to betray, what she so much wished to conceal, she continued with breathless anxiety to watch their conference.

Though Colonel Hargrave was certainly one of the best bred men in the kingdom, and, of consequence, entirely free from the awkwardness of *mauvaise honte*, it must be confessed that he entered the presence of the father of Laura with rather less than his accustomed ease; but the cordial salutation of Captain Montreville banishing all fear that the lady had been too communicative, our lover proceeded, without any remaining embarrassment, to unfold the purpose of his visit.

Captain Montreville listened with undisguised satisfaction to proposals apparently so advantageous to his beloved child; but, while he expressed his entire approbation of the colonel's suit, regard to feminine decorum made him add, "that he was determined to put no constraint on the inclinations of his daughter." The colonel felt a strong conviction that no constraint would be necessary; nevertheless, turning a neat period, importing his willingness to resign his love rather than interfere with the happiness of Miss Montreville, he closed the conference by entreating that the captain would give him an immediate opportunity of learning his fate from the lips of the fair Laura herself.

Laura had continued to follow them with her eyes, till they entered the house together: and

the next minute Captain Montreville knocked at her door.

"If your headache is not quite gone," said he, with a significant smile, "I will venture to recommend a physician. Colonel Hargrave is waiting to prescribe for you; and you may repay in kind, for he tells me he has a case for your consideration."

Laura was on the point of protesting against any communication with Colonel Hargrave; but, instantly recollecting the explanation which would be necessary, "I will go to him this instant," she exclaimed, with an eagerness that astonished her father.

"Surely you will first smooth these reddish locks of yours," said he, fondly stroking her dark auburn hair. "I fear so much haste may make the colonel vain."

Laura coloured violently; for, amidst all her fears of a discovery, she found place for a strong feeling of resentment at the easy security of forgiveness that seemed intimated by a visit so immediately succeeding the offence. Having employed the few moments she passed at her toilet in collecting her thoughts, she descended to the parlour, fully resolved to give no countenance to the hopes her lover might have built on her supposed weakness.

The colonel was alone; and as she opened the door, eagerly advanced towards her. "My adored Laura," cried he, "this condescension—" Had he stayed to read the pale but resolute countenance of his "adored" Laura, he would have spared his thanks for her condescension.

She interrupted him. "Colonel Hargrave," said she, with imposing seriousness, "I have a request to make to you. Perhaps the peace of my life depends upon your compliance."

"Ah, Laura! what request can I refuse, where I have so much to ask?"

"Promise me that you will never make known to my father—that you will take every means to conceal from him the—" she hesitated, "the—our meeting last night," she added, rejoiced to have found a palliative expression for her meaning.

"Oh! dearest Laura! forget it—think of it no more."

"Promise—promise solemnly. If, indeed," added she, shuddering, while an expression of sudden anguish crossed her features, "if, indeed, promises can weigh with such a one as you."

"For pity's sake, speak not such cutting words as those."

"Colonel Hargrave, will you give me your promise?"

"I do promise—solemnly promise. Say but that you forgive me."

"I thank you, sir, for so far insuring the safety of my dear father, since he might have risked his life to avenge the wrongs of his child. You cannot be surprised if I now wish to close our acquaintance as speedily as may be consistent with the concealment so unfortunately necessary."

Impatient to close an interview which tasked her fortitude to the utmost, Laura was about to retire. Hargrave seized her hand. "Surely, Laura, you will not leave me thus. You cannot refuse forgiveness to a fault caused by intemperate passion alone. The only atonement in my power, I now come to offer; my hand, my fortune—my future rank."

The native spirit and wounded delicacy of Laura flashed from her eyes, while she replied, "I fear, sir, I shall not be suitably grateful for your generosity, while I recollect the alternative you would have preferred."

This was the first time that Laura had ever appeared to her lover other than the tender, the timid girl. From this character she seemed to have started at once into the high-spirited, the dignified woman; and, with a truly masculine passion for variety, Hargrave thought he had never seen her half so fascinating. "My angelic Laura!" cried he, as he knelt before her, "lovelier in your cruelty, suffer me to prove to you my repentance—my reverence, my adoration;—suffer me to prove them to the world, by uniting our fates for ever."

"It is fit the guilty should kneel," said Laura, turning away, "but not to their fellow-mortals. Rise, sir; this homage to *me* is but mockery."

"Say, then, that you forgive me; say that you will accept the tenderness, the duty of my future life."

"What! rather than control your passions, will you now stoop to receive, as your wife, her whom so lately you thought vile enough for the lowest degradation? Impossible! yours I can never be. Our views, our principles are opposite as light and darkness. How shall I call Heaven to witness the prostitution of its own ordinances? How shall I ask the blessing of my Maker on my union with a being at enmity with him?"

"Good heavens, Laura! will you sacrifice to a punctilio—to a fit of Calvinistic enthusiasm, the peace of my life, the peace of your own? You have owned that you love me—I have seen it, delighted seen it, a thousand times—and will you now desert me for ever?"

"I do not act upon punctilio," returned Laura, calmly; "I believe I am no enthusiast. What *have* been my sentiments is now of no importance; to unite myself with vice would be deliberate wickedness—to hope for happiness from such a union would be desperate folly."

"Dearest Laura, bound by your charms, allured by your example, my reformation would be certain, my virtue secure."

"Oh, hope it not! Familiar with my form, my only hold on your regard, you would neglect, forsake, despise me; and who should say that my punishment was not just?"

"And will you, then," cried Hargrave, in an agony, "will you, then, cast me off for ever? Will you drive me for ever from your heart?"

"I have no choice—leave me—forget me—seek some woman less fastidious; or rather endeavour, by your virtue, to deserve one superior far. Then honoured, beloved, as a husband, as a father—" The fortitude of Laura failed before the picture of her fancy, and she was unable to proceed. Determined to conceal her weakness

from Hargrave, she broke from him, and hurried towards the door; but, melting into tenderness at the thought that this interview was perhaps the last, she turned. "Oh Hargrave," she cried, clasping her hands in supplication, "have pity on yourself—have pity on me—forsake the fatal path on which you have entered, that though for ever torn from you here, I may meet you in a better world!"

BUCHAN, ELSPETH,

Was the daughter of John Simpson, the keeper of an inn at Fitmy Can, which is the half-way house between Banff and Portsoy in the north of Scotland; where he was still living in 1787 at the age of ninety. His daughter Elspeth or Elizabeth was born in 1738; and when she was twenty-one was sent to Glasgow to find herself a place. She there entered into the service of Mr. Martin, one of the principal proprietors of the delft-work manufactory. She was not long in this situation before she married Robert Buchan, one of the workmen in the service of the same Mr. Martin. Robert and Elspeth Buchan seem to have lived happily together, and had many children, whom they educated in a manner suitable to their station. At the time of her marriage Mrs. Buchan was an episcopalian, but her husband being a burgher-seceder, she adopted his principles. She had always been a constant reader of the scriptures, and taking many passages in a strictly literal sense, she changed her opinions greatly, and, about 1778, she became the promulgator of many singular doctrines, and soon brought over to her notions Mr. Hugh White, who was the settled relief minister at Irvine. She continued to make new converts till April, 1790, when the populace in Irvine rose, assembled round Mr. White's house, and broke the windows; and Mrs. Buchan with all her converts, to the number of forty-six persons, left Irvine. The Buchanites (for so they were called) went through Mauchlin, old and new Cumnock, halted three days at Kirconnel, passed through Sangahar and Thornhill, and then settled at a farm-house, the out-houses of which they had all along possessed, paying for them, and for whatever they wanted. This farm-house is two miles south of Thornhill, and about thirteen miles from Dumfries.

The Buchanites paid great attention to the Bible, always reading it or carrying it about them. They read, sang hymns, preached, and conversed much about religion; declaring the last day to be near, and that no one of their company should ever die or be buried, but soon should hear the sound of the last trumpet, when all the wicked would be struck dead, and remain so one thousand years. At the same time the Buchanites would undergo an agreeable change, be caught up to meet the Lord in the air, from whence they should return to this earth, and with the Lord Jesus as their king, possess it one thousand years, during which time the devil should be chained. At the end of that period, the devil would be loosed, the wicked restored to life, and both would assail their camp, but be repulsed by the Buchanites, fighting manfully with Christ for their leader.

The Buchanites neither marry, nor consider themselves bound by conjugal duties, nor care for carnal enjoyments. But having one purse, they live like brothers and sisters a holy life as the angels of God. They follow no employment, being commanded to take no thought of the morrow, but, observing how the young ravens are fed, and the lilies grow, they assure themselves God will much more feed and clothe them. They, indeed, sometimes worked for people in their neighbourhood, but they refused all kind of payment, and declared that their whole object in working, was to mix with the world and inculcate their important doctrines.

Mr. Buchan remained in the burgher-secession communion, and had no intercourse with his wife. Mrs. Buchan died in May, 1791; and before her death her followers were greatly reduced in number.

BURE, CATHARINE,

A learned Swedish lady, whose correspondence with another Swedish lady, Vandela Skylte, has been printed. It is characterized by elegance of language, correctness of style, and delicacy of expression. She died in 1679, aged seventy-seven.

BUFFET, MARGARET,

A Parisian lady, who wrote an interesting eulogy on learned women, besides observations on the French language.

BURLEIGH, LADY MILDRED,

Eldest daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, and sister of Anne Bacon, was born at Milton, England, in 1526. Her education was carefully superintended by her father, and she learned to read and write the Greek and Latin languages with ease and elegance. On presenting the Bible, in Hebrew and other languages, to the university of Cambridge, she sent with it an epistle in Greek of her own composition.

In 1546 she married Sir William Cecil, afterwards Lord Burleigh, lord high-treasurer of England, privy-counsellor to queen Elizabeth, and Knight of the Garter.

Lady Burleigh was very happy in her long marriage of forty-two years; she died, April 4th, 1589, deeply regretted by her husband, who lost in her not only an amiable wife, but a friend whom he had been accustomed to consult on the most important occasions, and whose judgment and knowledge in state affairs was little inferior to his own. She was buried in Westminster Abbey.

After her decease, Lord Burleigh diverted his sorrow by composing "Meditations" on his irreparable loss, in which, after expressing his high sense of the admirable virtues of his wife, he enumerates her acts of beneficence and liberality, many of which had, during her life, been carefully concealed from himself. In these "Meditations," after describing many of her wise charities, such as loans to poor mechanics, and gifts of meat and bread to suffering families, he says:

"Four times in the year she sent, secretly, to all the prisons in London, money to buy bread, cheese, and beer, for four hundred persons: she also frequently distributed shirts and linen among the poor, both at Cheshunt and in London. To the master of St. John's College she gave a sum of money, to have fires in the hall of the college upon all Sundays and holidays, between the feasts of All Saints and Candlemas, when there were no fires at the charge of the college. She gave money, secretly, towards a building, "for a new waye at Cambridge to the common scolles." She procured a number of books, some of which she bestowed on the university of Cambridge, the Bible in Hebrew, &c.: she also gave to the college of St. John many Greek books in divinity, physics, and the sciences. She gave similar presents to Christ Church and St. John's college, Oxford, and to the college of Westminster. She provided annually wool and flax, which were distributed to women in Cheshunt parish, to work into yarn, which was overlooked by their benefactress, and frequently presented to them as a reward of their labour. At other times she caused it to be wrought into cloth, and gave it to the poor, paying for the spinning an extraordinary price. A short time before her death, she purchased, in secret, a quantity of wheat and rye, to be given to the indigent in a time of scarcity: these stores remained unexhausted at her death, but were afterwards employed according to the original purpose."

BURNET, ELIZABETH,

THIRD wife of bishop Burnet, and daughter of Sir Richard Blake, knight, was born in London, in 1661. At the age of eighteen, she married Robert Berkeley, Esq., of Spetchley, with whom she went to Holland to reside till the revolution in England, when they returned to Spetchley, where her husband died. After being a widow seven years, she, in 1700, married Gilbert Burnet, bishop of Salisbury. She was benevolent, and exemplary in her conduct. She published a book of devotion, which showed great religious knowledge. It was called, "A Method of Devotion; or, Rules for Holy and Devout Living; with Prayers on several occasions, and Advices and Devotions for the Holy Sacrament: written by Mrs. Burnet." She died in 1709, and was buried at Spetchley, near her first husband, according to a promise made to him during his life.

A constant journal was kept by Mrs. Burnet of her life; every evening she devoted some time to the recollection of the past day, with a view of avoiding in future any errors into which she might have fallen. Though without learning, she possessed an acute and active mind; theology continued to be her favourite study, to which, by the circumstances of the times and of her own situation, she had been more particularly led. She also made some progress in geometry and philosophy: but she valued knowledge as a *means* rather than as an *end*, as it had a tendency to enlarge and purify the mind. By the austerities of her piety, which was exalted to enthusiasm, she injured her constitution; but, in her zeal for speculative opinions, she never lost sight of candour and benevolence; she considered the regulation of her conduct, and the purity of her life, as the best evidence of the sincerity of her faith. Her general manners were unaffected, cheerful, and conciliating; severe to herself and candid to others. Without external pretence or ostentation, humility, modesty, and kindness, were her peculiar characteristics. In what was indifferent, she avoided singularity, and conformed with moderation and simplicity to the customs suited to her station and rank.

BURY, ELIZABETH,

DAUGHTER of Captain Lawrence, was born at Linton, Cambridgeshire, England, and married Mr. Lloyd, of Huntingdonshire; and after his death, Samuel Bury, a dissenting minister of Bristol. She excelled in her knowledge of divinity, mathematics, and the learned languages, and was noted for her piety. She particularly applied herself to the study of Hebrew, in which, by unwearied application and practice, she became proficient. She wrote critical remarks upon the idioms and peculiarities of the Hebrew language, which were found among her papers after her decease. She was a good musician, and spoke French with ease and fluency. She took great interest in the study of anatomy and medicine, which she frequently made useful among those by whom she was surrounded.

Her beneficence and generosity were habitual and persevering, and often exerted on an extensive scale, so that at one time she seriously impaired her fortune. She died at Bristol, in 1720, aged seventy-six.

Mrs. Bury often regretted the disadvantages of her sex, who, by their habits of education, and the customs of society, were illiberally excluded from the means of acquiring knowledge. She contended that mind was of no sex, and that man was no less an enemy to himself than to woman, in confining her attention to frivolous attainments. She often spoke with pleasure and gratitude of her own obligations to her father and her preceptors, for having risen superior to these unworthy prejudices, and opened to her the sources of intellectual enjoyment.

C.

CALAGE, DE PECH DE,

WAS a native of Toulouse, in France. She seems to have lived in the reign of Louis XIII. She obtained the prize for poetry, at the Floral Games of Toulouse, several times.

CALAVRESE, MARIA,

WAS born at Rome in 1486, and was thought a good historical painter, as well in oil as in fresco. She worked for some time at Naples, but died at Rome in 1542.

CALLCETT, LADY,

WIFE of Sir Augustus Callcett, R. A., was the daughter of Rear-Admiral George Dundas. She

was born in 1788, and in 1809 married Captain Thomas Graham of the British navy, and went with him to India. She returned to England, after having travelled over a great part of India, and published her travels in 1812. She went afterwards to Italy, and in 1820 published a work called "Three Months in the Environs of Rome;" and also "The Memoirs of the Life of Poussin." In 1822, Mrs. Graham accompanied her husband to South America; during the voyage, Captain Graham died and was buried at Valparaiso. While in South America, Mrs. Graham became the instructress of Donna Maria, now queen of Portugal. Some years after, she married Mr. Callcett. She died in England, 1843. Her other published works were "History of Spain;" "Essays towards the History of Painting;" "Scripture Herbal;" and some books for children.

CAMARGO, MARIE ANNE CUPI DE,

A CELEBRATED stage-dancer, born at Brussels, 1710. She appeared on the theatres in Paris and Brussels, and maintained a respectable character. She died April 1770.

CAMPBELL, DOROTHEA PRIMROSE,

WAS a native of Lenwick, in the Shetland Islands. In 1816, she published a volume of poems.

CAMPAN, JANE LOUISA HENRIETTA,

WAS born at Paris, 1752. She was the daughter of M. Genet, first clerk in the office of the Minister of Foreign Affairs. He was fond of literature, and communicated a taste for it to his daughter, who early displayed considerable talents. She acquired a knowledge of foreign languages, particularly the Italian and English, and was distinguished for her skill in reading and recitation. These acquisitions procured for her the place of reader to the French princesses, daughters of Louis XV. On the marriage of Maria Antoinette to the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XVI., Mademoiselle Genet was attached to her suite, and continued, during twenty years, to occupy a situation about her person.

Her general intelligence and talent for observation enabled Madame Campan, in the course of her service, to collect the materials for her "Memoirs of the Private Life of the Queen of France," first published in Paris, and translated and printed in London, 1823, in two volumes. This work is not only interesting for the information it affords, but is also very creditable to the literary talents of the authoress. Soon after the appointment at court, Mademoiselle Genet was married to M. Campan, son of the Secretary of the queen's closet. When Maria Antoinette was made a prisoner, Madame Campan begged to be permitted to accompany her royal mistress and share her imprisonment, which was refused. Madame Campan was with the queen at the storming of the Tuileries, on the 10th of August, when she narrowly escaped with her life: and under the rule of Robespierre, she came near being sent to the guillotine. After the fall of that tyrant, she retired to the country and opened a private seminary for young ladies, which she conducted with great success. Josephine Beauharnais sent her daughter, Hortense, to the seminary of Madame Campan. She had also the sisters of the Emperor under her care. In 1806, Napoleon founded the school of Ecouen, for the daughters and sisters of the officers of the Legion of Honour, and appointed Madame Campan to superintend it. This institution was suppressed at the restoration of the Bourbons, and Madame Campan retired to Nantes, where she partly prepared her "Memoirs," and other works. She died in 1822, aged seventy. After her decease, her "Private Journal" was published; also, "Familiar Letters to her Friends," and a work, which she considered her most important one, entitled "Thoughts on Education." We will give extracts from these works.

From the "Private Journal."

MESMER AND HIS MAGNETISM.

At the time when Mesmer made so much noise in Paris with his magnetism, M. Campan, my husband, was his partizan, like almost every person who moved in high life. To be magnetized was then a fashion; nay, it was more, it was absolutely a rage. In the drawing-rooms, nothing was talked of but the brilliant discovery. There was to be no more dying; people's heads were turned, and their imaginations heated in the highest degree. To accomplish this object, it was necessary to bewilder the understanding; and Mesmer, with his singular language, produced that effect. To put a stop to the fit of public insanity was the grand difficulty; and it was proposed to have the secret purchased by the court. Mesmer fixed his claims at a very extravagant rate. However, he was offered fifty thousand crowns. By a singular chance, I was one day led into the midst of the somnambulists. Such was the enthusiasm of the spectators, that, in most of them, I could observe a wild rolling of the eye, and a convulsed movement of the countenance. A stranger might have fancied himself amidst the unfortunate patients of Charenton. Surprised and shocked at seeing so many people almost in a state of delirium, I

withdrew, full of reflections on the scene which I had just witnessed.

It happened that about this time my husband was attacked with a pulmonary disorder, and he desired that he might be conveyed to Mesmer's house. Being introduced into the apartment occupied by M. Campan, I asked the worker of miracles what treatment he proposed to adopt; he very coolly replied, that to ensure a speedy and perfect cure, it would be necessary to lay in the bed of the invalid, at his left side, one of three things, namely, a young woman of brown complexion; a black hen; or an empty bottle.

"Sir," said I, "if the choice be a matter of indifference, pray try the empty bottle."

M. Campan's side grew worse; he experienced a difficulty of breathing and a pain in his chest. All magnetic remedies that were employed produced no effect. Perceiving his failure, Mesmer took advantage of the periods of my absence to bleed and blister the patient. I was not informed of what had been done until after M. Campan's recovery. Mesmer was asked for a certificate, to prove that the patient had been cured by means of magnetism only; and he gave it. Here was a trait of enthusiasm! Truth was no longer respected. When I next presented myself to the queen (Marie-Antoinette), their majesties asked what I thought of Mesmer's discovery. I informed them of what had taken place, earnestly expressing my indignation at the conduct of the barefaced quack. It was immediately determined to have nothing more to do with him.

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER'S VISIT TO MADAME CAMPAN'S SCHOOL.

The emperor enquired into the most minute particulars respecting the establishment at Ecouen; and I felt great pleasure in answering his questions. I recollect having dwelt on several points which appeared to me very important, and which were in their spirit hostile to aristocratical principles. For example, I informed his majesty that the daughters of distinguished and wealthy individuals, and those of the humble and obscure, were indiscriminately mingled together in the establishment. If, said I, I were to observe the least pretension on account of the rank or fortune of parents, I should immediately put an end to it. The most perfect equality is preserved; distinction is awarded only to merit and industry. The pupils are obliged to cut and make all their own clothes. They are taught to clean and mend lace; and two at a time, they by turns, three times a week, cook and distribute victuals to the poor of the village. The young ladies who have been brought up in my boarding-school are thoroughly acquainted with everything relating to household business; and they are grateful to me for having made it a part of their education. In my conversations with them, I have always taught them that *on domestic management depends the preservation or dissipation of their fortunes.* I impress on their minds the necessity of regulating with attention the most trifling daily expenses; but at the same time I recommend them to avoid making domestic details the subject of conversation in the drawing-room; for that is a most decided mark of ill-breeding. It is proper that all should know how to do and to direct; but it is only for ill-educated women to talk about their carriages, servants, washing, and cooking.

These are the reasons, sire, why my pupils are generally superior to those brought up in other establishments. All is conducted on the most simple plan; the young ladies are taught everything of which they can possibly stand in need; and they are consequently as much at their ease in the brilliant circles of fashion, as in the most humble condition of life. Fortune confers rank, but education teaches how to support it properly.

From the "Letters," &c.

TO HER ONLY SON.

You are now, my dear Henry, removed from my fond care and instruction; and young as you are, you have entered upon the vast theatre of the world. Some years hence, when time shall have matured your ideas, and enabled you to take a clear, retrospective view of your steps in life, you will be able to enter into my feelings, and to judge of the anxiety which at this moment agitates my heart.

When first a beloved child, releasing itself from its nurse's arms, ventures its little tottering steps on the soft carpet, or the smoothest grass-plot, the poor mother scarcely breathes; she imagines that these first efforts of nature are attended with every danger to the object most dear to her. Fond mother, calm your anxious fears! Your infant son can, at the worst, only receive a slight hurt, which, under your tender care, will speedily be healed. Reserve your alarms, your heart-beatings, your prayers to providence, for the moment when your son enters upon the scene of the world to select a character, which, if sustained with dignity, judgment and feeling, will render him universally esteemed and approved; or to degrade himself by filling one of those low, contemptible parts, fit only for the vilest actors in the drama of life. Tremble at the moment when your child has to choose between the rugged road of industry and integrity, leading straight to honour and happiness; and the smooth and flowery path which descends, through indolence and pleasure, to the gulf of vice and misery. It is then that the voice of a parent, or of some faithful friend, must direct the right course.

* * * * *

Surrounded as you doubtless are, by thoughtless and trifling companions, let your mother be the rallying point of your mind and heart; the confidant of all your plans.

* * * * *

Learn to know the value of money. This is a most essential point. The want of economy leads to the decay of powerful empires, as well as private families. Louis XVI. perished on the scaffold for a deficit of fifty millions. There would have been no debt, no assemblies of the people, no revolution, no loss of the sovereign authority, no tragical death, but for this fatal deficit. States

are ruined through the mismanagement of millions, and private persons become bankrupts and end their lives in misery through the mismanagement of crowns worth six livres. It is very important, my dear son, that I lay down to you these first principles of right conduct, and impress upon your mind the necessity of adhering to them. Render me an account of the expenditure of your money, not viewing me in the light of a rigid preceptress, but as a friend who wishes to accustom you to the habit of accounting to yourself.

* * * * *

Happy is the woman who, in old age, can say—"I am the mother of a worthy man, a useful member of society;" and he, in his turn, will be the parent of a line of offspring who will never disgrace the honourable name they inherit.

* * * * *

A man should seek to gain information by travelling; he must encounter and endure misfortune, contend against danger and temptation, and finally temper his mind so as to give it the strength and solidity of the hardest metal.

* * * * *

Let me impress upon you the importance of attentive application to business; for that affords certain consolation, and is a security against lassitude, and the vices which idleness creates.

* * * * *

Be cautious how you form connexions; and hesitate not to break them off on the first proposition to adopt any course which your affectionate mother warns you to avoid, as fatal to your real happiness, and to the attainment of that respect and esteem which it should be your ambition to enjoy.

* * * * *

Never neglect to appropriate a certain portion of your time to useful reading; and do not imagine that even half an hour a day, devoted to that object, will be unprofitable. The best way of arranging and employing one's time is by calculation; and I have often reflected that half an hour's reading every day, will be one hundred and eighty hours' reading in the course of the year. Great fortunes are amassed by little savings; and poverty as well as ignorance are occasioned by the extravagant waste of money and time.

* * * * *

My affection for you, my dear Henry, is still as *actively alive* as when, in your infancy, I removed, patiently, every little stone from a certain space in my garden, lest, when you first ran alone, you might fall and hurt your face on the pebbles. But the snares now spread beneath your steps are far more dangerous. They are strengthened by seductive appearances, and the ardour of youth would hurry you forward to the allurement; but that my watchful care, and the confidence you repose in me, serve to counteract the influence of this twofold power. Your bark is gliding near a rapid current; but your mother stands on the shore, and with her eyes fixed on her dear navigator, anxiously exclaims, in the moment of danger, "Reef your sails; mind your helm." Oh! may you never forget, or cease to be guided by these warnings, which come from my inmost heart.

From "Thoughts on Education."

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

As mothers, as wives, as sisters, women have the greatest influence on the destiny of men. The heroes of chivalry made the approbation of women the stimulus and aim of their high feats of arms. Under absolute monarchies their charms even extended over the fate of empires; and too often the boudoir of a favourite became the council-chamber of kings. In a constitutional government, in which the wisdom of the sovereign, and the understanding of the people, promulgate laws and cause them to be executed, the education of women should be directed to a useful and praiseworthy object. The enlightened understanding of the present age deprives them of the power of governing by the sole attraction of beauty; a solid education must now render them capable of appreciating the talents and virtues of their husbands, of preserving their fortune by a wise economy, of partaking of their elevation without ridiculous ostentation, of consoling them in disgrace, of bringing up their girls in all the virtues which ought to be inseparable from their sex, and directing the early years of their boys. The names of women will figure less in history: and, for their happiness, they will supply still fewer subjects for romances! A sentiment truly national will lead them to regard their own homes as the only theatre of their glory, and public morals will then soon show the immense steps made by social order towards a better state of society.

THE CULTIVATION OF THE ARTS.

For myself, I should make a powerful objection to the cultivation of the arts in female education. I have remarked, that they destroy the development of thought; the prodigious length of time which they demand to acquire is doubtless the cause. The enthusiasm which they inspire, also, often exalts a young imagination, and in females this is very injurious.

CAMPIGLIA, MADDALENA,

Was a native of Vicenza, and born in 1550. She was educated in a nunnery, and celebrated for her literary talents. She dedicated one of her works to Torquato Tasso, with whom she corresponded. She wrote, among other works, "Azione Dramatica," published in 1588. Her death occurred in 1595.

CANTARINI, CHIARA,

Was born in Lucca, where she always resided. She was well versed in history and philosophy, and held an extensive correspondence with the learned men of her time. A collection of her "Poems," and a volume of her "Letters," have been published. She died in 1597.

CANTOFOLI, GENEVRA,

A female artist of Bologna, pupil of Elizabeth Sirani. She practised historical painting with success; and in the church of St. Procolo, in Bologna, is a picture by her of the Lord's Supper, of which good judges speak favourably, as they

do of some of her other altar-pieces; particularly of St. Tommaso di Villanuovo, in St. Giacomo Maggiore. Her personal history is unknown. She lived in the seventeenth century.

CAPELLO, BIANCA,

Descended from the noble house of the Capelli at Venice, and daughter of Bartolomeo Capello, was born about 1545. Opposite to her father's house, the Salviati, a great mercantile family of Florence, had established a bank, and entrusted the care of it to Pietro Buonaventuri, a Florentine youth of obscure extraction, whom they had engaged as clerk. Buonaventuri, handsome, adventurous, and addicted to intrigue, gained the affections of Bianca, whom he deceived by representing himself as one of the principals in the bank. After their intercourse had been carried on for some time in secresy, the effects of it became such as could not be concealed, and to avoid the terrors of a life-long imprisonment in a cloister, Bianca resolved to elope with her lover. Taking a casket of jewels that belonged to her father, she left Venice by night, and at length, safely arrived with Buonaventuri at Florence, and was lodged in his father's house, where she gave birth to a daughter. She had been married to Buonaventuri on the road, at a village near Bologna. She lived for some time with her husband in obscurity, continually under apprehensions of being discovered by emissaries from Venice, where her elopement had excited great indignation, not only in her family, but among all the aristocracy. The uncle of her husband, who was accused of having been aware of his nephew's presumption, was thrown into a dungeon, where he died; and Bianca's attendant and confidant, whom they had neglected to take with them, met with a fate equally severe.

At length accident, or contrivance, introduced her to the notice of Francis, son of Francis, grand-duke of Tuscany, on whom his father had devolved all the powers and dignity of the sovereignty. The wonderful beauty and engaging manners of Bianca made such an impression on Francis, that he offered to protect her, negotiated in her favour with her friends at Venice, and on failure of success, drew her from her obscure situation, settled her in a splendid palace, and spent the greatest part of his time in her company. He created Buonaventuri his chamberlain, and consulted him on all the affairs of the state. This greatly offended the Florentines, whom he treated with the tyranny and haughtiness usual in foreign favourites of low origin.

In 1566, soon after the marriage of Francis to Donna Joanna of Austria, a marriage of expediency, Bianca was introduced at court, and became the centre of general admiration; and the captivated Francis solemnly promised to make her his wife, in case they should mutually be freed from their present engagements.

Buonaventuri, having formed an intrigue with a lady of high rank, which he openly proclaimed, while he behaved with the greatest insolence to her family, was assassinated in the streets one night, in 1569. Francis, who had connived at his fate, allowed the murderers to escape, notwithstanding the entreaties of Bianca, who seems to have retained through all some affection for her first husband.

Bianca was now openly proclaimed the mistress of Francis, who could hardly separate himself from her to perform the necessary duties imposed on him by his station. She exerted all her art in gaining over to her interest the principal persons in the Medici family, particularly the cardinal Ferdinand, Francis's next brother; and she succeeded. As the want of a male heir by his duchess, had been a great disappointment to Francis, and even a natural son was passionately desired by him, Bianca, who had borne no child since her first daughter, determined to introduce a supposititious child to him, as her own. This scheme she effected in 1576, and presenting to her lover the new-born male infant of a poor woman, he joyfully received it as his own, and named it Antonio. Bianca is charged with several secret assassinations, perpetrated for the purpose of removing all those who were privy to this fraudulent transaction. Francis, however, had a legitimate son born to him the ensuing year, and this event appeared to reconcile the grand-duchess to him, who had been greatly disturbed by Bianca's influence over him. Bianca, for a time, retired from court, but her intercourse with Francis was still carried on, though more secretly.

At length the death of the grand-duchess, supposed to have been caused by the grief she experienced at finding herself again neglected, placed the ducal crown within Bianca's grasp; and notwithstanding the hatred of the Florentines, who were attached to the memory of the grand-duchess, and the opposition of his relations and counsellors, she persuaded Francis to fulfil his promise of marriage. On June 5th, 1579, the ceremony was performed privately; but her ambition was to share publicly with him the ducal throne, and she persuaded him to comply with her wishes.

He sent a solemn embassy to Venice, to inform the senate of his marriage with Bianca, and to request them to confer on her the title of daughter of the Republic, which would give her precedence

of the other princesses of Italy. That crafty government gladly received the proposal, as a means of extending the authority of the Republic; and in one of the most magnificent embassies ever sent from Venice, Bianca was solemnly crowned daughter of the state which had banished and persecuted her, proclaimed grand-duchess of Tuscany, and installed in all the honours and dignity of sovereignty. This event occurred Oct. 13th, 1579.

Her conduct in this high station was directed to securing herself by obtaining the good-will of the different members of the Medici family, and reconciling their differences; in this her persuasive manners, and great prudence and judgment, rendered her successful. But she never conciliated the affections of her subjects, who had always hated her as the seducer of their prince, and regarded her as an abandoned woman, capable of every crime. A thousand absurd stories of her cruelty and propensity to magical arts were propagated, some of which are still part of the popular traditions of Florence. In return, she employed a number of spies, who, by their information, enabled her to defeat all machinations against herself and the duke.

In 1582, the son of Francis by his former grand-duchess died, and soon after the grand-duke declared Antonio his lawful heir. Yet it is said Bianca had confessed to Francis that he was only a suppositious child, and this strange contradiction throws a mystery upon the real parentage of Antonio. Ferdinand, brother, and next heir to Francis, was rendered jealous of his brother by this report; but Bianca effected an apparent reconciliation between them, and Ferdinand came to Florence, in October, 1587. He had been there but a short time, when Francis fell ill at his hunting villa of Poggio de Cajano, whither he had been accompanied by his brother and Bianca; and two days after, Bianca was seized with the same complaint, a kind of fever. They both died after a week's illness, Francis being forty and Bianca forty-four years of age. Ferdinand has been accused, but in all probability unjustly, of having poisoned them. Their remains were carried to Florence, where Ferdinand would not allow the body of Bianca to be interred in the family vault, and treated her memory otherwise with indignity; he also had the illegitimacy of Antonio publicly recognised. This behaviour was probably caused by the accusations the enemies of Bianca poured into his ear. His subsequent conduct proves the different feelings that came when time for reflection had been allowed him. He solemnly adopted Antonio as his nephew, gave him an establishment suited to a prince of the house of Medici, settled a liberal annuity on Bianca's father, and made presents to the officers of her household.

On a survey of the life of Bianca Capello, whatever may be thought of the qualities of her heart, which it must be confessed are doubtful, it is impossible not to be struck with the powers of her mind, by which, amidst innumerable obstacles, she maintained, undiminished, through life, that ascendency which her personal charms had first given her over the affections of a capricious prince. The determination and perseverance with which she prosecuted her plans, sufficiently testify her energy and talents; if, in effecting the end proposed, she was little scrupulous respecting the means, the Italian character, the circumstances of the times, the disadvantages attending her entrance into the world, subjected to artifice and entangled in fraud, must not be forgotten. Brought up in retirement and obscurity, thrown at once into the most trying situations, her prudence, her policy, her self-government, her knowledge of the human mind, and the means of subjecting it, are not less rare than admirable. She possessed singular penetration in discerning characters, and the weaknesses of those with whom she conversed, which she skilfully adapted to her purposes. By an eloquence, soft, insinuating, and powerful, she prevailed over her friends; while, by ensnaring them in their own devices, she made her enemies subservient to her views. Such was the fascination of her manners, that the prejudices of those by whom she was hated, yielded, in her presence, to admiration and delight: nothing seemed too arduous for her talents; inexhaustible in resource, whatever she undertook she found means to accomplish.

If she was an impassioned character, she was uniformly animated by ambition. In her first engagement with Buonaventuri, she seems to have been influenced by a restless, enterprising temper, disgusted with inactivity, rather than by love: through every scene of her connection with the duke, her motives are sufficiently obvious. With a disposition like that of Bianca, sensibility and tenderness, the appropriate virtues of the sex, are not to be expected. Real greatness has in it a character of simplicity, with which subtlety and craft are wholly incompatible: the genius of Bianca was such as fitted her to take a part in political intrigues, to succeed in courts, and rise to the pinnacle of power; but, stained with cruelty, and debased by falsehood, if her talents excite admiration, they produce no esteem; and while accomplishments dazzle the mind, they fail to interest the heart.

Majestic, beautiful, animated, eloquent, and insinuating, Bianca Capello commanded all hearts; a power of which the coldness and tranquillity of her own enabled her to avail herself to the utmost. Though she early lost that beauty which had gained her the heart of the capricious Francis, the powers of her mind enabled her to retain to the last an undiminished ascendency over him.

We learn from this example of perverted female influence the great need of judicious education for the sex. Had Bianca Capello been, in early youth, blessed with such opportunities of acquiring knowledge, and receiving the appreciation her genius deserved, as were the happy lot of Laura Bassi, what a difference would have been wrought in the character and history of the brilliant Venetian lady!

CARLEMIGELLI, ASPASIE,

Was born in Paris, in 1775, and was the daughter of one of the Prince de Conde's footmen. Her

childhood was rendered so miserable, by the bad treatment she received from her mother, that she never spoke of it afterwards without the utmost horror. Obliged very early to labour for her own support, and left unprotected by her parents, she fell so violently in love, that she became dangerously ill, was thought deranged, and was sent to an asylum for the insane. But in her strongest paroxysms she never lost her judgment; and the physicians were accustomed to entrust her with the care of the other insane persons. She was released, but imprisoned again in 1793, for having spoken against the revolution. She was soon set free again; but they had taken from her all she possessed, and, tired of her miserable life, she cried aloud in the streets, "God save the king!" But though she was again tried, she was acquitted.

Aspasie then endeavoured to obtain the condemnation of her mother, but in vain. She next turned her fury against the deputies who had caused so much bloodshed, and attempted the life of two. She was tried for this, and boldly avowed her intention. She would allow no one to defend her, and heard her condemnation with the greatest impassibility. She was guillotined, in 1798, at the age of twenty-three.

CARLISLE, ANNE,

An ingenious lady, who lived in the reign of Charles II., and is said, by Walpole, to have obtained great credit by her copies of the works of eminent Italian masters, as well as by her portraits, taken from life. She died about the year 1680.

CAROLINE WILHELMINA DOROTHEA,

Wife of George II. of England, was the daughter of John Frederic, marquis of Brandenburg-Anspach, and was born March 1st, 1683. She was sought in marriage by Charles III. of Spain, afterwards emperor of Germany, whom the fame of her beauty had attracted; but she refused to change her religion, which she would have to do if she accepted this splendid alliance; and so the offer was rejected. Her resolution on this occasion procured her the esteem of the elector of Hanover, afterwards George I., and induced him to select her as the wife of his son, to whom she was married, at Hanover, August 22d, 1705.

Caroline was crowned (with her husband) queen consort of Great Britain, on the 11th of October, 1727. Four sons and five daughters were the fruit of this union. She took a great interest in the political affairs of the kingdom, and her interposition was often beneficial for the country. She was well acquainted with the English constitution; and often prevailed upon the king to consent to measures which he had at first opposed. Notwithstanding the infidelity of the king towards her, he seems to have loved her as much as he was capable of loving any one; a distinction she well merited, for she united much feminine gentleness with a masculine strength of understanding, which often came in aid of the king's feebler intellect, and quietly indicated the right course, without assuming any merit for the service. She had also the rare good sense to see and acknowledge her errors, without feeling any irritation towards those who opposed them. She once formed a design of shutting up St. James' Park, and asked Sir Robert Walpole what it would cost to do it. "Only a crown, madam," was the reply; and she instantly owned her imprudence with a smile. When, during the king's absence on the continent, she found her authority as regent insulted, by the outrageous proceedings of the Edinburgh mob, who had *violently put* Captain Porteus to death, she expressed herself with great indignation. "Sooner," said she to the duke of Argyle, "than submit to such an insult, I would make Scotland a hunting-field!" "In that case, madam," answered the high-spirited nobleman, "I will take leave of your majesty, and go down to my own country to get my hounds ready." Such a reply would have irritated a weak mind, but it calmed that of the queen. She disclaimed the influence she really possessed over her husband, always affecting, if any one were present, to act the humble and ignorant wife. Even when the prime minister, Walpole, came on business which had previously been settled between him and the queen, she would rise and offer to retire. "There, you see," the king would exclaim, "how much I am governed by my wife, as they say I am." To this the queen would reply, "Oh! sir, I must be vain indeed to pretend to govern your majesty."

She was not only the king's political adviser, but his confidant in all his love affairs, of which she openly approved; and by thus consenting to his ruling vice, she preserved her influence over him undiminished, and made herself the mistress of his mistresses. He always preferred her, however, to any other woman; and during his absences on the continent, though she often wrote him letters of nineteen pages, yet he would complain of their brevity.

Queen Caroline died November 20th, 1737, at the age of fifty-five, of an illness brought on by imprudence and over-exertion. She made it an invariable rule never to refuse a desire of the king, who was very fond of long walks; so that more than once, when she had the gout in her foot, she would plunge her whole leg in cold water to drive it away, so as to be ready to attend him. The king showed the greatest sorrow at her death, and often dwelt on the assistance he had found in her noble and calm disposition, in governing so inconstant a people as the English.

CAROLINE MATILDA,

Born 1751, daughter of Frederic Lewis, prince of Wales, married, 1766, Christian VII., king of Denmark, and became mother of Frederic, afterwards Frederic VII. of Denmark, in 1768. Though young, beautiful, and beloved by the nation, she was treated with neglect and hatred by the grandmother and the step-mother of her husband, who for some time influenced him against her. Struensee, a physician, and the favourite of the king, became her friend, together with Brandt, and they endeavoured to gain the king from the influence of the party opposed to the queen. The

reins of government came into the hands of Struensee; but, in 1722, the party of the king's stepmother, and her son, prince Frederic, procured the imprisonment of the queen and all her friends. Counts Struensee and Brandt were tried, and executed for high treason. Even the queen was at first in danger of death. She was accused of too great an intimacy with Struensee, was separated from her husband, and confined in Alborg, but was released by the interference of her brother, George III. of England. She died May 10th, 1775, at Zell, in Hanover, in consequence of her grief. The interesting letter in which she took leave of her brother, George III., is to be found in a small work, "Die lezten Stunden der Königin von Dänemark." She was mild and gentle, and much beloved; and though not always prudent, yet there is no doubt that she was perfectly innocent.

CAROLINE MARIA,

WIFE of Ferdinand I., king of the two Sicilies, daughter of the emperor Francis I., and of Maria Theresa, born 13th August, 1752; an ambitious and intelligent woman, but, unfortunately, without firmness of character. According to the terms of her marriage contract, the young queen, after the birth of a male heir, was to have a seat in the council of state; but her impatience to participate in the government would not allow her to wait for this event, previous to which she procured the removal of the old minister, Sanucci, who possessed the confidence of the king and of the nation, and raised a Frenchman named Acton to the post of prime minister, who ruined the finances of the state by his profusion, and excited the hatred of all ranks by the introduction of a political inquisition. The queen, too, drew upon herself the dislike of the oppressed nation by co-operating in the measures of the minister; and banishment and executions were found insufficient to repress the general excitement. The declaration by Naples against France (1768) was intended to give another turn to popular feeling; but the sudden invasion of the French drove the reigning family to Sicily. The revolution of cardinal Ruffo in Calabria, and the republican party in the capital, restored the former rulers in 1799. The famous Lady Hamilton now exerted the greatest influence on the unhappy queen, on her husband, on the English ambassador and admiral Nelson, and sacrificed more victims than Acton and Vanini had formerly done. After the battle of Marengo, 12,000 Russians could not prevent the conquest of Naples by the French, and the formation of a kingdom out of the Neapolitan dominions for Joseph (Bonaparte), who was afterwards succeeded in the same by Joachino (Murat). The queen was not satisfied with the efforts which the English made for the restitution of the old dynasty, and thereupon quarrelled with the lord Bentinck, the British general in Sicily, who wished to exclude her from all influence in the government. She died in 1814, without having seen the restoration of her family to the throne of Naples.

CAROLINE AMELIA ELIZABETH,

WIFE of George IV. of England, was the daughter of Charles William Ferdinand, prince of Brunswick Wolfenbuttle, and was born May 17th, 1768. She married the prince of Wales on the 8th of April, 1795, and her daughter, the princess Charlotte, was born on the 7th of January, 1796. Dissensions soon arose between her and her husband,

and in the following May they were separated, after which she resided at Blackheath. In 1806, being accused of some irregularities of conduct, the king instituted an inquiry into the matter by a ministerial committee. They examined a great number of witnesses, and acquitted the princess of the charge, declaring, at the same time, that she was guilty of some imprudences, which had given rise to unfounded suspicions. The king confirmed this declaration of her innocence, and paid her a visit of ceremony. She afterwards received equal marks of esteem from the princes, her brothers-in-law. The duke of Cumberland attended the princess to court and to the opera. The reports above-mentioned were caused by the adherents of the prince of Wales and the court of the reigning queen, who was very unfavourably disposed towards her daughter-in-law. On this occasion, as on many others, the nation manifested the most enthusiastic attachment to the princess. In 1813, the public contest was renewed between the two parties; the princess of Wales complaining, as a mother, of the difficulties opposed to her seeing her daughter. The prince of Wales, then regent, disregarded these complaints. Upon this, in July, 1814, the princess obtained permission to go to Brunswick, and, afterwards, to make the tour of Italy and Greece. She now began her celebrated journey through Germany, Italy, Greece, the Archipelago, and Syria, to Jerusalem, in which the Italian Bergami was her confidant and attendant. Many infamous reports were afterwards circulated, relating to the connexion between the princess and Bergami. On her journey, she received grateful acknowledgments for her liberality, her kindness, and her generous efforts for the relief of the distressed. She afterwards lived in

Italy a great part of the time, at a country-seat on lake Como. When the prince of Wales ascended the British throne, Jan. 29th, 1820, lord Hutchinson offered her an income of £50,000 sterling, the name of *queen of England*, and every title appertaining to that dignity, on the condition that she would never return to England. She refused the proposal, and asserted her claims more firmly than ever to the rights of a British queen, complained of the ill-treatment shown to her, and exposed the conspiracies against her, which had been continued by a secret agent, the baron de Ompteda, of Milan. Attempts at a reconciliation produced no favourable result. She at length adopted the bold resolution to return to England, where she was neither expected nor wished for by the ministry, and, amidst the loudest expressions of the public joy, arrived from Calais, June 5th, and, the next day, entered London in triumph. The minister, lord Liverpool, now accused the queen, before the parliament, for the purpose of exposing her to universal contempt as an adulteress. Whatever the investigation of the parliament may have brought to light, the public voice was louder than ever in favour of the queen; and, after a protracted investigation, the bill of pains and penalties was passed to a third reading, only by a majority of 123 to 95; and the ministers deemed it prudent to delay proceeding with the bill for six months, which was equivalent to withdrawing it. Thus ended this revolting process, which was, throughout, a flagrant outrage on public decency. In this trial, Mr. Brougham acted as the queen's attorney-general, Mr. Denman as her solicitor, and Drs. Lushington, Williams, and Wilde, as her counsel. Though banished from the court of the king, her husband, the queen still lived at Brandenburg House, in a manner suitable to her rank, under the protection of the nation. In July, 1821, at the coronation of George IV., she first requested to be crowned, then to be present at the ceremony. But, by an order of the privy-council, both requests were denied, and, notwithstanding the assistance of the opposition, she suffered the personal humiliation of being repeatedly refused admission into Westminster Abbey. She then published, in the public papers, her protest against the order of the privy-council. Soon after her husband's departure to Ireland, July 30th, in consequence of the violent agitation of her mind, she was suddenly taken sick in Drury-lane theatre. An inflammation of the bowels (*enteritis*) succeeded, and she foretold her own death before the physicians apprehended such an event. She died Aug. 7th, 1821. The corpse, according to her last will, was removed to Brunswick, where it rests among the remains of her ancestors. Her tombstone has a very short inscription, in which she is called *the unhappy queen of England*. The removing and the entombing of her mortal remains gave rise to many disturbances, first in London, and afterwards in Brunswick. These were founded more in opposition to the arbitrary measures of the ministry than in respect for the memory of the queen. Two causes operated much in favour of the queen—the unpopularity of the ministry, and the general feeling that the king was perhaps the last man in the whole kingdom who had a right to complain of the incontinencies of his wife, which many, even of her friends, undoubtedly believed.

CAREW, LADY ELIZABETH,

Author of a dramatic piece entitled "Mariam, the fair Queen of Jewry," which was published in 1613, lived in the reign of James I. of England. Lady Carew is supposed to have been the wife of Sir Henry Carew: and the works of several of her contemporaries are dedicated to her. The following chorus, in the tragedy of "Mariam," is noble in sentiment, and possesses beautiful simplicity. It is in Act the Fourth,

REVENGE OF INJURIES.

The fairest action of our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury;
For who forgives without a further strife,
His adversary's heart to him doth tie.
And 'tis a firmer conquest truly said,
To win the heart, than overthrow the head.

If we a worthy enemy do find,
To yield to worth it must be nobly done;
But if of baser metal be his mind,
In base revenge there is no honour won.
Who would a worthy courage overthrow,
And who would wrestle with a worthless foe?

We say our hearts are great, and cannot yield;
Because they cannot yield, it proves them poor:
Great hearts are task'd beyond their power, but seld
The weakest lion will the loudest roar.
Truth's school for certain doth this same allow,
High-heartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn
To scorn to owe a duty over long;
To scorn to be for benefits forborne;
To scorn to lie, to scorn to do a wrong.
To scorn to bear an injury in mind;
To scorn a free-born heart slave-like to bind.

But if for wrongs we needs revenge must have,
Then be our vengeance of the noblest kind;
Do we his body from our fury save,
And let our hate prevail against our mind?
What can 'gainst him a greater vengeance be,
Than make his foe more worthy far than he?

Had Mariam scorn'd to leave a due unpaid,
She would to Herod then have paid her love,
And not have been by sullen passion sway'd.
To fix her thoughts all injury above
Is virtuous pride. Had Mariam thus been proud,
Long famous life to her had been allow'd.

CARTER, ELIZABETH,

Was the daughter of Dr. Nicholas Carter, an eminent Latin, Greek, and Hebrew scholar, one of the six preachers in Canterbury cathedral, and perpetual curate of Deal, in Kent, where Elizabeth was born, December 16th, 1717. She was educated by her father, who made no distinction between her and her brothers. She became very well acquainted with the learned languages, and also Italian, German, Spanish, and French. She was also a proficient in needle-work, music, and other feminine accomplishments. Her first productions appeared in the "Gentlemen's Magazine" under the signature of *Eliza*. In 1738 she published some poems, and a translation from the Italian of Algarotti, "An Explanation of Newton's Philosophy, for the use of Ladies, in Six Dialogues

on Sight and Colours." These publications appearing when Miss Carter was only twenty-one, gave her immediate celebrity, and brought her into correspondence with most of the learned of her day. Among others, Bishop Butler, author of the "Analogy," Archbishop Locker, Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Burke. Dr. Johnson said, when speaking of an eminent scholar, that "he understood Greek better than any one he had ever known except Elizabeth Carter."

Among the numerous friends who appreciated the talents of this amiable lady, was one friend of her own sex, Miss Catharine Talbot, who was kindred in feeling, as well as gifted with genius to sympathize in the pursuits of Miss Carter. A correspondence by letter was soon established between these two ladies, which continued for nearly thirty years, and was only terminated by the death of Miss Talbot in 1770. A portion of these letters has been published, in four volumes, forming a work of much interest, and teaching by its spirit of Christian philosophy many valuable lessons to their own sex, especially to young ladies. In one of her letters, Miss Carter thus pleasantly describes her general mode of spending her time:

LETTER FROM MISS CARTER TO MISS TALBOT.

"As you desire a full and particular account of my whole life and conversation, it is necessary, in the first place, you should be made acquainted with the singular contrivance by which I am called in the morning. There is a bell placed at the head of my bed, and to this is fastened a packthread and a piece of lead, which, when I am not "Lulled by soft Zephyrs through the broken pane," is conveyed through a crevice of my window into a garden below, pertaining to the sexton, who gets up between four and five, and pulls the said packthread with as much heart and good will as if he were ringing my knell. By this most curious contrivance, I make a shift to get up, which I am too stupid to do without calling. Some evil-minded people of my acquaintance have most wickedly threatened to cut my bell-rope, which would be the utter undoing of me; for I should infallibly sleep out the whole summer.

And now I am up, you may belike enquire to what purpose. I sit down to my several lessons as regularly as a school-boy, and lay in a stock of learning to make a figure with at breakfast; but for this I am not ready. My general practice about six is, take up my stick and walk, sometimes alone, and sometimes with a companion, whom I call on in my way, and draw out half asleep, and consequently incapable of reflecting on the danger of such an undertaking; for to be sure she might just as well trust herself to the guidance of a jack-a-lantern. However, she has the extreme consolation of grumbling as much as she pleases without the least interruption, which she does with such a variety of comical phrases, that I generally laugh from the beginning to the end of my journey.

When I have made myself fit to appear among human creatures, we go to breakfast, and are, as you imagined, extremely chatty; and this, and tea in the afternoon, are the most sociable and delightful parts of the day. * * * We have a great variety of topics, in which everybody bears a part, till we get insensibly to books; and whenever we get beyond Latin and French, my sister and the rest walk off, and leave my father and me to finish the discourse and the tea-kettle by ourselves, which we should infallibly do, if it held as much as Solomon's molten sea. I fancy I have a privilege in talking a great deal over the tea-table, as I am tolerably silent the rest of the day.

After breakfast every one follows their several employments. My first care is to water the pinks and roses, which are stuck in above twenty parts of my room, and when the task is finished, I sit down to a spinnet, which, in its best state, might have cost about twenty shillings, with as much importance as if I knew how to play. After deafening myself for about half an hour with all manner of noises, I proceed to some other amusement, that employs me about the same time; for longer I seldom apply to any thing; and thus, between reading, working, writing, twirling the globes, and running up and down stairs, to see where everybody is, and how they do, which furnishes me with little intervals of talk, I seldom want either business or entertainment.

Of an afternoon I sometimes go out, not so often, however, as in civility I ought to do, for it is always some mortification to me not to drink tea at home. It is the fashion here for people to make such unreasonably long visits, that before they are half over I grow so restless and corky, that I am ready to fly out of the window. About eight o'clock I visit a very agreeable family, where I have spent every evening for these fourteen years. I always return precisely at ten, beyond which hour, I do not desire to see the face of any living wight; and thus I finish my day, and this tedious description of it, which you have so unfortunately drawn upon yourself."

The letter was dated in 1746, when Miss Carter was not quite twenty-nine. She was never married, and, after becoming matronly in years, she assumed the title of a married lady, and was styled Mrs. Elizabeth Carter. There are in her familiar letters many particulars of her daily habits of life, and also expressions of her opinion on subjects connected with which every person is more or less interested. Among other things she often remarked that varying her occupations prevented her from ever being tired of them; and accordingly she hardly ever read or worked for more than half an hour at a time, and then she would visit, for a few minutes, any of her relations who were staying in her house, in their respective apartments, or go into her garden to water her flowers. Before this period she had, however, studied very assiduously.

Her regular rule was, when in health, to read two chapters in the Bible before breakfast, a sermon, some Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and after breakfast something in every language with which she was acquainted; thus never allowing herself to forget what she had once attained. These oc-

cupations were of course varied according to circumstances, and when she took exercise before breakfast her course of reading was necessarily deferred till later in the day.

Her constitution must have been strong to have enabled her to take the very long walks to which she accustomed herself; but she suffered greatly from headaches, not improbably arising from her over-exertion of body and mind in early youth, and the not allowing herself sufficient repose to recruit her over-worked strength. At one time of her life she was wont to sit up very late, and as she soon became drowsy, and would sleep soundly in her chair, many were the expedients she adopted to keep herself awake, such as pouring cold water down her dress, tying a wet bandage round her head, &c. She was a great snuff-taker, though she endeavoured to break herself of the habit to please her father. She suffered so much, however, in the attempt, that he kindly withdrew his prohibition.

Mrs. Carter was not much more than thirty when she undertook to finish the education of her youngest brother Henry, which had been commenced by her father. She completed her task so well, that he entered Bennet College, Cambridge, in 1756, and passed through the University with reputation. He had afterwards the living of Little Wittenham, in Berkshire.

In order to devote herself more exclusively to this occupation, she, for some years previous to the completion of his education, resisted all temptations to leave Deal, and refused all invitations to spend a portion of the winter with her friends in town, as had been her general practice. Part of this retirement was devoted to the translation of "Epictetus," her greatest work, by which her reputation was much increased, and her fame spread among the literati of the day. This work was commenced in the summer of 1749, at the desire of Miss Talbot, enforced by the bishop of Oxford, to whom the sheets were transmitted for emendations as soon as finished. It was not originally intended for publication, and was therefore not completed till 1756, when it was published with notes and an introduction by herself, by subscription, in 1758. Mrs. Carter, besides fame and reputation, obtained for this performance more than one thousand pounds. A poem, by her friend, Mrs. Chapone, was prefixed to it.

After the publication of "Epictetus," Mrs. Carter became, for one of her prudent habits, quite easy in her circumstances, and usually passed her winters in London. In 1767, lady Pulteney settled an annuity of a hundred pounds on Mrs. Carter; and some years afterwards our authoress visited Paris for a few days.

In 1762, she purchased a house in Deal, her native town. Her father had always rented a house; but he removed to hers, and they resided together till his death in 1774. They had each a separate library and apartments, and meeting seldom but at meals, though living together with much comfort and affection. Her brothers and sisters were married, and gone from their father's house; Elizabeth, the studious daughter, only remained to watch over and supply all the wants of her aged father. She attended assiduously to every household duty, and never complained of the trouble or confinement. To a friend who lamented that Mrs. Carter was thus obliged to be careful and troubled about many things, she thus answers:

"It is proper I should be rather more confined at home, and I cannot be so much at the disposal of my friends as when my sister supplied my place at home. As to anything of this kind hurting the dignity of my head, I have no idea of it, even if the head were of much more consequence than I feel it to be. The true post of honour consists in the discharge of those duties, whatever they happen to be, which arise from that situation in which Providence has fixed us, and which we may be assured is the very situation best calculated for our virtue and happiness."

About nine years before her death, she experienced an alarming illness, of which she never recovered the effects in bodily strength; but the faculties of her mind remained unimpaired. In the summer of 1805, her weakness evidently increased. From that time until February, 1806, her strength gradually ebbed away; and on the morning of the 19th, she expired without a groan.

The portrait of Mrs. Carter, which her nephew and biographer, the Rev. Mr. Pennington, has taken, is very captivating. The wisdom of age, without its coldness; the cool head, with the affectionate heart; a sobriety which chastened conversation without destroying it; a cheerfulness which enlivened piety without wounding it; a steady effort to maintain a conscience void of offence, and to let religion suffer nothing in her exhibition of it to the world. Nor is her religion to be searched for only in the humility with which she received, and the thankfulness with which she avowed, the doctrines of the Bible, but in the sincerity with which she followed out those principles to their practical consequences, and lived as she believed. Very wide, indeed, from the line which they have taken, will the cold, formal, and speculative professors of the present day, find the conduct of Mrs. Carter. We hear her in one place charging upon her friend Mrs. Montague, the necessity to enlist her fine talents in the cause of religion, instead of wasting them upon literary vanities. In another, we hear her exposing the pretensions of that religion, which does not follow men into the circle in which they live; and loudly questioning, whether piety can at once be seated in the heart, and yet seldom force its way to the lips.

We see her scrupulously intent on turning the conversation of dinner-tables into such channels as might, at least, benefit the servants in attendance. This delicacy of moral sentiment, which feels a stain in religion like a wound, which deems nothing trifling that has to do with the soul, which sets God at our right hand, not only in the temple but in the drawing-room, is, doubtless, an indication of a heart visited of God, and consecrated to his service. Among her studies there was one which she never neglected; one which was always dear to her, from her earliest infancy to the latest

period of her life, and in which she made a continual improvement. This was that of religion, which was her constant care and greatest delight. Her acquaintance with the Bible, some part of which she never failed to read every day, was as complete, as her belief in it was sincere. And no person ever endeavoured more, and few with greater success, to regulate the whole of their conduct by that unerring guide. She assisted her devotion also, by assiduously reading the best sermons, and other works, upon that most interesting subject. Her piety was never varying; constant, fervent, but not enthusiastic.

Mrs. Carter is an eminent example of what may be done by industry and application. Endowed by nature with no very brilliant talents, yet by perseverance she acquired a degree of learning which must be considered as surprising. The daughter of a respectable country clergyman, with a large family and limited income, by her unaffected piety, moral excellence, and literary attainments, she secured to herself the friendship and esteem of the great and the wealthy, the learned and the good. In early youth her society was sought by many who were elevated above her in a worldly point of view; and instead of the cheerless, neglected old maid, we view her in declining life surrounded by

> "That which should accompany old age,
> As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends."

Her friends were numerous, distinguished for wealth and rank, as well as talents and learning. She was particularly happy in her female friends. Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Vesey, Miss Talbot, the first and dearest, and Mrs. Chapone, were among her most intimate associates. We will give some extracts from the great work which was the making of her fortune, namely, her translation of "Epictetus." These will serve to show the sentiments which were her study during the best years of her life. Those ladies who wish to obtain fame will see how severe was the task Mrs. Carter performed to secure it.

EXTRACTS FROM "EPICTETUS."

That we are not to be angry with Mankind.

1.

What is the cause of assent to any thing?

Its appearing to be true.

It is not possible, therefore, to assent to what appears to be not true.

Why?

Because it is the very nature of the understanding to agree to truth; to be dissatisfied with falsehood; and to suspend its belief in doubtful cases.

What is the proof of this?

Persuade yourself, if you can, that it is now night.

Impossible.

Unpersuade yourself that it is day.

Impossible.

Persuade yourself that the stars are, or are not even.

Impossible.

When any one, then, assents to what is false, be assured that he doth not wilfully assent to it as false, (for as Plato affirms, the soul is never voluntarily deprived of truth): but what is false appears to him to be true. Well, then: Have we, in actions, any thing correspondent to true and false, in propositions?

Duty, and contrary to duty; advantageous, and disadvantageous; suitable, and unsuitable: and the like.

A person then, cannot think a thing advantageous to him, and not choose it.

He cannot. But how says *Medea?*

> "I know what evils wait my dreadful purpose;
> But vanquish'd reason yields to powerful rage."

Because she thought that very indulgence of her rage, and the punishing her husband, more advantageous than the preservation of her children.

Yes: but she is deceived.

Show clearly to her that she is deceived, and she will forbear: but, till you have shown it, what is she to follow but what appears to herself?

Nothing.

Why then are you angry with her, that the unhappy woman is deceived in the most important points; and instead of a human creature, becomes a viper? Why do you not rather, as we pity the blind and lame, so likewise pity those who are blinded and lamed in their superior faculties?

2.

Every habit and faculty is preserved and increased by correspondent actions; as the habit of walking, by walking; of running, by running. If you would be a reader, read; if a writer, write. But if you do not read for a month together, but do somewhat else, you will see what will be the consequence. So, after sitting still for ten days, get up and attempt to take a long walk; and you will find how your legs are weakened. Upon the whole then, whatever you would make habitual, practise it: and if you would not make a thing habitual, do not practise it; but habituate yourself to something else.

It is the same with regard to the operations of the soul. Whenever you are angry, be assured that it is not only a present evil, but that you have increased a habit, and added fuel to the fire.

From the "Enchiridion."

1.

Remember that you are an actor in a drama, of such kind as the author pleases to make it. If short, of a short one; if long, of a long one. If it be his pleasure you should act a poor man, a cripple, a governor, or a private person, see that you act it naturally. For this is your business, to act well the character assigned you: to choose it, is another's.

2.

If you have an earnest desire of attaining to philosophy, prepare yourself from the very first, to be laughed at; to be sneered at by the multitude; to hear them say, "He is returned to us a philosopher all at once;" and "whence this supercilious look?" Now for your part, do not have a supercilious look indeed; but keep steadily to those things which appear best to you, as one appointed

by God to this station. For remember, that if you adhere to the same point, those very persons who at first ridiculed, will afterwards admire you. But if you are conquered by them, you will incur a double ridicule.

3.

Women from fourteen years old are flattered with the title of mistresses, by the men. Therefore perceiving that they are regarded only as qualified to give the men pleasure, they begin to adorn themselves; and in that to place all their hopes. It is worth while, therefore, to fix our attention on making them sensible that they are esteemed for nothing else but the appearance of a decent, and modest, and discreet behaviour.

4.

No one who is a lover of money, a lover of pleasure, or a lover of glory, is likewise a lover of mankind; but only he who is a lover of virtue.

5.

As you would not wish to sail in a large, and finely decorated, and gilded ship, and sink; so neither is it eligible to inhabit a grand and sumptuous house, and be in a storm [of passions and cares.]

6.

When we are invited to an entertainment, we take what we find: and if any one should bid the master of the house to set fish, or tarts, before him, he would be thought absurd. Yet, in the world, we ask the gods for what they do not give us; and that though they have given us so many things.

7.

Patients are displeased with a physician who doth not prescribe for them; and think he gives them over. And why are none so affected towards a philosopher, as to conclude he despairs of their recovery to a right way of thinking, if he tells them nothing which may be for their good?

8.

Examine yourself, whether you had rather be rich, or happy: and if rich, be assured that this is neither a good, nor altogether in your own power: but if happy, that this is both a good, and in your own power: since the one is a temporary loan of fortune, and the other depends on choice.

9.

As it is better to lie straitened for room upon a little couch in health, than to toss upon a wide bed in sickness; so it is better to contract yourself within the compass of a small fortune, and be happy, than to have a great one, and be wretched.

10.

It is better, by yielding to truth, to conquer opinion; than by yielding to opinion, to be defeated by truth.

11.

If you seek truth, you will not seek to conquer by all possible means: and, when you have found truth, you will have a security against being conquered.

12.

Truth conquers by itself; opinion, by foreign aids.

13.

In prosperity, it is very easy to find a friend. in adversity, nothing is so difficult.

14.

Time delivers fools from grief: and reason, wise men.

15.

He is a man of sense who doth not grieve for what he hath not; but rejoiceth in what he hath.

16.

Epictetus being asked, how a person might grieve his enemy, answered, "By doing as well as possible himself."

CASALINA, LUCIA,

Was a celebrated Italian portrait-painter, a disciple of Guiseppe dal Sole.

CASSANA, MARIA VITTORIA,

An Italian painter, was the sister of the two Venetian artists, Nicolo and Giovanni Agostino Cassana. She died in the beginning of the 18th century. She painted chiefly devotional pieces for private families.

CASTELNAU, HENRIETTE JULIE DE,

Daughter of the Marquis de Castelnau, governor of Brest, was born in 1670. She married count de Murat, colonel of infantry, brigadier of the armies of the king. Her levity and love of pleasure injured her reputation. After her husband's death, the king exiled her to Auch; but when the duke of Orleans became regent, she was recalled. She died the following year, 1716. She wrote several prose works; among others, "La Comtesse de Châteaubriand, or the Effects of Jealousy," and "The Sprites of the Castle of Kernosi." She also wrote fairy tales, and several poems.

CASTRO, ANNE DE,

A Spanish lady, author of many ingenious works; amongst others, one entitled "*Eterniel ad del Rei Filippi III.*," printed at Madrid, 1629. The famous Lopez de Vega has celebrated this lady in his writings.

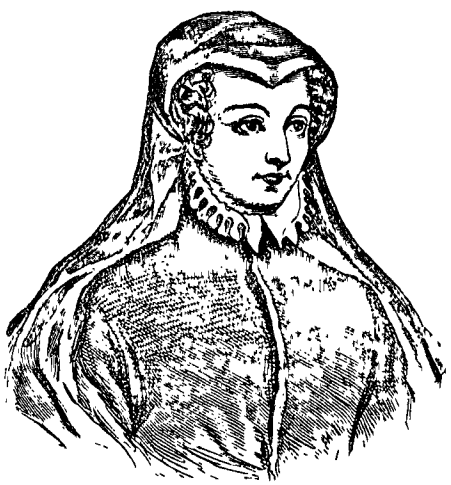
CATALANI, ANGELICA,

By marriage Valabrèque, a celebrated singer, was born in 1784, at Sinigaglia, in the Ecclesiastical States, and educated at the convent of St. Lucia, near Rome. Angelica displayed, in her seventh year, such wonderful musical talents, and such multitudes came to hear her, that the magistrates prohibited her singing longer in the convent. But the favour of a cardinal, and the love of the celebrated Bosello, enabled her to cultivate her talents. When fourteen, she appeared in the theatres at Venice and other Italian cities. She was afterwards for five years at Lisbon. Her first concert at Madrid gained her more than 15,000 dollars; and from her concerts in Paris her fame spread all over Europe. In London, she received the first year a salary of 72,000 francs, and the next, 96,000 francs; besides the immense sums she obtained from her journeys through the country towns. In 1817, she undertook the direction

of the Italian opera in Paris, but left it on the return of Napoleon, and resumed it on the restoration of the king. In 1816, she visited the chief cities of Germany and Italy. She passed the most of her time in travelling and singing throughout Europe, till about 1830, when she retired to an estate in Italy, where she lived very much secluded. She was married to M. Valabrèque, formerly a captain in the French service, by whom she had several children. She was a handsome woman, and a good actress. Her voice was wonderful from its flexibility and brilliancy. She died in June, 1849.

CATELLAN, MARIE CLAIRE PRISCILLE MARGUERITE DE,

A LADY of Narbonne, who died at Toulouse, 1745, aged eighty-three. Her odes were admired by the French, and were crowned by the Toulouse academicians.



CATHARINE DE MEDICIS,

QUEEN of France, was the only daughter of Lorenzo de Medicis, duke d'Urbino, by Magdalen de la Tour, and was born at Florence in 1519. Being early left an orphan, she was brought up by her great-uncle cardinal Giulio de Medici, afterwards Pope Clement VI. In 1534, she was married to Henry, duke d'Orleans, son of Francis I. of France. Catharine was one of the chief ornaments of the splendid court of her father-in-law, where the graces of her person and her mental accomplishments shone with inimitable lustre. At the same time, though so young, she practised all those arts of dissimulation and complaisance which were necessary to ingratiate her with so many persons of opposite characters and interests. She even lived upon terms of intimacy with Diana de Poictiers, her husband's mistress. In 1547, Henry became king, under the title of Henry II. Though childless the first ten years of her marriage, Catharine subsequently bore her husband ten children. Three of her sons became kings of France, and one daughter, Margaret, married Henry of Navarre. During her husband's life, she possessed but little influence in public affairs, and was chiefly employed in instructing her children, and acquiring that ascendency over them, by which she so long preserved the supreme authority.

She was left a widow in 1559, and her son, Francis II., a weak youth of sixteen, succeeded to the crown. He had married Mary, queen of Scotland, and her uncles, the Guises, had the chief management of affairs during this reign, which was rendered turbulent and bloody by the violent persecutions of the Huguenots. Catharine could only preserve a degree of authority by acting with the Guises; yet, that their furious policy did not agree with her inclinations, may be inferred from her raising the virtuous Michael de l'Hospital to the chancellorship.

Francis II. died in 1560, and was succeeded by his brother, Charles IX., then eleven years of age. Catharine possessed the authority, though not the title, of regent; and, in order to counterbalance the power of the Guises, she inclined to the party of the king of Navarre, a Protestant, and the associated princes. A civil war ensued, which was excited by the duke de Guise, who thereby became the favourite of the Catholics; but he being killed in 1562, a peace was made between the two parties. Catharine was now decidedly at the head of affairs, and began to display all the extent of her dark and dissembling politics. She paid her court to the Catholics, and, by repeated acts of injustice and oppression, she forced the Huguenots into another civil war. A truce succeeded, and to this a third war, which terminated in a peace favourable to the Huguenots, which was thought sincere and lasting. But the queen had resolved to destroy by treachery those whom she could not subdue by force of arms. A series of falsehoods and dissimulations, almost unparalleled in history, was practised by Catharine and her son, whom she had initiated in every art of disguise, in order to lull the fears and suspicions of the Protestants, and prepare the way for the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, 1571. Many of the leaders of the Protestants were attracted to Paris by the kindness and attention shown them by the king and his mother; indeed, so far did they carry their duplicity, that several of the Catholics were alarmed. When the fatal day drew nigh, Charles, who had been constantly urged on by his mother, appeared to recoil from the atrocity of the plot, and hesitated; Catharine exerted all her powers to stifle his compunction, and at length succeeded.

"Well," said he, "since it must be so, I will not let one remain to reproach me;" and immediately gave orders for the commencement of the carnage. The destruction of the Calvinists was everywhere decreed, and, though many escaped, more than forty-five thousand persons are said to have been massacred in Paris and the provinces.

Charles, recovering from the frenzy which his mother had excited, fell into a profound melancholy, from which he never recovered. He died in 1574, and Catharine was made regent till her favourite son, Henry III., returned from Poland, of which country he had been elected king. At this juncture, she displayed great vigour and abi-

lity in preventing those disturbances which the violent state of parties was calculated to produce, and she delivered the kingdom to her son in a condition, which, had he been wise and virtuous, might have secured him a happy reign. But a son and pupil of Catharine could only have the semblance of good qualities, and her own character must have prevented any confidence in measures which she directed.

The party of the Guises rose again; the league was formed, war was renewed with the Protestants; and all things tended to greater disorder than before. The attachment of Henry to his minions, and the popularity of the Guises, destroyed the authority of Catharine, and she had henceforth little more than the sad employment of looking on and lamenting her son's misgovernment, and the wretched conclusion of her system of crooked and treacherous policy. She died in January, 1589, at the age of seventy, loaded with the hatred of all parties. On her deathbed, she gave her son some excellent advice, very different from her former precepts and example; urging him to attach to himself Henry of Navarre and the other princes of the blood, by regard and kind usage, and to grant liberty of conscience for the good of the state.

Catharine was affable, courteous, and magnificent; she liberally encouraged learning and the polite arts; she also possessed extraordinary courage and presence of mind, strength of judgment and fertility of genius. But by her extreme duplicity, and by her alternately joining every party, she lost the confidence of all. Scarcely preserving the decorum of her sex, she was loose and voluptuous in her own conduct, and was constantly attended by a train of beauties, whose complaisant charms she employed in gaining over those whom she could not influence by the common allurements of interest. Nearly indifferent to the modes of religion, she was very superstitious, and believed in magic and astrology.

The depth of her dissimulation, and the savage pleasure or indifference with which she viewed the cruelties she had dictated, have been shown in this sketch of her life. Perhaps the heaviest charge against her is, the detestable principles in which she brought up her children, whom she early inured to blood and perfidy, while she weakened their minds by debauchery, that she might the longer retain her power over them. She, however, lived long enough to witness the sorrowful consequences of this conduct, and to learn that the distrust and hatred of all parties attended her. Catharine resembled no one so much as her own countryman, Cæsar Borgia, in her wonderful powers of mind, and talents of gaining ascendency over the minds of others. She resembled him also in the detestable purposes to which she applied her great genius. Had she been as good as she was gifted, no other individual of her sex could have effected so much for the happiness of France.

CATHARINE PARR,

Sixth and last wife of Henry VIII., was the eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Parr of Kendal, and was at an early age distinguished for her learning and good sense. She was first married to Edward Burghe, and secondly to John Neville lord Latimer; and after his death attracted the notice and admiration of Henry VIII., whose queen she became in 1643. Her zealous encouragement of the reformed religion excited the anger and jealousy of Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, the chancellor Wriothesley, and others of the popish faction, who conspired to ruin her with the king. Taking advantage of one of his moments of irritation, they accused her of heresy and treason, and prevailed upon the king to sign a warrant for her committal to the Tower. This being accidentally discovered to her, she repaired to the king, who purposely turned the conversation to religious subjects, and began to sound her opinions. Aware of his purpose, she humbly replied, "that on such topics she always, as became her sex and station, referred herself to his majesty; as he, under God, was her only supreme head and governor here on earth."

"Not so, by St. Mary, Kate," replied Henry; "you are, as we take it, become a doctor, to instruct, and not to be instructed by us."

Catharine judiciously replied, that she only objected in order to be benefited by his superior learning and knowledge.

"Is it so, sweetheart?" said the king; "and tended your arguments to no worse end? Then we are perfect friends again."

On the day appointed for sending her to the Tower, while walking in the garden, and conversing pleasantly together, the chancellor, who was ignorant of the reconciliation, advanced with the guards. The king drew him aside, and after some conversation, exclaimed in a rage: "Knave, aye; avaunt knave, a fool and a beast."

Catharine, ignorant of his errand, entreated his pardon for her sake.

"Ah! poor soul!" said Henry, "thou little knowest how ill he deserves this at thy hands. On my word, sweetheart, he hath been toward thee an arrant knave, so let him go."

On the death of the king, he left her a legacy of four thousand pounds, besides her jointure, "for her great love, obedience, chasteness of life, and wisdom."

She afterwards espoused the lord admiral sir Thomas Seymour, uncle to Edward VI.; but these nuptials proved unhappy, and involved her in troubles and difficulties. She died in childbed in 1548, not without suspicion of poison.

She was a zealous promoter of the Reformation, and with several other ladies of the court secretly patronized Anne Askew, who was tortured, but in vain, to discover the names of her court friends. With the view of putting the Scriptures into the hands of the people, Catharine employed persons of learning to translate into English the paraphrase of Erasmus on the New Testament, and engaged the lady Mary, afterwards queen, to translate the paraphrase on St. John, and wrote a Latin epistle to her on the subject. Among her papers after her death was found a composition, entitled "Queen Catharine Parr's Lamentations

of a Sinner, bewailing the ignorance of her blind Life," and was a contrite meditation on the years she had passed in popish fasts and pilgrimages. It was published with a preface by the great lord Burleigh in 1548. In her lifetime she published a volume of "Prayers or Meditations, wherein the mind is stirred patiently to suffer all afflictions here, and to set at nought the vaine prosperitie of this worlde, and also to long for the everlasting felicitee." Many of her letters have been printed.

CATHARINE OF BRAGANZA,

WIFE of Charles II., king of England, and daughter of John IV. of Portugal, was born in 1638. In 1661, she was married to Charles II., in whose court she long endured all the neglect and mortification his dissolute conduct was calculated to inflict on her. This endurance was rendered more difficult by her having no children; but she supported her situation with great equanimity.

Lord Clarendon says of Catharine—"The queen had beauty and wit enough to make herself agreeable to the king; yet she had been, according to the mode and discipline of her country, bred in a monastery, where she had seen only the women who attended her, and conversed with the religious who resided there; and, without doubt, in her inclinations, was enough disposed to have been one of the number. And from this restraint she was called out to be a great queen, and to a free conversation in a court that was to be upon the matter new formed, and reduced from the manners of a licentious age, to the old rules and limits which had been observed in better times; to which regular and decent conformity the present disposition of men and women was not enough inclined to submit, nor the king to exact. After some struggle she submitted to the king's licentious conduct, and from that time lived on easy terms with him till his death." After Charles died, Catharine was treated with much respect.

In 1693, she returned to Portugal, where, in 1704, she was made regent by her brother, Don Pedro, whose increasing infirmities rendered retirement necessary. In this situation, Catharine showed considerable abilities, carrying on the war with Spain with great firmness and success. She died in 1705.

CATHARINE ALEXIEONA,

A COUNTRY girl of the *name of* Martha, which was changed to Catharine when she embraced the Greek religion and became empress of Russia, was born of very indigent parents, who lived at Ringen, a small village not far from Dorpt, on lake Vitcherve, in Livonia. When only three years old she lost her father, who left her with no other support than the scanty maintenance produced by the labours of an infirm and sickly mother. She grew up handsome, well formed, and possessed of a good understanding. Her mother taught her to read, and an old Lutheran clergyman, named Gluck, instructed her in the principles of that persuasion. Scarcely had she attained her fifteenth year when she lost her mother, and the good pastor took her home, and employed her in attending his children. Catharine availed herself of the lessons in music and dancing given them by their masters; but the death of her benefactor, which happened not long after her reception into his family, plunged her once more into the extremity of poverty; and her country being now the seat of the war between Sweden and Russia, she went to seek an asylum at Marienburg.

In 1701, she married a dragoon of the Swedish garrison of that fortress, and, if we may believe some authors, the very day of their marriage, Marienburg was besieged by the Russians, and the lover, while assisting to repel the attack, was killed. Marienburg was at last carried by assault; when General Bauer, seeing Catharine among the prisoners, and being smitten with her youth and beauty, took her to his house, where she superintended his domestic affairs. Soon afterwards she was removed into the family of Prince Menzhikoff, who was no less struck with the attractions of the fair captive, and she lived with him till 1704; when, in the seventeenth year of her age, she became the mistress of Peter the Great, and won so much on his affections, that he married her on the 29th of May, 1712. The ceremony was secretly performed at Yaverhof, in Poland, in the presence of General Brure; and on the 20th of February, 1724, it was publicly solemnized with great pomp at St. Petersburgh, on which occasion she received the diadem and sceptre from the hands of her husband. Peter died the following year, and she was proclaimed sovereign empress of all the Russias. She showed herself worthy of this high station by completing the grand designs which the czar had begun. The first thing she did on her accession was to cause every gallows to be taken down, and all instruments of torture destroyed. She instituted a new order of knighthood, in honour of St. Alexander Nefski; and performed many actions worthy of a great mind. She died the 17th of May, 1727, at the age of thirty-eight.

She was a princess of excellent qualities of mind and heart. She attended Peter the Great in his expeditions, and rendered him essential services in the unfortunate affair of Pruth: it was she who advised the czar to tempt the vizier with presents, which he did with success. It cannot be denied, however, that she had an attachment which excited the jealousy of the czar. The favoured object was M. de la Croix, a chamberlain of the court, originally from France. The czar caused him to be decapitated on pretence of treason, and had his head stuck on a pike and put in one of the public places of St. Petersburg. In order that his empress might contemplate this at her leisure, he drove her across the place in all directions, and even to the foot of the scaffold, but she had address or firmness enough to restrain her tears. Catharine has been suspected of not being favourably disposed towards the czarovitch Alexius, who died under the displeasure of his father. As the eldest born, and by a former marriage, he excluded the children of Catharine from the succession; and this is perhaps the sole foundation for that report.

She was much beloved for her great humanity; she saved the lives of many, whom Peter, in the first impulse of his naturally cruel temper, had resolved to have executed. When fully determined on the death of any one, he would give orders for the execution during her absence. The czar was also subject to depression and horror of spirits sometimes amounting to frenzy. In these moments, Catharine alone dared to approach him; her presence, the sound of her voice, had an immediate effect upon him, and calmed the agony of his mind. Her temper was very gay and cheerful, and her manners winning. Her habits were somewhat intemperate, which is supposed to have hastened her end; but we must not forget in judging her for this gross appetite, that drunkenness was then the common habit of the nobles of Russia.

CATHARINE II., ALEXIÉONA,

Empress of Russia, born May 2d, 1729, was the daughter of the prince of Anhalt-Zerbst, governor of Stettin in Prussian Pomerania. Her name was Sophia Augusta von Anhalt. She married in 1745 her cousin Charles Frederic, duke of Holstein Gottorp, whom his aunt, the Empress Elizabeth of Russia, had chosen for her successor. In adopting the Greek communion, the religion of the Russians, he took the name of Peter, afterwards Peter III., and his consort that of Catharine Alexieona. It was an ill-assorted and unhappy match. Catharine was handsome, fond of pleasure, clever, ambitious, and bold. Her husband, greatly her inferior in abilities, was irresolute and imprudent. Catharine soon became disgusted with his weakness, and bestowed her affections upon Soltikoff, chamberlain to the grand-duke. This intrigue was discovered, but Catharine contrived to blind the Empress Elizabeth to her frailty. Soltikoff was, however, sent to Hamburg, as minister-plenipotentiary from Russia. Stanislaus Poniatowski, afterwards king of Poland, succeeded the chamberlain in the favour of the grand-duchess; and Elizabeth, who became daily more openly devoted to pleasure herself, only interfered when the scandal became so public that she felt herself obliged to do so, and Catharine was forbidden to see Poniatowski. Although jealously watched by Peter, the grand-duchess contrived to evade these orders, and Poniatowski often visited her in disguise.

In consequence of the many disagreements between them, as soon as Peter ascended the throne, rendered vacant by the death of Elizabeth on the 25th of December, 1761, he talked of repudiating Catharine, then residing in retirement at Peterhof, near St. Petersburg, and marrying his mistress, the Countess Woronzoff. Catharine determined to anticipate him by a bolder movement.

Although on his first accession Peter had shown, in many of his acts, true greatness and generosity of mind, yet he soon relapsed into his old habits of idleness and dissipation. While he was shut up with his favourites and mistress, the empress kept her court with mingled dignity and sweetness, studying especially to attract every man distinguished for his talents and courage. Hearing that the emperor was about to declare her son illegitimate, and adopt as his heir the unfortunate prince Ivan, whom Elizabeth had supplanted and kept in confinement since his infancy, she formed a confederacy, in which several noblemen, officers and ladies, joined; among others, her new favourite, Gregory Orloff, and the princess Daschkoff, sister to the countess Woronzoff, a young widow of eighteen, celebrated for her abilities, courage, and warlike disposition; the regiments of the garrison were gained by bribes and promises; the emperor was arrested, and Catharine was proclaimed sole empress of all the Russias, under the title of Catharine II. In July, 1762, after having reigned only six months, Peter signed an act of abdication. Six days afterwards, the conspirators, fearing a reaction in the army, went to Ropscha, where Peter was confined, and while drinking with him, fell suddenly upon him and strangled him. It does not appear that Catharine actually ordered the murder, but she showed no sorrow for it, and

continued her favour to the murderers. She was solemnly crowned at Moscow, in 1762.

The first effort of the new empress was to establish peace with the foreign powers; her next was to secure the internal tranquillity of the empire. Although the nobles, incensed at the arrogance of the favourite, Alexis Orloff, raised a very serious rebellion, in which, but for Catharine's indomitable courage and presence of mind, she would have shared the fate of her husband, yet she contrived to suppress it, without even summoning a council. Combining policy with firmness, she found means to soothe the clergy, whom her ingratitude had incensed, and to restore quiet to her dominions. Though fond of pleasure, she never suffered amusement to interfere with business, or the pursuits of ambition. Her firmness was remarkable. "We should be constant in our plans," said she; "it is better to do amiss, than to change our purposes. None but fools are irresolute." Her fame was soon spread all over Europe.

Catharine abolished the secret-inquisition chancery, a court which had exercised the most dreadful power, and the use of torture. And, during her long reign, she avoided as much as possible capital punishment. She also, by a manifesto, published in August, 1763, declared that colonists should find welcome and support in Russia; she founded several hospitals, and a medical college at St. Petersburg; and though often harassed by plots, that were incessantly formed against her, she constantly occupied herself with the improvement and aggrandizement of her empire. A resolution she had taken to marry Orloff, nearly proved fatal to them both, and she was obliged to renounce it.

In 1764, Poniatowski, a former favourite of Catharine's, was, by her exertions and the army she sent into Poland, elected king of that country, under the name of Stanislaus Augustus. In the same year, occurred the murder of Ivan, grandson of Peter the Great, and rightful heir to the throne of Russia. He was twenty-three years of age; and although his constant captivity is said to have somewhat impaired his faculties, yet his existence caused so many disturbances, that it was clearly for Catharine's interest to have him assassinated. Catharine's instrumentality in this murder was not proved; but the assassins were protected, and advanced in the Russian service.

The beneficial consequences of the regulations of Catharine, became daily more apparent through all the empire. The government, more simply organized and animated with a new energy, displayed a spirit of independence worthy a great nation. Mistress of her own passions, Catharine knew how, by mingled mildness and firmness, to control those of others; and, whatever might be her own irregularities, she strictly discountenanced violations of decorum.

The perplexed and uncertain jurisprudence of Russia more particularly engaged her attention; and she drew up herself a code of laws, founded in truth and justice, which was submitted to deputies from all the Russian provinces. But the clause that proposed liberty to the boors, or serfs, met with so much opposition from the nobles, that the assembly had to be dismissed. In 1767, the empress sent learned men throughout her immense territories, to examine and report their soil, productions and wealth, and the manners and habits of the people. About the same time, the smallpox was raging in St. Petersburg, and Catharine submitted herself and her son to inoculation, as an example to the people.

In 1768, she engaged in a war with Turkey, which terminated successfully in 1774, and by which several new provinces were added to the Russian empire. But, during this period, the plague raged throughout the eastern countries of Europe to a great extent, and this disease is said to have carried off more than 100,000 of Catharine's subjects. While the war with Turkey was going on, the empress concluded with the king of Prussia and emperor of Austria, the infamous partition treaty, by which the first blow was given to the existence of Poland.

Orloff, who had been of the greatest assistance to Catharine during the war with Turkey, and the disturbances caused by the plague, again aspired to share with her the throne. Catharine bore with his caprices for some time, through her fondness for their child, a boy, who was privately reared in the suburbs of the city, but at length resolved to subdue an attachment become so dangerous to her peace; and having proposed to Orloff a clandestine marriage, which he disdainfully declined, she saw him leave her court without any apparent grief, and raised Vassiltschkoff, a young and handsome lieutenant, to his place in her affections. She loaded Orloff with magnificent presents in money and lands, and sent him to travel in Europe.

In 1773, Catharine married her son to the eldest daughter of the landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt. And in the following year, the advantageous peace with Turkey, and the great reputation she had acquired throughout Europe, placed her apparently at the summit of prosperity. But she was, nevertheless, kept in continual dread of losing her throne and her life. Threats of assassination were constantly thrown out against her; but she appeared in public, as usual, with a calm and composed demeanour.

Vassiltschkoff had, for nearly two years, filled the place of favourite with great success, but suddenly he was ordered to Moscow. He obeyed the mandate, and costly presents rewarded his docility. Orloff returned as suddenly, was received into favour, and reinstated in his former posts. Catharine, however, refused to banish, at the request of Orloff, Panim, her minister of foreign affairs, in whose ability and integrity she could entirely confide.

In 1773, a man resembling Peter III. was persuaded to personate him; the priests, opposed to Catharine's liberal policy, circulated everywhere the report that the murdered emperor was still living. The spirit of rebellion spread over the whole country, and it was only by the greatest firmness and energy that it was quelled. Soon after this, Orloff was superseded by Potemkin, an officer in the Russian army, who accompanied

Catharine to Moscow. Here he attempted, but in vain, to induce her to marry him. She spent the next few years in carrying on the internal improvements of her country, and perfecting the government. The Poles, once conquered, she treated with a generosity and justice which put Austria and Prussia to shame. At this time Potemkin exercised an unlimited influence on the empress. In 1784, he succeeded in conquering the Crimea, to which he gave its ancient name of *Tauris*, and extended the confines of Russia to the Caucasus. Catharine, upon this, traversed the provinces which had revolted under Pugatscheff, and navigated the Wolga and Borysthenes, taking great interest in the expedition, as it was connected with some danger. She was desirous, likewise, of seeing Tauris; and Potemkin turned this journey into a triumphal march. Two sovereigns visited Catharine on her journey—the king of Poland, Stanislaus Augustus, and Joseph II., emperor of Austria. Throughout this royal progress of nearly one thousand leagues, nothing but feasts and spectacles of various kinds were to be seen.

Still pursuing her scheme of expelling the Turks from Europe, and reigning at Constantinople, Catharine, in 1783, seized on the Crimea, and annexed it to her empire. In 1787, the Porte declared war against her, and hostilities were continued till the treaty of Jassy was signed, January 9th, 1792, which restored peace. She indemnified herself by sharing in the dismemberment of Poland, which kingdom became extinct in 1795. She was on the point of turning her arms against republican France, when she died of apoplexy, November 9th, 1796.

Though as a woman the licentiousness of her character is inexcusable, yet as a sovereign she is well entitled to the appellation of *great*. After Peter I., she was the chief regenerator of Russia, but with a more enlightened mind, and under more favourable circumstances. She established schools, ameliorated the condition of the serfs, promoted commerce, founded towns, arsenals, banks, and manufactories, and encouraged art and literature. She corresponded with learned men in all countries, and wrote, herself, "Instructions for a Code of Laws," besides several dramatic pieces, and "Moral Tales," for her grandchildren. Her son Paul succeeded her.

She was very handsome and dignified in her person. Her eyes were blue and piercing, her hair auburn, and though not tall, her manner of carrying her head made her appear so. She seems to have obtained the love as well as reverence of her subjects, which, setting aside her mode of acquiring the throne, is not wonderful, seeing that her vices as a ruler were those deemed conventional among sovereigns, namely, ambition and a thirst for aggrandizement, unshackled by humanity or principle.

CATHARINE PAULOWNA,

Queen of Würtemburg, grand-princess of Russia, was born May 21st, 1788. She was the younger sister of Alexander, emperor of Russia, and married, in 1809, George, prince of Holstein-Oldenburg, and thus avoided compliance with a proposal of marriage made her by Napoleon. She had two sons by this marriage; her husband died in Russia, in 1812. Catharine was distinguished for her beauty, talents, resolution, and her attachment to her brother Alexander. After 1812, she was frequently his companion in his campaigns, as well as during his residence in France and Vienna, and evidently had an important influence on several of his measures. January 24th, 1816, Catharine married, from motives of affection, William, crown-prince of Würtemburg; and after the death of his father, in October, 1816, they ascended the throne of Würtemburg. She was a generous benefactor to her subjects during the famine of 1816. She formed female associations, established an agricultural society, laboured to promote the education of the people, and founded valuable institutions for the poor. She instituted a school for females of the higher classes, and savings banks for the lower classes. She was inclined to be arbitrary, and had but little taste for the fine arts. She had two daughters by her second marriage; and she died January 9th, 1819.

CENCI, BEATRICE.

Count Nicola Cenci was the chief of one of the most ancient patrician families of the Roman States. In early life he embraced the ecclesiastic vocation, but finding himself the last of his noble race, he obtained a dispensation, and married. Being treasurer of the apostolic chamber under the pontificate of Pius V., he became immensely rich, and at his death left his only son in possession of a most splendid fortune. This son, to whom he left his titles and estates—this son, the only hope of his old age—stained his name with a foul blot of incest and murder;—this son was Francesco Cenci, the father of Beatrice. Stamped from his birth with a mark of reprobation, he seemed to bring death and disgrace upon all who approached him. He married, when he was scarcely twenty, a beautiful and noble lady, who bore him seven children, and, while yet young, perished by a violent and mysterious death. He speedily formed a second marriage with Lucrezia

Strozzi, by whom he had no children. Francesco, who appears to have been devoid of even the instinctive good feelings that actuate the brute creation, and whose life, according to Musatori, was a tissue of low and disgusting profligacy, detested all his children. He sent his sons to a distant college; but leaving them in want of the common necessaries of life, they were obliged to return to Rome. Here they threw themselves at the feet of the pope, who constrained Cenci to make them an allowance suitable to their birth and their wants. The eldest daughter also appealed to the holy father, and was permitted to retire into a convent. Francesco became terribly enraged to see his victims escape him; there, however, remained his daughter Beatrice, and Bernardino, his youngest child. To prevent Beatrice from following the example of her sister, he imprisoned her in a remote apartment of his palace, where her mournful solitude was only broken by the noise of his impure orgies. While Beatrice was a child he treated her with the utmost cruelty; beat her frequently, and delighted in hearing her ask tearfully why she received such brutal chastisement? But as she advanced towards womanhood in growing beauty, his passion towards her underwent a fatal change.

In the mean time, two of the sons of Cenci—Cristoforo and Vocio—were assassinated by bandits in the neighbourhood of Rome. Nobody doubted as to who had employed the murderers. Very soon the cause of the count's perfidious tenderness towards his daughter manifested itself—an abominable passion, accompanied by every extremity of cruelty and violence! The unhappy girl appears to have been naturally gentle, pious, and amiable, till she was goaded to a horrible crime by her wish to escape from the vilest contamination. Her step-mother, who entirely sympathized with her, imparted the state of things to her elder brother, Giacomo. The family had borne so much of cruelty and oppression from their tyrant, that it seemed as if the last outrage absolved them in their own eyes from all ordinary laws of duty.

"He must die," said Beatrice, and not one offered an objection. Two assassins were introduced into the sleeping apartment of Francesco by these miserable women, who, after the fatal deed was accomplished, themselves undertook to efface its traces. But a short time elapsed, however, before one of the bravoes, being taken for some other crime, confessed the plot by which count Cenci had died. The whole family were at once imprisoned, and, though the most distinguished persons of Rome solicited their pardon, they were put to death, after tortures the most unnecessary and shocking. This happened in the year 1599, under the Pontificate of Clement VIII., whose treasury had been at different times enriched by the old Cenci, who had frequently purchased his pardon for capital crimes of the most enormous kind, by sums as large as 100,000 crowns. We see by this, that it was no abstract love of justice which rendered Clement inexorable towards these unfortunate criminals. The little boy Bernadino — being supposed, from his tender years, incapable of an active part in the parricide—had his life granted, but upon what terms! He was carried to the scaffold, and made to witness the agonies and bloody death of his brothers and sisters, to whom he was fervently attached. When they brought him back to his prison, he was a maniac.

There is a portrait of Beatrice in the Colonna palace, painted by Guido, while she was in prison. The extreme loveliness of the face has caused it to be copied in every form of art, and few, it is supposed, have not seen some representation of this most wretched of women. Shelley has chosen this story for a tragedy, which, though full of power and poetry, is, from its subject, precluded from ever becoming a favourite.

CENTLIVRE, SUSANNAH,

A CELEBRATED comic writer, was the daughter of a Mr. Freeman, of Holbeach, in Lincolnshire. Being left an orphan, she went, when about fourteen, to London, where she took much pains to cultivate her mind and person. She is the author of fifteen plays, and several little poems, for some of which she received considerable presents from very great personages; among others, a handsome gold snuff-box from prince Eugene, for a poem inscribed to him, and another from the duke d'Aumont, the French ambassador, for a masquerade she addressed to him. Her talent was comedy; especially the contrivance of plots and incidents. She corresponded, for many years, with gentlemen of wit and eminence, particularly with Steele, Rowe, Budgell, Sewell, and others. Mrs. Centlivre lived in a very careful and economical manner, and died in Spring-garden, December 1st, 1723, at the house of her husband, Joseph Centlivre, who had been one of queen Anne's cooks; she was buried at the church of St. Martin in the fields. She was three times married; the first time, when she was about sixteen, to Mr. Fox, nephew of Sir Stephen Fox. He dying two years afterwards, she married an officer, named Carrol, who was killed in a duel not long after. It was during this second widowhood that, compelled by necessity, she began to write, and also appeared on the stage. After her marriage with her third husband, she lived a more retired life. She was handsome in person, very agreeable and sprightly in conversation, and seems to have been also kind and benevolent in her disposition. Her faults were those of the age in which she lived.

CEZELLI, CONSTANCE,

A HEROINE of the 16th century, was a native of Montpellier. In 1590, her husband, Barri de St. Annez, who was governor of Leucate, for Henry IV. of France, fell into the hands of the Spaniards. They threatened Constance that they would put him to death, if she did not surrender the fortress. She refused, but offered all her property to ransom him. After having been foiled in two assaults, the Spaniards raised the siege, but barbarously murdered their prisoner. Constance magnanimously prevented her garrison from reta-

liating on a Spanish officer of rank. As a reward for her patriotism, Henry IV. allowed her to retain the government of Leucate till her son came of age.

CHAMBERS, MARY,

Of Nottingham, England, who died in 1848, in her seventy-first year, is an instance of the power of perseverance to overcome great natural disadvantages. Deprived of sight from the age of two years, she, nevertheless, acquired a thorough knowledge of the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin languages, and was very familiar with classical literature.

CHAMPMESLE, MARIE DESMARES DE,

A French actress, born at Rouen. From the obscurity of a strolling company, she rose to be a popular actress at Paris, and gained the friendship of Racine. She married an actor, and died greatly regretted in 1698, aged fifty-four.

CHANDLER, MARY,

An English lady, who distinguished herself by her poetical talent, was born at Malmesbury, in Wiltshire, in 1689. Her father was a dissenting minister at Bath, whose circumstances made it necessary that she should be brought up to business, and she became a milliner.

She was observed from childhood to have a turn for poetry, often entertaining her companions with riddles in verse; and she was, at that time of life, very fond of Herbert's poems. In her riper years she studied the best modern poets, and the ancient ones too as far as translations could assist her. Her poem upon the Bath was very popular, and she was particularly complimented for it by Pope, with whom she was acquainted. She had the misfortune to be deformed, which determined her to live single; though she had a sweet countenance, and was solicited to marry. She died Sept. 11th, 1745, aged 57. We can find nothing worth quoting in her poetry.

CHANDLER, ELIZABETH MARGARET,

Was born near Wilmington, Delaware, in 1807. She was of Quaker extraction. Miss Chandler was first brought into notice by a poem entitled "The Slave Ship," written when she was eighteen, and for which she obtained a prize. She resided then, and till 1830, in Philadelphia. At that time she went to Lenawee county, Michigan, where she died in 1834. Her memoirs and writings have been published since her death. One poem we will give:—

THE DEVOTED.

Stern faces were around her bent,
And eyes of vengeful ire,
And fearful were the words they spake,
Of torture, stake, and fire:
Yet calmly in the midst she stood,
With eye undimm'd and clear,
And though her lip and cheek were white,
She wore no signs of fear.

"Where is thy traitor spouse?" they said;—
A half-form'd smile of scorn,
That curl'd upon her haughty lip,
Was back for answer borne;—

"Where is thy traitor spouse?" again,
In fiercer tones, they said,
And sternly pointed to the rack,
All rusted o'er with red!

Her heart and pulse beat firm and free—
But in a crimson flood,
O'er pallid lip, and cheek, and brow,
Rush'd up the burning blood;
She spake, but proudly rose her tones,
As when in hall or bower,
The haughtiest chief that round her stood
Had meekly own'd their power.

"My noble lord is placed within
A safe and sure retreat"—
"Now tell us where, thou lady bright,
As thou wouldst mercy meet,
Nor deem thy life can purchase his;
He cannot 'scape our wrath,
For many a warrior's watchful eye
Is placed o'er every path.

"But thou mayst win his broad estates,
To grace thine infant heir,
And life and honour to thyself,
So thou his haunts declare."
She laid her hand upon her heart;
Her eye flash'd proud and clear,
And firmer grew her haughty tread—
"My lord is hidden *here!*

"And if ye seek to view his form,
Ye first must tear away,
From round his secret dwelling-place,
These walls of living clay!"
They quail'd beneath her haughty glance,
They silent turn'd aside,
And left her all unharm'd amidst
Her loveliness and pride!

CHAPONE, HESTER,

Was the daughter of a Mr. Mulso, of Twywell, in Northamptonshire, and was born at that place in 1727. When only nine years old, she is said to have written a romance. Her mother, who seems to have been jealous of her daughter's talents, endeavoured to obstruct her studies. Hester Mulso, nevertheless, succeeded in making herself mistress of Italian and French. The story of "Fidelia" in the Adventurer, an "Ode to Peace," and some verses prefixed to her friend Miss Carter's Epictetus, were among her earliest printed efforts. In 1760 she married Mr. Chapone, who died in less than ten months afterwards. In 1770 she accompanied Mrs. Montague on a tour in Scotland; in 1773 she published her "Letters on the Improvement of the Mind," and in 1775 her "Miscellanies in Prose and Verse." After having lived tranquilly for many years, in the society of her devoted friends, her latter days were clouded by the loss of those friends and nearly all her relations; she was also a sufferer from impaired intellect and bodily debility. She died at Hadley, near Barnet, December 25th, 1801. Her verses are elegant, and her prose writings pure in style, and fraught with good sense and sound morality. With neither beauty, rank, nor fortune, this excellent lady, nevertheless, secured to herself the love and esteem of all with whom she became acquainted, and also the general admiration of those who read her works. Mrs. Elwood thus closes an interesting tribute to the memory of Mrs. Chapone:—"The solitary widow, living at one time in obscure and humble lodgings, was an object of interest

even to royalty itself; and from her friends and connexions she constantly met with the disinterested affection and courteous attention due to her merits. By application and exertion in early life, she improved the abilities bestowed upon her by Providence, and she had the satisfaction of gaining for herself, through their influence, a respectable station among the pious and moral writers of England, and of transmitting to posterity a standard work on female education. Although more than sixty years have elapsed since this work was first published, its advice does not even yet appear antiquated, and is as well calculated to improve the rising generation, as it was to instruct the youth of their grandmothers."

Of the selections we make, the first three are from the "Miscellanies" of Mrs. Chapone, the last from her "Letters on the Improvement of the Mind."

AFFECTATION.

Affectation is so universally acknowledged to be disgusting, that it is among the faults which the most intimate friends cannot venture gravely to reprove in each other; for to tell your friends that they are habitually affected, is to tell them that they are habitually disagreeable; which nobody can bear to hear. I beg leave, therefore, as a general friend, without offending any one, to whisper to all those whose hearts confess that vanity has inspired them with any sort of affectation, *that it never does, nor ever can succeed as a means of pleasing.*

I have a thousand times wished to tell *Flirtilla*, that the efforts she makes to be constantly in motion, and perpetually giggling, do not pass upon me for the vivacity of youth: I see they cost her a great deal of trouble, and it gives me an irritation of nerves to look at her; so that it would have been much for her ease and mine, could I have ventured to beg that she would always in my presence give way to her natural languor and dullness, which would be far more agreeable to me.

Gloriosa, whenever a remarkable instance of generosity or goodness is mentioned, takes infinite pains, with the most pompous eloquence, to convince me that the action seems poor to the greatness of *her* soul — that *she* would think half her fortune a trifling gift to a worthy friend—that *she* would rather suffer the most exquisite pain herself, than see a fellow-creature, though a stranger, endure it—and that it is a nobler effort in *her* to *refrain* from the most generous actions, than it would be in the greatest miser to perform them. I long to let her know, that the only effect these declarations produce in my mind is a doubt, which I should otherwise never have entertained, whether she really possesses even the common portion of good-nature and benevolence.

SCANDAL.

Nothing to me is more disgusting than that air of mildness and benevolenee with which some ill-natured observation on the person or dress of our absent acquaintance, or some sly sarcasm, designed to obscure the brightest part of their character, is usually introduced. If the defects of a lady's person are to be held forth to ridicule, it is first remarked, that "she is certainly the best kind of woman in the world." If one of distinguished talents is to be the victim, those talents are magnified and exalted in the strongest terms, and then in a lower voice you are called upon to take notice of the conscious superiority of her manner, the ostentatious display of her knowledge, or the pointed affectation of her wit. Some absurd saying, which envy had invented for her, is produced as a sample of her *bons mots*, and some trait of impertinence, though perhaps the most contrary to her character, related as a specimen of her behaviour. When the lady * * * s have been extolled for their charity and goodness, I have heard it added, "that it is impossible to pass through their hall without terrible consequences, 'tis so full of company from Broad St. Giles's."—"Mrs. * * * * is confessedly the most pious creature upon earth!—poor soul! she was carried to church in an ague-fit last Sunday; for she thinks there is no getting to heaven without hearing Mr. *Such-a-one* preach once a week." Thus by the help of exaggeration, you may possibly succeed in raising a sneer against a plain person, or a bright understanding—against Christian beneficence, or rational piety; but as you profess the highest esteem for the characters you ridicule, nobody must say that you are censorious or unfriendly.

A TIMELY WORD.

A young gentleman of my acquaintance has assured me, that he never received so much benefit from any sermon he ever heard, as from a reproof which he once received from a lady, who, when he had been talking on some subject rather licentiously, said, "It is a sign that you did not overhear what Lord L—— said of you yesterday, or you would never utter such sentiments." The gentleman, when he told it to me, added, "Whoever could be insensible to the keenness of this reproof, and the flattering politeness with which it was tempered, must be flayed (as they say of a Russian) before he could be made to feel." Its influence on him has probably continued to this day; for I have never known him to give occasion for another reproof of the same nature.

The great and irresistible influence which the choice of our company, as well as the mode of our own conversation, has on our habits of thinking and acting, and on the whole form and colour of our minds, is a subject too common to be much enlarged upon; it cannot, however, be too deeply considered, as it seems the leading circumstance of our lives, and that which may chiefly determine our character and condition to all eternity.

THE TWO COMMANDMENTS.

Every word that fell from our Saviour's lips is more precious than all the treasures of the earth; for his "are the words of eternal life!" They must therefore be laid up in your heart, and constantly referred to, on all occasions, as the rule and direction of all your actions; particularly those very comprehensive moral precepts he has

graciously left with us, which can never fail to direct us aright, if fairly and honestly applied: such as, "*Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do unto them.*" There is no occasion, great or small, on which you may not safely apply this rule for the direction of your conduct; and whilst your heart honestly adheres to it, you can never be guilty of any sort of injustice or unkindness. The two great commandments which contain the summary of our duty to God and man, are no less easily retained, and made a standard by which to judge our own hearts. "*To love the Lord our God with all our hearts, with all our minds, with all our strength; and our neighbour* (or fellow-creature) *as ourselves.*" "Love worketh no ill to his neighbour;" therefore, if you have true benevolence, you will never do any thing injurious to individuals, or to society. Now, all crimes whatever are (in their remoter consequences at least, if not immediately and apparently) injurious to the society in which we live. It is impossible *to love God*, without desiring to please him, and, as far as we are able, to resemble him; therefore the love of God must lead to every virtue in the highest degree; and we may be sure we do not truly love him, if we content ourselves with avoiding flagrant sins, and do not strive, in good earnest, to reach the greatest degree of perfection we are capable of. Thus do those few words direct us to the highest Christian virtue. Indeed, the whole tenor of the gospel is to offer us every help, direction and motive, that can enable us to attain that degree of perfection on which depends our eternal good.

CHARKE, CHARLOTTE,

Was youngest daughter of Colley Cibber, the player, and afterwards poet-laureate. Her education was more suited to a boy than a girl, she being more frequently in the stable than the parlour, and mistress of the curry-comb, though ignorant of the needle. Shooting, hunting, riding races, and digging in a garden, were her favourite exercises. She relates an act of her prowess when a mere child, in protecting the house from thieves by firing pistols and blunderbusses out of the window. She married, when very young, Mr. Richard Charke, an eminent performer on the violin, who soon gave her such cause for jealousy as to occasion a separation.

She then went on the stage, apparently as much from inclination as necessity, and met with such success as to be engaged at a good salary, and for very considerable parts, at the Haymarket, and afterwards at Drury-Lane. But her ungovernable impetuosity induced her to quarrel with the manager, whom she left suddenly, and ridiculed in a farce, called "The Art of Management."

She became a member of a strolling company of actors, and the remainder of her life is only one variegated scene of distress. In 1755, she came to London, where she published the "Narrative of her own Life." She died in 1759.

CHARLOTTE, PRINCESS OF WALES,

Daughter of George IV. of England, and heir-apparent to the throne of Great Britain and Ireland, was born in 1795, and died November 6th, 1817, aged twenty-two. She was married to Leopold, prince of Saxe-Cobourg. The untimely death of the princess and her infant, clothed the nation in mourning, and changed the succession of the throne. When informed of her child's death, shortly before her own, she said, "I feel it as a mother naturally should"—adding, "It is the will of God! praise to him in all things!" She was a pious, intelligent, energetic, and benevolent princess, often visiting and relieving, herself, the poor; and her loss was deeply felt. Robert Hall preached a most eloquent sermon on her death.

CHATEAUBRIAND, FRANCES DE FOIX,

Wife of the count of Chateaubriand, became mistress of Francis I. of France, who left her for the duchess d'Etampes. She was a woman of great courage and commanding aspect. She died in 1537, aged sixty-two.

CHATEAUROUX, MARIE ANNE, DUCHESS DE,

Was one of four sisters, daughters of the Marquis de Nesle, who became successively mistresses of Louis XV. She was married at the age of seventeen to the Marquis de la Tournelle, who left her a widow at twenty-three. She far surpassed all her sisters in personal charms, and was an accomplished musician.

Madame de Chateauroux displayed a character of great energy and ambition. Her sense of virtue always remained sufficiently strong to cause her to feel humbled by the splendid degradation she had sought and won; but though she had not sufficient principle to recede from the path she had taken, she resolved as an atonement to arouse her royal lover from his disgraceful lethargy. Madame de Tencin spared no efforts to make her her tool; her aim being to govern the king through his mistress, by means of her brother, cardinal Tencin. But Madame de Chateauroux had not acquired her power to yield it up to a woman, and especially to so clever and intriguing a woman. Far seeing, like Madame de Tencin, she was convinced of the necessity for some radical change in the government. Of the confusion by which it was characterized, she said, "I could not have believed all that I now see; if no remedy is administered to this state of things, there will sooner or later be a great *bouleversement.*"

Though the aim of Madame de Chateauroux was good, the means she took to effect it were not equally praiseworthy. Reckless of the real interests of the country, and looking only to the personal glory of the king, she partly precipitated France into a fatal war. While absent with the army, the king was seized with a dangerous illness. Urged by the religious party attached to the queen, Louis, through fear of dying without the last sacraments of the church, was induced publicly to discard his mistress. Scarcely had this been done when he recovered. His repentance had never been heartfelt, and he soon was mortified and humiliated at the part he had acted. Grieved at the loss of Mad. de Chateauroux, he sought an interview with her, and she consented

to receive his apology, provided it was made in a public manner, which, by her arrangement, was done by Maurepas, whom she wished to humble, in the presence of a large assembly. He requested forgiveness in the name of the king, and begged her return to court. But to that station which she had purchased at the cost of peace and honour, she was never destined to return. She became alarmingly ill, and died a few days after this public atonement. It would be unjust to deny to Madame de Chateauroux the merit of having sought to rouse Louis XV. from the state of apathetic indolence into which he had fallen. The means she took were injudicious, but they were noble. Experience would have taught her better; and, had her power continued, Louis XV. might have been a different man.

Madame de Chateauroux was one of those far-seeing women, who, with that instinctive foresight which arises from keenness of perception, had predicted the breaking out of the storm already gathering over France.

CHATELET, GABRIELLE EMILIE DE BRETRUEIL MARQUISE DU,

One of the most remarkable women of her time, is chiefly known through her connexion with Voltaire. Her parents married her in her nineteenth year to the Marquis du Chatelet, an honest but common-place man considerably her senior. The young marchioness made her appearance in the world with great éclat. She was graceful, handsome, and fond of pleasure; and her great talents long remained unsuspected. Madame du Chatelet's ideas of morality were those of her time, and she early exhibited them by an intrigue with the duke of Richelieu, then celebrated for his gallantry. This connexion, however, was brief, and resulted in a sincere and lasting friendship. Madame du Chatelet's mind was superior to a life of mere worldly pleasure. Wearied of dissipation, she entered with ardour into the study of the exact sciences. Maupertius was her instructor in geometry, and the works of Newton and Leibnitz became her constant study. Geometry was then the rage, but Madame du Chatelet brought to the study of this science a mind strikingly adapted to its pursuit; and it was while thus devoting herself that she became acquainted with Voltaire. Madame du Chatelet was in her twenty-eighth year, and Voltaire twelve years her senior, when their liason commenced. The loose maxims of the period justified this connexion in the opinion of the world and in their own; and the husband either did not suspect the truth, or if he did, felt indifferent to it. As he passed the greater part of his time with his regiment, he proved little or no restraint to the lovers, raising no objection to the sojourn of Voltaire beneath his roof, but rather appearing flattered at being considered the host and patron of a man already enjoying European fame. Voltaire passed fifteen years at Cizey, the splendid chateau of M. du Chatelet, in Lorraine. His life in this delightful retreat was one of study, varied by elegant pleasures, embellished and exalted by the devotion of this gifted woman.

With Madame du Chatelet study was a passion. She slept but three hours in the twenty-four, and her whole time was devoted to her beloved pursuits. During the day she remained closeted in her apartments, seldom appearing till the hour of supper. Every year they visited Paris, where Madame du Chatelet entered into the pursuit of pleasure with the same passionate eagerness with which she studied Newton's "Principia" in her learned retirement; losing large sums at play, and committing many extravagances in her love of dress.

Madame du Chatelet was remarkable for great simplicity of manner, as well as for the solidity of her judgment. Few women of her time were so free from that intriguing spirit and thirst for distinction which almost all then possessed. Science she loved for its own sake; for the pure and exquisite delight it yielded her enquiring mind, and not for the paltry gratification of being considered learned. On the other hand, she was deficient in gentleness, and in many of the most winning qualities of woman. Proud of her rank and birth, haughty to her inferiors, and violent and imperious in her temper, she ruled despotically over her lover, and left him very little personal freedom.

Long as the love of Voltaire and Madame du Chatelet had lasted, it was not destined to resist time and habit. The change first came from Voltaire, whose declining years he made the excuse for increasing coldness. After many stormy explanations, Madame du Chatelet submitted to this change in his feelings, which caused none in their mode of life, and accepted friendship for love.

Soon after this change in their relations, Madame du Chatelet became acquainted with St. Lambert, known then merely as a handsome young nobleman of elegant address. Vanity induced St. Lambert to pay her attentions which Madame du Chatelet attributed to a deeper feeling, and which she was frail enough to return by a very sincere affection. Voltaire was both grieved and indignant on discovering that he had a rival, but Madame du Chatelet's assurances of unabated friendship, though she concealed nothing from him, reconciled and induced him to remain near her.

There is little to excuse this part of Madame du Chatelet's life. Her age and self-respect ought to have preserved her from this last error, with which were connected many disgraceful circumstances, and which was destined to prove fatal to her. She died in childbed on the 10th of August, 1749, her last days being devoted to the translation of Newton's Principia, her great work.

CHEMIN, CATHARINE DU,

Was a French artist, who died at Paris, 1698. She principally excelled in painting flowers. Her husband erected a noble monument to her memory in the church of St. Landry.

CHERON, ELIZABETH SOPHIA,

Daughter of a painter in enamel, of the town of Meaux, was born at Paris in 1678, and studied under her father. At the age of fourteen, her name was already famous. The celebrated Le

Brun, in 1672, presented her to the academy of painting and sculpture, which complimented her by admitting her to the title of academician. She apportioned her time between painting, the learned languages, poetry, and music. She drew, on a large scale, a great number of gems, which were remarkable for showing taste, a singular command of pencil, a fine style of colouring, and a superior judgment in the chiaro-oscuro. The various styles of painting were familiar to her. She excelled in historical painting, oil-colours, miniature enamels, portrait-painting, and especially those of females. It is said that she frequently executed, from memory, the portraits of absent friends, to which she gave as strong a likeness as if they had sat to her. The academy of Ricovrati, at Padua, honoured her with the surname of Erato, and gave her a place in their society. She died at Paris, September 3d, 1711, at the age of 63.

CHEZY, WILHELMINE CHRISTINE VON,

A GERMAN poetess, whose maiden name was Von Klenke, was born at Berlin, Jan. 26th, 1783. She married Mr. Von Haslfker, but they had lived only a short time together, when they applied for and obtained a divorce. She was afterwards married to the celebrated French orientalist, Von Chezy; but this second marriage proved no more happy in its results than the first; and, according to a mutual agreement between her and her husband, she was a second time divorced. She then devoted herself to the education of her two sons by her second husband; and they did honour to their instructor, and have since obtained considerable literary fame.

Frau Von Chezy lived alternately in Munich, Vienna, and Paris. She was, on her mother's side, a grandchild of the celebrated poetess Frau Karsch, whose talents seem to have descended to her. As a writer, she is best known by the name of Helmina, under which she has written tales and romances in verse. Her writings are characterized by a fertile imagination, a pleasing style, and warm feeling; though they cannot always bear the test of a critical examination. She has also written a few spirited prose works, and the opera Euryanthe, which was set to music by Von Weber. The best of her works are "The Martinman Birds," the "Six noble Employments," and "Recollections of Vienna." She died in 1849. A writer, supposed to be Sapin, made the following epigram on her:—

"Helmine Von Chezy,
Geborne Klenke,
Ich bitte Si' geh' Sie,
Mit Ihrer poësie
Sonst kriegt sie die Kränke!

The meaning of the wit and pun is, that the lady must not write poetry if she wishes to be thought agreeable. A true German idea.

CHOIN, MARIE EMILIE JOLY DE,

A LADY descended from a noble Savoy family. She was employed about the person of the duchess of Conti, where she was sought by the dauphin of France; but no solicitations could induce her to forfeit her honour; and it is said that the prince at last married her privately, and, by her influence, was reformed and regained the affections of the king. After his death, in 1711, she retired to obscurity, and died in 1744, universally respected.

CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN,

DAUGHTER of the great Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, and of Maria Eleonora of Brandenburg, was born December 18th, 1626. Her father was very fond of her, and carried her about with him in all his journeys. When she was about two years old, she was taken to Calmar, the governor of which hesitated, on her account, whether to give the king the usual salute, but Gustavus exclaimed, "Fire! the girl is a soldier's daughter, and should be accustomed to it betimes." The noise delighted the princess, who clapped her hands, and, in her infantile language, cried, "More, more!" showing thus early her peculiarly bold and masculine turn of mind.

Her father died in 1633, and Christina, a girl of seven years old, was placed upon the throne, and even at that early age she appeared to be conscious of her high destiny, and in all trying circumstances conducted herself with great firmness and dignity.

The queen-mother was a woman of weak judgment and capricious temper, and her injudicious management of the young Christina was doubtless the first cause of her dislike for her own sex, which was farther increased by the manner of her education. She early displayed an "antipathy," to use her own words, "to all that women do and say;" but she was an excellent classical scholar, admired the Greeks and Romans and all the heroes of antiquity, particularly Homer and Alexander the Great. At the age of fourteen, she read Thucydides in the original; she rode and hunted, and harangued the senate, and dictated to her ministers. But in the gentler graces and virtues of her own sex she was deficient. She grew up self-willed, arrogant, and impatient; and yet was flattered because she was a queen. She understood this, and observes that "Princes are flattered even in their cradles; men fear their memory as well

as their power; they handle them timidly, as they do young lions, who can only scratch now, but may hereafter bite and devour."

Her character, at the time she assumed the reins of government, promised extraordinary excellence. Mrs. Jameson, in her elegant work, "Memoirs of Celebrated Female Sovereigns," thus sketches, with singular felicity, the portrait of this youthful sovereign:

"Christina had been born to the throne, cradled, as she says, amid laurels and trophies of victory, assumed a sceptre which was hers by the double right of hereditary claims and the free consent of the states-general. She was in the bloom of youth, full of health, vigour, and activity; the natural cheerfulness of her spirits had been preserved by constant exercise of body and mind; and although she was proud, passionate, and capricious, she was also gay, frank, and generous. She entertained, at this time, a lofty and even sublime idea of the high destiny to which she was called, and of the multiplied duties and tremendous responsibility it imposed on her. All her resolutions and intentions appear to have been right and just; and to put the intentions into practice, she had youthful enthusiasm, surpassing talents, a strong constitution, and the prospect of a long life and reign before her. Though learned beyond most of her sex, the vanity of learning had not yet seized her, and literature was to her what it ought always to have been, an amusement, not a pursuit. She understood most of the languages of Europe; Latin, French, German, Italian, she wrote and spoke as fluently as her native tongue; her proficiency in Greek has already been mentioned. At this time she seems to have preferred the French language, and it was spoken almost habitually in her court. She would have no prime minister, and from the very commencement of her reign, (dating it from the dissolution of the regency), she received and read all the despatches, dictated the replies to her secretaries, which she afterwards looked over and corrected herself; and while the regal power had all the gloss of novelty, she certainly wore it with dignity and grace. Her indefatigable attention to the business of state excited the astonishment of the foreign ministers, and the admiration of her people; she constantly attended all the deliberations of her council, and by the force of her character and her resolute temper she exercised the most unbounded influence over the senate, who yielded to her more than they would have accorded to a monarch of their own sex. It is asserted that she was at this time more despotic than any Swedish sovereign from the time of Eric XIV. to the change of the constitution under Gustavus III.

"In person she was not handsome; her figure was below the middle size, but well formed, with the exception of a slight deformity in one of her shoulders, caused by a fall in her infancy; it was, however, scarcely perceptible, and her deportment and all her movements were remarkable for dignity, ease, and freedom. Her features were rather large and striking in proportion to her figure, and her whole countenance, unless controlled for especial purposes, was singular for its mobility and vivacity. Her eyes were of a brilliant hazel, quick and penetrating; her nose aquiline, her mouth too wide, and when at rest, not agreeable in its expression; her smile, however, was bright and pleasing, and her teeth fine, though she took little care of them. She had a profusion of light brown hair, which she seldom combed; and a man's fur cap or a knot of riband was in general her only coiffure, till later in life she exchanged these for a periwig. She was extremely negligent in her dress, and never allowed herself more than a quarter of an hour at her morning toilet. Except upon state occasions, her attire was very simple and uniform; it consisted of a suit of plain grey stuff or cloth, shorter than was usually worn, for the convenience of walking and riding, with a black scarf round her neck, and rarely a single ornament. She was temperate, and even abstemious in eating, apparently quite indifferent as to what was placed before her, and was never heard to praise or dispraise any dish at table."

When Christina had assumed the reins of government, in 1644, many of the most distinguished kings and princes of Europe aspired to her hand; but she uniformly rejected all their proposals, and caused one of her suitors, her cousin Charles Gustavus, to be appointed her successor. Her love of independence and impatience of control had exhibited themselves from childhood in a distaste to marriage. "Do not," said she to the states, "compel me to make a choice: should I bear a son, it is equally probable that he might prove a Nero as an Augustus."

Christina had an opportunity to display her magnanimity in the early part of her reign. While she was engaged in her devotions in the chapel of the castle at Stockholm, a lunatic rushed through the crowd, and attempted to stab her with a knife. He was seized, and Christina calmly continued her devotions. Learning that the man was insane, she merely had him put under restraint.

One of the most important events of Christina's reign was the peace of Westphalia, to which her influence greatly contributed. It was settled October, 1648, and by this treaty Sweden was confirmed in the possession of many important countries. The services of Salvius, one of her plenipotentiaries on this occasion, were rewarded by the dignity of senator; a prerogative which had till then belonged to birth, but to which the queen thought merit had a better claim.

During the remainder of her reign, a wise administration and a profound peace, reflect upon Christina a higher praise than can be derived from subtle negotiations or successful wars; she enjoyed the entire confidence and love of her people. All persons distinguished for their genius or talents, were attracted by her liberality to the Swedish court; and although her favour was sometimes controlled by her partialities or prejudices, and withheld from the deserving while it was lavished on those who flattered her foibles, yet she soon discovered and repaired such mistakes.

She, at length, began to feel her rank, and the duties it devolved upon her, a burden, and to sigh

for freedom and leisure. In 1652, she communicated to the senate her resolution of abdicating the throne; but the remonstrances of the whole people, in which Charles Gustavus, her successor, joined, induced her to wear the crown for two years longer; when she resumed her purpose and carried it into effect, to the great grief of the whole nation.

In leaving the scene of her regal power, she appeared to rejoice as though she had escaped from imprisonment. Having arrived at a small brook which separated Sweden from Denmark, she alighted from her carriage, and leaping over it, exclaimed, "*At length I am free, and out of* Sweden, whither I hope never to return." Dismissing with her women the habit of her sex, she assumed male attire. "I would become a man," said she; "but it is not that I love men because they are men, but merely that they are not women."

On her arrival at Brussels she publicly and solemnly abjured the Lutheran faith, in which she was educated, and joined the Roman Catholic communion. From Brussels she went to Rome, which she entered with great pomp. She was received with splendid hospitality by the pope, and the Jesuits affirmed that she ought to be placed by the church among the saints: "I had rather," said Christina, "be placed among the sages."

She then went to France, where she was received with royal honours, which she never forgot to claim, by Louis XIV. But she disturbed the quiet of all the places which she visited, by her passion for interfering and controlling, not only political affairs, but the petty cabals of the court. She also disgusted the people by her violation of all the decencies and proprieties of life, by her continuing to wear the dress of the other sex, and by her open contempt for her own. But the act that roused the horror and indignation of Louis XIV. and his whole court, and obliged Christina to leave France, was the murder of Monaldeschi, an Italian, and her master of the horse, who is supposed to have been her lover, and to have betrayed the intrigue, though the fault for which he suffered was never disclosed by Christina. This event occurred in November, 1657, while she was residing in the royal palace of Fontainebleau. Monaldeschi, after having been allowed only about two hours from the time when the queen had made known to him her discovery of his perfidy, was put to death, by her orders, in the gallery *aux Cerfs* of the palace, by three men.

Louis XIV. was highly indignant at this violation of justice in his dominions; but Christina sustained her act, and stated that she had reserved supreme power over her suite, and that wherever she went she was still a queen. She was, however, obliged to return to Rome, where she soon involved herself in a quarrel with the pope, Alexander VII. She then went to Sweden; but she was not well received there, and soon left for Hamburg, and from thence to Rome. She again returned to Sweden, but met with a still colder reception than before. It is said that her journeys to Sweden were undertaken for the purpose of resuming the crown, as Charles Gustavus had died in 1660. But this can hardly be true, as her adopted religion, to which she always remained constant, would be an insuperable obstacle, by the laws and constitution of Sweden, to her reassuming the government.

After many wanderings, Christina died at Rome, April 15th, 1689, aged sixty-three. She was interred in the church of St. Peter, and the pope erected a monument to her, with a long inscription, although she had requested that these words, *Vixit Christina annos* LXIII., should be the only inscription on her tomb. Her principal heir was her intendant, Cardinal Azzolini. Her library was bought by the pope, who placed nine hundred manuscripts of this collection in the Vatican, and gave the rest of the books to his family.

A traveller, who saw her at Rome, when she was about sixty, thus describes her dress and appearance: — "She was usually habited in a coat, or vest, of black satin, reaching almost to the knees, and buttoned down the front; under this, a very short petticoat. Her own light brown hair, once so beautiful and luxuriant, was cut short, and combed up so as to stand on end without covering or ornament. She was very short, fat, and round; her voice, her features and complexion, were completely masculine, and had ceased to be in any respect agreeable. Her eyes, however, retained their brilliancy, and her tongue bewitched as oddly as her eyes. Her manners, whenever she chose, were winning." Such was the disagreeable, unhonoured age of a woman who despised the manners, duties, and decorums of her sex. Yet in a letter, written about this time to Mademoiselle de Scuderi, the poor, mistaken Christina shows that she could not divest herself of all feminine feelings. "You must know," she writes, "that since you saw me some years ago, I am not grown handsomer; far from it; and, to confess the truth, I am still, in spite of flattery, as ill satisfied with my own person as ever I was. I envy not those who possess fortune, dominions, treasures; I raise myself above all mortals by wisdom and virtue; and that is what makes me discontented. *Au reste*, I am in good health, which will last as long as it pleases God. I have naturally an extreme aversion to grow old, and I hardly know how I can get used to the idea. If I had had my choice between old age and death, I think I should have chosen the latter without hesitation. But since we are not consulted on this point, I shall resign myself to live on with as much pleasure as I can. Death, which I see approaching step by step, does not alarm me. I await it without a wish and without a fear."

Christina wrote a great deal; but her "Maxims and Sentences," and "Reflections on the Life and Actions of Alexander the Great," are all that have been preserved. She had good business talents, and a wonderful firmness of purpose. The great defects of her character, and the errors of her life, may be traced to her injudicious education, including the dislike she felt for women, and her contempt of feminine virtues and pursuits. She

should be a warning to all those aspiring females, who would put off the dignity, delicacy, and dress of their own sex, in the vain hope that, by masculine freedom of deportment and attire, they should gain strength, wisdom, and enjoyment. We give a few fragments from her works:

Fools are more to be feared than the wicked.

Whatever is false, is ridiculous.

There is a species of pleasure in suffering from the ingratitude of others, which is reserved for great minds alone.

We should never speak of ourselves, either good or evil. (This was a maxim which she was continually violating in her own person: she appears to have been the greatest egotist extant, for a female.)

To suffer for having acted well, is itself a species of recompense.

We read for instruction, for correction, and for consolation.

There is a star above us which unites souls of the first order, though worlds and ages separate them.

Life becomes useless and insipid, when we have no longer either friends or enemies.

We grow old more through indolence, than through age.

The Salique law, which excludes women from the throne, is a just and a wise law.

Cruelty is the result of baseness and of cowardice.

To speak truth, and to do good, is to resemble, in some sort, the Deity we worship.

This life is like an inn, in which the soul spends a few moments on its journey.

CHUDLEIGH, LADY MARY,

Was born in 1656, and was the daughter of Richard Lee, Esq., of Winslade in Devonshire, England. She married Sir George Chudleigh, bart., by whom she had several children; among the rest Eliza Maria, who dying in the bloom of life, her mother poured out her grief in a poem, called "A Dialogue between Lucinda and Marissa." She wrote another poem called "The Ladies' Defence," occasioned by a sermon preached against women. These, with many others, were collected into a volume and printed, for the third time, in 1722. She published also a volume of essays, in prose and verse, in 1710, which have been much admired for a delicacy of style.

This lady is said to have written several tragedies, operas, masques, &c., which were not printed. She died in 1710, in her 55th year. She was a woman of great virtue as well as understanding, and made the latter subservient to the former. She was only taught her native language, but her great application and uncommon abilities, enabled her to figure among the literati of her time. She wrote essays upon knowledge, pride, humility, life, death, fear, grief, riches, self-love, justice, anger, calumny, friendship, love, avarice, and solitude, in which she showed an uncommon degree of knowledge and piety.

CIBBER, SUSANNA MARIA,

Who for several years was considered not only the best actress in England, but thought by many superior to the celebrated Mdlle. Clairon of Paris, was the daughter of an upholsterer of Covent-Garden, and sister to Dr. Thomas Augustin Arne, celebrated for his taste in musical composition. Her first appearance on the stage was as a singer, but either her judgment or ear was not equal to her sweetness of voice. She married, in April, 1734, Theophilus Cibber, who was then a widower. This marriage was not pleasing to Colley Cibber, the father, but he was induced to forgive them. He was then manager of Drury-Lane theatre, and one day at rehearsal, his son happening to say he hoped young Mrs. Cibber might be brought on in speaking parts, Colley desired her to declaim before him, and was surprised to find such a variety of powers of voice, face, figure, and expression united. She appeared on the stage in 1736, in the character of Zara, in the first representation of Aaron Hill's tragedy. The audience were astonished and delighted, and her reputation as an actress was established.

But her domestic tranquillity did not equal her public success. Her husband was luxurious, prodigal, rapacious, and unscrupulous and dishonourable in his means of obtaining money. She soon discontinued living with him, and resided entirely with a man on whom Mr. Cibber bestowed the appellation of Mr. Benefit. She retained her beauty and her power of pleasing, as an actress, for a long time. She died January 30th, 1766, and was buried at Westminster; leaving one child by the gentleman with whom she lived.

CICCI, MARIE LOUISA,

Was born at Pisa, in 1760. When she was seven years old her father placed her in a convent, ordered her to be instructed merely in domestic duties, and forbade her to be taught even to write. By stealth, however, she read some of the best poets, and acquired the rudiments of writing, supplying the want of pen and ink by grape-juice and bits of wood. With these rude materials she wrote her first verses in her tenth year. At a more mature age, she made herself mistress of natural philosophy, of the English and French languages, and studied the works of Locke and Newton. Her Anacreontic verses are distinguished by their graceful ease and spirit. In private life she was virtuous and amiable. She died in 1794.

CINCHON, COUNTESS OF,

The wife of the viceroy of Peru, was the first person who brought the Peruvian bark to Europe, and made known its virtues. This took place in 1632. In honour of her, Linnæus gave the name of Cinchona to the genus of plants by which the bark is produced.

CIRANI, ELIZABETH,

A native of Bologna, was eminently distinguished as a painter. Though she was happy in tender and delicate subjects, she excelled also in the great and terrible. Her genius gained her many friends, whom her excellent qualities retained. She died near the close of the eighteenth century.

CLAIRON, CLARA JOSEPHA DE LA TUDE,

One of the most celebrated actresses of France, was born in 1723, near Condé, and went upon the stage when only twelve years old. Phédre was the first character in which she displayed all her theatrical talents. In 1765 she left the stage, and was for many years the mistress of the margrave of Anspach. She died in 1803. She published "Memoirs and Reflections upon the Declamation Theatrical."

CLAYPOLE, ELIZABETH,

Was the second and favourite daughter of the protector, Oliver Cromwell. She was born at Huntingdon in 1629, and in 1646 married John Claypole, Esq., of a respectable family in Northamptonshire; who afterwards became master of the horse both to Oliver and his son Richard. Mrs. Claypole was invariably the friend of the oppressed, and exercised her gentle but powerful influence over her father in favour of the suffering royalists. She died at Hampton Court, August 6th, 1658, in the twenty-ninth year of her age.

CLEMENTS, MARGARET,

Born in 1508, niece to Sir Thomas More, in whose house she was brought up, was carefully educated, and made great progress in all the liberal sciences. She corresponded with the celebrated Erasmus, who commends her epistles for their good sense and chaste Latin. About 1531 she married her tutor, Dr. John Clements. They had one daughter, Winifred, on whose education they bestowed the greatest care, and who married a nephew of Sir Thomas More, William Rastell, the greatest lawyer of his time.

Dr. Clements and his wife left England to avoid a religious persecution, and settled at Mechlin, in Brabant, where Mrs. Clement died, July 6th, 1570.

CLERMONT, CLAUDE CATHERINE DE,

Daughter of Clermont, lord of Dampierre, wife, first of M. d'Aunbaut, who perished in the civil wars of France, and afterwards of Albert, duke de Metz, was lady of honour to Catharine de Medicis, and governess to the royal children. She was an only daughter, and carefully educated. In all foreign affairs she was consulted as the only person at court who understood the languages. When her husband was in Italy, her son, the marquis of Belleisle, attempted to seize his father's estate; but she assembled soldiers, put herself at their head, defeated her son's project, and retained her vassals in obedience to their king, Henry IV., who loaded the duchess with honours. She survived her husband but a few months, dying in the latter part of the sixteenth century.

CLEVELAND, BARBARA VILLIERS, DUCHESS OF,

Mistress of Charles II. of England, was the only daughter of William, second Viscount Grandison, who died in 1643, of wounds he received at Bristol, while fighting for the royal cause. Barbara Villiers was born in 1640, and in 1658 married Roger Palmer, Esq., a student at one of the Inns of Court, and heir to a large fortune. The following year they joined the court of Charles in the Low Countries, where Mrs. Palmer completely captivated that susceptible prince. At the Restoration they accompanied Charles to England, where for ten years her influence over the king was supreme. He even appointed her lady of the bedchamber to his wife; and, in order to do this, he raised her husband to a peerage in 1662, as earl of Castlemaine. She was afterwards created duchess of Cleveland. She was beautiful, but haughty, imperious, extravagant, and unfaithful to the king as well as to her husband. Her jealous temper at length caused a quarrel between Charles and herself; and, in 1670, the duchess retired to France. In 1705, when sixty-five years old, she married Robert Fielding, a very handsome man, generally called Beau Fielding, who treated her brutally. She afterwards discovered that he had been previously married to another woman. The duchess died in England, October 9th, 1709. Her infamy renders the court, in which she so long ruled the profligate monarch, still a word of loathing and contempt; and the peerage is disgraced by such instances of high rank conferred on the vilest creatures who minister to the corrupt passions of men in power.

CLIFFORD, ANNE,

Countess of Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery, was sole daughter and heiress to George, earl of Cumberland. She was born at Skipton castle in Craven, January 30th, 1589. Her father died when she was only ten years old; but her mother, a daughter of the earl of Bedford, educated her with care and discretion. She married, first, Richard, lord Buckhurst, afterwards earl of Dorset, by whom she had three sons who died young, and two daughters. After his death, she married Philip Herbert, earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, by whom she had no children, and with whom she lived very unhappily. She erected a monument to her tutor, Daniel the poet, and an-

other to Spenser; besides which she founded two hospitals, and repaired or built seven churches. But the most singular act of her life is the letter she wrote to the secretary of state, after the restoration of Charles II., who had recommended a candidate for one of her boroughs. The countess replied, "I have been bullied by an usurper, I have been neglected by a court, but I will not be dictated to by a subject; your man shan't stand. Anne, Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery." This letter excited great admiration.

The countess of Pembroke was considered one of the most eminent women of her time for intellectual accomplishments, spirit, magnificence, and benevolence. She died in her castle at Brougham, March 23d, 1675, at the age of eighty-six. She was buried at Appleby, in Westmoreland, under the monument she had erected. Her funeral sermon was preached by the bishop of Carlisle, from a verse in the proverbs of Solomon—"Every wise woman buildeth her house." In her ended the Clifford family.

Although the countess expended more than forty thousand pounds in building, and was truly royal in her acts of generosity and benevolence, yet she was prudent, economical, and exact to the last degree in her accounts. Bishop Rainbow calls her "a perfect mistress of forecast and aftercast." Her information was so extensive, that it was said of her "that she knew how to converse on all subjects, from predestination to slea-silk." Her manner of living was simple, abstemious, and even parsimonious; and she was accustomed to boast that she had hardly ever tasted wine or physic.

A narrative, or rather journal, of her own life, was left by the countess, consisting principally of minute details, which are not interesting, excepting in the description she gives of herself, her own mental and personal endowments.

"I was very happy," says she, "in my first constitution, both of mind and body. I resembled equally both father and mother: the colour of my eyes was black like my father's; the form and aspect of them quick and lively, like my mothers; my hair brown and thick, and so long that it reached the calf of my legs, with a peak of hair on my forehead, and a dimple on my chin; full cheeks, like my father, and a round face like my mother's; an exquisite shape of body resembling my father. But now time and age have ended all these beauties, to be compared to the grass of the field. I have passed the sixty-third year of my age. The perfections of my mind surpassed those of my body. I had a strong and copious memory, a sound judgment, a discerning spirit, and an imagination so strong, that many times even my dreams and apprehensions beforehand proved to be true; so that old Mr. John Denham, a great astronomer, who lived in my father's house, would often say that I had much in me in nature to show, that the sweet influence of the Pleiades and the bands of Orion, mentioned in Job, were powerful both at my conception and nativity." She goes on to speak of "sucking from her dear mother the milk of goodness, which made her mind grow strong against the storms of fortune." She informs us that in her childhood, by means of her aunt Warwick, she was much beloved by queen Elizabeth.

Her escape from various perils is thus recorded: "In my infancy and youth, and a great part of my life, I have escaped many dangers, both by fire and water, by passage in coaches, and falls from horses, by burning fevers, and excessive extremity of bleeding, many times to the great hazard of my life. All which, and many wicked devices of my enemies, I have passed through miraculously, and much the better by the help of the prayers of my dear mother, who incessantly begged of God for my safety and preservation."

The following account of her marriage life may not be unacceptable to the reader: "I was born a happy creature in mind, body, and fortune; and those two lords, to whom I was afterwards by the Divine Providence married, were worthy noblemen as any then in this kingdom; yet it was my misfortune to have contradictions and crosses with both. With my first lord about the desire he had to make me sell my rights in the lands of my ancient inheritance, which I never would consent to, insomuch as this was the cause of long contention; as also for his profuseness in consuming his estate, and some other extravagances. With my second lord, because my youngest daughter, the lady Elizabeth Sackville, would not be brought to marry one of his youngest sons; and that I would not relinquish my interest in five thousand pounds (being part of her portion) out of my lands in Craven: nor did there want divers malicious ill-willers to blow and foment the coals of dissension between us: so as, in both their lifetimes, the marble pillars of Knowle in Kent, and Wilton in Wiltshire, were to me oftentimes but the gay arbour of anguish. A wise man, that knew the insides of my fortune, would often say, that I lived in both these my lords' great families as the river Rhone runs through the lake of Geneva, without mingling its streams with the lake; for I gave myself up to retiredness as much as I could, and made good books and virtuous thoughts my companions, which can never discern affliction, nor be daunted when it unjustly happens. And by a happy genius I overcame all these troubles, the prayers of my blessed mother helping me therein."

CLIVE, CATHARINE,

Daughter of William Rafton, of Ireland, an actress of great merit, was born in 1711. She was quite young when she made her first appearance before the public, and for more than thirty years was considered the best performer, in high or low comedy, on the stage. In 1732, she married George Clive, a lawyer, and brother to baron Clive; but this union was not a happy one, and they soon agreed to separate, and for the rest of their lives had no intercourse whatever.

Mrs. Clive left the stage in 1768, and retired to a small but elegant house near Strawberry-hill, in Twickenham, where she resided in ease and independence, respected by the world, and surrounded by friends. She died Dec. 6th, 1785.

COCHRANE, GRIZEL,

Was the daughter of Sir John Cochrane, of Ochiltree, Scotland, second son of the first Earl of Dundonald. Her father, being taken prisoner in July, 1685, and confined in the Tolbooth at Edinburgh, was, in consequence of participating in the rebellion against James II., condemned to death for high treason, and his execution was only delayed till the death-warrant should arrive from London. In the mean time the earl of Dundonald was making every exertion to obtain his pardon by interesting the king's confessor in his son's favour. But this required some time, and the death-warrant was daily expected. Grizel Cochrane, though only eighteen at the time, determined to prevent its arrival. Disguising herself as a servant-girl, and mounting her own horse, on whose speed she could rely, she, by riding two days, reached the abode of her nurse, who lived on the English side of the Tweed. Here attiring herself in her foster-brother's clothes, and arming herself with pistols, she proceeded to a small public-house near Belford, where the postman was accustomed to stop for a few hours to rest. Sending the landlady out on some errand, Grizel stepped to the room where the postman was sleeping, but his mail-bags were under his head, and could not be touched without awaking him. However, she succeeded in drawing the load out of the pistols, which lay near him, before the woman returned, and then overtaking him about half-way between Belford and Berwick, she succeeded in obtaining the mail-bags, in which she discovered her father's death-warrant. Destroying this, and several other obnoxious papers, she reassumed her female dress, and returned to Edinburgh. As it then took eight days for communications to pass from London to Edinburgh, the sixteen days Grizel thus gained for her father were sufficient to allow the earl of Dundonald to obtain his son's pardon. Miss Cochrane afterwards married Mr. Ker, of Morriston, in the county of Berwick.

COCKBURN, CATHARINE,

The daughter of captain David Trotter, a Scotch gentleman in the navy, was born in 1679. She gave early proofs of a poetic imagination by the production of three tragedies and a comedy, which were all acted; the first of them in her seventeenth year. She had also a turn for philosophy; and she engaged in controversy, defending Mr. Locke's opinions against Dr. Burnet of the Charter-House, and Dr. Holdsworth. She was induced to turn Roman Catholic when very young, but renounced that faith in her riper years.

In 1708, she married Mr. Cockburn, the son of an eminent Scotch divine, and was precluded for twenty years from pursuing her studies, by the cares of a family, which she nevertheless resumed with ardour. Mrs. Cockburn died in 1749; her works are collected in two octavo volumes.

She wrote, among her plays, "Agnes de Castro;" "The Fatal Friendship;" "Love at a Loss, or Most Votes carry it;" and "The Unhappy Penitent." She also wrote several poems and controversial essays. In a poem addressed to queen Caroline, wife of George II., Mrs. Cockburn thus alludes to the disadvantages under which a woman then pursued the path of literature:—

> "Learning denied us, we at random tread
> Unbeaten paths, that late to knowledge lead;
> By secret steps break through th' obstructed way,
> Nor dare acquirements gain'd by stealth display.
> If some advent'rous genius should arise,
> Who on exalted themes her talents tries,
> She fears to give the work, tho' prais'd, a name,
> And flies not more from infamy than fame."

That she was scrupulous never to neglect any womanly duty, gives added importance to her example of improvement. Her familiar letters show this happy talent of biding her time. In one to her niece, dated October 6th, 1732, she writes, "Sundays being privileged from the needle, I have found time of late to read three short pamphlets, in answer to "Christianity as old as the Creation," by Dr. Burnet; which, they say, are the best that have been written on a subject that has for some time employed all pens and heads." In another letter, in the year 1740, she speaks of finding more time for reading and writing during the long winter's evenings, than in the summer months, since she could not work by candle-light. "In the summer," says she, "I am so much employed with my needle, that I read little, and write less." In a letter, intended to be sent to Mr. Pope, she writes, "You had but just begun to dawn upon the world, when I retired from it. Being married in 1708, I bade adieu to the muses, and so wholly gave myself up to the cares of a family, and the education of my children, that I scarcely knew whether there were such things as books, plays, or poems, stirring in Great Britain. However, after some years, your 'Essay on Criticism,' and 'Rape of the Lock,' broke in upon me. I rejoiced that so bright a genius was rising on our isle; but thought no more about you, till my young family was grown up to have less need of my assistance; and, beginning to have some taste for polite literature, my inclination revived with my leisure to inquire after what had been most celebrated in that kind. I then read your Homer, &c." This is the true way for a woman to live contentedly, to grow old gracefully, and to die happily.

COLIGNI, HENRIETTA, COUNTESS DE LA LUZE,

Famous for her poetry, which was printed with the works of Pellison and others, in 1695 and 1725, in two duodecimo volumes, was the daughter of Gaspar de Coligni, marshal of France, and colonel-general of infantry. She married, when very young, Thomas Hamilton, a Scotch nobleman, and, after his death, the count de la Luze, of an illustrious house in Champagne.

The jealousy of her second husband embittered her life, and his severities towards her induced her to abjure Protestantism and embrace the Roman Catholic faith, which caused queen Christina of Sweden to say "That the countess had changed her religion, that she might not see her husband, neither in this world nor the next." Their antipathy at last became so great that the countess

offered her husband 25,000 crowns to disannul the marriage, which he accepted, and it was dissolved by parliament.

She then devoted herself to the study of poetry; and her writings, which were principally in the elegiac strain, were much admired. Her other works were songs, madrigals, and odes. The wits of her time ascribed to her the majesty of Juno, with Minerva's wit and Venus' beauty. She died at Paris, March 10th, 1673.

CONTAT, LOUISE,

(By marriage, Madame de Parny, but known on the stage by her maiden name), was born at Paris in 1760, made her début as Atalide, in Bajazet, at the Théatre Français, in 1776, but afterwards devoted her brilliant endowments entirely to comedy. She possessed great versatility of talent, and united beauty, grace, ease, and archness, with dignity, tenderness, delicacy, and judgment. She restored to the stage the masterpieces of Moliere, which had long been neglected by the public. After a theatrical career of thirty-two years, most of which were a continual series of triumphs, Madame de Parny retired from the stage in 1808, and became the centre of a brilliant circle of friends, in which she was remarkable for her powers of conversation. A few weeks before her death, she threw into the fire a large collection of anecdotes and other of her writings, in prose and verse, because they contained some strokes of personal satire. She died in 1813. M. Arnault owed his liberty and life, in 1792, to her interference in his favour, at the risk of her own life.

CONTI, MARGARET LOUISA,

Of Lorraine, princess de, daughter of Henry, duke de Guise, surnamed the Balafre, or The Scarred, was born in 1577, and died in 1631. In 1605 she married, by the request of Henry IV., who was in love with her and wished her to remain at court, Francis de Bourbon, prince de Conti. They, however, left Henry's court secretly, on their wedding night, and went to Brussels. The prince de Conti dying in 1614, Louisa devoted herself to literature, patronised the learned, and employed her time in studying their works, and in writing. She was one of cardinal Richelieu's enemies, and he banished her to Eu, where she died. She wrote the loves of Henry IV., under the title of "Les Amoures du Grande Alexandre." She was suspected of having married the marshal de Bassompierre for her second husband.

CONTI, PRINCESS DE,

Whose maiden name was Mademoiselle de Blois, was the daughter of Louis XIV. and Louise de la Vallićre. She married Louis Armand de Bourbon, prince de Conti, brother of the prince who was chosen king of Poland. Louis Armand died of the small-pox. The princess was equally celebrated for her wit and wonderful beauty. Muley Ismael, king of Morocco, happening to see her portrait, fell in love with her, and sent an ambassador to demand her hand. Another likeness of this princess inspired the son of the viceroy of Lima with a violent passion; and one of these pictures having been lost in India, was found by the natives, who worshipped it as the image of the goddess Monas. The princess was a protectress of literary men. She died at the commencement of the eighteenth century.

CORDAY D'ARMONT, MARIA-ANNE CHARLOTTE,

Was one of the last descendants of a noble Norman family; she numbered among her ancestors the great tragedian Corneille, and Fontenelle was a near relation.

Her father, Jacques of Corday and of Armont, was a younger son of this noble line. He was, however, poorer than many of the peasants amongst whom he lived, cultivating with his own hands his narrow inheritance. He married in early life a lady of gentle blood, but as poor as himself. They had five children and a noble name to support, in a vain show of dignity, on their insufficient income. It thus happened that Charlotte, their fourth child and second daughter, was born in a thatched dwelling, in the village of Saint Saturnin des Lignerets; and that in the register of the parish church where she was baptized, on the 28th of July, 1768, the day after her birth, she is described as "born in lawful wedlock of Jacques François of Corday, esquire, sieur of Armont, and of the noble dame Marie Charlotte-Jacqueline, of Gauthier des Authieux, his wife." It was under these difficult circumstances, which embittered his temper, and often caused him to inveigh, in energetic terms, against the injustice of the law of primogeniture, that M. d'Armont reared his family. As soon as they were of age, his sons entered the army; one of his daughters died young; and he became a widower when the other two were emerging from childhood into youth. They remained for some time with their father, but at length entered the Abbaye aux Dames, in the neighbouring town of Caën.

The greatest portion of the youth of Charlotte Corday — to give her the name by which she is generally known—was spent in the calm obscurity of her convent solitude.

When the Abbaye aux Dames was closed, in consequence of the revolution, Charlotte was in her twentieth year, in the prime of life and of her wonderful beauty; and never, perhaps, did a vision of more dazzling loveliness step forth from beneath the dark convent portal into the light of the free and open world. She was rather tall, but admirably proportioned, with a figure full of native grace and dignity; her hands, arms, and shoulders, were models of pure sculptural beauty. An expression of singular gentleness and serenity characterized her fair, oval countenance and regular features. Her open forehead, dark and well-arched eyebrows, and eyes of a grey so deep that it was often mistaken for blue, added to her naturally grave and meditative appearance; her nose was straight and well formed, her mouth serious but exquisitely beautiful. Like most of the women of the Norman race, she had a complexion of transparent purity; enhanced by the rich brown hair which fell in thick curls around her neck, according to the fashion of the period. A simple severity characterized her dress of sombre hue, and the low and becoming lace cap which she habitually wore, is still known by her name in France. Her whole aspect was fraught with so much modest grace and dignity, that, notwithstanding her youth, the first feeling she invariably inspired was one of respect; blended with involuntary admiration, for a being of such pure and touching loveliness.

On leaving the convent in which she had been educated, Charlotte Corday went to reside with her aunt, Madame Coutellier de Bretteville Gouville; an old royalist lady, who inhabited an ancient-looking house in one of the principal streets of Caën. There the young girl, who had inherited a little property, spent several years, chiefly engaged in watching the progress of the revolution. The feelings of her father were similarly engrossed: he wrote several pamphlets in favour of the revolutionary principles; and one in which he attacked the right of primogeniture. His republican tendencies confirmed Charlotte in her opinions; but of the deep, overpowering strength which those opinions acquired in her soul, during the long hours she daily devoted to meditation, no one ever knew, until a stern and fearful deed—more stern and fearful in one so gentle—had revealed it to all France. A silent reserve characterized this epoch of Charlotte Corday's life: her enthusiasm was not external, but inward: she listened to the discussions which were carried on around her, without taking a part in them herself. She seemed to feel, instinctively, that great thoughts are always better nursed in the heart's solitude: that they can only lose their native depth and intensity by being revealed too freely before the indifferent gaze of the world. Those with whom she then occasionally conversed took little heed of the substance of her discourse, and could remember nothing of it when she afterwards became celebrated; but all recollected well her voice, and spoke with strange enthusiasm of its pure, silvery sound. Like Madame Roland, whom she resembled in so many respects, Charlotte possessed this rare and great attraction; and there was something so touching in her youthful and almost childlike utterance of heroic thoughts, that it affected even to tears those who heard her, on her trial, calmly defending herself from the infamous accusations of her judges, and glorying, with the same low, sweet tones, in the deadly deed which had brought her before them.

The fall of the Girondists, on the 31st of May, first suggested to Charlotte Corday the possibility of giving an active shape to her hitherto passive feelings. She watched with intense, though still silent, interest the progress of events, concealing her secret indignation, and thoughts of vengeance, under her habitually calm aspect. Those feelings were heightened in her soul by the presence of the fugitive Girondists, who had found a refuge in Caën, and were urging the Normans to raise an army to march on Paris. She found a pretence to call upon Barbaroux, then with his friends at the Intendance. She came twice, accompanied by an old servant, and protected by her own modest dignity. Péthion saw her in the hall, where she was waiting for the handsome Girondist, and observed, with a smile, "So the beautiful aristocrat is come to see republicans." "Citizen Péthion," she replied, "you now judge me without knowing me, but a time will come when you shall learn who I am." With Barbaroux, Charlotte chiefly conversed of the imprisoned Girondists; of Madame Roland and Marat. The name of this man had long haunted her with a mingled feeling of dread and horror. To Marat she ascribed the proscription of the Girondists, the woes of the Republic, and on him she resolved to avenge her ill-fated country. Charlotte was not aware that Marat was but the tool of Danton and Robespierre. "If such actions could be counselled," afterwards said Barbaroux, "it is not Marat whom we would have advised her to strike."

Whilst this deadly thought was daily strengthening itself in Charlotte's mind, she received several offers of marriage. She declined them, on the plea of wishing to remain free: but strange indeed must have seemed to her, at that moment, those proposals of earthly love. One of those whom her beauty had enamoured, M. de Franquelin, a young volunteer in the cause of the Girondists, died of grief on learning her fate; his last request was, that her portrait, and a few letters he had formerly received from her, might be buried with him in his grave.

For several days after her last interview with Barbaroux, Charlotte brooded silently over her great thought, often meditating on the history of Judith. Her aunt subsequently remembered that, on entering her room one morning, she found an old Bible open on her bed: the verse in which it is recorded that "the Lord had gifted Judith with a special beauty and fairness," for the deliverance of Israel, was underlined with a pencil.

On another occasion Madame de Bretteville found her niece weeping alone; she inquired into the cause of her tears. "They flow," replied Charlotte, "for the misfortunes of my country." Heroic and devoted as she was, she then also

wept, perchance, over her own youth and beauty, so soon to be sacrificed for ever. No personal considerations altered her resolve; she procured a passport, provided herself with money, and paid a farewell visit to her father, to inform him that, considering the unsettled condition of France, she thought it best to retire to England. He approved of her intention, and bade her adieu. On returning to Caën, Charlotte told the same tale to Madame de Bretteville, left a secret provision for an old nurse, and distributed the little property she possessed amongst her friends.

It was on the morning of the 9th of July, 1793, that she left the house of her aunt, without trusting herself with a last farewell. Her most earnest wish was, when her deed should have been accomplished, to perish, wholly unknown, by the hands of an infuriated multitude. The woman who could contemplate such a fate, and calmly devote herself to it, without one selfish thought of future renown, had indeed the heroic soul of a martyr.

Her journey to Paris was marked by no other event than the unwelcome attentions of some Jacobins with whom she travelled. One of them, struck by her modest and gentle beauty, made her a very serious proposal of marriage: she playfully evaded his request, but promised that he should learn who and what she was at some future period. On entering Paris she proceeded immediately to the Hotel de la Providence, Rue des Vieux Augustins, not far from Marat's dwelling. Here she rested for two days, before calling on her intended victim. Nothing can mark more forcibly the singular calmness of her mind: she felt no hurry to accomplish the deed for which she had journeyed so far, and over which she had meditated so deeply: her soul remained serene and undaunted to the last. The room which she occupied, and which has often been pointed out to inquiring strangers, was a dark and wretched attic, into which light scarcely ever penetrated. There she read again the volume of Plutarch she had brought with her,—unwilling to part with her favourite author, even in her last hours,—and probably composed that energetic address to the people which was found upon her after her apprehension. One of the first acts of Charlotte was to call on the Girondist, Duperret, for whom she was provided with a letter from Barbaroux, relative to the supposed business she had in Paris: her real motive was to learn how she could see Marat. She had first intended to strike him in the Champ de Mars, on the 14th of July, the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, when a great and imposing ceremony was to take place. The festival being delayed, she resolved to seek him in the Convention, and immolate him on the very summit of the Mountain; but Marat was too ill to attend the meetings of the National Assembly: this Charlotte learned from Duperret. She resolved, nevertheless, to go to the Convention, in order to fortify herself in her resolve. Mingling with the horde of Jacobins who crowded the galleries, she watched with deep attention the scene below. Saint Just was then urging the Convention to proscribe Lanjuinais, the heroic defender of the Girondists. A young foreigner, a friend of Lanjuinais, and who stood at a short distance from Charlotte, noticed the expression of stern indignation which gathered over her features; until, like one overpowered by her feelings, and apprehensive of displaying them too openly, she abruptly left the place. Struck with her whole appearance, he followed her out; a sudden shower of rain, which compelled them to seek shelter under the same archway, afforded him an opportunity of entering into conversation with her. When she learned that he was a friend of Lanjuinais, she waived her reserve, and questioned him with much interest concerning Madame Roland and the Girondists. She also asked him about Marat, with whom she said she had business. "Marat is ill; it would be better for you to apply to the public accuser, Fouquier Tinville," said the stranger. "I do not want him now, but I may have to deal with him yet," she significantly replied.

Perceiving that the rain did not cease, she requested her companion to procure her a conveyance; he complied; and, before parting from her, begged to be favoured with her name. She refused; adding, however, "You will know it before long." With Italian courtesy, he kissed her hand as he assisted her into the fiacre. She smiled, and bade him farewell.

Charlotte perceived that to call on Marat was the only means by which she might accomplish her purpose. She did so on the morning of the 13th of July, having first purchased a knife in the Palais Royal, and written him a note, in which she requested an interview. She was refused admittance. She then wrote him a second note, more pressing than the first, and in which she represented herself as persecuted for the cause of freedom. Without waiting to see what effect this note might produce, she called again at half-past seven the same evening.

Marat then resided in the Rue des Cordeliers, in a gloomy-looking house, which has since been demolished. His constant fears of assassination were shared by those around him; the porter, seeing a strange woman pass by his lodge without pausing to make any inquiry, ran out and called her back. She did not heed his remonstrance, but swiftly ascended the old stone staircase, until she had reached the door of Marat's apartment. It was cautiously opened by Albertine, a woman with whom Marat cohabited, and who passed for his wife. Recognising the same young and handsome girl who had already called on her husband, and animated, perhaps, by a feeling of jealous mistrust, Albertine refused to admit her; Charlotte insisted with great earnestness. The sound of their altercation reached Marat; he immediately ordered his wife to admit the stranger, whom he recognised as the author of the two letters he had received in the course of the day. Albertine obeyed reluctantly; she allowed Charlotte to enter; and, after crossing with her an antechamber, where she had been occupied with a man named Laurent Basse in folding some numbers of the "Ami du People," she ushered her through two other rooms, until they came to a narrow closet,

where Marat was then in a bath. He gave a look at Charlotte, and ordered his wife to leave them alone: she complied, but allowed the door of the closet to remain half open, and kept within call.

According to his usual custom, Marat wore a soiled handkerchief bound round his head, increasing his natural hideousness. A coarse covering was thrown across the bath; a board, likewise placed transversely, supported his papers. Laying down his pen, he asked Charlotte the purport of her visit. The closet was so narrow that she touched the bath near which she stood. She gazed on him with ill-disguised horror and disgust, but answered, as composedly as she could, that she had come from Caën, in order to give him correct intelligence concerning the proceedings of the Girondists there. He listened, questioned her eagerly, wrote down the names of the Girondists, then added, with a smile of triumph: "Before a week they shall have perished on the guillotine." "These words," afterwards said Charlotte, "sealed his fate." Drawing from beneath the handkerchief which covered her bosom the knife she had kept there all along, she plunged it to the hilt in Marat's heart. He gave one loud expiring cry for help, and sank back dead, in the bath. By an instinctive impulse, Charlotte had instantly drawn out the knife from the breast of her victim, but she did not strike again; casting it down at his feet, she left the closet, and sat down in the neighbouring room, thoughtfully passing her hand across her brow: her task was done.

The wife of Marat had rushed to his aid on hearing his cry for help. Laurent Basse, seeing that all was over, turned round towards Charlotte, and, with a blow of a chair, felled her to the floor; whilst the infuriated Albertine trampled her under her feet. The tumult aroused the other tenants of the house; the alarm spread, and a crowd gathered in the apartment, who learned with stupor that Marat, the Friend of the People, had been murdered. Deeper still was their wonder when they gazed on the murderess. She stood there before them with still disordered garments, and her dishevelled hair, loosely bound by a broad green riband, falling around her; but so calm, so serenely lovely, that those who most abhorred her crime gazed on her with involuntary admiration. "Was she then so beautiful?" was the question addressed, many years afterwards, to an old man, one of the few remaining witnesses of this scene. "Beautiful!" he echoed, enthusiastically; adding, with the wonted regrets of old age: "Ay, there are none such now!"

The commissary of police began his interrogatory in the saloon of Marat's apartment. She told him her name, how long she had been in Paris, confessed her crime, and recognised the knife with which it had been perpetrated. The sheath was found in her pocket, with a thimble, some thread, money, and her watch.

"What was your motive in assassinating Marat?" asked the commissary.

"To prevent a civil war," she answered.

"Who are your accomplices?"

"I have none."

She was ordered to be transferred to the Abbaye, the nearest prison. An immense and infuriated crowd had gathered around the door of Marat's house; one of the witnesses perceived that she would have liked to be delivered to this maddened multitude, and thus perish at once. She was not saved from their hands without difficulty; her courage failed her at the sight of the peril she ran, and she fainted away on being conveyed to the fiacre. On reaching the Abbaye, she was questioned until midnight by Chabot and Drouet, two Jacobin members of the Convention. She answered their interrogatories with singular firmness; observing, in conclusion: "I have done my task, let others do theirs." Chabot threatened her with the scaffold; she answered him with a smile of disdain. Her behaviour until the 17th, the day of her trial, was marked by the same firmness. She wrote to Barbaroux a charming letter, full of graceful wit and heroic feeling. Her playfulness never degenerated into levity: like that of the illustrious Thomas More, it was the serenity of a mind whom death had no power to daunt. Speaking of her action, she observes, "I considered that so many brave men need not come to Paris for the head of one man. He deserved not so much honour: the hand of a woman was enough. . . . . I have never hated but one being, and him with what intensity I have sufficiently shown; but there are a thousand whom I love still more than I hated him. . . . . I confess that I employed a perfidious artifice in order that he might receive me. In leaving Caën, I thought to sacrifice him on the pinnacle of 'the Mountain,' but he no longer went to it. In Paris they cannot understand how a useless woman, whose longest life could have been of no good, could sacrifice herself to save her country. . . . . May peace be as soon established as I desire! A great criminal has been laid low . . . . the happiness of my country makes mine. A lively imagination and a feeling heart promise but a stormy life; I beseech those who might regret me to consider this: they will then rejoice at my fate." A tenderer tone marks the brief letter she addressed to her father on the eve of her trial and death: "Forgive me, my dear father," she observed, "for having disposed of my existence without your permission. I have avenged many innocent victims. I have warded away many disasters. The people, undeceived, will one day rejoice at being delivered from a tyrant. If I endeavoured to persuade you that I was going to England, it was because I hoped to remain unknown: I recognised that this was impossible. I hope you will not be subjected to annoyance: you have at least defenders at Caën; I have chosen Gustave Doulcet de Pontécoulant for mine: it is a mere matter of form. Such a deed allows of no defence. Farewell, my dear father. I beseech of you to forget me; or, rather, to rejoice at my fate. I die for a good cause. I embrace my sister, whom I love with my whole heart. Do not forget the line of Corneille:

'Le crime fait la honte, et non pas l'échafaud.'

To-morrow at eight I am to be tried."

On the morning of the 17th, she was led before

her judges. She was dressed with care, and had never looked more lovely. Her bearing was so imposing and dignified, that the spectators and the judges seemed to stand arraigned before her. She interrupted the first witness, by declaring that it was she who had killed Marat. "Who inspired you with so much hatred against him?" asked the President.

"I needed not the hatred of others, I had enough of my own," she energetically replied; "besides, we do not execute well that which we have not ourselves conceived."

"What, then, did you hate in Marat?"

"His crimes."

"Do you think that you have assassinated all the Marats?"

"No; but now that he is dead, the rest may fear."

She answered other questions with equal firmness and laconism. Her project, she declared, had been formed since the 31st of May. "She had killed one man to save a hundred thousand. She was a republican long before the Revolution, and had never failed in energy."

"What do you understand by energy?" asked the President.

"That feeling," she replied, "which induces us to cast aside selfish considerations, and sacrifice ourselves for our country."

Fouquier Tinville here observed, alluding to the sure blow she had given, that she must be well practised in crime. "The monster takes me for an assassin!" she exclaimed, in a tone thrilling with indignation. This closed the debates, and her defender rose. It was not Doulcet de Pontécoulant — who had not received her letter — but Chauveau de la Garde, chosen by the President. Charlotte gave him an anxious look, as though she feared he might seek to save her at the expense of honour. He spoke, and she perceived that her apprehensions were unfounded. Without excusing her crime or attributing it to insanity, he pleaded for the fervour of her conviction; which he had the courage to call sublime. The appeal proved unavailing. Charlotte Corday was condemned. Without deigning to answer the President, who asked her if she had aught to object to the penalty of death being carried out against her, she rose, and walking up to her defender, thanked him gracefully. "These gentlemen," said she, pointing to the judges, "have just informed me that the whole of my property is confiscated. I owe something in the prison: as a proof of my friendship and esteem, I request you to pay this little debt."

On returning to the Conciergerie, she found an artist, named Hauër, waiting for her, to finish her portrait, which he had begun at the Tribunal. They conversed freely together, until the executioner, carrying the red chemise destined for assassins, and the scissors with which he was to cut her hair off, made his appearance. "What, so soon!" exclaimed Charlotte Corday, slightly turning pale; but rallying her courage, she resumed her composure, and presented a lock of her hair to M. Hauër, as the only reward in her power to give. A priest came to offer her his ministry. She thanked him and the persons by whom he had been sent, but declined his spiritual aid. The executioner cut her hair, bound her hands, and threw the red chemise over her. M. Hauër was struck with the almost unearthly loveliness which the crimson hue of this garment imparted to the ill-fated maiden. "This toilet of death, though performed by rude hands, leads to immortality," said Charlotte, with a smile.

A heavy storm broke forth as the car of the condemned left the Conciergerie for the Place de la Révolution. An immense crowd lined every street through which Charlotte Corday passed. Hootings and execrations at first rose on her path; but as her pure and serene beauty dawned on the multitude, as the exquisite loveliness of her countenance and the sculptured beauty of her figure became more fully revealed, pity and admiration superseded every other feeling. Her bearing was so admirably calm and dignified, as to rouse sympathy in the breasts of those who detested not only her crime, but the cause for which it had been committed. Many men of every party took off their hats and bowed as the cart passed before them. Amongst those who waited its approach, was a young German, named Adam Luz, who stood at the entrance of the Rue Sainte Honoré, and followed Charlotte to the scaffold. He gazed on the lovely and heroic maiden with all the enthusiasm of his imaginative race. A love, unexampled perhaps in the history of the human heart, took possession of his soul. Not one wandering look of "those beautiful eyes, which revealed a soul as intrepid as it was tender," escaped him. Every earthly grace so soon to perish in death, every trace of the lofty and immortal spirit, filled him with bitter and intoxicating emotions unknown till then. "To die for her; to be struck by the same hand; to feel in death the same cold axe which had severed the angelic head of Charlotte; to be united to her in heroism, freedom, love, and death, was now the only hope and desire of his heart."

Unconscious of the passionate love she had awakened, Charlotte now stood near the guillotine. She turned pale on first beholding it, but soon resumed her serenity. A deep blush suffused her face when the executioner removed the handkerchief that covered her neck and shoulders; but she calmly laid her head upon the block. The executioner touched a spring, and the axe came down. One of the assistants immediately stepped forward, and holding up the lifeless head to the gaze of the crowd, struck it on either cheek. The brutal act only excited a feeling of horror; and it is said that — as though even in death her indignant spirit protested against this outrage — an angry and crimson flush passed over the features of Charlotte Corday.

A few days after her execution, Adam Luz published a pamphlet, in which he enthusiastically praised her deed, and proposed that a statue with the inscription, "*Greater than Brutus*," should be erected to her memory on the spot where she had perished. He was arrested and thrown into pri-

son. On entering the Abbaye, he passionately exclaimed, "I am going to die for her!" His wish was fulfilled ere long.

Strange feverish times were those which could rouse a gentle and lovely maiden to avenge freedom by such a deadly deed; which could waken in a human heart a love whose thoughts were not of life or earthly bliss, but of the grave and the scaffold. Let the times, then, explain those natures, where so much evil and heroism are blended that man cannot mark the limits between both. Whatever judgment may be passed upon her, the character of Charlotte Corday was certainly not cast in an ordinary mould. It is a striking and noble trait, that to the last she did not repent: never was error more sincere. If she could have repented, she would never have become guilty.

Her deed created an extraordinary impression throughout France. On hearing of it, a beautiful royalist lady fell down on her knees and invoked "Saint Charlotte Corday." The republican Madame Roland calls her a heroine worthy of a better age. The poet, André Chénier — who, before a year had elapsed, followed her on the scaffold — sang her heroism in a soul-stirring strain.

The political influence of that deed may be estimated by the exclamation of Vergniaud: "She kills us, but she teaches us how to die!" It was so. The assassination of Marat exasperated all his fanatic partisans against the Girondists. Almost divine honours were paid to his memory; forms of prayer were addressed to him; altars were erected to his honour, and numberless victims sent to the scaffold as a peace-offering to his manes. On the wreck of his popularity rose the far more dangerous power of Robespierre; a new impulse was given to the Reign of Terror. Such was the "peace" which the erring and heroic Charlotte Corday won for France.

The author of "The Women in France," from whose interesting book we have selected this memoir, thus remarks on the character of this extraordinary woman: "To judge her absolutely lies not in the province of man. Beautiful, pure, gentle, and—a murderess!" It may be added, that, compared with the men of her time, Charlotte Corday was like a bright star shining through noxious and dark exhalations of selfishness and wickedness. She was not a Christian, for true Christianity had lost its power over the people of France; but she displayed, with the stern strength of a Roman soul, the highest principle of our unregenerate nature — patriotism.

CORTESI, GIOVANNA MARMOCCHINI,

A CELEBRATED Florentine artist, was born in 1670, and instructed by Livio Mechus, and Pietro Dandini; but, by order of the grand-duchess, she was afterwards taught to paint in miniature by Hippolito Galantini. In that style she became very eminent for her colouring, drawing, and the striking likenesses she produced. She usually worked in oil, but also painted equally well with crayons. She died in 1736.

CORNARO, HELENA LUCRETIA,

A LEARNED Venetian lady, was the daughter of Gio Baptista Cornaro, and educated in a very different manner from her sex generally: she was taught languages, sciences, and the philosophy of the schools, difficult as it then was. She took her degrees at Padua, and was perhaps the first lady who was made a doctor. She was also admitted to the university at Rome, where she had the title of *Humble* given her, as she had that of *Unalterable* at Padua. She deserved both these appellations, since all her learning had not inspired her with vanity, nor could any thing disturb her calmness and tranquillity of mind. She made a vow of virginity, and though all means were used to persuade her to marry, and dispensation obtained from the pope, she remained immovable. She exercised upon herself the discipline of flagellation, fasted often, and spent nearly her whole time in study and devotion.

Persons of note who passed through Venice were more desirous to see her than any of the curiosities of that superb city. The cardinals de Bouillon and d'Etreés were commanded by the king of France to call on her, on their journey through Italy, and examine whether what was said of her was true; and they found that she fully equalled her high reputation all over Europe. Her severe studies impaired her health, and she died in 1685.

As soon as the news of her death reached Rome, the academicians, called Infecondi, who had admitted her to their society, made innumerable odes and epitaphs to her memory. They celebrated a funeral solemnity in her honour, in the college of the Barnabite friars, with the highest pomp and magnificence; and one of the academicians made a funeral oration, in which he expatiated on all her great and valuable qualities. She was not the author of any literary productions.

COSEL, COUNTESS OF,

ONE of the numerous mistresses of Augustus II., king of Poland and elector of Saxony, was the wife of the Saxon minister Hoymb, who, knowing the king's disposition, kept her far from court; but, on one occasion, excited by wine, he praised her so highly to the king, that Augustus ordered her to be brought to Dresden. Soon after she was divorced from Hoymb, and appeared at court as the countess of Cosel. A palace was built for her by the king, still called the Cosel palace, which was pre-eminent for magnificence and luxury. For nine years the countess preserved the king's favour, and exercised an arbitrary sway in the affairs of government. The money coined while she was in favour bore the stamp of the royal arms in conjunction with those of the countess. At last she fell into disgrace, and was dismissed. She retired to Prussia, and was afterwards arrested at Halle, at the request of Augustus, and imprisoned at Stolpe, in Saxony, where she remained forty-five years. She died at the age of eighty.

COSSON DE LA CRESSONNIÈRE, CHARLOTTE CATHARINE,

Born at Mèzières, in the eighteenth century, was the author of several poems which were published in the "*Mercure de France*," and other periodical journals. She also wrote a poetical "Lamentation on the Death of the Dauphin."

COSTA, MARIA MARGARITA,

An Italian poetess, whose works were published at Paris, was born at Rome, in 1716. She was a woman of vast erudition, and wrote successfully in different kinds of literature. She wrote the librettos of several operas.

COSWAY, MARY,

One of the best miniature-painters of Italy, was the daughter of an Englishman by the name of Hadfield, who kept a hotel at Leghorn. Mary was born in the year 1779, and married, when twenty years old, an Englishman by the name of Cosway, who had acquired some celebrity as a painter. He soon discovered the talent of his wife, and aided her in cultivating it. He then went with her to Paris, where she devoted herself altogether to miniature-painting and engraving. Her fame extended soon throughout the country, and people from all parts of the kingdom came to have their likenesses taken by her. Her greatest undertaking, a work which was to contain a copy of the best paintings in the Museum, accompanied with historical notices, remained unfinished on account of the loss of a child, which affected her so much that she became melancholy, and gave up her artistical pursuits. She died, 1804, in a nunnery near Lyons.

COTTIN, SOPHIE,

Whose maiden name was Ristaud, was born at Tonneins, in the department of Lot and Garonne, in 1773. She married M. Cottin, a banker at Bordeaux, and went soon after to reside at Paris, where her husband died. She was then twenty years of age, and might have been much admired; but she had been tenderly attached to her husband, and never would re-marry. To relieve her sorrows, she gave herself up to intellectual pursuits; and thus, in the expression of her thoughts and feelings, she began to write. Her first attempts were small poems, and a story, "Claire d'Albe," which she was induced to publish by the following singular circumstances. Upon the breaking out of the revolution of 1789, Madame Cottin, who did not partake of the popular opinions, adopted the most secluded life possible, devoting herself to study and reading. At the same time she took a lively interest in the misfortunes of those unhappy days, and her heart bled to hear of the imprisonment and execution of many a well-known citizen. In the darkest days of "terror," she one evening received the following letter:

Madam,—I am almost unknown to you. I have seen you but a few times, and have probably made but a slight impression on you; but I am in urgent distress, and I apply to you with confidence, certain of receiving the aid you can administer.

Madam, my name is on the proscribed list; I am surrounded by spies and enemies; every step leads me to the guillotine, and I can only hope for safety in a foreign land. But I am totally without money to release myself from these dangers; a way has now opened for me, but persons must be feed, and 2150 livres is the sum requisite. I supplicate you then, madam, to take pity on an unfortunate fellow-creature who wishes to preserve his life for the sake of a family depending on him. The person who delivers this will call for your answer, and may be entirely trusted.

De Fonbelle.

Madame Cottin remembered the name of Fonbelle, and also remembered that he was highly esteemed in the house where she had met him; she was anxious to save him; but how or where to get the required sum? She thought, she considered; when at last the idea struck her. She had often been urged by her friends to publish the tales she had written for her amusement, but had always shrunk from coming before the world. In this extremity, however, she bethought her of a story, of which she had read the first chapters in a little circle, where it had produced a favourable impression. She instantly sat down to her writing-desk, drew out her imperfect manuscript, and resolved to complete it. The night passed—she was still at her labours; two o'clock came—her room was the only one in the house that showed a light; there was a knocking at the door—a noise in the entry! Who could it be, at that hour? Her heart beat violently. It was a domiciliary visit! The letter of Fonbelle lay on the desk—it needed all her presence of mind—the gens-d'armes were already in the room. The expedient she adopted was singular, but successful; she told them she was an authoress, merely occupied in her vocation, and, that they might be convinced of it, offered to give them a sketch of her story. They ranged themselves on chairs round the room, and she proceeded to relate to them "Claire d'Albe." There was such a charm in her voice, and in her manner of arranging the incidents—so much dramatic interest in her conduct of the events—that these

rude men became deeply affected. The same people who would have remorselessly dragged the fairest and tenderest to a merciless execution, absolutely sobbed over fictitious woes, pathetically related. When she had finished, they were so much gratified, that they forbore touching her papers; and their search through the house was but nominal. They departed, after shaking hands with her, telling her when the book came out, they would immediately purchase a copy.

The book was soon finished; but that was not all—it must be sold. Madame Cottin went in the morning to at least twenty booksellers; none were willing to risk their money with an unknown author. Her active benevolence was not to be abated by repulse. At last, by the means of a friend, she was introduced to a kind-hearted publisher, who, hearing she was pressed for money, consented to oblige her. "What do you ask, madam?" said he; "the book is prettily written, as far as I see, but it is not a master-piece." "Fifty Louis," replied she; "since you are so frank, I confess that I am under the most urgent necessity to procure this sum."

The good man feared the risk; but his better feelings prevailed, and he counted her out fifty golden Louis. The rest of the sum she made up from money she had reserved for her housekeeping supplies, determined to live frugally till her next account day. When the messenger returned, she placed in his hands the 2150 livres; and in a fortnight, had the pleasure of a letter from M. De Fonbelle, assuring her of his safety and gratitude, while on the same day her volume appeared in print. It was received with so much approbation, that she was induced to bring out, in succession, her other more admired works.

This anecdote has been detailed, as it honours Madame Cottin more than even her literary reputation. How noble, to take the first steps in the career of authorship from no sordid motive, nor even from a vain desire of renown, but solely to save the life of an innocent victim of injustice! Her other works were all brought out for the indulgence of her wish to succour the indigent, and never did a lower motive inspire her genius. Her written works are like her entire life—an exposition of the noblest sentiments. The eloquence and fervour with which she expresses the most secret feelings of the heart, have been much admired, particularly by her own sex. Her authorship commenced from the irrepressible desire to occupy her time innocently, and improve her own mind. The last work she undertook, was on religion; and she had also commenced one on education; a painful disease prevented her from finishing either. The latter was the only one of her works for which she was anxious to gain a favourable reception with the public. Singular as it will now seem, she disapproved, in general, of women appearing as authors; but, in her solicitude for this work on education, she honoured the true and instinctive promptings of female genius—to teach. Madame Cottin died, after a severe illness of three months, August 25th, 1807. Her works have been collected, and published at Paris.

Her published works are, besides "Claire d'Albe," "Malvina," "Amelie de Mansfield," "Matilda," and "Elizabeth, or the Exile of Siberia;" this last is considered her best work. We shall give a few selections from it; but first, a morceau or two from her own thoughts.

TEMPTATIONS.

When we have to account to ourselves alone, the predominant passion finds a thousand ways of leading us into its paths, and even of persuading us that there is nothing wrong in following them. We have resisted a little while, and we think we have done wonders; because we estimate the merit of our existence, not by its duration, but by the difficulty it has cost us. When, however, we have to show to the eyes of others, our feeble efforts, which will not then be judged by the anguish under which we made them, and our rapid yielding, which will not then be excused by the force that determined it—when, in fine, we are sure that only the result of our conduct will be considered, and not the poignant feelings that produced it—then this result will appear to us, as it will be viewed by strangers. The point from which we set out, and the point at which we have arrived, remain alone; all intermediate palliations have vanished. We are frightened at the fearful steps we have taken, and the more so, as we have taken them without knowing where they led us.

LIFE.

We like to feel life; its agitations, its perplexities, while they lacerate us, attach us. In affliction, the whole of life is before us; the past with its regrets, the present with its tears, and the future with its hopes. It is in affliction, that the imagination elevates itself to the great thoughts of eternity and supreme justice, and that it takes us out of ourselves, to seek a remedy for our pains.

From "Elizabeth."

THE EXILES AND THEIR HOME.

On the banks of the Irtish, which rises in Calmuck Tartary, and falls into the Oby, is situated Tobolsk, the capital of Siberia; bounded on the north by forests eleven hundred versts in length, extending to the borders of the frozen ocean, and interspersed with rocky mountains covered with perpetual snows. Around it are sterile plains, whose frozen sands have seldom received an impression from the human foot, and numerous frigid lakes, or rather stagnant marshes, whose icy streams never watered a meadow, nor opened to the sunbeam the beauties of a flower. On approaching nearer to the pole, these stately productions of nature, whose sheltering foliage is so grateful to the weary traveller, totally disappear. Brambles, dwarf-birches, and shrubs, alone ornament this desolate spot; and farther on, even these vanish, leaving nothing but swamps covered with a useless moss, and presenting, as it were, the last efforts of expiring nature. But still, amidst the horror and gloom of an eternal winter, nature displays some of her grandest spectacles;—the aurora borealis, enclosing the horizon like a

resplendent arch, emits columns of quivering light, and frequently offers to view sights which are unknown in a more southern hemisphere. South of Tobolsk is the province called Ischim: plains strewed with the repositories of the dead, and divided by lakes of stagnant and unwholesome water, separate it from the Kirguis, an idolatrous and wandering people. It is bounded on the left by the river Irtish, and on the right by the Tobol, the naked and barren shores of which present to the eye fragments of rocks promiscuously heaped together, with here and there a solitary fir-tree rearing its head. Beneath them, in a space formed by an angle of the river, is the small village of Saimka, about six hundred versts from Tobolsk: situated in the farthest extremity of the circle, in the midst of a desert, its environs are as gloomy as the sombre light which illuminates the hemisphere, and as dreary as the climate.

The province of Ischim is nevertheless denominated the Italy of Siberia; since it enjoys nearly four months of summer, though the winter is rigorous to an excess. The north winds which blow during that period are so incessant, and render the cold so piercing, that even in September the Tobol is paved with ice. A heavy snow falls upon the earth, and disappears not before the end of May; but from the time that it begins to dissolve, the celerity with which the trees shoot forth their leaves, and the fields display their verdure, is almost incredible: three days is the short period that nature requires to bring her plants to maturity. The blossoms of the birth-tree exhale an odoriferous scent, and the wild flowers of the field decorate the ground; flocks of various kinds of fowl play upon the surface of the lakes; the white crane plunges among the rushes of the solitary marsh to build her nest, which she plaits with reeds; whilst the flying squirrels, in the woods, cutting the air with their bushy tails, hop from tree to tree, and nibble the buds of the pines, and the tender leaves of the birch. Thus the natives of these dreary regions experience a season of pleasure; but the unhappy exiles who inhabit it, alas! experience none.

Of these miserable beings the greatest part reside in the villages situated on the borders of the river, between Tobolsk and the extremest boundary of Ischim; others are dispersed in cottages about the country. The government provides for some: but many are abandoned to the scanty subsistence they can procure from the chase during the winter season, and all are objects of general commiseration. Indeed the name they give to the exiles seems to have been dictated by the tenderest sympathy, as well as by a strong conviction of their innocence; they call them "Unfortunates."

A few versts from Saimka, in the centre of a marshy forest, upon the border of a deep circular lake, surrounded with black poplars, resided one of these banished families, consisting of three persons—a man about five-and-forty, his wife, and a beautiful daughter in the bloom of youth.

Secluded in the desert, this little family were strangers to the intercourse of society: the father went alone to the chase; but neither had he, his wife, or his daughter, ever been seen at Saimka; and, except one poor Tartarian peasant, who waited on them, no human being had entered their dwelling. The governor of Tobolsk only was informed of their birth, their country, and the cause of their banishment: and this secret he had not even confided to the lieutenant of his jurisdiction, who was established at Saimka. In committing these exiles to his care, the governor had merely given orders that they should be provided with a comfortable lodging, a garden, food, and raiment; and he had given to the lieutenant a positive charge to restrict them from all communication with any one, and particularly to intercept any letter they might attempt to convey to the court of Russia.

So much consideration, so much mystery, and such strict precaution excited a suspicion that, under the simple name of Peter Springer, the father of this family concealed a name more illustrious, and misfortunes of no common nature. Perhaps he had been guilty of some great crime; or possibly he was a victim to the hatred and injustice of the Russian ministers.

WINTER IN SIBERIA.

Siberia, in winter, is subject to sudden storms. Often, during this season, when the sky appears serene, dreadful hurricanes arise instantaneously, and obscure the atmosphere. They are impelled from the opposite sides of the horizon; and, when they meet, the strongest trees in vain oppose their violence. In vain the pliant birch bends to the ground: its flexible branches, with their trembling leaves, are broken and dispersed. The snow rolls from the tops of the mountains, carrying with it enormous masses of ice which break against the points of the rocks; these break in their turn: and the wind, carrying away the fragments, together with those of the falling huts, in which the terrified animals have in vain sought shelter, whirls them aloft in the air, and, dashing them back to the earth, strews the ground with the ruins of every production of nature.

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THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

The cold was intense, the firs appeared like trees of ice, their branches being hid under a thick covering of hoar frost. A mist obscured the horizon. Night's near approach gave to each object a still gloomier shade, and the ground, smooth as glass, refused to support the steps of the trembling Phedora. Elizabeth, reared in this climate, and accustomed to brave the extremest severity of the weather, assisted her mother, and led her on. Thus a tree, transplanted from its native soil, languishes in a foreign land, while the young suckling that springs from its root, habituated to the new climate, acquires strength, flourishes, and, in a few years, sustains the branches of the trunk that nourished it; protecting, by its friendly shade, the tree to which it is indebted for existence. Before Phedora had reached the plain, her strength totally failed: "Rest here, my dear mother," said Elizabeth, "and let me go alone to the edge of the

forest. If we stay longer, the darkness of the night will prevent me from distinguishing my father in the plain." Phedora supported herself against a tree, while her daughter hastened forward, and in a few seconds she reached the plain. Some of the monuments with which it is interspersed are very high. Elizabeth climbed up the most elevated of them: her heart was full of grief, and her eyes dim with tears. She gazed around in vain for her father: all was still and lonely; the obscurity of night began to render the search useless. Terror almost suspended her faculties, when the report of a gun revived her hopes. She had never heard this sound but from the hand of her father, and, to her, it appeared a certain indication that he was near. She rushed towards the spot whence the noise proceeded, and, behind a pile of rocks, discovered a man in a bending posture, apparently seeking for something upon the ground. "My father, my father, is it you?" she exclaimed. He turned hastily; it was not Springer. His countenance was youthful, and his air noble; at the sight of Elizabeth he stood amazed. "Oh! it is not my father," resumed she with anguish, "but perhaps you may have seen him on the plain? Oh! can you tell me where to find him?" —"I know nothing of your father," replied the stranger; "but surely you ought not to be here alone at this unseasonable hour; you are exposed to great danger, and should not venture."—"Oh!" interrupted she, "I fear nothing but losing my father." As she spoke she raised her eyes to heaven: their expression revealed, at once, firmness in affliction, and dignity united with softness. They expressed the feelings of her soul, and seemed to foretell her future destiny. The stranger had never seen a person, nor had his imagination ever painted a vision, like Elizabeth: he almost believed himself in a dream. When the first emotion of surprise had subsided, he inquired the name of her father; "Peter Springer," she replied. —"How!" he exclaimed, "you are the daughter of the exile residing in a cottage by the lake! be comforted, I have seen your father. It is not an hour since he left me; he intended to make a circuit, and must be at home ere this."

CROSSING THE WOLGA.

She travelled so slowly that she was unable to reach Casan till the beginning of October. A strong wind from the north-west had prevailed for several days, and had collected so great a quantity of ice upon the Wolga, as to render the passage of that river almost impracticable. It could only be crossed by going partly in a boat and partly on foot, leaping from one piece of ice to another. Even the boatmen who were accustomed to this dangerous navigation, would not undertake it but in consideration of a high reward; and no passenger ever ventured to expose his life with them in the attempt. Elizabeth, without thinking of the danger, was about to enter one of their boats; they roughly pushed her away, declaring that she could not be permitted to cross till the river was quite frozen over. She inquired how long she would probably have to wait. "A fortnight, at least," they replied. This determined her immediately to proceed. "I beseech you, in the name of Heaven I beseech you," she exclaimed, "aid me in crossing the river. I come from beyond Tobolsk, and am going to Petersburgh, to petition the emperor in behalf of my father, who is now an exile in Siberia; and I have so little money that if I am obliged to remain a fortnight at Casan, I shall have nothing left for the rest of my journey."

This affecting appeal softened the heart of one of the boatmen, who, taking her by the hand, "Come," said he, "you are a good girl; I will endeavour to ferry you over: the fear of God, and the love of your parents, guide your steps, and Heaven will protect you." He then took her into his boat, which he rowed half-way over: not being able to work it farther, he lifted Elizabeth on his shoulder; and alternately walking and leaping over the masses of ice, he reached, by the assistance of an oar, the opposite bank of the Wolga, where he set her down in safety. Elizabeth expressed her acknowledgments of the kindness in the most animated terms that her grateful heart could dictate, and, taking out her purse, which contained now but two rubles and a few smaller coins, offered a trifling reward for his services. "Poor child," said the boatman, looking at the contents of her purse, "is that all the money you have to defray the expenses of your journey hence to Petersburgh? Believe me, that Nicholas Kisoloff will not deprive you of a single obol! No, rather let me add to your little store; it will bring down a blessing upon me and my children." He then threw her a small piece of money, and returned to his boat, exclaiming, "May God watch over and protect you, my child!"

Elizabeth took up the money, and regarding it with her eyes filled with tears, said, "I will preserve thee for my father: thou wilt prove to him that his prayers have been heard, and that a paternal protection has, everywhere, been extended to me."

THE MITE GIVEN IN CHARITY.

She had occupied nearly three months in her journey from Sarapol to Voldomir; but, through the kind hospitality of the Russian peasants, who never take any payment for milk and bread, her little treasure had not been yet exhausted. Now, however, all began to fail; her feet were almost bare, and her ragged dress ill defended her from a frigidity of atmosphere, which had already sunk the thermometer thirty degrees below the freezing point, and which increased daily. The ground was covered with snow more than two feet deep. Sometimes it congealed while falling, and appeared like a shower of ice, so thick that the earth and sky were equally concealed from view. At other times torrents of rain rendered the roads almost impassable, or gusts of wind so violent arose, that Elizabeth, to defend herself from its rude assaults, was obliged to dig holes in the snow, covering her head with large pieces of the bark of pine trees, which she dexterously stripped off, as she had seen done by the inhabitants of Siberia.

One of these tempestuous hurricanes had raised the snow in thick clouds, and had created an obscurity so impenetrable, that Elizabeth, no longer able to discern the road, and stumbling at every step, was obliged to stop. She took refuge under a lofty rock, to which she clung as firmly as she could, that she might be enabled to withstand the fury of a storm which overthrew all around her. Whilst she was in this perilous situation, with her head bent down, a confused noise, that appeared to issue from behind the spot where she stood, raised a hope that a better shelter might be procured. With difficulty she tottered round the rock, and discovered a kibitki, which had been overturned and broken, and a hut at no great distance. She hastened to demand entrance. An old woman opened the door; and, struck with the wretchedness of her appearance, "My poor child," said she, "whence dost thou come, and why art thou wandering thus alone in this dreadful weather?" To this interrogation Elizabeth made her usual reply: "I come from beyond Tobolsk, and am going to Petersburgh to solicit my father's pardon." At these words, a man who was sitting, dejectedly, in a corner of the room, suddenly raised his head from between his hands, and, regarding Elizabeth with an air of astonishment, exclaimed, "Is it possible that you come from so remote a country, alone, in this state of distress, and during this tempestuous season, to solicit pardon for your father? Alas! my poor child would perhaps have done as much, had not the barbarians torn me from her arms, leaving her in ignorance of my fate. She knows not what has become of me. She cannot plead for mercy. No, never shall I again behold her — this afflicting thought will kill me — separated for ever from my child, I cannot live. Now, indeed, that I know my doom," continued the unhappy father, "I might inform her of it; I have written a letter to her, but the carrier belonging to this kibitki, who is returning to Riga, the place of her abode, will not undertake the charge of it without some small compensation, and I am unable to offer him any. Not a single copec do I possess: the barbarians have stripped me of everything."

Elizabeth drew from her pocket the last ruble she possessed, and, blushing deeply at the insignificance of the trifle, asked, in timid accents, as she presented it to the unfortunate exile, "If that would be enough?" He pressed to his lips the generous hand that was held forth to succour him; and then ran to offer the money to the carrier. As with the widow's mite, Heaven bestowed its blessing on the offering. The carrier was satisfied, and took charge of the letter. Thus did her noble sacrifice produce a fruit worthy of the heart of Elizabeth: it relieved the agonized feelings of a parent, and carried consolation to the wounded bosom of a child.

When the storm had abated, Elizabeth, before she pursued her journey, embraced the old woman, who had bestowed upon her all the care and tenderness of a mother; and said in a low voice, that she might not be heard by the exile, "I have nothing left to give: the blessing of my parents is the only recompense I have to offer for your kindness; it is the only treasure I possess."—— "How!" interrupted the old woman aloud, "My poor child, have you then given away all you possessed?" Elizabeth blushed, and hung down her head. The exile started from his seat, and raising his hands to Heaven, threw himself upon his knees before her. "Angel that thou art," he exclaimed, "can I make no return to you, who have thus bestowed your all upon me?" A knife lay upon the table: Elizabeth took it up, cut off a lock of her hair, and said, "Sir, you are going into Siberia, and will see the governor of Tobolsk; give him this, I beseech you, and tell him, that Elizabeth sends it to her parents. He will perhaps consent to forward it to them as a token by which they may know that their daughter is still in existence."——

"Your wish shall be accomplished," answered the exile, "and if, in those deserts of which I am to be an inhabitant, I am not absolutely a slave, I will seek out the dwelling of your parents, and will tell them what you have this day done for me."

To the heart of Elizabeth, the gift of a throne would have afforded less delight, than the prospect of thus being able to convey consolation to her parents. She was now bereft of all, except the little piece of money given to her by the boatman of the Wolga: Yet she might deem herself rich, for she had just tasted the only pleasure which opulence could bestow; she had conferred happiness on a fellow-creature, had revived the desponding heart of a father, and had converted tears of sadness, shed by the orphan, into those of consolation. Such were the blessings which even a single ruble had effected.

COUVREUR, ADRIANNE LE,

A FRENCH actress, born at Fismes, in Champagne, in 1690. She first appeared in 1717, in the character of Electra, and was received with universal applause. Her best personation was Phædra. She was for some time mistress to marshal Saxe, whom, when reduced to distress, she assisted with a large sum of money raised upon her jewels.

COWLEY, HANNAH,

WHOSE maiden name was Parkhouse, was born at Tiverton, in Devonshire, in 1743, and died there in 1809. She is the author of nine comedies, among which are, the "Runaway," the "Belle's Stratagem," and "More Ways than One;" the tragedies of "Albina," and "The Fate of Sparta;" two farces; and the poems of "The Siege of Acre," "The Maid of Aragon," and "The Scottish Village." Her poems are of that description which Horace deprecates; but her comedies have considerable merit.

CRAVEN, ELIZABETH, LADY,

MARGRAVINE of Anspach, youngest daughter of the earl of Berkeley, was born in 1750, and married, in 1767, William, last earl of Craven, by whom she had seven children. But in consequence of his ill-treatment, they were separated in 1781. After this, lady Craven lived successively

at the courts of Versailles, Madrid, Lisbon, Vienna, Berlin, Constantinople, Warsaw, St. Petersburgh, Rome, Florence, Naples, and Anspach, where she became acquainted with the margrave Christian Frederick Charles Alexander, a nephew of Frederick the Great. On this tour, in 1787, she was persuaded to descend into the grotto of Antiparos, which no woman had ever before visited. Lord Craven died at Lisbon in 1791, and his widow soon after married the margrave, who surrendered his estates to the king of Prussia for a pension, and went to reside in England with his wife. He died there in 1806. The account of lady Craven's travels through the Crimea to Constantinople was first published, in a series of letters, in 1789. Besides these, she has written poems, plays, romances, and her own memoirs, entitled "Memoirs of the Margrave of Anspach, formerly Lady Craven, &c." London, 1825. These are interesting on account of her intercourse with Catharine II., Joseph II., and other princes.

CRAWFORD, ANNE,

A CELEBRATED English actress, both in comedy and tragedy; but better remembered by her maiden name of Barry. She was born at Bath, in 1734, and died in 1801.

CRÈGUY, VICTOIRE D'HOULAY, MARQUISE DE,

A DISTINGUISHED French lady, was born in 1699, and died in 1804. She has left several volumes of souvenirs, which form a sort of panorama of the eighteenth century. Allied by birth to the highest nobility, and inspired by nature with a taste for literary society, she was acquainted with most of the celebrated characters of all descriptions, that flourished during that lapse of time.

As a girl, being presented to Louis XIV., when, according to the etiquette of the court, she advanced to kiss the king's hand, the gallant monarch prevented the action by rendering this homage to herself; a fact only worth recording because the very same circumstance occurred on a presentation to Napoleon eighty years afterwards.

A family of the name of Crèguy, but whose ancestor had been an upholsterer in the time of Louis XII., claimed to belong to the great de Crèguy race. "There was some similarity in the pursuits of our ancestors," said Madame de Crèguy, "*c'est que les uns gagnaient des batailles, tandis que les autres faisaient des sieges.*"

Louis XIV. said to her one day in the presence of marshal Saxe, "Look at the happy effects of the victory of Montenay!' The marshal's legs were horribly puffed up with gout; he has come back active and well-proportioned!"

"All other heroes have been puffed up with glory," returned Madame de Crèguy. "Marshal Saxe is the first upon whom it has had a contrary effect."

These are but random examples of the ready wit for which she was celebrated among her contemporaries. Held at the baptismal font by the distinguished princess des Ursins, who governed Spain despotically under Philip V., she lived to see that monarchy submitted to the disposal of France, and its crown awarded to one born the private subject of an obscure province. That the marchioness de Crèguy maintained through all these changes her cheerfulness of mind, shows that her literary pursuits had a happy effect on the tranquillity and usefulness of her long life. An ignorant old lady is a pitiful object — she has then only frivolous pursuits, which appear more foolish with every increasing year.

CRETA, LAURA,

WAS born in Italy, in 1669. She received a learned education, and was a proficient in languages and philosophy. She married Pietro Lereni, but he died in less than two years after their union. She had been much attached to her husband, and refusing several advantageous offers of marriage, devoted herself to her studies, and lived in honoured widowhood to the close of her life. She corresponded with most of the eminent scholars and philosophers then living in Europe, who were happy in forming an acquaintance, through the medium of letters, with such a lady, renowned as the most learned woman of the age. She died at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and was, says a contemporary writer, "lamented throughout Christendom."

CROMWELL, ELIZABETH,

WIFE of Oliver Cromwell, was the daughter of Sir James Bourchier, knight, of Felsted, in Essex. She was married on the 22d of August, 1620. In person and manners she was very plain, and not well educated, even for those times. She seems to have been an upright, religious and charitable woman, who however did not possess much influence over her husband. After the death of Cromwell, in 1658, she retired for a short time into Wales, and then went to the house of her son-in-law Claypole, at Norborough, in Lincolnshire, where she lived till her death, October 8th, 1672. She was probably upwards of seventy when she died.

CRUZ, JUANA INEZ DE LA,

WAS born in November, 1651, a few leagues from the city of Mexico. Her father, a Spaniard, had sought wealth by an establishment in America, where he married a lady of the country, but of Spanish extraction. Juana, the fruit of this union, displayed in early childhood a passion for letters, and an extraordinary facility in the composition of Spanish verse. At eight years of age, she was placed by her parents with an uncle, who resided in Mexico, and who caused her to receive a learned education. Her talents having attracted notice and distinction, she was patronized by the lady of the viceroy, the marquis de Mancera, and, at the age of seventeen, was received into his family.

A Spanish encomiast of Juana, relates a curious anecdote respecting her, communicated to him, as he affirms, by the viceroy. Her patrons, filled with admiration and astonishment, by the powers and attainments of their young *protegée*, deter-

mined to prove the extent and solidity of her erudition. For this purpose they invited forty of the most eminent literary characters of the country, who assembled to examine Juana in the different branches of learning and science. Questions, arguments, and problems, were accordingly proposed to her, by the several professors, in philosophy, mathematics, history, theology, poetry, &c., to all of which she answered with equal readiness and skill, acquitting herself to the entire satisfaction of her judges. To this account it is added, that she received the praises extorted on this occasion by her acquirements, with the most perfect modesty; neither did she, at any period of her life, discover the smallest tendency to presumption or vanity, though honoured with the title of the *tenth muse:* a pious humility was her distinguishing characteristic. She lived forty-four years, twenty-seven of which she passed in the convent of St. Geronimo (where she took the veil) in the exercise of the most exemplary virtues.

That enthusiasm by which genius is characterised, necessarily led to devotion in circumstances like those in which Juana was placed. In the fervour of her zeal, she wrote in her blood a confession of her faith. She is said to have collected a library of four thousand volumes, in the study of which she placed her delight: nevertheless, towards the close of her life, she sacrificed this darling propensity for the purpose of applying the money which she acquired by the sale of her books, to the relief of the indigent. However heroic may be the motive of this self-denial, the rectitude of the principle is doubtful: the cultivation of the mind, with its consequent influence upon society, is a more real benefit to mankind than the partial relief of pecuniary exigences.

Juana was not less lamented at her death, than celebrated and respected during her life: her writings were collected in three quarto volumes, to which are prefixed numerous panegyrics upon the author, both in verse and prose, by the most illustrious persons of old and new Spain. It is observed by the Spanish critic, father Feyjoo, that the compositions of Juana excel in ease and elegance, rather than in energy and strength. This is perhaps in some degree attributable to the age in which she lived, and to the subjects of her productions, which were principally compliments addressed to her friends, or sacred dramas, to which an absurd and senseless superstition afforded the materials. The following is an imitation in English of one of her poems, in which she complains of what is keenly felt by every woman of understanding, the injustice suffered by her sex.

Weak men, who without reason aim
To load poor woman with abuse,
Not seeing that yourselves produce
The very evils that you blame!

You 'gainst her firm resistance strive,
And having struck her judgment mute,
Soon to her levity impute
What from your labour you derive.

Of woman's weakness much afraid,
Of your own prowess still you boast;
Like the vain child who makes a ghost,
Then fears what he himself has made.

Her whom your arms have once embrac'd,
You think presumptuously to find,
When she is woo'd, as Thais kind,
When wedded, as Lucretia chaste.

How rare a fool must he appear,
Whose folly mounts to such a pass,
That first he breathes upon the glass,
Then grieves because it is not clear.

Still with unjust, ungrateful pride,
You must both favour and disdain;
The firm, as cruel you arraign,
The tender, you as weak deride.

Your foolish humour none can please,
Since judging all with equal phlegm;
One for her rigour you condemn,
And one you censure for her ease.

But while you show your pride and power,
With tyrant passions vainly hot,
She 's only blest who heeds you not,
And leaves you all in happy hour.

CULMAN, ELIZABETH,

Is worthy of a place beside Lucretia Davidson; she died when only seventeen years old. Miss Culman was born in the year 1816 at St. Petersburg. She was already a prodigy of learning at an age when other children only commence their education. In her fourteenth year she was acquainted with ancient and modern Greek, the Latin, German, English, French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese languages and literature, and had then already translated the Odes of Anacreon into her vernacular. But just when her mind gave promise of becoming one of the greatest ornaments of her country, death removed her to a higher state of existence. She died, in 1833, at St Petersburg; and a year after her death, her writings, making three volumes, were published in that city.

CUNITIA, or CUNITZ, MARIA,

A LADY of great genius and learning, was born in Silesia, about the beginning of the seventeenth century. She became, when very young, celebrated for her extensive knowledge in many branches of learning, particularly in mathematics and astronomy, upon which she wrote several ingenious treatises; one of which, under the title of "Urania Propitia," printed in 1650, in Latin and German, she dedicated to Ferdinand III., emperor of Germany. In this work are contained astronomical tables, of great care and accuracy, founded upon Kepler's hypotheses. She acquired languages with amazing facility; and understood Polish, German, French, Italian, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. With equal care she acquired a knowledge of the sciences, history, physic, poetry, painting, music, both vocal and instrumental; and yet they were no more than her amusements. Her favourite studies were mathematics and astronomy; and she was ranked among the ablest astronomers of the age. The exact time of her birth is not known. She married Elias de Lewin, M. D., and died at Pistcheu, in 1664. The name of this learned lady is now little known, but several famous men have borrowed from her works to enrich their own, without any acknowledgment of the real author.

D.

DACIER, ANNE,

Was daughter of Tannèguy le Fevre and Marie Oliver his wife. Anne was born at Saumur, in 1651. Her father, it is related, had an acquaintance who practised judicial astrology, and who, on the birth of the infant, desired he might be allowed to cast her nativity. After finishing his figures, he told M. le Fevre there must have been some mistake respecting the exact instant of the birth of the child, since her horoscope promised a future and fame quite foreign to a female. This story must be left to the faith of the reader; but, whatever might be its truth, it is certain that an incident occurred, when Mademoiselle Le Fevre was about ten years of age, which determined her father, who was professor of the Belles-Lettres at Saumur, to give her the advantage of a learned education.

M. Le Fevre had a son whom he instructed in the classics; and to whom he usually gave lessons in the room in which his daughter worked in tapestry. The youth, whether from incapacity or inattention, was sometimes at a loss when questioned by his father; on these occasions his sister, who appeared to be wholly occupied with her needle and her silks, never failed to suggest to him the proper reply, however intricate or embarrassing the subject. M. Le Fevre was, by this discovery, induced to cultivate the talents of his daughter. Mademoiselle Le Fevre afterwards confessed that she felt, at the time, a secret vexation for having thus betrayed her capacity, and exchanged the occupations and amusements of her sex, under the eye of an indulgent mother, for the discipline of her father, and the vigilance and application necessary to study.

After having learned the elements of the Latin language, she applied herself to the Greek, in which she made a rapid progress, and at the end of eight years no longer stood in need of the assistance of a master. As her mind strengthened and acquired a wider range, she emancipated herself from the trammels of authority, and laid down plans of study which she pursued with perseverance. She now read and thought for herself; and frequently, though with the utmost modesty and deference, presumed to differ, on subjects of literature and criticism, from her respectable father. Of this the translation of Quintus Curtius, by the celebrated Vaugelaus afforded an example. M. Le Fevre accorded, on this occasion, with the popular opinion of the times, in considering this performance as a masterpiece of eloquence: his daughter, on the contrary, whether more acute or less easily satisfied, censured the translation as defective in purity of style, and in the idiom of the French language.

Her father died in 1673, and the following year Mademoiselle Le Fevre went to Paris, and took up her residence in that city. She was then engaged on an edition of "Callimachus," which she published in 1674. Some sheets of that work having been shown to M. Huet, preceptor to the dauphin, and other learned men, a proposal was made to her to prepare some Latin authors for the dauphin's use; which proposal she accepted, and published an edition of Florus in 1674.

Her reputation being now spread all over Europe, Christina of Sweden ordered a present to be sent to her, in her name; upon which Mademoiselle Le Fevre sent the queen a Latin letter, with her edition of Florus. Her majesty not long after wrote to her, to persuade her to abandon the Protestant faith, and made her considerable offers to settle at court. But this she declined, and continued to publish works for the use of the dauphin. "Sextus Aurelius Victor" came out under her care, at Paris, in 1681; and in the same year she published a French translation of the poems of Anacreon and Sappho, with notes, which were so much admired as to make Boileau declare that it ought to deter any one from attempting to translate those poems in verse. She also published, for the use of the dauphin, "Eutropius," in 1683; and "Dictys Cretensis" and "Dares Phrygius" in 1684. She wrote French translations of the "Amphitryo," "Epidicus," and "Prudens," comedies of Plautus, in 1683; and of the "Plutus" and "Clouds" of Aristophanes, with notes. She was so charmed with this last comedy, that she had read it two hundred times.

She married M. Dacier, with whom she had been brought up in her father's house, in 1683, and soon after declared to the duke of Montausier and the bishop of Meaux a design of reconciling herself with the church of Rome; but as M. Dacier was not satisfied as to the propriety of the change, she retired with him to Castres in 1684, to examine the controversy between the Protestants and Papists. They determined in favour of the latter, and, after their conversion, the duke de Montausier and the bishop of Meaux recommended them at court, and the king settled a pension of 1500 livres on M. Dacier, and of 500 upon his wife. They then returned to Paris and resumed their studies.

In 1688, she published a French translation of "Terence's Comedies," with notes, in three volumes. She rose at five in the morning, during a very cold winter, and finished four of them, but reading them over a few months afterwards, she was so dissatisfied with them that she burnt them, and began the translation again. She brought the work to the highest perfection, and even equalled the grace and noble simplicity of the original. She assisted in the translation of "Marcus Antoninus," published by her husband in 1691, and in the specimen of the translation of "Plutarch's Lives," which he published three years afterwards.

In 1711, she published a French translation, with notes, of "Homer's Iliad," which was thought faithful and elegant. In 1714, she published the "Causes of the Corruption of Taste." This was written against M. de la Motte, who, in the preface to his "Iliad," had expressed but little admiration for that poem. This was the beginning of a literary war, in the course of which a number of books were produced. In 1716, she published a defence of Homer against the apology of father

Hardouin, in which she attempts to show that father Hardouin, in endeavouring to apologize for Homer, has done him a greater injustice than his declared enemies. Her last work, the "Odyssey of Homer," with notes, translated from the Greek, was published the same year.

She died, after a painful sickness, August 17th, 1720, at sixty-nine years of age. She had two daughters and a son, whom she educated with the greatest care; but the son died young, one daughter became a nun, and the other, who is said to have united all the virtues and accomplishments of her sex, died at eighteen.

M. Dacier was inconsolable for his loss; nor did he long survive his wife. Never had there been a couple more united, better suited to each other, and between whom a more entire affection had subsisted. They had been educated together, and for more than forty years they lived in the enjoyment of that harmony of tastes and pursuits which enhanced their mutual esteem and love. Marriage, when thus made holy by the union of souls, as well as hearts and hands, while life is devoted to noble pursuits, displays human nature in the happiest light.

Madame Dacier was remarkable for firmness, generosity, good-nature, and piety. Her modesty was so great, that it was with difficulty she could be induced to speak on literary subjects. A learned German once visited her and requested her to write her name and a sentence in his book of collections. She, seeing in it the names of the greatest scholars in Europe, told him that she could not presume to put her name among so many illustrious persons. But as he insisted, she wrote her name with a sentence from Sophocles signifying that "Silence is the ornament of women." She was often solicited to publish a translation of some books of Scripture, with remarks upon them; but she always answered that "A woman ought to read and meditate on the Scriptures, and regulate her conduct by them, and to keep silence, agreeably to the command of St. Paul."

We must not forget to mention, that the academy of Ricovrati at Padua chose her one of their body in 1684, and learned men of all countries vied with each other in proving their sense of her merit.

DAMER, ANNE SEYMOUR,

Only child of Field-marshal Conway, was born in 1748. Almost in childhood, she imbibed a love of literature, and became highly accomplished. An accidental conversation with Hume, respecting some plaster casts, turned her attention to sculpture, and she took lessons from Ceracchi and Bacon, and studied in Italy. She was also fond of dramatic amusements, and was an excellent amateur actress. She died May 28th, 1808. The productions of her chisel are numerous and do her honour. Among them is a bust of Nelson in Guildhall, and two colossal heads on Henley bridge, and a statue in marble, of George III., in the Edinburgh Register office.

It is not so much the excellence of her works of art that entitles this lady to admiration, as that a person of her rank, wealth, and beauty, should give up society, in a great measure, to devote herself to so arduous an occupation as that of sculpture. She was a warm-hearted politician, and exerted all her influence, which was not trifling, in favour of Fox.

DANCY, ELIZABETH,

Second daughter of Sir Thomas More, was born in London, 1509, and educated very carefully under her father's care. She corresponded with Erasmus, who praises the purity of her Latin style. She married, when very young, Mr. Dancy, son and heir of Sir John Dancy. Her productions and the time of her death are uncertain.

DANGEVILLE, MARY ANNE BOTOL,

A celebrated French actress, considered as superior to any of her profession in the class of characters she personated; she was the representative of the waiting-maids of French comedy. She died, March, 1796; but, more fortunate than people of higher station and greater talents, her eulogium was pronounced two years before her decease. In September 1794, M. Molé, at the Lyceum of Arts, at Paris, delivered a panegyric on this distinguished actress.

DARLING, GRACE,

Whose name, by an act of heroic daring, has resounded through the civilized world, was born November 24th, 1815, at Bamborough, on the coast of Northumberland, England. She was the seventh child of William Darling, a steady, judicious, and sensible man, who held the responsible office of keeper of the Longstone Lighthouse, situated on one of the most distant and exposed of the Farne Islands, a rocky group extending some seven or eight miles beyond this dangerous coast. In this isolated position, where weeks sometimes elapsed without communication with the mainland, the greater part of Grace's existence was passed, with no other companionship than that of her parents and brother, who resided at the Lighthouse. She benefited by the advantages of a respectable education, suited to one in her sphere

of life, and her time was principally occupied in assisting her mother in household affairs.

Grace had reached her twenty-second year, when the incident occurred which has given her so wide-spread and just a fame. The Forfarshire steamer, proceeding from Hull to Dundee, with sixty-three persons on board, was wrecked upon one of the fearful crags of the Farne group, on the night of the 6th of September, 1838. The vessel, which subsequent enquiry proved to have been utterly unseaworthy, was broken in two pieces, the after part, with many souls upon it, being swept away instantly, while the fore part remained upon the rock. The captain and his wife were among the number of those who perished. Nine persons survived the horrors of that night upon the remaining fragment of the wreck, exposed, amid rain and profound darkness, to the fury of the waves, and expecting momentarily to be engulfed by the boiling surge.

At daybreak on the morning of the 7th, these poor people were discovered from Longstone by the Darlings, at nearly a mile's distance, by means of a glass, clinging to the rocks and remnants of the vessel. Grace, the moment she caught sight of them, perceiving their imminent danger—for the returning tide must wash them off—immediately determined to save them; and no remonstrances of her father, who, in the furious state of the sea, considered it a desperate and hopeless adventure, had any power in dissuading her. There was no one at the time at the Lighthouse but her parents and herself, her brother being absent on the mainland; and she declared if her father did not accompany her, she would go alone; that, live or die, she would attempt to save the wretched sufferers.

Her father consented to the trial. The boat was launched with the assistance of the mother, and the father and daughter, each taking an oar, proceeded upon their errand of mercy. They succeeded; and in no instance has lowly virtue and unobtrusive heroism met with more prompt acknowledgment or just reward. The highest enthusiasm prevailed throughout Great Britain as the adventure became known, and distant nations responded with hearty sympathy. To reward the bravery and humanity of Grace Darling, a subscription was raised in England, which amounted to £700, and she received besides numberless presents from individuals, some of them of distinguished rank. Her portrait was taken and multiplied over the kingdom; the Humane Society sent her a flattering vote of thanks and a piece of plate; dramatic pieces were performed representing her exploit; her sea-girt home was invaded by steamboat loads of wonder-seeking admirers, and offers of marriage, not a few, flowed in upon her.

Amid all this tumult of applause, so calculated to unsettle the mind, Grace Darling never for a moment swerved from the modest dignity which belonged to her character. She continued, notwithstanding the improvement in her circumstances, to reside at the Lighthouse with her parents, content to dwell in the secluded and humble sphere in which her lot had been cast; proving by her conduct that the liberality of the public had not been unworthily bestowed.

Grace Darling, as is too often the case with the noble and good, was not destined to long life. She survived only a few years to enjoy her well-earned fame. In 1841, symptoms of declining health exhibited themselves, and, on the 20th of October, 1842, she died of consumption.

Grace Darling is described as a woman of the middle size, comely, though not handsome, but with an expression of mildness and benevolence most winning. Her disposition was always retiring and reserved, the effect, no doubt, of her solitary mode of life; a life which unquestionably fostered and concentrated the quiet enthusiasm of her character, and made her the heroine of one of the most beautiful episodes that ever adorned the history of woman.

DARRAH, LYDIA,

A MEMBER of the Society of Friends, and the wife of William Darrah, of Philadelphia, rendered an important service to the American army during the revolutionary war. The house of William Darrah was chosen by General Howe, while the British army had possession of Philadelphia, as a place for private conference with the other officers. On the night of the second of December, 1777, Lydia Darrah overheard an order read, for the troops to march out of the city on the night of the fourth, to a secret attack on the American camp at White Marsh. Not wishing to endanger her husband's life by making him a sharer of the secret, she resolved to give the important information to General Washington herself. Obtaining permission from General Howe to leave the city on some domestic errand, she went directly towards the American camp. Meeting an American officer on her way, she disclosed the secret to him, making him promise not to betray her, and returned without any suspicions having been excited concerning her errand. In consequence of her information, when the British army marched out to the attack, on the night of the fourth, they found the enemy so well prepared, that they were obliged to return without firing a gun. Lydia Darrah's interposition was never discovered by the British.

DASCHKOFF, CATHARINE ROMANOWNA,

PRINCESS of, was descended from the noble family of Worenzoff, and was the early friend and confidant of the empress Catharine II. of Russia. She was born in 1744, and became a widow at the age of eighteen. She endeavoured to effect the accession of Catharine to the throne, but, at the same time, was in favour of a constitutional limitation of the imperial power. In a military dress, and on horseback, she led a body of troops to the presence of Catharine, who placed herself at their head, and precipitated her husband, Peter III., from the throne. The request of the princess Daschkoff to receive the command of the imperial guards, was refused. She did not long remain about the person of Catharine. Study became

her favourite employment; and, after her return from abroad, in 1782, she was made director of the Academy of Sciences, and president of the newly-established Russian Academy. She wrote much in the Russian language, and promoted the publication of the Dictionary of the Russian Academy. She died at Moscow, in 1810.

Her courage and decision were extraordinary. Although her exertions in Catharine's favour had been repaid by ingratitude, neglect and coldness, yet the empress did not hesitate, when a conspiracy was formed to dethrone her, of which she thought the princess must be cognizant, to write her a long and flattering letter, in which she conjured her, in the name of their friendship, to reveal the projects against her, promising the princess full pardon for all concerned. The indignant princess replied to the four pages she had received in four lines. "Madam, I have heard nothing: but, if I had, I should beware of what I spoke. What do you require of me? That I should expire on the scaffold? I am ready to ascend it."

DAVIDSON, LUCRETIA MARIA,

Second daughter of Dr. Oliver and Margaret Davidson, was born at Plattsburg, on Lake Champlain, Sept. 27th, 1808. Her parents were then in indigent circumstances, and, to add to their troubles, her mother was often sickly. Under such circumstances, the little Lucretia would not be likely to owe her precocity to a forced education. The manifestations of intellectual activity were apparent in the infant, we may say; for at four years old she would retire by herself to pore over her books, and draw pictures of animals, and soon illustrated these rude drawings by poetry. Her first specimens of writing were imitations of printed letters; but she was very much distressed when these were discovered, and immediately destroyed them.

The first poem of hers which has been preserved, was written when she was nine years old. It was an elegy on a Robin, killed in the attempt to rear it. This piece was not inserted in her works. The earliest of her poems which has been printed, was written at eleven years old. Her parents were much gratified by her talents, and gave her all the indulgence in their power, which was only time for reading such books as she could obtain by borrowing; as they could afford no money to buy books, or to pay for her instruction. Before she was twelve years old, she had read most of the standard English poets—much of history, both sacred and profane—Shakspeare's, Kotzebue's and Goldsmith's dramatic works, and many of the popular novels and romances of the day. Of the latter, however, she was not an indiscriminate reader—many of those weak and worthless productions, which are the élite of the circulating libraries, this child, after reading a few pages, would throw aside in disgust. Would that all young ladies possessed her delicate taste and discriminating judgment!

When Lucretia was about twelve years old, a gentleman, who had heard of her genius and seen some of her verses, sent her a complimentary note, enclosing twenty dollars. Her first exclamation was, "Oh, now I shall buy me some books!" But her dear mother was lying ill—the little girl looked towards the sick-bed — tears gushed to her eyes, and putting the bill into her father's hand, she said—"Take it, father; it will buy many comforts for mother; I can do without books."

It is no wonder that her parents should feel the deepest affection for such a good and gifted child. Yet there will always be found officious, meddling persons, narrow-minded, if not envious, who are prone to prophesy evil on any pursuits in which they or theirs cannot compete. These meddlers advised that she should be deprived of pen, ink, and paper, and rigorously confined to domestic pursuits. Her parents were too kind and wise to follow this counsel; but Lucretia, by some means, learned that such had been given. Without a murmur, she resolved to submit to this trial; and she faithfully adhered to the resolution. She told no one of her intention or feelings, but gave up her writing and reading, and for several months devoted herself entirely to household business. Her mother was ill at the time, and did not notice the change in Lucretia's pursuits, till she saw the poor girl was growing emaciated, and a deep dejection was settled on her countenance. She said to her, one day, "Lucretia, it is a long time since you have written any thing." The sweet child burst into tears, and replied, "O, mother, I have given that up long ago." Her mother then drew from her the reasons which had influenced her to relinquish writing — namely, the opinions she had heard expressed that it was wrong for her to indulge in mental pursuits, and the feeling that she ought to do all in her power to lighten the cares of her parents. Mrs. Davidson was a good, sensible woman; with equal discretion and tenderness, she counselled her daughter to take a middle course, resume her studies, but divide her time between these darling pursuits and the duties of the household. Lucretia from thenceforth occasionally resumed her pen, and soon regained her quiet serenity and usual health.

Her love of knowledge grew with her growth, and strengthened by every accession of thought. "Oh!" said she one day to her mother — "Oh! that I only possessed half the means of improvement which I see others slighting! I should be the happiest of the happy!" At another time she exclaimed — "How much there is yet to learn! — If I could only grasp it at once!"

This passionate desire for instruction was at length gratified. When she was about sixteen, a gentleman, a stranger at Plattsburg, saw, by accident, some of her poems, and learned her history. With the prompt and warm generosity of a noble mind, he immediately proposed to place her at school, and give her every advantage for which she had so ardently longed. Her joy on learning this good fortune was almost overwhelming. She was, as soon as possible, placed at the Troy Female Seminary, under the care of Mrs. Emma Willard. She was there at the fountain for which she had so long thirsted, and her spiritual eagerness could not be restrained. "On her entering

the Seminary," says the Principal, "she at once surprised us by the brilliancy and pathos of her compositions — she evinced a most exquisite sense of the beautiful in the productions of her pencil; always giving to whatever she attempted to copy, certain peculiar and original touches which marked the liveliness of her conceptions, and the power of her genius to embody those conceptions. But from studies which required calm and steady investigation, efforts of memory, judgment and consecutive thinking, her mind seemed to shrink. She had no confidence in herself, and appeared to regard with dismay any requisitions of this nature." — In truth, she had so long indulged in solitary musings, and her sensibility had become so exquisite, heightened and refined as it had been by her vivid imagination, that she was dismayed, agonized even, with the feeling of responsibility, which her public examination involved. She was greatly beloved and tenderly cherished by her teachers; but it is probable that the excitement of the new situation in which she was placed, and the new studies she had to pursue, operated fatally on her constitution. She was, during the vacation, taken with an illness, which left her feeble and very nervous. When she recovered, she was placed at Albany, at the school of Miss Gilbert — but there she was soon attacked by severe disease. She partially recovered, and was removed to her home, where she gradually declined till death released her pure and exalted mind from its prison-house of clay. She died, August 27th, 1825, before she had completed her seventeenth year.

In person she was exceedingly beautiful. Her forehead was high, open, and fair as infancy—her eyes large, dark, and of that soft beaming expression which shows the soul in the glance—her features were fine and symmetrical, and her complexion brilliant, especially when the least excitement moved her feelings. But the prevailing expression of her face was melancholy. Her beauty, as well as her mental endowments, made her the object of much regard; but she shrunk from observation—any particular attention always seemed to give her pain; so exquisite was her modesty. In truth, her soul was too delicate for this "cold world of storms and clouds." Her imagination never revelled in the "garishness of joy;" — a pensive, meditative mood was the natural tone of her mind. The adverse circumstances by which she was surrounded, no doubt deepened this seriousness, till it became almost morbid melancholy — but no external advantages of fortune would have given to her disposition buoyant cheerfulness. It seems the lot of youthful genius to be sad; Kirke White was thus melancholy. Like flowers opened too early, these children of song shrink from the storms of life before they have felt its sunbeams.

The writings of Miss Davidson were astonishingly voluminous. She had destroyed many of her pieces; her mother says, at least one-third — yet those remaining amount to *two hundred and seventy-eight* pieces. There are among them five regular poems of several cantos each, twenty-four school-exercises, three unfinished romances, a complete tragedy, written at thirteen years of age, and about forty letters to her mother. Her poetry is marked by strong imaginative powers, and the sentiment of sad forebodings. These dark visions, though they tinged all her earthly horizon, were not permitted to cloud her hope of heaven. She died calmly, relying on the merits of our Lord and Saviour for salvation. The last word she spoke was the *name* of the gentleman who had so kindly assisted her. And if his *name* were known, often would it be spoken; for his generosity to this humble, but highly gifted daughter of song, will make his deed of charity a sacred remembrance to all who love genius, and sympathize with the suffering.

Her poems, with a biographical sketch, were published in 1829, under the title "Amir Khan, and other poems, the remains of L. M. Davidson." This work was reviewed in the London Quarterly of the same year; and the writer says, "In our own language, except in the cases of Chatterton and Kirke White, we can call to mind no instance of so early, so ardent, and so fatal a pursuit of intellectual advancement."

TO A FRIEND.

And thou hast marked in childhood's hour
The fearless boundings of my breast,
When fresh as summer's opening flower,
I freely frolicked and was blest.

Oh say, was not this eye more bright?
Were not these lips more wont to smile?
Methinks that then my heart was light,
And I a fearless, joyous child.

And thou didst mark me gay and wild,
My careless, reckless laugh of mirth;
The simple pleasures of a child,
The holiday of man on earth.

Then thou hast seen me in that hour,
When every nerve of life was new,
When pleasures fanned youth's infant flower,
And Hope her witcheries round it threw.

That hour is fading; it hath fled;
And I am left in darkness now,
A wanderer towards a lowly bed,
The grave, that home of all below.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

To Miss E. C.—Composed on a blank leaf of her Paley during recitation.

I'm thy guardian angel, sweet maid, and I rest
In mine own chosen temple, thy innocent breast;
At midnight I steal from my sacred retreat,
When the chords of thy heart in soft unison beat.

When thy bright eye is closed, when thy dark tresses flow
In beautiful wreaths o'er thy pillow of snow,
O then I watch o'er thee, all pure as thou art,
And listen to music which steals from thy heart.

Thy smile is the sunshine which gladdens my soul,
My tempest the clouds which around thee may roll;
I feast my light form on thy rapture-breathed sighs,
And drink at the fount of those beautiful eyes.

The thoughts of thy heart are recorded by me;
There are some which half-breathed, half-acknowledged by thee,
Steal sweetly and silently o'er thy pure breast,
Just ruffling its calmness, then murmuring to rest.

Like a breeze o'er the lake, when it breathlessly lies,
With its own mimic mountains, and star-spangled skies,
I stretch my light pinions around thee when sleeping,
To guard thee from spirits of sorrow and weeping.

I breathe o'er thy slumbers sweet dreams of delight,
Till you wake but to sigh for the visions of night;
Then remember, wherever your pathway may lie,
Be it clouded with sorrow, or brilliant with joy,

My spirit shall watch thee, wherever thou art,
My incense shall rise from the throne of thy heart.
Farewell! for the shadows of evening are fled,
And the young rays of morning are wreathed round my head.

TO A STAR.

Thou brightly glittering Star of Even —
Thou gem upon the brow of heaven!
Oh! were this fluttering spirit free,
How quick 't would spread its wings to thee!

How calmly, brightly dost thou shine,
Like the pure lamp in Virtue's shrine;
Sure the fair world which thou mayst boast
Was never ransomed — never lost.

There, beings pure as heaven's own air,
Their hopes, their joys, together share;
While hovering angels touch the string,
And seraphs spread the sheltering wing.

There cloudless days and brilliant nights,
Illumed by heaven's refulgent lights;
There, seasons, years, unnoticed roll,
And unregretted by the soul.

Thou little sparkling Star of Even —
Thou gem upon an azure heaven!
How swiftly will I soar to thee,
When this imprisoned soul is free!

STANZAS.

Addressed to her Sister, requesting her to sing "Moore's Farewell to his Harp."

When evening spreads her shades around,
And darkness fills the arch of heaven,
When not a murmur, not a sound
To Fancy's sportive ear is given;

When the broad orb of heaven is bright,
And looks around with golden eye;
When Nature, softened by her light,
Seems calmly, solemnly to lie; —

Then, when our thoughts are raised above
This world, and all this world can give,
Oh, sister! *sing* the song I love,
And tears of gratitude receive.

The song which thrills my bosom's core,
And, hovering, trembles half afraid,
Oh, sister! sing the song once more
Which ne'er for mortal ear was made

'T were almost sacrilege to sing
Those notes amid the glare of day;
Notes borne by angels' purest wing,
And wafted by their breath away.

When sleeping in my grass-grown bed,
Shouldst thou still linger here above,
Wilt thou not kneel beside my head,
And, sister, sing the song I love?

LINES,

Addressed to her mother, a few months before Lucretia's death.

Oh thou whose care sustained my infant years,
And taught my prattling lip each note of love;
Whose soothing voice breathed comfort to my fears,
And round my brow hope's brightest garland wove:

To thee my lay is due, the simplest song,
Which Nature gave me at life's opening day;
To thee these rude, these untaught strains belong,
Whose heart indulgent will not spurn my lay.

O say, amid this wilderness of life,
What bosom would have throbbed like thine for me?
Who would have smiled responsive? — who in grief
Would e'er have felt, and, feeling, grieved like thee?

Who would have guarded, with a falcon eye,
Each trembling footstep or each sport of fear?
Who would have marked my bosom bounding high,
And clasped me to her heart, with love's bright tear?

Who would have hung around my sleepless couch,
And fanned, with anxious hand, my burning brow?
Who would have fondly pressed my fevered lip,
In all the agony of love and wo?

None but a mother — none but one like thee,
Whose bloom has faded in the midnight watch;
Whose eye, for me, has lost its witchery;
Whose form has felt disease's mildew touch.

Yes, thou hast lighted me to health and life,
By the bright lustre of thy youthful bloom —
Yes, thou hast wept so oft o'er every grief,
That wo hath traced thy brow with marks of gloom.

Oh, then, to thee this rude and simple song,
Which breathes of thankfulness and love for thee,
To thee, my mother, shall this lay belong,
Whose life is spent in toil and care for me.

FRAGMENT.*

There is a something which I dread, —
It is a dark, a fearful thing;
It steals along with withering tread,
Or sweeps on wild destruction's wing.

That thought comes o'er me in the hour
Of grief, of sickness or of sadness;
'T is not the dread of death — 't is more,
It is the dread of madness!

Oh! may these throbbing pulses pause,
Forgetful of their feverish course;
May this hot brain, which burning glows
With all a fiery whirlpool's force,

Be cold, and motionless, and still,
A tenant of its lowly bed;
But let not dark delirium steal —
* * * * * * *

DAVIDSON, MARGARET MILLER,

Sister of Lucretia, was also the daughter of Dr. Davidson of Plattsburg, N. Y. She was born in 1828, and though her health was always extremely delicate, she early devoted herself to study and literary pursuits. In 1838, her father removed to Saratoga, where she died on the twenty-fifth of November of the same year, in her sixteenth year. She was distinguished, as well as her sister, for remarkable precocity of genius, and her poems would be creditable to much more experienced writers. In personal appearance and character, she was lovely and estimable. The particular bias of her mind towards poetry was, probably, induced, certainly fostered, by the example of her sister. Margaret was but two years old when Lucretia died, yet the sad event was never effaced from her mind. This impression was deepened as she grew older and listened to the story of her lovely and gifted sister, who had been a star of hope in her humble home. Often, when Mrs. Da-

* These lines are the last she ever wrote; they were left thus unfinished.

vidson, the mother, was relating what Lucretia had said and done, little Margaret would exclaim, "Oh, I will try to fill her place; teach me to be like her!" And she was like her, both in the precocity of her genius and in her early death. Their mother was kind, and, in some things, judicious; but we think she encouraged, or *permitted* rather, the development of the imagination of Margaret at the expense of her constitution, when, by patient and prudent training, it might have been suppressed. The following is among her best productions, and memorable as the last she ever wrote, only a few days before her death.

TO MY MOTHER.

Oh, mother, would the power were mine
To wake the strain thou lovest to hear,
And breathe each trembling new-born thought
Within thy fondly listening ear,
As when, in days of health and glee,
My hopes and fancies wander'd free.

But, mother, now a shade hath passed
Athwart my brightest visions here;
A cloud of darkest gloom hath wrapped
The remnant of my brief career:
No song, no echo can I win,
The sparkling fount hath dried within.

The torch of earthly hope burns dim,
And fancy spreads her wings no more,
And oh, how vain and trivial seem
The pleasures that I prized before;
My soul, with trembling steps and slow,
Is struggling on through doubt and strife;
Oh, may it prove, as time rolls on,
The pathway to eternal life!
Then, when my cares and fears are o'er,
I'll sing thee as in "days of yore."

I said that Hope had pass'd from earth—
'T was but to fold her wings in heaven,
To whisper of the soul's new birth,
Of sinners saved and sins forgiven:
When mine are wash'd in tears away,
Then shall my spirit swell the lay.

When God shall guide my soul above,
By the soft chords of heavenly love—
When the vain cares of earth depart,
And tuneful voices swell my heart,
Then shall each word, each note I raise,
Burst forth in pealing hymns of praise:
And all not offer'd at his shrine,
Dear mother, I will place on thine.

DAVIES, LADY ELEANOR,

Was the fifth daughter of lord George Audley, earl of Castlehaven, and born about 1603. She received a learned education, and married, first, Sir John Davies, who died 1644; three months after his death, she married Sir Archibald Douglas. Neither of these marriages was happy, the lady's pretension to the spirit of prophecy seeming to have disgusted her husbands. She fancied that the spirit of the prophet Daniel had been infused into her body, and this she founded on an anagram she had made of her own name.

Dr. Heylin, in his Life of Archbishop Laud, thus speaks of her: "And that the other sex might whet their tongues upon him also, the lady Davies, the widow of Sir John Davies, attorney-general for king James in Ireland, scatters a prophecy against him. This lady had before spoken somewhat unluckily of the duke of Buckingham, importing that he should not live till the end of August, which raised her to the reputation of a *Cunning Woman* among the ignorant people: and now (1634) she prophesies of the new archbishop, that he should live but a few days after the 5th of November; for which and other prophecies of a more mischievous nature, she was after brought into the court of high commission; the woman being grown so mad, that she fancied the spirit of the prophet Daniel to have been infused into her body; and this she grounded on an anagram which she made up of her name: viz. ELEANOR DAVIES: REVEAL, O DANIEL. And though it had too much by an S, and too little by an L, yet she found *Daniel* and *reveal* in it, and that served her turn. Much pains was taken to dispossess her of this spirit; but all would not do, till *Lamb*, then dean of the arches, shot her through and through with an arrow borrowed from her own quiver: for whilst the bishops and divines were reasoning the point with her out of the Holy Scriptures, he took a pen into his hand, and at last hit upon this excellent anagram: DAME ELEANOR DAVIES: NEVER SO MAD A LADY; which having proved to be true by the rules of art, 'Madam,' said he, 'I see you build much on *anagrams*, and I have found out one which I hope will fit you.' This said, and reading it aloud, he put it into her hands in writing; which happy fancy brought that grave court into such a laughter, and the poor woman thereupon into such a confusion, that afterward she grew either wiser, or was less regarded."

In the continuation of Baker's Chronicle, the lady Davies is mentioned with more respect. Dr. Peter du Moulin also thus speaks of her: "She was learned above her sex, humble below her fortune, having a mind so great and noble, that prosperity could not make it remiss, nor the deepest adversity cause her to shrink, or discover the least pusillanimity or dejection of spirit; being full of the love of God, to that fulness the smiling world could not add, nor the frowning from it detract." It is probable that the learning of this lady, acting upon a raised imagination, and a fanatic turn of mind, produced a partial insanity.

"Great wit to madness nearly is allied."

The year before her death, which took place in 1652, lady Davies published a pamphlet, entitled "The Restitution of Prophecy; that buried Talent to be revived. By the lady Eleanor, 1651." In this tract, written very obscurely, are many severities against the persecutors of the author.

DEBORAH,

A Jewess, living at Rome, who died in the beginning of the seventeenth century. She was distinguished while she lived for her poems and other works. None of these are now to be obtained: but if a literary work serves one generation of readers the author should be satisfied.

DEFFAND, MARIE DE VICHY CHAMBROND DU,

One of the most prominent French women of the regency and reign of Louis XV., was born at Paris in 1697, of a family noble and military. Educated in a convent, she early distinguished

herself for a tone of raillery on religious subjects. Massillon was called in to talk with her, but "Elle est charmante" was his only reproof. At the age of twenty, Mademoiselle de Vichy married the marquis du Deffand, from whom her intrigues soon caused her to separate. Eyes remarkable for their beauty and brilliancy, a pleasant smile, and a countenance full of piquancy and expression, were the chief personal attractions of the young marchioness. Brilliant, witty, sceptical, and sarcastic, she drew around her the most distinguished men and women of her time. She had numerous lovers, the regent himself being for a short time among the number; and she possessed the power of securing the constancy of many of them, even up to their dotage.

Her hard selfishness of character and want of sympathy, rendered her incapable of love; but her clear cool judgment and abhorrence of finesse, rendered her perfectly frank and sincere. When the celebrated work of Helvetius appeared, he was blamed, in her presence, for having made selfishness the great motive of human actions.

"Bah!" said she, "he has only revealed every one's secret."

The greater portion of Madame du Deffand's early life was passed at the court of the brilliant Duchess du Maine, whose friendship she enjoyed. At a later period, failing in her repeated attempts to become a devotee, for which she manifestly had no vocation, she nevertheless established herself in the convent of St. Joseph's, where, in handsome apartments, she gave evening parties and suppers to her friends. Soon after her retreat to the convent, she became totally blind, and continued in that melancholy condition for the last thirty years of her life; a misfortune which she endured with great fortitude. She gathered around her, however, a brilliant intellectual circle, to which she gave the tone, who met for common amusement, and served to dispel the ennui by which she was constantly attacked.

Horace Walpole, who became acquainted with her at this period of her life, has celebrated her in his amusing letters. Their friendship continued uninterrupted till her death, and was cemented by frequent visits to Paris by Walpole, and constant correspondence. Her treatment of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, whom she first succoured, and then discarded through jealousy, made her many enemies, and drew from her ranks many of her most brilliant visitors. The latter part of her life was only the shadow of what it had been, her ennui, selfishness, and ill-temper repelling even her most attached friends. She died, after a final and unsuccessful attempt to become devout, in the month of September, 1780, in the eighty-fourth year of her age.

Madame du Deffand's epistolary writings were characterized by an exquisite style; not obtained, however, it is said, without a degree of labour and study somewhat surprising to the readers of those *spontaneous* effusions. Her poetry never rose above mediocrity. The following are specimens; the first alludes to her own blindness, which gives a melancholy interest to the little song.

CHANSON.

Le ver à soie est à mes yeux
L'être dont le sort vaut le mieux:
Il travaille dans sa jeunesse;
Il dort dans sa maturité;
Il meurt enfin dans sa vieillesse
Au comble de la volupté.

Notre sort est bien différent;
Il va toujours en empirant:
Quelques plaisirs dans la jeunesse:
Des soins dans la maturité;
Tous les malheurs de la vieillesse;
Puis la peur de l'éternité.

LES DEUX AGES DE L'HOMME.

Il est un âge heureux, mais qu'on perd sans retour,
Où la foible jeunesse entraîne sur ses traces
Le plaisir vif avec l'amour
Et les desirs avec les grâces.
Il est un âge affreux, sombre et froide saison,
Où l'homme encor s'égare et prend dans sa tristesse
Son impuissance pour sagesse,
Et ses craintes pour la raison.

DEKKEN, AGATHE,

A Dutch authoress, born in 1741, in the village of Amstelveen, near Amsterdam, on the 10th of December, 1741. When three years old she lost her parents, and being very poor, was placed in the Amsterdam orphan asylum. Her natural abilities and industry soon distinguished her from her companions, and her early and successful efforts in poetry, procured the protection and assistance of the "Diligentiæ Omnia" society. When she left the asylum, she accepted a place as companion to Miss Maria Borsh, a young lady who was herself a poetess. She lived with Miss Borsh till 1773. After the death of her friend and benefactress, Miss Dekken published a collection of poems, the result of their joint labours. She then went to live with another friend, Elizabeth Beeker, the widow of a clergyman. Their united labours produced the first Dutch domestic novel, and they became thus the founders of a new school of novel writers. Shortly afterwards they published the "Wanderlengen door Bougogne," (1779.) In 1787 she removed to Paris, and had subsequently, during the reign of terror, some very narrow escapes from the guillotine. In 1790 she returned to Holland, when the dishonesty of a friend deprived her of her little property. She had now again to resort to her pen as a means of subsistence. She translated therefore several English novels, and published a collection of poems, which contains some patriotic and religious pieces, which are to this day esteemed master-pieces of Dutch poetry. She died on the 15th of November, 1807.

DELANY, MARY,

Was the daughter of Bernard Granville, Esq., afterwards Lord Lansdowne, a nobleman celebrated for his abilities and virtues. His character as a poet, and his friendship with Pope, Swift, and other eminent writers of the time, as well as his general patronage of men of genius and literature, have been so often recorded that they must be familiar to our readers. His daughter Mary re-

ceived a very careful education, and at the age of seventeen was induced to marry, against her own inclination, Alexander Pendarves, a gentleman of large property at Roscrow, in Cornwall. From a great disparity of years, and other causes, she was very unhappy during this connexion. However, she wisely employed the retirement to which she was confined in cultivating her mind and her musical talents. She was distinguished for her powers of conversation, for her epistolary writing, and her taste.

In 1724 Mrs. Pendarves became a widow, when she left Cornwall for London. For several years after this she corresponded with Dean Swift. In 1743 she married Dr. Patrick Delany, whom she had long known, and their union was a very happy one. He died in 1768, and after that she was induced by the duchess-dowager of Portland, who had been an early and constant friend of hers, to reside a part of the time with her; and Mrs. Delany divided the year between London and Bulstrode.

On the death of the duchess-dowager of Portland, the king assigned Mrs. Delany, as a summer residence, the use of a furnished house in St. Alban's street, Windsor, adjoining the entrance to the castle, and a pension of three hundred pounds a year. Mrs. Delany died at her own house in St. James' street, on the 15th of April, 1788, having nearly completed her eighty-eighth year.

The circumstance that has principally entitled Mrs. Delany to a place in this dictionary was her skill in painting, and other ingenious arts. She was thirty years old before she learned to draw, and forty before she attempted oil-painting; but she devoted herself to it, and her proficiency was remarkable. She was principally a copyist, but painted a few original pictures, the largest of which was the raising of Lazarus. She excelled in embroidery and shell-work, and at the age of seventy-four invented a new and beautiful mode of exercising her ingenuity. This was in the construction of a Flora. She cut out the various parts of the flower she wished to imitate, in coloured paper, which she sometimes dyed herself, and pasted them, accurately arranged, on a black ground. The effect was so admirable that it was impossible often to distinguish the original from the imitation. Mrs. Delany continued to carry out this favourite design till she was eighty-three, when the partial failure of her sight obliged her to lay it aside, but not till she had finished nine hundred and eighty flowers. This is the completest Flora ever executed by one hand, and required great knowledge of botanical drawing.

She bequeathed this work to her nephew, count Dewes. At the age of eighty she began to write poetry;—the following she prefixed to the first volume of her Flora, or Herbal:

> "Hail to the happy times when fancy led
> My pensive mind the flow'ry path to tread,
> And gave me emulation to presume,
> With timid art, to trace fair nature's bloom:
> To view with awe the great creative power
> That shines confest in the minutest flower:
> With wonder to pursue the glorious line,
> And gratefully adore the hand divine."

It was said of Mrs. Delany's poetry that "her verses show at least a pious disposition." At eighty piety is *the charm* of woman's life and conversation, and also required for her own happiness. Mrs. Delany has left a beautiful example to her sex, by the manner in which she improved her time; she never grew old in feeling; always employed, and always improving her talents, she kept youth in her heart, and therefore never lost her power of pleasing. Miss Burney, who was the intimate friend of her last years of life, thus describes Mrs. Delany just before her death, when she had entered her 88th year:—

"Her eyes alone had failed, and these not totally. Not even was her general frame, though enfeebled, wholly deprived of its elastic powers. She was upright; her air and her carriage were full of dignity; all her motions were graceful; and her gestures, when she was animated, had a vivacity almost sportive. Her exquisitely susceptible soul, at every strong emotion, still mantled in her cheeks, and her spirits, to the last, retained their innocent gaiety; her conversation its balmy tone of sympathy; and her manners their soft and resistless attraction: while her piety was at once the most fervent, yet most humble."

Mrs. Delany died April 15th, 1788, and was interred in a vault belonging to St. James' church, where a monument has been erected to her memory.

DELORME, MARION,

Born in 1612, at Chalons, in Champagne, was the mistress of Cinq-Mars, who was executed by Richelieu for high-treason, in the reign of Louis XIII. Even before the death of her lover she was unfaithful to him, and her house was the rendezvous of the young courtiers. In 1650 she was involved in another difficulty with the government, and only escaped arrest by a report of her sickness, followed by one of her death. She is said to have seen her own funeral from a window. She then went to England, married a wealthy nobleman, and being soon left a widow, she returned to France. On her way to Paris she was attacked by robbers and forced to marry their captain. Becoming a widow a second time, she married a man named Lebrun, with whom she went to Paris, where she died, in 1706, in great indigence. She was a friend of the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos.

DEROCHES, MADELEINE REVUO,

And her daughter Catherine, were famed among the French literati for wit and sparkling vivacity of mind. Their names cannot be separated, for like twin stars they illuminated the literary sky. The greatest minds of France sought and enjoyed their conversation: Marley, Scaliger, Rapin, and Pasquier, considered it more improving than that of their male friends, and Pasquier published a collection of their poems, with the curious title "Fleas of Miss Deroches," (1582). They were inseparable in death as during their life. They always expressed a wish that they might die at the same time; and Providence granted it. They died on the same day at Poictiers, victims of the

plague, which prevailed there at that time. Their works were published, in two volumes, in the year 1604.

DESCARTES, CATHARINE,

Daughter of a councillor of the Parliament of Brittany, and niece of the celebrated philosopher of that name, was, from her learning and talents, so worthy of her origin, that it was said, "The mind of the great Descartes had fallen on a distaff." Her most considerable work was an account of the death of her uncle, in prose and verse. She led a very quiet life in Brittany, and died, in 1706, of a disease brought on by hard study. She was born at Rennes in 1635.

DESHOULIÈRES, ANTOINETTE LIGIER DE LA GARDE,

Was born at Paris, in 1638. At that period the education of young ladies was very carefully attended; usage required them to be instructed in many subjects that are not always open to their sex. Mademoiselle de la Garde evinced a brightness of mind, and love for study, at a very early age. Her taste for poetry manifested itself almost in infancy; she "lisped in number." Henault, a poet of some reputation, was a friend of the family, and he took pleasure in instructing this charming damsel in the rules of versification; it has even been said that he sacrificed some poems of his own to add to the celebrity of his pupil. Mademoiselle de la Garde added the charms of beauty, and pleasing manners, to her literary abilities. Perhaps her admirers, who were many, would have expressed it — her beauty rendered her charming in spite of her literary abilities. In 1651 she became the wife of the seigneur Deshoulières, a lieutenant-colonel of the great Conde. He participated actively in the civil war of the Fronde, and becoming obnoxious to the queen-regent, suffered a confiscation of his property. Madame Deshoulières, who had accompanied her husband through the changes and chances of a soldier's life, went to Brussels, where a Spanish court resided, to obtain some claims which the colonel was not himself at leisure to pursue; this step resulted in an arbitrary imprisonment. She was confined, in a state prison, for eight months, and at the end of that time with difficulty released by the exertions of her husband. At the close of the civil wars M. Deshoulières obtained an office in Guienne, where he retired with his family. At this time Antoinette had the opportunity of visiting Vaucluse: the scene of Petrarch's inspiration; and here it was that she composed her happiest effusions. Her pastorals, particularly "Les Moutons" and "Le Ruisseau," are universally allowed to be among the very best of that sort of writing in the French language. Some of her maxims are still frequently cited, the following especially, whose truth comes home to everybody.

Il n'est pas si facile qu'on pense,
D'être honnête homme, et de jouer gros jeu,
Le desir de gagner, qui nuit et jour occupe,
Est un dangereux aiguillon:
Souvent, quoique l'esprit, quoique le cœur soit bon,
On commence par être dupe;
On finit par être fripon.

L'amour propre est, helas! le plus sot des amours:
Cependant des erreurs il est la plus commune:
Quelque puissant qu'on soit en richesse, en crédit,
Quelque mauvais succes q'ait tout ce qu'on écrit,
Nul n'est content de sa fortune
Ni mécontent de son esprit.

A little anecdote may serve for a moment's amusement, while it displays no inconsiderable courage in the heroine. It should be prefaced, by recalling to the reader that in the seventeenth century a ghost was a thing to be afraid of, and that not merely the "fair and innocent" succumbed to the unreal terrors of superstition. The cardinal de Retz gives a curious proof of this, in the account of the dismay cast over himself and the great Turenne, with many other of less note, by an imaginary band of spectres. Madame Deshoulières went to pay a visit to a friend of hers in the country. She was informed that one of the chambers was haunted; that for some time, every night, a phantom repaired there; and that, consequently, nobody would inhabit that side of the chateau. Madame Deshoulières was neither credulous nor superstitious, and she immediately offered to undertake the adventure of sleeping in the fatal apartment. In the middle of the night she heard the door open — she spoke — the spectre made no reply, but walked on with a heavy tread, uttering rough sounds. A table at the foot of the bed was thrown down, and the curtains pushed back with a great noise; the phantom approached, the lady, nowise disconcerted, stretched out her hands to discover whether it had a palpable form. She seized two long, soft ears; she dared not let go, lest she should lose the fruit of her undertaking, but actually remained in that attitude till the dawn of day revealed, as the cause of all the alarm, a large dog, very much petted by the family. This animal, not liking to sleep in open-yard, formed the habit of betaking himself to this room, the door of which was so constructed that he could push it open.

Madame Deshoulières was made a member of the Academy of Arles and of that of the Ricoverati. in Padua. She numbered among her friends,

many of the most distinguished persons of the day. The two Corneilles, Flechier, Quinault, the duke of Nevers, and La Rochefoucault, professed for her the highest esteem as a woman and as an authoress. The great Condé appears to have entertained for her a more tender sentiment—his rank, power, and many dazzling qualities, might have proved dangerous to a lighter mind; but her firm principles of virtue, and love for her husband, preserved her from the shadow of reproach. She had several children—a daughter, Antoinette, who inherited some of her mother's poetical talent; she took a prize at the French Academy, though Fontenelle was her competitor.

Madame Deshoulières achieved her literary reputation, not by isolating herself from the duties of society, as some poets have deemed necessary to the development of the poetic temperament. A tender mother—an active friend—as we have seen above, she did not hesitate to plunge into the difficulties of diplomacy, when called upon to aid her husband,—proving that the cultivation of the mind is by no means incompatible with attention to the minute and daily duties of the mother of a family. And those ladies who affect to despise feminine pursuits, or who complain of the cramping effect of woman's household cares, may learn from the example of this successful authoress, that neither are obstacles in the path of real genius, but rather an incentive to call forth talents, by developing the character in conformity with nature. Madame Deshoulières had studied with success geometry and philosophy, and was well versed in the Latin, Italian, and Spanish languages. She died in 1694. The following poem was very popular:—

LES MOUTONS.

IDYLLE.

Hélas! petits moutons; que vous êtes heureux!
Vous paissez dans nos champs sans soucis, sans alarmes:
Aussitôt aimés qu'amoureux,
On ne vous force point à répandre des larmes;
Vous ne formez jamais d'inutiles désirs.
Dans vos tranquilles cœurs l'amour suit la nature;
Sans ressentir ses maux, vous avez ses plaisirs.
L'ambition, l'honneur, l'intéret, l'imposture,
Qui font tant de maux parmi nous,
Ne se recontrent point chez vous.
Cependant nous avons la raison pour partage;
Et vous en ignorez l'usage.
Innocens animaux, n'en soyez point jaloux:
Ce n'est pas un grand avantage.
Cette fière raison, dont on fait tant de bruit,
Contre les passions n'est pas un sûr remède:
Un peu de vin la trouble, un enfant la séduit;
Et déchirer un cœur qui l'appelle à son aide,
Est tout l'effet qu'elle produit.
Toujours impuissante et sévère,
Elle s'oppose à tout et ne surmonte rien.
Sous la garde de votre chien,
Vous devez beaucoup moins redouter la colère
Des loups cruels et ravissans,
Que, sous l'autorité d'une telle chimère,
Nous ne devons craindre nos sens.
Ne vaudroit-il pas mieux vivre comme vous faites,
Dans une douce oisiveté?
Ne vaudroit-il pas mieux être comme vous êtes,
Dans une heureuse obscurité,
Que d'avoir, sans tranquillité,
Des richesses, de la naissance,
De l'esprit et de la beauté?
Ces prétendus trésors, dont on fait vanité,
Valent moins que votre indolence:
Ils nous livrent sans cesse à des soins criminels;
Par eux plus d'un remords nous ronge;
Nous voulons les rendre éternels,
Sans songer qu'eux et nous passerons comme un songe.
Il n'est dans ce vaste univers
Rien d'assuré, rien de solide:
Des choses d'ici-bas la fortune décide
Selon ses caprices divers.
Tout l'effort de notre prudence
Ne peut nous dérober au moindre de ses coups.
Paissez, moutons, paissez sans règle et sans science;
Malgré la trompeuse apparence,
Vous êtes plus sages que nous.

DESMOULINS, LUCILLE,

Was born in Paris, in 1771. Her father was a clerk of the finances, and her mother one of the most beautiful women of the age. Lucille, whose maiden name was Duplessis, was carefully educated. She formed an attachment, when very young, to Camille Desmoulins, a young man of great talent, who became one of the first leaders and victims of the revolution. They were married in 1790. Camille Desmoulins, after having made himself conspicuous by his speeches in favour of the death of Louis XVI., was appointed a member of the Convention, and for some time was very much followed. But as his feelings gradually changed from hatred against the aristocrats to pity for the innocent victims of the people's fury, he lost his popularity, was denounced, and imprisoned. Lucille exerted herself to the utmost to save him, and wandered continually around his prison, trying to rouse the people in his favour; but in vain. He was guillotined, and she was tried and condemned for having endeavoured to rescue him. She was calm, and even cheerful, during her hasty trial; and dressing herself with the greatest care, she entered the fatal cart, and, in the full bloom of her youth and beauty, ascended, with the most perfect serenity, the scaffold. She was executed in 1794, at the age of twenty-three.

DEVONSHIRE, GEORGIANA CAVENDISH, DUCHESS OF,

A lady as remarkable for her talents as her beauty, was the eldest daughter of earl Spencer, and was born in 1757. In her seventeenth year, she married the duke of Devonshire, a distin-

guished nobleman. The beautiful duchess, in the bloom of youth, became not only the leader of female fashions, and the star of the aristocratic world, but she also aspired to political influence. In 1780, she became the zealous partizan of Mr. Fox, and canvassed successfully for votes in his favour. The story of the butcher selling her his vote for a kiss, is well known. Among a variety of other *jeux d'esprits* which appeared on that occasion, was the following:—

"Array'd in matchless beauty, Devon's fair,
In Fox's favour takes a zealous part;
But oh! where'er the *pilferer* comes, beware—
She supplicates a vote, and *steals* a heart."

The duchess was benevolent, as well as patriotic, and few ladies in her high station have left such an impression of the kindly feelings of the heart on the public mind.

An anecdote is related of her by Gibbon, the celebrated historian, who became acquainted with her while she passed through Switzerland, during her travels abroad. The duchess returned to London; it was in the year 1793, when England was at war with France. The patriotism of the duchess now displayed a true feminine character; she took an anxious interest in the health and comfort of the protecting armies; and when, late in the autumn, Gibbon revisited England, and renewed his acquaintance with the duchess of Devonshire, he found her "making flannel waistcoats for the soldiers." This was more lady-like than canvassing for votes.

The duchess had three children, two daughters and a son, and seems to have been a careful and loving mother, as she was an excellent wife. She died, after a short illness, on the 30th of March, 1806, in the forty-ninth year of her life. She possessed a highly cultivated taste for poetry and the fine arts, and was liberal in her encouragement of talents and genius. She had written many poems, but only a few pieces have been published. These are spirited and elegant, and show a mind filled with enthusiasm for the true and the good. We subjoin an extract from the longest and most elaborate poem, entitled

THE PASSAGE OF THE MOUNTAIN OF ST. GOTHARD.

But though no more amidst those scenes I roam,
My fancy long its image shall retain—
The flock returning to its welcome home—
And the wild carol of the cow-herd's strain.

Lucerna's lake its glassy surface shows,
Whilst nature's varied beauties deck its side:
Here rocks and woods its narrow waves enclose,
And there its spreading bosom opens wide.

And hail the chapel! hail the platform wild!
Where Tell directed the avenging dart;
With well-strung arm, at first preserved his child,
Then winged the arrow to the tyrant's heart.

Across the lake, and deep embower'd in wood,
Behold another hallow'd chapel stands,
Where three Swiss heroes lawless force withstood,
And stamp'd the freedom of their native land.

Their Liberty requir'd no rites uncouth,
No blood demanded, and no slaves enchain'd;
Her rule was gentle, and her voice was truth,
By social order form'd, by law restrain'd.

We quit the lake—and cultivation's toil,
With nature's charms combin'd, adorn the way;
And well-earn'd wealth improves the ready soil,
And simple manners still maintain their sway.

Farewell, Helvetia—from whose lofty breast
Proud Alps arise, and copious rivers flow;
Where, source of streams, eternal glaciers rest,
And peaceful science gilds the plains below.

Oft on thy rocks the wond'ring eye shall gaze,
Thy valleys oft the rapture'd bosom seek—
There, nature's hand her boldest work displays;
Here, bliss domestic beams on every cheek.

Hope of my life! dear children of my heart!
That anxious heart, to each fond feeling true,
To you still pants, each pleasure to impart,
And more—O transport!—reach its home and you.

DEYSTER, ANNA,

The daughter of Louis Deyster, a Flemish painter, was born at Bruges in 1696. She excelled in landscapes, and imitated her father's works so well, that few of the best judges could distinguish the copies from the originals. She died in poverty, because, abandoning painting, she devoted her time to constructing organs and harpsichords, and was not successful. She died in 1746.

DIGBY, LETTICE,

Was descended from the ancient family of the Fitzgeralds of Kildare. She was created baroness of Offale for life, and on her marriage with lord Digby, of Coleshill, in the county of Longford, brought her large possessions into that family. As lady Digby lived in the time of the rebellion, the insurgents often assaulted her in her castle of Geashill, which she defended with great resolution. She died in 1658, and lies buried in the cathedral of St. Patrick. She left seven sons and three daughters.

DOMEIR, ESTHER, BORN GAD,

Was a woman of great genius and masculine powers of mind. She was born at Breslau, 1770, of Jewish parents. Already in her early youth, she busied herself with plans for improving the condition and education of her sex, and wrote several essays on the subject. When twenty years old, she went to Berlin, where she became acquainted with Madame de Genlis, who contributed much to model her mind. In 1791, she embraced Christianity; and in 1792 married Dr. W. F. Domeir. With him she travelled through southern Europe, and spent several years in Portugal. The result of her observations was published in the year 1803, in Hamburg, under the title "Letters during my residence in Portugal and England." She wrote also several smaller works, and translated a number of French books into English. She died in 1802, lamented by all her friends. Her writings are distinguished for vivid description, strong sense, and beauty of thought, without much polish of sentiment or style.

DUBOIS, DOROTHEA,

Daughter of Annesley, earl of Anglesea, by Anne Sympson, married a musician, and endea-

voured, by her writings, to reclaim her rights from her father, who had basely denied his marriage with her mother, and disowned her as his child. She wrote the "Divorce," a musical entertainment, and "Theodora," a novel, in which she delineates her own history. She died in Dublin, in 1774.

DUCLOS, MARIE ANNE,

A FRENCH actress of great merit, was born at Paris, where she died in 1748, aged seventy-eight. She excelled in the representation of queens and princesses. Her maiden name was Chateauneuf; that of Duclos was assumed; she married, in 1730, Duchemin, an actor, from whom she was divorced three years after.

DUFRESNOY, MADEMOISELLE,

WAS born in Paris, and entered "*La congregation des filles de la Croix.*" Her poems were very popular, and she holds a respectable rank among the female poets of France. She died in 1825.

DUMÉE, JOAN,

WAS born at Paris, and instructed, from her earliest infancy, in belles-lettres. She married very young, and was scarcely seventeen when her husband was killed, in Germany, at the head of a company he commanded. She employed the liberty her widowhood gave her in ardent application to study, devoting herself especially to astronomy. She published, in 1680, at Paris, a quarto volume under the title of "Discourses of Copernicus touching the Mobility of the Earth, by Madame Joanne Dumée, of Paris." She explains with clearness the three motions attributed to the earth, and the arguments that establish or militate against the system of Copernicus.

DUMESNIL, MARIE FRANCES,

A CELEBRATED tragic actress, was born at Paris in 1713, went upon the stage in 1737, and remained popular till the moment of her retirement, in 1775. She died in 1803, having preserved her intellectual powers to the last. She displayed her talents most strikingly in queens and lofty characters, especially in the parts of Merope, Clytemnestra, Athaliah, and Agrippina. When she exerted her full powers, she surpassed all her theatrical contemporaries in exciting emotions of pity and of terror.

DUMONT, MADAME,

WAS born at Paris, in the 18th century. She was the daughter of M. Lutel, an officer in the household of the duke of Orleans, then regent. She was celebrated for her poetical talents, and she published a collection of fugitive pieces, translations of Horace, fables, songs, &c.

DUPRÉ, MARY,

DAUGHTER of a sister of des Marêts de St. Sorlin, of the French Academy, was born at Paris and educated by her uncle. Endowed with a happy genius and a retentive memory, she read the principal French, Italian, and Latin authors, in the original, and understood Greek and philosophy. She studied Descartes so thoroughly, that she obtained the surname of la Cartesienne; and she also wrote very agreeable verses, and corresponded with several of her learned contemporaries. The answers of Isis to Climene, in the select pieces of poetry published by father Bouhors, are by this lady. She lived in the seventeenth century.

DURAND, CATHARINE,

A FRENCH poetess, married a man by the name of Bedacien, and died in 1736. She kept the name of Durand because she had begun to write under it. She published several romances, comedies, in prose and verse, and some poetry. An "Ode a la Louange de Louis XIV." gained the prize for poetry at the French Academy, in 1701. It is too long for insertion, and its chief merit, that which obtained the prize, was doubtless the homage the author rendered the Grand Monarque.

DURAS, DUCHESS OF,

A MODERN French authoress, best known from her novel Aurika. She was the daughter of a captain in the navy, count Corsain. During the French revolution, in 1793, she left France and went with her father to England. There she married the refugee duke Duras, a firm royalist. In the year 1800, she returned with her husband to France, where she made the acquaintance of Madame de Staël, and then opened her labours to a literary circle, composed of the greatest minds of the country. When Louis XVIII. returned to France, he called her husband to his court, and gave him a place near his person. The duchess, although now a great favourite at court, devoted much of her time to a school which she established, and in superintending several benevolent societies of which she was an active member. Her novel Aurika, in which she attacks, in a firm but gentle way, the prejudices of the nobility of birth, made quite a sensation, and was translated in several countries. Her next work, "Edward," was not quite equal to the first. She died in the year 1828.

DUSTON, HANNAH,

WAS the wife of Thomas Duston, of Haverhill, in Massachusetts. In 1679, Haverhill was attacked by the Indians; and Mrs. Duston, with her infant, only a week old, and the nurse, were taken by them. Mr. Duston succeeded in saving himself and the other seven children. After proceeding a short distance, the Indians killed the child, by dashing out its brains against a tree, because it embarrassed their march. Proceeding on the fatiguing journey, they arrived at an island in the Merrimack, just above Concord, N. H., now called Duston's Island. When they reached the place of rest, they slept soundly. Mrs. Duston did not sleep. The nurse, and an English boy, a prisoner, were apprised of her design, but were not of much use to her in the execution of it. In the stillness of the night she arose and went out of the wigwam to test the soundness and security of savage sleep. They moved not; they were to sleep until the last day. She returned, took one of their hatchets, and dispatched ten of them,—each with

a single blow. An Indian woman, who was rising when she struck her, fled with her probable death-wound; and an Indian boy was designedly spared; for the avenger of blood was a woman and a mother, and could not deal a death-blow upon a helpless child. She surveyed the carnage ground by the light of the fire, which she stirred up after the deed was done; and catching a few handfuls of roasted corn, she commenced her journey; but on reflecting a moment, she thought the people of Haverhill would consider her tale as the ravings of madness, when she should get home, if ever that time might come; she therefore returned, and scalped the slain; then put her nurse and English boy into the canoe, and with herself they floated down to the falls, when she landed, and took to the woods, keeping the river in sight, which she knew must direct her on her way home. After suffering incredible hardships by hunger, cold, and fatigue, she reached home, to the surprise and joy of her husband, children and friends. The general court of Massachusetts examined her story, and being satisfied of the truth of it, took her trophies, the scalps, and gave her fifty pounds. The people of Boston made her many presents. All classes were anxious to see her; and they found her as modest as brave.

In 1830, the house in Haverhill where Mrs. Duston had resided was standing, and was visited as a memorable spot, the home of an American heroine.

DWIGHT, ELIZABETH BAKER,

Was born at Andover, in Massachusetts, in 1808. Her maiden name was Baker. She was carefully educated; and her naturally strong mind was thus disciplined to give greater effect to her graces of character. She was about seventeen years of age when she became a member of the church of which Dr. Justin Edwards was pastor. From this period till the time of her marriage, Miss Baker was remarkable for the mingled sweetness and discretion of her manners; constantly striving to improve her time and talents in the service of the Saviour, whom she, like Mary of Bethany, had chosen for her portion.

In 1830, she married the Rev. H. G. O. Dwight, and sailed with him to Malta, where she resided two years, her husband being a missionary to that place. She was actively and very usefully engaged while there, and when her husband removed to Constantinople.

Her correspondence at this period, and the testimony of her associates, show how earnestly her spirit entered into the work she had undertaken. Her pious and tender sympathy was most efficient help to her husband, in his arduous missionary duties; though her delicate health, and many household cares, prevented her from giving the active assistance in the teacher's department she had intended, and was well qualified to have done. She had anticipated this work as her happiest privilege; to be able to imbue the minds of the children of unbelievers with the sweet and salutary truths of the gospel had been Mrs. Dwight's most cherished desire.

The missionary family resided at San Stefano, near the Bosphorus. Scenes of beauty and of storied interest were around Mrs. Dwight; still she had few opportunities of visiting the remarkable places in this region of the world. Once she made an excursion with Lady Frankland and an American friend to the Black Sea, and found her health renovated; still she was drooping and delicate, like a transplanted flower, which pines for its own mountain home, and the fresh breezes and pure sunshine of its first blossoming.

In the spring of 1837, the plague appeared at Constantinople, and Mrs. Dwight felt she was one of its doomed victims. The presentiment proved true. She died on the 8th of July, 1837; her devoted husband being the only person who remained to watch over, comfort her, and receive her last breath. She was only twenty-nine years of age, and had hardly become habituated to the missionary cross, when she was called to wear its crown.

DYER, MARY,

Was the wife of William Dyer, who removed from Massachusetts to Rhode Island in 1638. Having been sentenced to execution for "rebellious sedition and obtruding herself after banishment upon pain of death," she was reprieved at the request of her son, on condition that she departed in forty-eight hours, and did not return. She returned, and was executed June 1st, 1660. She was a Quakeress, and, in the estimation of her friends, a martyr.

E.

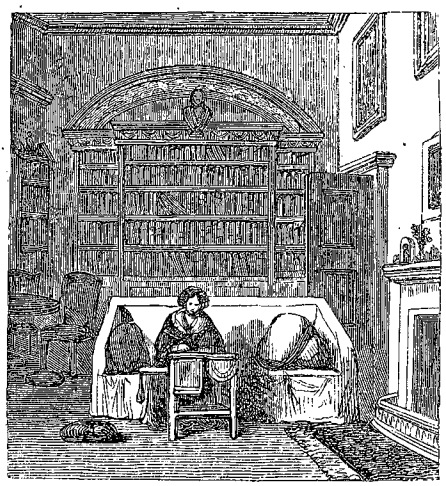
EBOLI, ANNE DE MENDOZA LA CERDA,

Princess of, was married to Rui de Gomez de Silva, the favourite of Philip II. of Spain, whose favour he was supposed to have owed to the attractions of his wife. Her ambition induced her to listen to the king's passion, by which means she obtained, for a time, great influence in the state. Antonio Perez, the secretary of state, was the rival of his master, who, discovering the circum-

stance, would have sacrificed the lovers to his vengeance; but Perez made his escape to France, and the princess was imprisoned.

EDGEWORTH, MARIA,

Descended from a respectable Irish family, was born in Oxfordshire, England, January 1st, 1767. Her father was Richard Lovell Edgeworth, Esq., who, succeeding to an estate in Ireland, removed thither when Maria was about four years old. The family residence was at Edgeworthstown, Longford county; and here the subject of our sketch passed her long and most useful life, leaving an example of literary excellence and beneficent goodness rarely surpassed in the annals of woman.



Mr. Edgeworth was a man of talent, who devoted his original and very active mind chiefly to subjects of practical utility. Mechanics and general literature were his pursuits, in so far as he could make these subservient to his theories of education and improvement; but his heart was centered in his home, and his eldest child, Maria, was his pride. She early manifested a decided taste for literary pursuits; and it appears to have been one of her father's greatest pleasures to direct her studies and develope her genius. This sympathy and assistance were of invaluable advantage to her at the beginning of her literary career; and sweetly did she repay these attentions when her own ripened talents outstripped his more methodical but less gifted intellect!

The father and daughter wrote, at first, together, and several works were their joint productions. The earliest book thus written in partnership was "Practical Education;" the second bore the title of "An Essay on Irish Bulls," which does not sound significantly of a young lady's agency, yet the book was very popular, because, with much wit, there was deep sympathy with the peculiar virtues of the Irish character, and pathetic touches in the stories illustrating Irish life, which warmed and won the heart of the reader. Miss Edgeworth was an earnest philanthropist, and herein lay the secret strength of her literary power. She felt for the wants and weaknesses of humanity; but as she saw human nature chiefly in Irish nature, her thoughts were directed towards the improvement of her adopted country, rather more, we suspect, from propinquity than patriotism. Be this as it may, her best novels are those in which Irish character is pourtrayed; but her best books are those written for the young; because in these her genuine philanthropy is most freely unfolded.

From the beginning of the century, 1800, when Miss Edgeworth commenced her literary career, till 1825, almost every year was the herald of a new work from the pen of this distinguished lady. "Castle Rackrent," "Belinda," "Leonora," "Popular Tales," "Tales of Fashionable Life," "Patronage," "Vivian," "Harrington and Ormond," followed each other rapidly, and all were welcomed and approved by the public voice. In 1817, Mr. Edgeworth died, and Maria's profound sorrow for his loss suspended for some time her career of authorship. She did not resume her tales of fiction until she had given expression to her filial affection and gratitude to her father for his precious care in training her mind and encouraging her talents, and also to her deep and tender grief for his loss, by completing the "Memoir" he had commenced of his own life. This was published in 1820. Then she resumed her course of moral instruction for the young, and published that work, which so many children, in America as well as in Great Britain, have been happier and better for reading, namely, "Rosamond, a Sequel to Early Lessons." In 1825, "Harriet and Lucy," a continuation of the "Early Lessons," in four volumes, was issued.

In 1823, Miss Edgeworth visited Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford. "Never," says Mr. Lockhart, "did I see a brighter day at Abbotsford than that on which Miss Edgeworth first arrived there; never can I forget her look and accent when she was received by him at his archway, and exclaimed, 'Everything about you is exactly what one ought to have had wit enough to dream.' The weather was beautiful, and the edifice and its appurtenances were all but complete; and day after day, so long as she could remain, her host had always some new plan of gaiety. Miss Edgeworth remained a fortnight at Abbotsford. Two years afterwards, she had an opportunity of repaying the hospitalities of her entertainer, by receiving him at Edgeworthtown, where Sir Walter met with as cordial a welcome, and where he found 'neither mud hovels nor naked peasantry, but snug cottages and smiling faces all about.' Literary fame had spoiled neither of these eminent persons, nor unfitted them for the common business and enjoyment of life. 'We shall never,' said Scott, 'learn to feel and respect our real calling and destiny, unless we have taught ourselves to consider everything as moonshine compared with the education of the heart.' Maria did not listen to this without some water in her eyes; her tears are always ready when any generous string is touched—(for, as Pope says, "the finest minds, like the finest metals, dissolve the easiest"); but she brushed them gaily aside, and said, "You see how it is; Dean Swift said he had written his books in order

that people might learn to treat him like a great lord. Sir Walter writes his in order that he may be able to treat his people as a great lord ought to do.'"

In 1834, Miss Edgeworth made her last appearance as a novelist, with the exquisite story of "Helen," in three volumes. It is her best work of fiction, combining with truth and nature more of the warmth of fancy and pathos of feeling than she displayed in her earlier writings. As though the last beams from the sun of her genius had, like the departing rays of a long unclouded day, become softer in their brightness and beauty, while stealing away from the world they had blessed.

As every thing pertaining to the private life of a woman whose intellect has had such wide-spread and happy influence on the risen and rising generations of the Saxon race, is of incalculable importance to the literary character of her sex, we will give a sketch of Miss Edgeworth at home, from the pen of one who knew her well, and has most charmingly described her. Mrs. S. C. Hall, in the "Art-Journal," thus delineates the domestic life of her revered friend, whom she visited in 1842:

"The entrance-hall at Edgeworthstown was an admirable preface to the house and family; it was spacious, hung with portraits; here, a case of stuffed birds; there, another of curiosities; specimens of various kinds, models of various things, all well arranged and well kept, all capable of affording amusement or instruction; an excellent place it was for children to play in, for at every pause in their games their little minds would be led to question what they saw; a charming waiting-room, it might have been, were it not that at Edgeworthstown no one was ever kept waiting, everything was as well-timed as at a railway-station. Many of this numerous family at that period had passed from time to eternity; others were absent; but there still remained a large family party. Among them were two of Miss Edgeworth's sisters, and Mr. and Mrs. Francis Edgeworth, and their children.

The library at Edgeworthstown is by no means the stately, solitary room that libraries generally are; it is large, spacious, and lofty, well stored with books, and embellished with those most valuable of all classes of prints, the 'suggestive.' It is also picturesque, having been added to, and supported by pillars, so as to increase its breadth, and the beautiful lawn seen through the windows, embellished and varied by clumps of trees, imparts much cheerfulness to the exterior. If you look at the oblong table in the centre, you will see the rallying-point of the family, who were generally grouped around it, reading, writing, or working; while Miss Edgeworth, only anxious upon one point,—that all in the house should do exactly as they liked, without reference to her,—sat in her own peculiar corner on the sofa: her desk,—upon which was Sir Walter Scott's pen, given to her by him, when in Ireland,—placed before her on a little quaint, unassuming table, constructed and added to for convenience. Miss Edgeworth's abstractedness, and yet power of attention to what was going on,—the one not seeming to interfere with the other,—puzzled me exceedingly. In that same corner, and upon that table, she had written nearly *all* that has enlightened and delighted the world; the novels that moved Sir Walter Scott 'to do for Scotland what Miss Edgeworth had done for Ireland;' the works in which she brought the elevated sensibilities and sound morality of maturer life to a level with the comprehension of childhood, and rendered knowledge, and virtue, and care, and order, the playthings and companions of the nursery;—in that spot,—and while the multitudinous family were moving about and talking of the ordinary and everyday things of life,—she remained, wrapt up, to all appearance, in her subject, yet knowing, by a sort of instinct, when she was really wanted in the conversation; and then, without laying down her pen,—hardly looking up from her page,—she would, by a judicious sentence, wisely and kindly spoken, explain and illustrate, in a few words, so as to clear up any difficulty; or turn the conversation into a new and more pleasing current. She had the most harmonious way of throwing in explanations; informing, while entertaining, and that without embarrassing.

It was quite charming to see how Mr. Francis Edgeworth's children enjoyed the freedom of the library without abusing it; to set these little people right when they were wrong, to rise from her table to fetch them a toy, or even to save a servant a journey; to run up the high steps and find a volume that escaped all eyes but her own; and having done all this, in less space of time than I have taken to write it, to hunt out the exact passage wanted or referred to—were the hourly employments of this unspoiled and admirable woman. She would then resume her pen, and continue writing, pausing sometimes to read a passage from an article or letter that pleased herself, and would please her still more if it excited the sympathy of those she loved. I expressed my astonishment at this to Mrs. Edgeworth, who said that "Maria was always the same; her mind was so rightly balanced, everything so honestly weighed, that she suffered no inconvenience from what would disturb and distract an ordinary writer." Perhaps to this habit, however, may be traced a want of closeness in her arguments; indeed, neither on paper or in conversation was she argumentative. She would rush at a thing at once, rendering it sparkling and interesting by her playfulness, and informing by anecdote or illustration, and then start another subject. She spoke in eloquent sentences, and felt so truly what she said, that she made others instantly feel also.

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"I regretted that so much of Miss Edgeworth's mind and attention were given to local matters, but the pleasure she herself derived from the improvement of every living thing around her, was delightful to witness. I thought myself particularly good to be up and about at half-past seven in the morning; but early as it was, Miss Edgeworth had preceded me; and a table heaped with early roses, upon which the dew was still.

moist, and a pair of gloves, too small for any hands but hers, told who was the early florist. She was passionately fond of flowers: she liked to grow them, and to give them; one of the most loved and cherished of my garden's rose-bushes, is a gift from Miss Edgeworth. There was a rose, or a little bouquet of her arranging, always by each plate on the breakfast-table, and if she saw my bouquet faded, she was sure to tap at my door with a fresh one before dinner. And this from Maria Edgeworth—then between seventy and eighty!—to me!! These small attentions enter the heart and remain there, when great services and great talents are regarded perhaps like great mountains,—distant, and cold, and ungenial. I linger over what I write, and yet feel I cannot pourtray her at all as I desire to do.

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"Her whole life was a lesson of truth, and yet her truths never offended; she took the rough edge off an opinion with so tender and skilful a hand, she was so much fonder of wiling you into a virtue than exciting terror at a vice; so stedfast yet so gentle, that whenever she left the room, there was something wanting, a joy departed, a light gone out.

She had a vivid perception of the ridiculous, but that was kept in admirable order by her benevolence. Her eyes and mouth would often smile, when she restrained an observation, which, if it had found words, would have amused us, while it perhaps pained others; and yet she had the happiest manner of saying things, drawing a picture with a few words, as a great artist produces a likeness with a few touches of his pencil. I remember Cuvier excited my admiration very much, during one of our visits to Paris; I saw him frequently in society, and his magnificent head captivated my imagination. "Yes," said Miss Edgeworth, "he is indeed a wonder, but he has been an example of the folly of literary and scientific men being taken out of their sphere; Cuvier was more vain of his bad speeches in the Chamber of Peers, than he was of his vast reputation as a naturalist."

I never knew any one so ready to give information; her mind was generous in every sense of the word, in small things as well as in large; she gave away all the duplicates of her shells—"One is enough," she would say, "I must keep *that* out of compliment to the giver." She was not reserved in speaking of her literary labours, but she never volunteered speaking of them or of herself; she never seemed to be *in her own head*, as it were—much less *in her own heart:* she loved herself, thought of herself, cared for herself, infinitely less than she did for those around her. Naturally anxious to know everything connected with her habits of thought and writing—I often reverted to her books, which she said I remembered a great deal better than she did herself. When she saw that I really enjoyed talking about them, she spoke of them with her usual frankness. I told her I observed that she spoke to children as she wrote for them, and she said it was so; and she believed that having been so much with children, had taught her to think for them. I have no doubt that the succession of children in the Edgeworth family, kept alive her interest in childhood; those who withdraw from the society of youth, when they themselves are no longer young, turn away from the greenness and freshness of existence; it is as if winter made no preparation for, and had no desire to be succeeded by spring.

While seeing the little weaknesses of humanity, clearly and truly, she avoided dwelling upon them, and could not bear to inflict pain: "People," she said, "see matters so differently that the very thing I should be most proud of makes others blush with shame; Wedgwood carried the 'hod' of mortar in his youth, but his family objected to that fact being stated in 'Harry and Lucy.'"

I once asked her how long she took to write a novel. She replied, she had generally taken ample time; she had written "Ormond" in three months; "but that," she added, "was at my father's command; I read to him at night what I wrote by day, and I never heard of the book, nor could I think of it, after his death, until my sister, two years after, read it me; then it was quite forgotten." She had a great veneration for father Matthew, and said Mr. Hall did himself honour by being the first Protestant, and the first Conservative, who advocated his cause *in print:* "What authors *say* goes for nothing," she observed; "it is what they *write* they should be judged by."

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I remember saying to her, how happy it was for Ireland that she had overcome every religious prejudice.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "I never had religious prejudices to overcome, so I deserve no praise for being without them." Miss Edgeworth never wrote that other people might practise, but she wrote what she and hers practised daily; it was evident from the children being constantly with the family, that they still held by the opinion that intercourse between children and servants is injurious to the former. "We believe in it," said Miss Edgeworth; "but I have long learned how very impossible it is for others to practise it. My father made it easy; for not only his wife, but his children knew all his affairs. Whatever business he had to do was done in the midst of his family, usually in the common sitting-room; so that we were intimately acquainted, not only with his general principles of conduct, but with the most minute details of their every-day application."

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Some of the "unco good" have complained of what they call the want of *religious*, but what I should rather call *sectarian*, instruction, in Miss Edgeworth's juvenile works. "We wrote," she said to me, "for every sect, and did not, nor do I now, think it right, to introduce the awful idea of God's superintendence upon puerile occasions. I hold religion in a more exalted view than as a subject of perpetual outward exhibition. Many dignitaries of the established church honoured my father by their esteem and private friendship; this could not have been, had they believed him to be

either an open or concealed enemy to *Christianity*." Certainly, as a magistrate, as a member of the Board of Education, as a member of parliament, Mr. Edgeworth had public opportunities of recording his opinions; and there is no trace, that I could ever discover, of his desiring to found a system of morality exclusive of religion. Unfortunately, in Ireland, if you are not,—I do not like the word, but I can find no other,—*bigoted*, to one or the other party, you are marked and stigmatised as irreligious — or worse — by both.

I do not design to write a panegyric. Miss Edgeworth's own works will suffice for that; they are imperishable monuments of her usefulness and her "good will," especially towards the country of her adoption and towards children. But even after a visit to Edgeworthstown, where a natural habit of observation, as well as a desire to read her rightly, made me more than usually awake to every word and every passing incident — bright days of rambling and sunshine, and dark days of rain and conversation with her and hers — seeing her thus away from the meretricious glare and false lights of London society, where I had first met her — in the trying seclusion of a country-house, in the midst of a most mingled family — where her father's last wife was many years younger than herself, and the half foreign children and foreign wife of her youngest brother, rendered the mingling still more extraordinary — recalling all seen and known of other families, where children of the same parents too seldom live together in unity — I remember nothing that at this distance of time does not excite my admiration and increase my affection for this admirable woman, combining in her small self whatever we believe to be most deserving of praise in her sex. She was a literary woman, without vanity, affectation, or jealousy — a very sunbeam of light, in a home rendered historic by her genius — a perfect woman in her attention to those little offices of love and kindness which sanctify domestic life; a patriot, but not a politician—the champion of a country's virtues, without being blind either to its follies or its crimes. Honoured wherever her name was heard during half a century of literary industry — idolized by a family composed as I have said of many members under one roof, yet tuned into matchless harmony by admirable management and right affection, — this woman, so loved, so honoured, so cherished to the very last, was entirely unselfish."

The true feminine beauty and excellence of Miss Edgeworth's character seem to rise palpably before us as we read these delineations by one who knew her so intimately and loved her so well. And these reminiscences gain enhanced value from the circumstance that Miss Edgeworth left positive orders her private correspondence should not be published; we cannot, therefore, hope for a more intimate knowledge of this estimable woman than Mrs. Hall has given. One more trait from this reminiscence, a *written portrait* of Miss Edgeworth.*

* Miss Edgeworth would never sit for her picture; the one we have given is from a sketch taken by Mr. S. C. Hall, when at Edgeworthstown.

In person she was very small, — smaller than Hannah More, — and with more than Hannah More's vivacity of manner; her face was pale and thin; her features irregular; they may have been considered plain, even in youth; but her expression was so benevolent, her manner so entirely well bred, — partaking of English dignity and Irish frankness, — that you never thought of her, in reference either to plainness or beauty; she was all in all; occupied, without fatiguing the attention; charmed by her pleasant voice; while the earnestness and truth that beamed in her bright, blue — *very blue* — eyes, made of value, every word she uttered, — her words were always well chosen; her manner of expression was graceful and natural; her sentences were frequently epigrammatic; she knew how to *listen* as well as to *talk*, and gathered information in a manner highly complimentary to the society of which, at the time, she formed a part; while listening to her, she continually recalled to me the story of the fairy whose lips dropped diamonds and pearls whenever they opened.

Miss Edgeworth was remarkably neat and particular in her dress; her feet and hands were so very small as to be quite child-like. I once took a shoe of hers to Melnotte's, in Paris, she having commissioned me to procure her some shoes there, and the people insisted that I must require them "*pour une jeune demoiselle.*"

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We have chosen the first work of Miss Edgeworth from which to make our extracts, partly because it is less read than her novels, but chiefly because the sentiments are those which actuated her own life, and form the moral of all she wrote. In the "Practical Education" is contained the soul, so to speak, of her genius. She wrought out her materials of thought into many forms, and coloured these with the rainbow tinting of her fancy, and ornamented them with the polished beauty of benevolent feeling; but the precious gold of truth, which she first assayed in this elementary book, makes the sterling worth of all her books. And what a number she has written! The term of her life was long, but measured by what she accomplished seems to comprise the two centuries in which she lived. So quiet and easy was her death, it seemed but a sweet sleep, after only a half-hour's illness, May 21st, 1849. She died in her eighty-third year, ripe in good works, and in the "charity which never faileth," for the kingdom of love and peace.

From "*Practical Education.*"

ONLY CHILDREN.

An only child runs a dreadful chance of being spoiled. He is born a person of consequence; he soon discovers his innate merit; every eye is turned upon him the moment he enters the room; his looks, his dress, his appetite, are all matters of daily concern to a whole family; his wishes are divined; his wants are prevented; his witty sayings are repeated in his presence; his smiles are courted; his caresses excite jealousy; and he soon

learns how to avail himself of his central situation. His father and mother make him alternately their idol, and their plaything; they do not think of educating, they only think of admiring him: they imagine that he is unlike all other children in the universe; and that his genius and his temper are independent of all cultivation. But when this little paragon of perfection has two or three brothers and sisters, the scene changes; the man of consequence dwindles into an insignificant little boy.

THE POWER OF SYMPATHY.

Long before children can understand reasoning, they can feel sympathy; during this early period of their education, example and habit, slight external circumstances, and the propensity to imitation, govern their thoughts and actions. Imitation is the involuntary effect of sympathy in children; hence, those who have the most sympathy are most liable to be improved or injured by early examples. Examples of the malevolent passions should therefore be most carefully excluded from the sight of those who have yet no choice in their sympathy; expressions of kindness and affection in the countenance, the voice, the actions, of all who approach, and of all who have the care of infants, are not only immediately and evidently agreeable to children, but ought also to be used as the best possible means of exciting benevolent sympathies in their minds. Children who habitually meet with kindness, habitually feel complacency; that species of instinctive, or rather of associated affection, which always rises in the mind from the recollection of past pleasures, is immediately excited in such children by the sight of their parents. By an easy transition of ideas, they expect the same benevolence, even from strangers, which they have experienced from their friends, and their sympathy naturally prepares them to wish for society; this wish is often improperly indulged.

At the age when children begin to unfold their ideas, and to express their thoughts in words, they are such interesting and entertaining companions, that they attract a large portion of our daily attention: we listen eagerly to their simple observations; we enter into their young astonishment at every new object; we are delighted to watch all their emotions; we help them with words to express their ideas; we anxiously endeavour to understand their imperfect reasonings; and are pleased to find, or put them in the right. This season of universal smiles and courtesy is delightful to children while it lasts; but it soon passes away: they soon speak without exciting any astonishment; and instead of meeting with admiration for every attempt to express an idea, they are soon repulsed for troublesome volubility; even when they talk sense, they are suffered to talk unheard, or else they are checked for unbecoming presumption. Children feel this change in public opinion and manners most severely; they are not sensible of any change in themselves, except, perhaps, they are conscious of having improved both in sense and language.

MUSIC AS AN ACCOMPLISHMENT.

Out of the prodigious number of young women who learn music and drawing, for instance, how many are there who, after they have become mistresses of their own time, and after they have the choice of their own amusements, continue to practise these accomplishments for the pure pleasure of occupation? As soon as a young lady is married, does she not frequently discover that "she really has not *leisure* to cultivate talents which take up so much time?" Does she not complain of the labour of practising four or five hours a day, to keep up her musical character? What motive has she for perseverance? She is, perhaps, already tired of playing to all her acquaintance. She may really take pleasure in hearing good music; but her own performance will not, then, please her ear so much as that of many others. She will prefer the more indolent pleasure of hearing the best music that can be heard for money at public concerts. She will then, of course, leave off playing, but continue very fond of music. How often is the labour of years thus lost for ever!

THE BEST ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

We must further observe, that the habit of pursuing any occupation which requires no mental exertion, induces an indolence or incapacity of intellect. Mere artists are commonly as stupid as mere artificers, and these are little more than machines.

The length of time which is required to obtain practical skill and dexterity in certain accomplishments, is one reason why there are so few people who obtain any thing more than mechanical excellence. They become the slaves of custom, and they become proud of their slavery. At first, they might have considered custom as a tyrant; but when they have obeyed her for a certain time, they do her voluntary homage ever after, as to a sovereign by divine right. To prevent this species of intellectual degradation, we must, in education, be careful to rank mere mechanical talents below the exercise of the mental powers. Thus the ambition of young people will be directed to high objects; and all inferior qualifications may be attained without contracting the understanding. Praise children for patience, for perseverance, for industry; encourage them to reason and to invent upon all subjects, and you may direct their attention afterwards as you think proper. But if you applaud children merely for drawing a flower neatly, or copying a landscape, without exciting their ambition to any thing higher, you will never create superior talents, or a superior character. The proficiency that is made in any particular accomplishment, at any given age, should not be considered so much, even by those who highly value accomplishments, as the power, the energy, that is excited in the pupil's mind, from which future progress is insured. The writing and drawing automaton performs its advertised wonders to the satisfaction of the spectators; but the machine is not "instinct with spirit;" you cannot expect from its pencil the sketch of a Raphael, or from

its pen the thoughts of a Shakspeare. It is easy to guide the hand, but who can transfuse a soul into the image?

LITERARY EDUCATION.

It will be sufficient to profess the distinct opinion which a longer consideration of the subject has yet more fully confirmed, That it will tend to the happiness of society in general, that women should have their understandings cultivated and enlarged as much as possible; that the happiness of domestic life, the virtues and the powers of pleasing in the female sex, the yet more desirable power of attaching those worthy of their love and esteem, will be increased, by the judicious cultivation of the female understanding, more than by all that modern gallantry or ancient chivalry could devise in favour of the sex. Much prudence and ability are requisite to conduct properly a young woman's literary education. Her imagination must not be raised above the taste for necessary occupations, or the numerous small, but not trifling, pleasures of domestic life; her mind must be enlarged, yet the delicacy of her manners must be preserved; her knowledge must be various, and her powers of reasoning unawed by authority; yet she must *habitually* feel that nice sense of propriety, which is at once the guard and the charm of every feminine virtue. By early caution—unremitting, scrupulous caution—in the choice of the books which are put into the hands of girls, a mother, or a preceptress, may fully occupy and entertain their pupils, and excite in their minds a *taste* for propriety, as well as a taste for literature. It cannot be necessary to add more than this general idea, that a mother ought to be answerable to her daughter's husband for the books her daughter had read, as well as for the company she had kept.

ON PRUDENCE.

In the education of girls, we must teach them much more caution than is necessary to boys: their prudence must be more the result of reasoning than of experiment; they *must* trust to the experience of others; they cannot always have recourse to what *ought to be;* they must adapt themselves to what is. They cannot rectify the material mistakes in their conduct. Timidity, a certain tardiness of decision, and reluctance to act in public situations, are not considered as defects in a woman's character; her pausing prudence does not, to a man of discernment, denote imbecility; but appears to him the graceful, auspicious characteristic of female virtue. There is always more probability that women should endanger their own happiness by precipitation, than by forbearance. Promptitude of choice is seldom expected from the female sex; they should avail themselves of the leisure that is permitted to them from reflection. "Begin nothing of which you have not considered the end," was the piece of advice for which the Eastern sultan paid a purse of gold, the price set upon it by a sage. The monarch did not repent of his purchase. This maxim should be engraved upon the memory of our female pupils, by the repeated lessons of education. We should, even in trifles, avoid every circumstance which can tend to make girls venturesome; which can encourage them to trust their good fortune, instead of relying on their own prudence.

ECONOMY.

Economy in women is an essential domestic virtue. Some women have a foolish love of expensive baubles; a taste which a very little care, probably, in their early education might have prevented. We are told that when a collection of three hundred and fifty pounds was made for the celebrated Cuzzona, to save her from absolute want, she immediately laid out two hundred pounds of the money in the purchase of a *shell-cap*, which was then in fashion. Prudent mothers will avoid showing any admiration of pretty trinkets before their young daughters; and they will oppose the ideas of utility and durability to the mere caprice of fashion, which creates a taste for beauty, as it were, by proclamation. "Such a thing is pretty, but it is of no use. Such a thing is pretty, but it will soon wear out"—a mother may say; and she should prove the truth of her assertions to her pupils.

ELEONORE OF TOLEDO,

Daughter of Pertor of Toledo, viceroy of Naples, was born in the year 1526, and showed, even when a child, marks of an extraordinary mind. In 1543, she married Cosmos I., a Medici. Her husband was only twenty-four years old, though already six years a ruling prince. He had ascended the throne after the assassination of Alexander, in the year 1538, and found himself now constantly engaged in active hostilities with the Strozzi, the hereditary enemies of his house. Bloody and terrible were the battles fought in this struggle; but Eleonore never left the side of her husband even during the hottest encounters of the fight. Her extraordinary courage contributed greatly to the termination of the war; for, one day while riding with an escort of only fifteen horsemen, she met the leader of the hostile forces, Philip Strozzi, with a force of forty-five horsemen, reconnoitring the camp. Without a moment's hesitation, she threw herself upon them, cut them to pieces, and made Strozzi prisoner. Philip knew that no prisoner had hitherto been spared, and, in order to escape an ignominious death upon the scaffold, committed suicide in prison. This sad event induced Eleonore to prevail upon her husband to promise that henceforth he would spare the lives of his prisoners. Eleonore also accompanied her husband in the war between Charles V. and Francis I., and was actively engaged in the storming and taking Sienna. She afterwards urged her husband to have himself crowned a king, but in this he failed. Pius V. finally changed his title, duke of Florence, into that of grand-duke of Tuscany.

Eleonore's ambition being now satisfied, she devoted the rest of her life to encourage education, the fine arts, and benevolent institutions. The exact time of her decease is not known.

ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF ENGLAND,

WAS the daughter of Henry VIII. by his second wife, Anne Boleyn, and born September 7th, 1533. Upon that king's marriage with Jane Seymour, in 1535, she was declared illegitimate, with her half-sister Mary; and the succession to the crown esta-

blished on the king's issue by his third wife. Her mother, at her death, had earnestly recommended her to the care of Dr. Parker, a great reformer, and afterwards archbishop of Canterbury; who had the charge of her education, and instructed her carefully in the principles of the Christian religion. She spent her youth in the manner of a private person, and was unmolested; but, when her sister Mary ascended the throne, she was imprisoned on suspicion of being concerned in lady Jane Grey's promotion; and in March, 1557, committed to the Tower. She came near losing her life, for bishop Gardiner was against her, supposing Popery but half re-established while she lived. But Philip of Spain, Mary's husband, interceded for her, and saved her. For as Philip and Mary had no children, he considered that if Elizabeth were removed, the crown of England, after Mary's death, would pass to Mary of Scotland, who had just married the dauphin of France. And his hatred of France proved stronger than his zeal for his religion. Nevertheless, Elizabeth underwent great sufferings and ill treatment during her sister's reign.

Elizabeth began to reign in 1558. She was then twenty-five, and highly accomplished. Her person was graceful, her carriage noble and majestic, and though her features were not regular, yet her fair complexion, her lustrous eyes, and intelligent, animated expression, hardly suffered smaller imperfections to be observed. She was endowed with great talents, enlarged, cultivated, and refined by education. She wrote letters in English and Italian at thirteen; and, before she was seventeen, was perfect in the Latin, Greek, and French, and not unacquainted with other European languages. She also studied philosophy, rhetoric, history, divinity, poetry and music, and everything that could improve or adorn her mind.

Her first object, after her accession, was to restore the Protestant religion; to this she was led by interest as well as principle. For the pope treated her in such a manner, that she clearly perceived, if she professed Popery, she must allow her father's divorce from Catharine of Arragon to be void, and consequently herself illegitimate; and this would have annulled her pretensions to the crown. She has been strongly suspected by some of an inclination to the Roman Catholic religion; but there is no proof of this. Indeed she was the real foundress of the English Episcopal Church, as it now exists. True, she was greatly assisted by her counsellor, Cecil, afterwards lord Burleigh; still Elizabeth herself always held the reins of government over the church, as well as over the state; and what she founded and upheld steadily for fifty years, must have been conformable to her own faith.

The queen, while she was princess, had a private proposal of marriage from the king of Sweden; but she declared "she could not change her condition," though it was then very disagreeable. Upon her becoming queen, Philip of Spain, her late sister's husband, made an offer of himself to her, which she declined. In the first parliament of her reign, the house of commons addressed her, and represented to her how necessary it was, for the happiness of the nation, that she should think of marrying. She replied, "That, by the ceremony of her inauguration, she was married to her people, and her subjects were to her instead of children; that they should not want a successor when she died; and that, for her part, she should be very well contented to have her tomb-stone tell posterity, 'Here lies a queen, who reigned so long, and lived and died a virgin.'" Several matches were afterwards proposed to her by her people, and many distinguished personages were desirous of uniting themselves to this illustrious princess, but she maintained her celibacy.

It was not long before Elizabeth, by the advice of her council, began to interfere in the affairs of Scotland. Mary, the young queen of that country, was the next heir in blood to the crown of England; and as the zealous Romanists considered the birth of Elizabeth illegitimate, and her succession as rendered invalid by the papal excommunication she had undergone, they regarded Mary as the true sovereign of England. In accordance with this idea, when queen Mary died, Mary of Scotland and her husband, the dauphin of France, openly assumed the arms and title of English royalty. This act of hostility Elizabeth never forgot. When Mary returned to Scotland, some ineffectual attempts were made to induce Elizabeth to recognize her as presumptive successor to the English throne; but Elizabeth then, as ever afterwards, displayed the greatest aversion to the nomination of a successor. The matter was suffered to rest, and the two queens lived in apparent amity. The queen of England always evinced a weak jealousy of Mary's superior personal charms, and attempted a rivalry in that respect, as mean

as it was hopeless. Another weakness of hers was a propensity to adopt court favourites, whom she selected rather on account of their external accomplishments than their merit. This foible was sometimes detrimental to her state affairs; though she generally gave her ministers and counsellors, who were chosen for their real merit, a due superiority in business affairs over her favourites.

One of the most conspicuous of these, Dudley, earl of Leicester, who obtained a great ascendency over her, aspired to her hand; but she checked his presumption, and proposed him as a husband to the queen of Scotland, whom she had thwarted in every attempt she made to ally herself to a foreign potentate. But when Mary seemed disposed to listen favourably to this proposal, Elizabeth interfered and prevented her rival from taking away her favourite. Elizabeth and her ministers had also fomented those political dissensions which gave Mary so much disquiet.

In 1568, Mary fled from Scotland, and took refuge in England, having previously informed Elizabeth of her determination. The English queen resolved to detain her rival in perpetual imprisonment; in consequence of which two or three rebellions were excited by the Catholics of England, but these were soon quelled by the prompt measures of Elizabeth.

The Puritan party began at this time to give the queen some uneasiness; for with a haughty and arbitrary temper, and a high idea of her prerogative, she was greatly offended by the spirit of civil liberty which, from their earliest rise, marked the Puritans. Elizabeth, however, understood so well the art of making concessions, and at the same time of supporting her dignity, that though she ruled her people with a rigorous hand, she always retained their confidence and affection. Her wise frugality prevented her from being burdensome to the nation; and she is a singular instance of a sovereign who returned a portion of the people's grants. The principal pecuniary cause of complaint in her reign arose from her custom of rewarding her courtiers with monopolies.

One of the most singular instances of contention between the feminine weakness and the political prudence of Elizabeth, was her conduct with respect to her suitor, the Duke d'Anjou, youngest brother of Charles IX. of France. This prince, about twenty-five years younger than herself, had been encouraged to come over to England, and prosecute his courtship in person. The negotiations for the marriage were nearly completed; and the queen was seen, in public, to take a ring from her own finger, and put it on his, as a pledge of their union. At length, perhaps in consequence of the great dislike of the nation to the match, she suddenly broke off the affair, and sent back the enraged prince to his government of the Netherlands.

In 1585, Elizabeth openly defied the hostility of Spain, by entering into a treaty with the revolted Low Countries, by which she bound herself to assist them with a considerable force, on condition of having some ports in her hands for her security. She refused the offer, which was twice made, of the sovereignty of these provinces, but stipulated for the admission of her general into the council of the states. The person she chose for this high trust, was the earl of Leicester, who did little honour to her choice. She at the same time sent a powerful armament against the Spanish settlement of the West Indies, under Sir Francis Drake. She likewise made a league of mutual defence with James, king of Scotland, whose friendship she courted, while she kept his mother imprisoned.

In 1586, a conspiracy was formed against the life of Elizabeth, the detection of which had very important consequences. Ballard, a Catholic priest, induced Anthony Babington, a Derbyshire gentleman of fortune, to undertake the queen's assassination. He was acting in the service of the queen of Scots, but it is doubtful whether Mary was aware of the intended murder of Elizabeth. The plot was discovered, and letters of Mary found, which rendered her participation in it, to a certain extent, a matter of judicial proof. Fourteen of the principal conspirators were executed, and Mary was tried and condemned to death. Elizabeth, though consenting to her execution, practised all the artifice and dissimulation which belonged to her character, to avoid as much as possible the odium of putting to death a queen and a near kinswoman. She wept and lamented as though she had lost a dear friend; she stormed at her council, and inflicted on her secretary, Davison, who had sent off the warrant, a ruinous fine.

The next great event of this reign was the expedition sent against England by the Spaniards. A large fleet, the Invincible Armada, as it was called, set sail in the summer of 1588, and presented a more formidable spectacle in the English channel than had been witnessed for many centuries. Elizabeth exerted all her energy to infuse confidence in her subjects. She rode on horseback through the camp at Tilbury, with a cheerful and undaunted demeanour, and addressed the troops with the true spirit of a hero. Happily the English fleet, aided by the winds, conquered the *invincible* armada, before it reached the coast. Elizabeth also assisted Henry IV., of Navarre, in obtaining possession of the throne of France.

In these enterprises by land and sea, the gallant Robert Devereux, earl of Essex, distinguished himself very much. On the death of Leicester, he had succeeded to his place in the estimation of the queen; and his splendid qualities and heroic valour seemed to justify her partiality. Her partiality, however, did not prevent her from asserting her own dignity; and once, when in the heat of debate he had turned his back upon her, she resented the affront by a sound box on his ear. She afterwards mollified his deeply-injured pride, and sent him over to Ireland as lord-lieutenant. Through his mismanagement the expedition failed. Upon his unpermitted return to justify himself, she at first received him graciously; but after a few hours of reflection her conduct changed so towards him, that he became really ill. This roused the pity of the queen, who sent her physicians to him with kind messages. After his reco-

very he again lost her favour, and urged by his enemies, and his own impetuous temper, Essex broke out in open rebellion against his sovereign. Elizabeth, after a long delay, signed his death-warrant with the most painful reluctance. He was executed in 1600.

In 1601, Elizabeth held a conference with Sully, who came from Henry IV. of France, concerning the establishment of a new system of European power, which was to produce a lasting peace. Sully returned much impressed by the solidity and enlargement of her views. She never was more respected abroad, or more beloved and cherished by her subjects, than just at the termination of her reign. But the last scene was darkened by a deep melancholy, and she died in a most deplorable state of despondency.

An incident relative to the unfortunate Essex has been suggested as the cause of her grief. She had given him a ring, as a pledge of her affection, promising him at sight of it a favourable hearing, with whatever offences he might be charged. After his condemnation, Essex had sent this ring to the queen by the countess of Nottingham, who had been persuaded by her husband, an enemy of the earl, to retain the pledge. On her death-bed, the countess sent for the queen, and revealed the secret to her, entreating her pardon. The queen, in a violent rage, shook the dying countess in her bed, exclaiming, "that God might pardon her, but she never could."

From this time, she rejected all consolation, refused food, and throwing herself on the floor, passed days and nights without changing her place. Nature, at length, began to sink; and as her end drew near, she was urged to declare her successor. She said she had held a regal sceptre, and would have none but a king to succeed her; and who should that be but her nearest kinsman, the king of Scots? She died March 24th, 1602, in the seventieth year of her age.

Elizabeth was rather noble as a queen, than amiable as a woman. Pope Sixtus V., who highly admired her, gave her a place among the only three persons then living who deserved to reign—the other two were himself and Henry IV. The character of this great queen has been misunderstood, because she has been judged as a woman rather than as a sovereign. It should never be forgotten, that she voluntarily relinquished the enjoyment of domestic life, where woman's nature is most truly and beautifully displayed, in order to devote herself to the cares of state and the happiness of her people. She should therefore be judged as a ruler; only it should ever be borne in mind that a higher degree of moral power ought to be found in the character of woman, in whatever station she occupies, than is manifested by man. It was this moral sense in which Elizabeth excelled all the kings of England, from the time of Alfred to her own day, that made her power and her glory. This intuitive wisdom guided her in the choice of able counsellors, and kept her true to the best interests of her subjects; and inspired her to preserve the manners of her court in that chastity which is the atmosphere of the highest genius as well as the purest patriotism. Thus it was from her wise rule that the English nation prospered, and, as an eloquent writer admits—"The kingdom, under her government, acquired and maintained a higher and more influential place among the states of Europe, principally by policy, than it had ever been raised to by the most successful military exertions of former ages. Commerce flourished and made great advances, and wealth was much more extensively and more rapidly diffused among the body of the people than at any former period. It is the feeling of progress, rather than any degree of actual attainment, that keeps a nation in spirits; and this feeling every thing conspired to keep alive in the hearts of the English in the age of Elizabeth; even the remembrance of the stormy times of their fathers, from which they had escaped, lending its aid to heighten the charm of the present calm. To these happy circumstances of the national condition was owing, above all, and destined to survive all their other products, the rich native literature, more especially in poetry and the drama, which now rushed up, as if from the tillage of a virgin soil, covering the land with its perennial fruit and flowers. Spenser and Shakspeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Raleigh and Bacon, and many other distinguished names, gained their earliest celebrity in the Elizabethan age."

Elizabeth was herself fond of learning, and no mean scholar in her attainments. She was well skilled in the Greek, and translated from that language into Latin, a dialogue of Xenophon, two orations of Isocrates, and a play of Euripides; she also wrote a "Commentary on Plato." From the Latin, she translated Boethius' Consolations of Philosophy, Sallust's Jugurthian War, and a part of Horace's Art of Poetry. In the Royal and Noble Authors of Lord Orford, may be found a catalogue of translations from the French, prayers, meditations, speeches in parliament, and letters, which testify sufficiently to the learning and general capacity of Elizabeth. She was also skilled in the art of poetry. Being pressed by a Catholic priest, during the life of her sister Mary, while she was undergoing great persecution, to declare her opinion concerning the real presence of Christ in the wafer, she answered in the following impromptu:—

"Christ was the Word that spake it;
He took the bread and brake it;
And what that Word did make it,
That I believe, and take it."

When she was a prisoner at Woodstock, she composed the following verses, and wrote them with charcoal on a shutter:—

Oh, Fortune! how thy restlesse wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled witt!
Witness this present prisonn, whither fate
Could beare me, and the joys I quit.
Thou causedest the guiltie to be losed
From bandes, wherein are innocents inclosed:
Causing the guiltles to be straite reserved,
And freeing those that death had well deserved
But by her envie can be nothing wroughte,
So God send to my foes all they have thoughte.

ELIZABETH, PRISONER.

We will add a specimen of the prose of this great queen and learned lady; namely, a letter, written by Elizabeth to her sister, queen Mary. The original is preserved in the Cottonian Library, and was first published in D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature." The letter, besides showing the literary taste of that age, and the manner in which the English language was then written, also displays the subjection in which Elizabeth was then compelled to keep her haughty spirit. D'Israeli remarks on this letter: — "She was, at the time of its composition, in habitual intercourse with the most excellent writers of antiquity; her letter displays this in every part of it; it is polished and repolished."

LETTER.

Like as the riche man that dayly gathereth riches to riches, and to one bag of money layeth a greate sort til it come to infinit, so me thinkes, your Majestie not beinge suffised with many benefits and gentilnes shewed to me afore this time, dothe now increase them in askinge and desiring wher you may bid and cõmaunde, requiring a thinge not worthy the desiringe for it selfe, but made worthy for your highness request. My pictur I mene, in wiche if the inward good mynde towarde your grace might as wel be declared as the outwarde face and countenance shal be seen, I wold nor haue taried the cõmandement but prevent it, nor haue bine the last to graunt but the first to offer it. For the face, I graunt, I might wel blusche to offer, but the mynde I shall neur be ashamed to present. For thogth from the grace of the pictur, the coulers may fade by time, may giue by wether, may be spotted by chance, yet the other nor time with her swift winges shall ouertake, nor the mistie cloudes with their lowerinnges may darken, nor chance with her slipery fote may overthrow. Of this althogth yet the profe could not be greate because the occasions hathe bine but smal, notwithstandinge as a dog hathe a day, so may I perchaunce haue time to declare it in dides wher now I do write them but in wordes. And further I shal most humbly besecho your Maiestie that whan you shal loke on my pictur you wil witsafe to thinke that as you haue but the outwarde shadow of the body afore you, so my inward minde wischeth, that the body it selfe wer oftener in your presence; howbeit bicause bothe my so beinge I thinke coulde do your Maiestie litel pleasure thogth my selfe great good, and againe bicause I se as yet not the time agreing therũto, I shal lerne to folow this sainge of Orace, Feras non culpes quod vitari non potest. And thus I wil (troblinge your Maiestie I fere) ende with my most humble thankes, besechinge God longe to preserue you to his honour, to your cõfort, to the realmes profit, and to my joy. From Hatfilde this 1 day of May.

Your Maiesties most humbly Sister
and Seruante.

ELIZABETH.

But more to be praised than her poetry, is the encouragement she gave to the design of printing in English the large folio edition of the Holy Scriptures, known as "The Bishop's Bible." This was the best translation of the sacred book which had then appeared. It was printed in 1568, and the version, made by order of king James I., differs little from the Bible used by Elizabeth.

That she did not conform her own spirit to the Gospel requirements, but allowed pride, vanity, a violent temper, and selfishness, frequently to obscure her many great qualities, is to be regretted; but, compared with the kings her successors, she rises so high above their standard of character, that we almost forget to record her faults. To quote the remarks of a learned historian, — "The page of history has seldom to record a reign more honourable to the intellect and capacity of the person presiding over it, than that of Elizabeth of England."

ELIZABETH OF FRANCE,

DAUGHTER of Henry II. and of Catharine de Medicis, was born at Fontainebleau, in 1545. She was the destined wife of Edward VI. of England; but the marriage was prevented by his premature death. Elizabeth was then betrothed to Don Carlos, Infant of Spain; and though they were mutually attached to each other, she was compelled, in spite of her repugnance, to marry his father, Philip II., who became a widower by the death of his wife Mary. Don Carlos never forgave this injury; and having expressed his sentiments too freely, was murdered, probably by the command of his father, who was jealous of him. Elizabeth was deeply affected by the fate of Don Carlos; she died, in child-bed, ten weeks after him, at the age of twenty-two. She left two daughters.

ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA,

DAUGHTER of the emperor Maximilian II., and wife of Charles IX., king of France, was married at Mézieres, Nov. 26th, 1570. She was one of the most beautiful women of her time; but her virtue even surpassed her beauty. The jealousy of the queen-mother, Catharine de Medicis, and the influence she possessed over the mind of her son, prevented Elizabeth from having any share in the events that occurred in the tumultuous reign of Charles IX.

The deplorable massacre of St. Bartholomew affected her extremely; though she was not informed of it till the morning, lest her opposition should influence the king.

She was gentle and patient, and devoted herself entirely to domestic concerns. Warmly attached to the king, during his illness, she spent all the time, when she was not attending on him, in prayers for his recovery. Thus she always preserved his affection and esteem; and he often said, that he might boast of having the most discreet and virtuous wife, not only in all France, or in all Europe, but in the whole world.

Elizabeth wrote two books: one "On the Word of God;" the other, "On the principal events that happened during her residence in France." After the death of the king, her husband, she retired to Vienna, where she died, in 1592, at the age of thirty-eight, in a convent of her own foundation.

ELIZABETH, CHARLOTTE,

Duchess of Orleans, only daughter of the elector Charles Louis, of the Palatinate, was born at Heidelberg in 1652. She was a princess of distinguished talents and character, and lived half a century in the court of Louis XIV. without changing her German habits for French manners. Educated with the greatest care, at the court of her aunt, afterwards the electoress Sophia of Hanover, at the age of nineteen, she married duke Philip of Orleans, from reasons of state policy. She was without personal charms, but her understanding was strong, and her character unaffected; and she was characterized by liveliness and wit. It is to be regretted that she exercised no more influence on the education of her children. Her second son was afterwards known as regent. Madame de Maintenon was her implacable enemy; but Louis XIV. was attracted by her integrity and frankness, her vivacity and wit. She often attended him to the chase. She preserved the highest respect for the literary men of Germany, particularly for Leibnitz, whose correspondence with the French literati she promoted. She died at St. Cloud in 1722. She has described herself and her situation with a natural humour, perfectly original, in her German letters, which form an interesting addition to the accounts of the court of Louis XIV. The most valuable of her letters are contained in the "Life and Character of the Duchess Elizabeth Charlotte of Orleans," by Professor Schütz, Leipsic, 1820.

ELIZABETH, PHILIPPINE MARIE HÉLÈNE, OF FRANCE, MADAME,

Sister of Louis XVI., was born at Versailles, May 23d, 1764, and perished by the guillotine, May 10th, 1794. She was the youngest child of the dauphin Louis and his second wife, Josephine of Saxony, who died when Elizabeth was but three years old. She received an excellent education, and her acquirements were considerable. Her proposed union with the duke of Aosta, Infant of Spain, second son of the king of the Two Sicilies, was never concluded. When the private establishment of Elizabeth was fixed, she received 25,000 francs annually for the purchase of diamonds; but she requested that this sum should be paid for six years to a young favourite, whose poverty prevented her marriage. The revolution destroyed her happiness; but, during all its scenes of terror, she devoted herself to her brother the king and his family. She attended him everywhere, and often inspired him with firmness. When mistaken for the queen, June 20th, 1792, the cry was raised, "Down with the Austrian woman!" and the mob were about to kill her. An officer of the guard corrected the mistake, when she said calmly, "Why undeceive them? You might have spared them a greater crime."

She was confined with the royal family in the Temple, where she devoted herself to her fellow-prisoners. On the evening of May 9th, 1794, Elizabeth was led from the Temple to the Conciergerie, and tried for carrying on a correspondence with her brother. When asked her name and rank before the revolutionary tribunal, May 10th, she replied with dignity, "I am Elizabeth of France, the aunt of your king." This bold answer filled the judges with astonishment. Twenty-four others were sentenced with her, and she had to witness the execution of them all. She met death calmly, without uttering a single complaint against her judges.

Though not beautiful, Elizabeth was very attractive and lovely. She was modest and timid in prosperity, but calm and courageous in adversity. Her character was spotless.

ELIZABETH CHRISTINA,

Wife of Frederic II. of Prussia, princess of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, was born in 1715, at Brunswick; married in 1733; and died in 1797. Being compelled to this marriage, Frederic lived separate from her during his whole life. But on his ascending the throne in 1740, he gave her proofs of his esteem, and on his death ordered her revenue of 40,000 crowns to be increased to 50,000; "for," said he, "during my whole reign she has never given me the slightest cause of dissatisfaction." Half of her income she appropriated to benevolent purposes. She translated several German works into French; and wrote in French, "La Sage Révolution;" "Meditation à l'Occasion du Renouvellement de l'Année, sur les Soins que le Providence à pour les Humains, &c.;" "Réflexions pourtous les Jours de la Semaine;" "Réflexions sur l'Etat des Affairs, publiques en 1778, addressés aux Personnes craentives."

ELIZABETH PETROWNA,

The second daughter of czar Peter the Great, was placed on the throne of Russia by the revolution of 1741. She was born in 1709, and was extremely beautiful. This, as well as her exalted rank and large dowry, occasioned her several offers; but she refused them all, and died unmarried. During the life of her father, Peter I., negotiations commenced for her marriage with Louis XV., but were not adopted by the court of France. By the will of Catharine, Elizabeth was betrothed to Charles Augustus, bishop of Lubec, duke of Sleswick and Holstein, and brother to the king of Sweden; but he died before the completion of the ceremony. In the reign of Peter II. she was demanded by Charles, margrave of Anspach; in 1741, by the Persian tyrant Kouli Khan; and, at the time of the revolution, the regent Ann endeavoured to force her to espouse prince Louis of Brunswick, for whom she had a settled aversion. From the period of her accession she renounced all thoughts of marriage, and adopted her nephew Peter. Her dislike to marriage did not proceed from any aversion to the other sex; for she would frequently own that she was never happy but when she was in love. The same warmth of temper carried her to extremes of devotion; and she was scrupulously exact in her annual confessions, expressed the utmost contrition for her numerous transgressions, and adhered to the minutest ceremonies and ordinances of the church.

She is generally styled the humane Elizabeth, as she made a vow upon her accession to inflict no capital punishments during her reign; and is reported to have shed tears upon the news of every victory gained by her troops, from the reflection that it could not have been obtained without great bloodshed. But, although no criminal was formally executed in public, yet the state prisons were filled with wretched sufferers, many of whom, unheard of and unknown, perished in damp and unwholesome dungeons. The state inquisition, or secret committee, appointed to judge persons suspected of high treason, had constant occupation during her reign; many on the slightest suspicion were secretly tortured, and many expired under the knout. But the transaction that reflects the deepest disgrace on her reign was the public punishment of two ladies of rank, the countesses Bestuchef and Sapookin, who each received fifty strokes of the knout in the open square of St. Petersburg; their tongues were then cut out, and they were banished to Siberia. Madame Sapookin, who was thought the most beautiful woman in Russia, was accused of carrying on a secret correspondence with the French ambassador; but her real crime was, her having commented too freely on the amours of the empress.

Elizabeth died on the 25th of December, 1761, in the twenty-first year of her reign, and the 53d of her age.

During the reign of Elizabeth, Ivan, grandson of Peter the Great, and rightful heir to the throne of Russia, was kept by her in strict confinement.

ELSTOB, ELIZABETH,

Sister of William Elstob, and famous for her skill in the Saxon language, was born in 1683. Her mother, to whom she owed the rudiments of her extraordinary education, dying when she was but eight years old, her guardians discouraged her progress in literature, as improper for her sex; and, after her brother's death, she met with so little patronage, that she retired to Evesham, in Worcestershire, where she with difficulty subsisted by keeping a small school.

Three letters of hers to the lord treasurer of Oxford are extant among the Harleian MSS., from which it appears that he obtained for her the queen's bounty towards printing the Saxon homilies; but, after the death of this queen, (Caroline, wife of George II.,) she was so low in her finances, as to be forced, though a mistress of nine languages, to become a governess. For this purpose she was taken into the family of the duchess-dowager of Portland, in 1739; and continued there till she died, May 30th, 1756.

The homily of "St. Gregory's Day," published by her brother, has her English translation, besides his Latin one. She appears to have written the preface too, in which she answers the objections made to women's learning, by producing "that glory of her sex," as she calls her, Mrs. Anna Maria à Shurman. In 1715 she published a "Saxon Grammar." Had her talents been kindly encouraged, she would, probably, have equalled Madame Dacier.

ENGLISH, HESTER,

A Frenchwoman by extraction, was eminent for her fine chirography in the time of Queen Elizabeth and James I. Many of her performances are still extant, both in public libraries and in the hands of individuals. She was thought the most exquisite scribe of her age. She married, at the age of forty, Mr. Bartholomew Kello, a North Briton, and had a son, who was educated at Oxford, and was minister of Speckshall, in Suffolk.

ENNETIÈRES, MARIE D',

A learned lady of Tournay, who wrote many works, particularly an epistle against Turks, Jews, Lutherans, &c., printed in 1539.

EPINAY, LOUISE D',

Celebrated for her connexion with Rousseau, was the daughter of M. Sardieu Desclavelles, who lost his life in Flanders, in the service of Louis XV., and left his family in moderate circumstances. She married M. Delalive de Bellegarde, who received the office of farmer-general. The extravagance of M. Delalive soon disturbed their happiness, and his indifference to the conduct of his wife, was equalled by his own dissolute life, and no doubt influenced hers. She gathered around her a distinguished circle, which though neither brilliant nor renowned, was free and natural. Here the man of learning consented to doff his philosophical armour, through which posterity has found it so difficult to discern his real features; and here, authors, artists, and men and women of the world, met without restraint. Possessed of judgment and penetration, Madame d'Epinay had neither originality nor imagination. Her mind was of that plastic order which led her to yield to the opinions of those in whose intimacy she lived; and she never attempted to exercise over her circle, a control for which her good sense told her she was little adapted. Hume, Diderot, D'Holbach, and Grimm, were habitués of her society. It is to her connexion with Rousseau, however, that she owes the interest attached to her name, and the attention she excited in her own time. The details of their intimacy, and quarrel for some time occupied all Paris. Madame d'Epinay was constantly engaged in some literary labour. In 1783, she wrote "Les Conversations d'Emilie," which obtained the prize offered by Monthieu for useful works of that kind, in preference to the "Adéle et Théodore" of Madame de Genlis. She also wrote "Lettres a mon Fils," and "Mes Moments Heureux." An abridgment of her letters and correspondence, showing her relations with Duclos, Rousseau, Grimm, Holbach, Lambert, &c., appeared in Paris, in 1818. Madame d'Epinay died in 1783.

ERAUSO, CATALINA DE,

The Monja Alferez, or Nun-Lieutenant. More famous women have lived than this, but a more extraordinary one has never been recorded. Her career was one of singular adventure, of wild passions, of unsparing cruelty, of heroic bravery; the

few virtues which palliate her vices and savage conduct are such as are found to vindicate the dormant element in the breasts of brigands and pirates. And it is not the least singular circumstance connected with such a history, that it has been written down, detailed, and powerfully described by the heroine herself, in a style wonderfully vigorous, clear, and in pure and classic Spanish.

She was born in the city of Sebastian, in 1585, daughter of Don Miguel de Erauso. At that period, when families were numerous it was the custom to dispose of the girls by putting them into the church. Such was the destiny of Donna Catalina. At the age of four years she was sent to her aunt, prioress of a convent of Dominicans. She remained there till the age of fifteen. Rebellious fancies had frequently arisen in her mind: she had entered her noviciate, and as the fatal day for her profession approached, her desire for liberty increased. Being sent one day by her aunt into the parlour of that lady for a book, she saw the keys of the convent hanging on a nail. In one moment her resolution was taken; the nuns were all assembled in the choir for the matin service; she begged permission to go to bed, complaining of indisposition; this was granted her. We give the sequel in her own words:

"I went out of the choir, took a light, went to the cell of my aunt, took scissors, needle and thread, and a little money. I went out of the convent; I found myself in the street, without knowing where to go; that was no matter; all I wanted was liberty. I ran without stopping, till I reached a grove of chestnuts."

Such was her escape. She remained in that wood three days, subsisting on roots and wild fruits. She made herself male garments out of her petticoats, cut her hair, and started forth in the character of man. After going through various scenes in Spain; meeting her own father in search of her; acting as page, clerk, servant—always adroit, always able to serve herself with expedients—she joined an expedition to the New World. There she entered the army, and distinguished herself by the most daring actions. She adopted different names, at different periods; but the most noted one, that which she bore after being made lieutenant, was Alonzo Dias. She gained several battles. It seems that her sense and judgment in council were not inferior to her redoubtable prowess in the field. In the intervals of her military duty, she connected herself with the most desperate and vicious beings to be met with. Gambling, stabbing, robbing, were her pastimes. A curious caprice, which she diverted herself with not unfrequently, was to gain the affection of some young lady, by every art and assiduity, and when all was ready for the marriage, to disappear. It would be impossible, in this sketch, to detail her numerous homicides and fierce anger; but one may be alluded to from its consequences. Becoming enraged, at a gambling-house, with a man of consequence, of Chili, she attacked him, and savagely killed him. She was obliged to take the refuge of a sanctuary; but as the friends of the murdered person were of rank and power, her retreat was carefully guarded, and after remaining there eight months, she felt the necessity of escaping into another government. The only way to effect this was by traversing the icy deserts of the Andes. "In this attempt I *may* find death," said she; "by remaining here I shall certainly find it." At the outset she met three outlaws, who, like herself, were fugitives from justice. These banded themselves by necessity; fatigue and hunger were their first difficulties. Successively they killed their horses, when all other food was spent; but soon advancing into higher regions of the mountain, the cold became intense and biting. Still Catalina cheered on her companions, infused her own courage, and sustained their efforts to drag on, when one of them uttered a cheerful cry—help, aid dawned! Two men were standing at a little distance; the wretched creature tried to spring forward; he fell on a heap of snow. Catalina followed his indication; alas! horror and misery—the two men were unfortunate beings, dead, frozen stiff, with a ghastly look of anguish stamped on their frightful faces! Even Catalina was for an instant daunted. She turned to the man who had first seen them—he was dead! She felt it was no time to pause, but urging on her remaining companions, sought a new impetus for exertion in her very despair. The cold became more and more bitter; still she stopped not. She saw her companions sink, one by one; she had no time to mourn them—recommending herself to the *Virgin*, she went on. The temperature became milder; at last she reached Tucuman, where she met with the utmost kindness and hospitality. She soon resumed her wild military life, always involving herself in quarrels.

On one occasion she was condemned to be hung, and actually taken to the gallows. Even there no feminine tremors discomposed her firmness. The executioner was awkward in placing the cord.

"Put it on right, or let me alone," said she: "this priest will do it a great deal better than you!"

A pardon arrived in the mean time; for her

gallant actions in battle, and real services, procured for her many protectors. She traversed every part of the Spanish countries, and acquitted herself in the most able manner of the duties of a sailor, soldier, and even lawyer; in every field for enterprise she appeared, and always in a distinguished manner; but all her merits as an *able* man were tarnished by a mad love for rapine, cruelty, gaming, and every vice save one, to which the soldiers of that epoch and country abandoned themselves. It is to be observed that she had carefully guarded the knowledge of her sex from everybody until an exigency occurred, when she disclosed her real condition. Her many deeds of violence provoked pursuit, and at last she was once more reduced to take refuge in a church at Guamango, in Peru; the bishop, a saintly person, considered it his duty to exhort the criminal; his tender and searching admonitions had their effect on the iron-hearted lieutenant. She sank on her knees, and said, "Father, I am a woman!" Then followed a complete confession.

The bishop was excited by this strange story; he pitied the unfortunate young woman, only thirty-five years of age, who, by a dark fatality, had incurred such reprobation; he thought he perceived signs of compunction; these he fostered, and being encouraged by the result, obtained her pardon, and even a permission to return to Spain, without dread of ecclesiastic punishment. One cause of hope for her remained, she had preserved her chastity; and thus, though stained with many crimes, she was *not* abandoned to vice. Her will was strong, and her passions often violent; but she was not sensual or selfish. Had she been properly educated, and allowed to live in society, she would probably have proved a woman of superior powers of mind, and been active in good works as she was in evil, when driven to abandon her country and put off the semblance of her own sex.

Donna Catalina set sail and arrived at Cadiz in 1624. Already her fame had preceded her, and during her travels through Spain and Italy she was looked upon as an object of curiosity. The pope, Urban VIII., gave her permission to retain for life her male attire. The period of her death is unknown; but some documents which have been preserved in a convent at Vera Cruz testify that she devoted the remainder of her life to commerce, under the name of Antonio de Erauso. The celebrated Spanish painter, Pacheco, took her portrait from life, when she was at Seville. From the original, still preserved, is taken the print affixed to this sketch.

ERDMUTHE, SOPHIA, MARGRAVINE,

Of Baireuth, was born February 15th, 1644. True devotional feelings animated her mind already when quite a child, and these were guided by an intellect which belonged only to riper years. When she was in her tenth year she wrote a series of poetical and prose papers, and a volume to which she gave the title of "Christian Closet for the Heart." Her teacher, the celebrated Dr. Weber, discovered them accidentally in her desk, and was so much struck with their beauty and pious tendency, that he prevailed upon her parents to have them published; and he accompanied them with a preface. Many of the hymns which she wrote at that age are still incorporated in the German books, though few know at the present time that they were composed by so young a child. In 1662, on the 19th of October, she married the margrave Christian Ernst of Baireuth, to whom she became a loving wife and able coadjutor in deeds of charity and piety; but she would never consent to take part in his government affairs. She established the first Magdalene house of refuge in that part of Germany. Much of her time was devoted to writing. One of her best works was published in 1666, "A Treatise on the Age of the World, and a Consideration of the States of the Roman Empire and their Condition." It is replete with theological, geographical, historical, and genealogical information. She died in the year 1670, on the 12th of June, and was buried in the court chapel which she had just caused to be built.

ERNECOURT, BARBARA OF,

Better known as the Lady of St. Balmont, a second Joan of Arc, was born in the year 1609, at the castle of Newville, between Bar and Verdun. From the earliest childhood she trained herself to the use of arms, and in all knightly accomplishments. She married, when quite young, the lord of Balmont, who met and fell in love with her while hunting, and whom she frequently accompanied in the chase. During the "thirty years' war" in Germany, she always took command of her husband's castle, while he accompanied the duke of Lothrengein to the field. This brave woman repulsed the enemy frequently, and on several occasions made sorties and succeeded in capturing both men and baggage. When peace was restored, she laid aside the sword and took up the pen, which she wielded with equal skill. Her first work, "Les Jumeaux Martyrs," was published in 1651; several other works, of considerable merit, appeared afterwards. The death of her husband, to whom she was tenderly attached, made her resolve to retire from the world, and she entered a nunnery; but died, before taking the veil, May 22d, 1660, aged fifty-one.

ESCOBAR, MARINE D',

The foundress of the "Reconciliation of St. Bridget," in Spain. She died in 1633.

ESSARS, CHARLOTTE DES,

Countess of Romorentin, and daughter of lieutenant-general des Essars in Champagne, was a woman of great beauty. She was introduced, in 1590, to Henry IV. of France, by whom she had two children, afterwards legitimated. She next lived with Louis de Lorraine, cardinal de Guise, by whom she had a son called the chevalier de Romorentin; and she married, in 1630, marshal de l'Hopital. Her wishes to advance her son Romorentin by her intrigues proved fatal to her, as she fell under the resentment of the king and Richelieu, by whom she was thrown into prison, where she died in 1651.

ESTAMPES, ANNE, OF PISSELEU, DUCHESS OF,

Was a beautiful woman, daughter of de Heréli. She accompanied, as maid of honour, Louise of Savoy, when she went, in 1526, to meet her son Francis I. of France, at Madrid; who no sooner saw her than he loved her. He attempted to cover her dishonour by marrying her to one of his followers, whom he created duke d'Estampes. In the last years of Francis, the duchess, to counteract the views of the dauphin and his mistress, Diana of Poictiers, entered into correspondence with Charles V., emperor of Germany; and by her perfidious communications, enabled him to surprise and take Epernay and Chateau-Lierri, where the magazines of the French were deposited. Francis confided entirely in her, and she sent constant information to Charles, so that the ruin of the kingdom seemed inevitable; but the quarrel that arose between Charles V. and Henry VIII. of England saved France. After the death of Francis, the favourite retired to her country-seat, and was screened from the prosecution of her husband, who wished to punish her for adultery, by the interference of the reigning monarch. She died a protestant.

ESTE, ELEONORA D',

Was descended from the most illustrious of Italian princely races—that of the sovereigns of Este, Modena, and Reggio. She was daughter of Hercules II., marquis of Este, and Renée, daughter of Louis XII., king of France, and was born in 1537. Endowed by fortune with an exalted station, by nature with extraordinary beauty, fine taste and intellect, Eleonora drew the admiration of all, and seemed destined to a life whose tissue was woven in golden threads; but these very qualities, while they added lustre to her station, led to a true romance, the melancholy course of which clouded not only her own life, but that of one of the greatest geniuses that has ever shone and suffered.

Tasso was twenty-one years old when he appeared at the court of Alphonso of Este. He had just given to the world his "Jerusalem Delivered," and a well-founded enthusiasm for the poet pervaded all Italy. He was endowed with every pleasing quality—a handsome countenance, winning address, a captivating voice in speaking, and, what all poets do not possess, most extraordinary bravery. An indiscreet remark having been made by a certain cavalier upon his devotion to the princess Eleonora, he challenged the offender, who, with three brothers to aid him, basely attacked the bard. Tasso valiantly combated the whole four, until persons interfered to put an end to the duel. The duke Alphonso felt his pride offended at the cause of this rencontre; it is true, he punished the four cowardly brothers, but at the same time he sent Tasso into exile, where he remained until the duke was persuaded to recall him. After this time, Eleonora appears to have become cautious in her encouragement of the poet; but when we read the verses in which he speaks of her charms and his passion, who can wonder that a heart of any sensibility should be touched?

Eleonora was in her thirtieth year when Tasso was first introduced at her brother's court; a disparity of age—the poet being nine years her junior, which is certainly no argument against the passion she inspired. For a young man, at his first entrance into life, to fall in love ambitiously—with a woman older than himself, or with one who is, or ought to be, unattainable—is a common occurrence. Tasso was an admirer of beauty. Eleonora was exceedingly lovely; she had a transparent delicacy of complexion—a "Paleur, qui marque une ame tendre," as the lover thought. It is said that Tasso, being at a wedding of one of the Gonzago family, celebrated at the court of Este, blinded by his passion, impressed a kiss on the cheek of the princess Eleonora. The colour mounted to Alphonso's brow; but he turned coldly to his courtiers, and said, "What a great pity that the finest genius of the age has become suddenly mad!"

Upon this charge of madness, the prince caused Tasso to be shut up in the hospital of St. Anna. His long years of imprisonment, his sufferings, his laments, are known to everybody. In a few words, we will close the story of the unfortunate Eleonora. Obliged to witness the cruel punishment of her lover, and knowing the inflexible character of her brother, she fell into a slow fever; constantly receiving the tender complaints of the poet, whose pangs were daggers to her heart, she gradually sank into the grave. Solitary and melancholy, she dragged on the last days of her life; holding converse with no one, living on sad memories, languishing, and fading away. The doors of Tasso's prison were at length opened; but she was dead! Youth, love, fortune, all had vanished; fame, it is true, remained. The laurel-crown was placed on his brow at Rome, in the midst of a pompous festival. Could this recompense him for his wasted youth and his lost Eleonora? She died in 1581, about a year after Tasso's imprisonment.

ESTRADA, MARIA D',

Wife of a soldier of Fernandez Cortez, followed her husband to Mexico, in 1519, where she fought

by his side, and performed extraordinary exploits of valour, to the astonishment and admiration of all who beheld her.

ESTRÉES, GABRIELLE D', DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT,

The mistress of Henry IV. of France, born about 1571, was the daughter of Antoine d'Estrées, a descendant of one of the noblest houses in Picardy, for a long time *grand maitre de l'artillerie*, who distinguished himself in the defence of Noyon against the duke of Mayenne, for which Henry IV. made him governor of the Isle de France. Gabrielle was about twenty years of age when Henry first saw her, on a visit to Cœuvres castle; and her beauty immediately captivated him. Gabrielle, however, who was attached to the duke of Bellegarde, was at first little inclined to gratify the wishes of the king. But Henry still urged his suit, and often stole by the sentinels of his enemies, in the dress of a peasant, to see the object of his love. The heart of the lady was at length moved by such ardour and devotion. She became the mistress of the chivalric monarch, who never loved any other woman so passionately. To escape the severe scrutiny of her father, Henry married her to a nobleman named Damerval, of Liancourt; but, says Sully, *il sut empêcher la consommation du marriage*, and subsequently dissolved the marriage. Henry intended to raise Gabrielle to the throne as his lawful wife. For this purpose, he not only procured a divorce from Margaret of Valois, but also raised the county of Beaufort to a duchy, which he bestowed on Gabrielle, thus giving her a high rank at court. This design was strongly opposed by Sully, who often represented to the monarch the bad consequences of such a measure. Gabrielle, therefore, became his bitter enemy, and, instigated by the adversaries of the minister, she once so far forgot herself as to urge the king to discharge him. Henry's reply was, "By ——, madam, if I must lose one of you, I would rather give up ten mistresses like you, than one servant like him." So ardent, however, was his passion for Gabrielle, that he once wrote to her in a moment of danger,—"If I am conquered, you know me too well to believe that I shall flee. My last thought shall be God's; my last but one, yours."

Notwithstanding the determination of the king, and the wishes of Gabrielle, their marriage never took place. Just before Easter, in 1599, when negotiations were already in train for the divorce of the king, she retired from court, by the advice of René Bénoit, the king's confessor, and went to Paris to spend the Passion-week. On Maundy Thursday, having eaten an orange after dinner, she was suddenly seized with convulsions, which distorted her beautiful countenance, and, on Saturday, she died in the most excruciating torments. Apoplexy, with convulsions, was the cause assigned for her death; but no one can doubt that she was poisoned. The king's grief for her loss was excessive; and, what is seldom the case, the royal mistress was universally lamented. Her amiable disposition, the gentleness of her character, and the modesty which prevented her from meddling with public affairs, won her general favour. She had three children by the king—Cæsar and Alexander, afterwards dukes of Vendome, and a daughter, Catharine Henrietta, afterwards the wife of the duke of Elbeuf. Her biography, which appeared some years ago in France. is accompanied by an interesting correspondence between Gabrielle and her royal lover.

EUDOCIA, FEODOROWNA,

First wife of Peter I., czar of Russia, was daughter of the boyar Feodor Lapookin. Peter married her in 1689, when he was only seventeen, and Alexis was born in 1690.

Peter had caused it to be proclaimed throughout his empire, that he intended to bestow his crown and his heart on the woman he judged most worthy. A hundred young girls were brought to Moscow, and his choice fell on Eudocia. But her joy was of short duration. Her opposition to Peter's reforms, and her remonstrances against his faithlessness, irritated him; and in 1696 she was divorced, compelled to assume the veil, and confined in a convent at Susdal. There she was said to have entered into a contract of marriage with general Glebof, by exchanging rings with him; but, though Glebof was afterwards tortured to the utmost extremity, he persisted in asserting his own and her innocence; and when the czar came to him and offered him pardon if he would confess, he spit in the czar's face, and told him that "he should disdain to speak to him, if it were not his desire to clear his mistress, who was as virtuous as any woman in the world."

Encouraged by the predictions of the archbishop of Rostof, who, from a dream, announced to her the death of Peter and her return to court, under the reign of her son Alexis, she reassumed the secular dress, and was publicly prayed for in the church of the convent, under the name of the empress Eudocia. Being brought to Moscow in 1718, and examined, she was, by her husband's order, scourged by two nuns, and imprisoned in the convent of Nova Ladoga, and allowed to see no one but the persons who brought her food, which she prepared herself; for she was allowed no servant, and but one cell. From thence she was removed to the fortress at Shlusselburgh. Being released on the accession of her grandson, Peter II., she repaired to Moscow, and was present at his coronation, as well as that of the empress Anne; and expired in the Devitza monastery, where she held her court, in 1731, in the fifty-ninth year of her age.

F.

FAINI, DIAMANTE,

Whose maiden name was Medaglia, one of the most noted Italian poets, was born in Roako, a village in the neighbourhood of Breschia. Her poetic talent developed itself while she was yet quite a child. When she reached her fifteenth year, she was well acquainted with the ancient languages, and had written several poems, which

excited the admiration of the literary world. The academies of Unanimi in Italy, of Ardetti in Padua, and that of the Arcadi of Rome, were proud to inscribe her name among their members. But she was not only a poetess, — philosophy, mathematics, theology, and astronomy, all found in her a devoted admirer and a close student. She died the 13th of July, 1770, at Salo.

FALCONBERG, MARY,

THIRD daughter of Oliver Cromwell, and second wife of Thomas lord viscount Falconberg, was distinguished for her talents, her spirit, and her beauty. Bishop Burnet, who styles her "a wise and worthy woman," adds, "that she was more likely to have maintained the post of protector than either of her brothers; according to an observation respecting her, that those who wore breeches deserved petticoats better; but if those in petticoats had been in breeches, they would have held faster." After the deposition of Richard, of whose incapacity his sister was aware, she exerted herself in favour of Charles II., and is said to have greatly contributed towards the Restoration. It is certain that her husband was, by the committee of safety, sent to the Tower a short time before the return of Charles, in whose favour he held a distinguished place. Lady Falconberg was a member of the established church, and respected for her munificence and charity.

FANE, ELIZABETH,

AUTHOR of several pious meditations and proverbs in the English language, printed in London in 1550, was probably either the wife of Richard Fane, who married Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Stidolph, or of Sir Thomas Fane, who was engaged in Wyatt's rebellion in the reign of queen Mary. Her writings were entitled "Lady Elizabeth Fane's twenty-one Psalms, and one hundred and two Proverbs."

FANSHAWE, ANN HARRISON, LADY,

THE eldest daughter of Sir John Harrison, of Balls, England, was born in London, March 25th, 1625. Her mother was Margaret Fanshawe, of an ancient and highly respectable family; and, what was of more importance to her daughter, she was an eminently pious as well as accomplished lady. So well did this careful mother instruct her eldest daughter, that when the former died, the latter, though only fifteen years of age, took charge of her father's house and family, and fulfilled all her duties in a manner highly exemplary.

Ann Harrison married, when about nineteen, Mr., afterwards Sir Richard Fanshawe, a relation of her mother's. He had been educated a lawyer, but not liking his profession, went abroad, with his wife, and was finally appointed secretary to the English ambassador at the Spanish court. Mr. Fanshawe was a loyal follower of the house of Stuart, true to the falling fortunes of Charles I., and the confidant and counsellor of Charles II., while he was striving to obtain the throne. During all the struggles and violence of those terrible times, Mrs. Fanshawe shared every danger and sympathized with every feeling of her dearly beloved husband. He was taken and imprisoned after the battle of Worcester, and during his imprisonment, she never failed to go secretly with a dark lantern, at four o'clock in the morning, to his window. She minded neither darkness nor storms, and often stood talking with him with her garments drenched in rain. Cromwell had a great respect for Sir Richard Fanshawe, and would have bought him into his service upon almost any terms.

Sir Richard Fanshawe was finally released, on a heavy bail, and they removed to Tankersly Park, Yorkshire, where the husband devoted himself to literary pursuits, which were also the taste of his wife. After the restoration, Sir Richard Fanshawe was in great favour at court, had a seat in parliament, was sent ambassador to Portugal and Spain; but in all these high stations the hearts of both husband and wife were centred in their domestic happiness. Sir Richard was recalled, unexpectedly, through some change of policy, and they were preparing to return, when he suddenly died. The queen of Spain was so moved by the desolation of the heart-broken widow, that she offered her a pension of thirty thousand ducats per annum, and a handsome provision for her children, if she would embrace the Catholic religion. Lady Fanshawe was deeply grateful for this kind interest, but could not accept any favour with such conditions. Her own language will best portray her feelings under this severe affliction. She thus writes in her journal:

"Oh! all powerful and good God, look down from heaven upon the most distressed wretch on earth. My glory and my guide, all my comfort in this life, is taken from me. See me staggering in my path, because I expected a temporal blessing as a reward for the great innocence and integrity of his whole life. Have pity on me, O Lord, and speak peace to my disquieted soul, now sinking under this great weight, which without thy support cannot sustain itself. See me, with five children, a distressed family, the temptation of the change of my religion, out of my country, away from my friends, without counsel, and without means to return with my sad family to Eng-

land. Do with me, and for me, what thou pleasest; for I do wholly rely on thy promises to the widow and the fatherless; humbly beseeching thee that, when this mortal life is ended, I may be joined with the soul of my dear husband."

The body of Sir Richard Fanshawe was embalmed, and for several months his widow had it daily in her sight. She wished to accompany the remains to England, but could obtain no money from government; even the arrears due her husband were withheld by the ungrateful and profligate Charles II., who lavished upon his worthless minions and mistresses what was due his tried and suffering friends. At length Anne of Austria, widow of Philip IV., gave lady Fanshawe two thousand pistoles, saying with true feminine delicacy, "That the sum had been appropriated to purchasing a farewell present for Sir Richard, had he lived to depart from Spain." The mournful train reached England, October, 1666. The body was interred in the vault of St. Mary's chapel, Ware church, and Lady Fanshawe erected a handsome monument to her husband's memory. Their union of twenty-two years had been a pattern of conjugal truth and happiness; the widow continued as constant to the memory of the dear departed as she had been in her affection to him while he lived. Her whole aim and plan of life was to educate their children; and she wrote her own Memoir, "for her dear and only son." She survived her husband fourteen years, dying January, 1680, aged fifty-four.

Lady Fanshawe deserves to be honoured as the exemplar of what a good wife is and should be. Her interesting "Memoir" contains many instances of this; one, displaying what we mean by the *obedience* a true wife owes to her husband, we will give in her own words. Her husband was secretary to the prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II.

"And now I thought myself a perfect queen, and my husband so glorious a crown, that I more valued myself to be called by his name than born a princess, for I knew him very wise and very good, and his soul doted on me; upon which confidence I will tell you what happened. My Lady Rivers, a brave woman, and one that had suffered many thousand pounds' loss for the king, for whom I had a great reverence, and she a kinswoman's kindness for me, in discourse tacitly commended the knowledge of state affairs; she mentioned several women, who were very happy in a good understanding thereof, and said none of them was originally more capable than I. She said a post would arrive from Paris from the queen that night, and she should extremely like to know what news it brought; adding if I would ask my husband privately, he would tell me what he found in the packet, and I might tell her. I, that was young and innocent, and to that day had never in my mouth, 'What news?' now began to think there was more in enquiring into public affairs than I had thought of; and that being a fashionable thing it would make me more beloved of my husband than I already was, if that had been possible. When my husband returned home from the council, after receiving my welcome, he went with his hands full of papers into his study. I followed him; he turned hastily, and said, 'What wouldst thou have, my life?' I told him I heard the prince had received a packet from the queen, and I guessed he had it in his hand, and I desired to know what was in it. He smilingly replied, 'My love, I will immediately come to thee; pray thee go; for I am very busy.' When he came out of his closet, I revived my suit; he kissed me, and talked of other things. At supper I would eat nothing; he as usual sat by me, and drank often to me, which was his custom, and was full of discourse to company that was at table. Going to bed I asked him again, and said I could never believe he loved me, if he refused to tell me all he knew. He answered nothing, but stopped my mouth with kisses. I cried, and he went to sleep. Next morning very early, as his custom was, he called to rise, but began to discourse with me first, to which I made no reply; he rose, came on the other side of the bed, kissed me, drew the curtains softly, and went to court. When he came home to dinner, he presently came to me as was usual, and when I had him by the hand, I said, 'Thou dost not care to see me troubled;' to which he, taking me in his arms, answered, 'My dearest soul, nothing on earth can afflict me like that; when you asked me of my business, it was wholly out of my power to satisfy thee. My life, my fortune, shall be thine, and every thought of my heart, in which the trust I am in may not be revealed; but my honour is my own, which I cannot preserve, if I communicate the prince's affairs. I pray thee with this answer rest satisfied.'

"So great was his reason and goodness, that upon consideration it made my folly appear to me so vile, that from that day until the day of his death, I never thought fit to ask him any business, except what he communicated freely to me in order to his estate or family."

FARREN, MISS,

A highly accomplished actress, and an excellent and beautiful woman, was born in 1759. Her father was a surgeon at Cork, in Ireland, but his habits were so irregular that his family were often in great want. Miss Farren was driven to exertions for her own support, and made her first appearance at Liverpool in 1773. She was very well received. In 1777 she went to London, where she met with much applause. She excelled principally in high comedy. April 7th, 1797, Miss Farren retired from the stage; and in May she married the earl of Derby, who had been long attached to her, but who had been unable to offer his hand during the life of the countess of Derby, from whom he had long been separated. The new countess was esteemed and respected by all who knew her; and died, greatly regretted, April 23d, 1829.

FARNESE, FRANCESCA,

Commonly called Sister Francesca, was born at Rome. She was a nun, and founded a convent. Her poems are united to those of her sister,

also a nun, called Sister Isabella. She was learned in her native literature, in Latin, and in theology. She has left many sacred poems of a very chaste and correct style. Before taking vows she wrote a romance and much miscellaneous poetry, which, under a mistaken sense of duty, she burned. She died in 1651.

FAUGERE, MISS,

Was born in the year 1709, in the neighbourhood of Avignon. She was compelled by her parents to take the veil; but, with an utter repugnance to the life of a nun, she strained every nerve to free herself from the thraldom imposed upon her. Ten years elapsed, however, before her efforts were crowned with success, when she received a papal permission to leave the sisterhood. But even then she was looked upon by her family as having disgraced herself and them. She, however, removed to Paris, and from there to London. Wholly dependent upon her literary labours, she was compelled to write too much, and her writings are of very unequal merit. The best of her works are "Le Triumphe de l'Amitié," published in 1751; "Abassaï, Histoire Orientale," in 1753; "Contes du Serail," in 1753; and "Les Zelindiens," in 1758. She also wrote "Dialogues Moraux et Amusans," published in 1777.

FAUGERES, MARGARETTA V.,

An American lady, born in 1777, the daughter of Anne Elizabeth Bleeker, was distinguished for her literary accomplishments. Her youth was spent in the country; but she afterwards married and lived in New York. Many of her poetical pieces were published in the periodicals of the day, and much admired. She also wrote the tragedy of "Belisarius" and some other works. By the profligacy of her husband, Peter Faugeres, a physician, she was reduced to extreme poverty; and after his death was obliged to resort to teaching for support. Her fine talents were wasted in her struggles with misfortune, and she never accomplished what her genius promised. She died in 1801.

FAVART, MARIE JUSTINE BENOITE, MADAME,

Was a celebrated French actress, whose maiden name was du Roncerai. She was always a great favourite with the public, in comedies, comic operas, and other lively pieces. Beloved among her friends for her sensibility, gentleness, and generosity of character, she was also a favourite with the public for her inexhaustible vivacity. She was born at Avignon in 1727, and died at Paris in 1772.

FAYETTE, LOUISE DE LA,

Was celebrated for her friendship for Louis XIII., and for her self-denial in that dangerous situation. She was of a noble family, and a favourite maid of honour to the queen, Anne of Austria. The king, enslaved by Richelieu, sought consolation in the society of this lady, who took a sincere interest in his welfare, and was instrumental in reconciling him to his queen. When she found her regard for the king growing more tender than prudence allowed, she retired to a convent and took the veil. The king continued to visit her till the intrigues of Richelieu interrupted their friendship. The queen urged her return to court, but she rejected all temptations, and continued in her convent, with the universal esteem of France.

FAYETTE, MARIE MADELEINE, COUNTESS DE,

Daughter of Aymar de la Vergne, marechal-de-camp, and governor of Havre-de-Grace, was more distinguished by her wit and literary productions than by her family. She married the Count de Fayette, in 1655, and removing to Paris, cultivated letters and the fine arts. Her house was the rendezvous for the most distinguished literati in Paris, especially the Duke de la Rochefoucault, Huet, Menage, La Fontaine, and Legrais. The last, when obliged to leave the house of Madame de Montpensier, found an honourable retreat with her. Madame Sévigné, who knew her well, speaks of her as an amiable and estimable lady. Her principal works are the three romances, "Zaide," "La Princesse de Cleves," and "La Princesse de Montpensier;" which were the first romances that exhibited the manners of fashionable life in an easy and natural manner. She also wrote "Memoires de la cour de France pour les années, 1688 et 1689," "Histoire d'Henriette d'Angleterre," and "Divers portraits de quelques personnes de la cour." All these works are still esteemed. She also wrote memoirs of other persons, which were not published, and were lost by her son, the Abbé de la Fayette. She understood Latin, which she learned in a very short time. Her works are written in an easy and elegant style, which was, at that time, unequalled. We will insert one of her letters, in the original, as a specimen of the French prose of that period, and the style of epistolary composition among the best educated. Madame de la Fayette died at Paris, in 1693.

LETTRE A MADAME DE SEVIGNÉ.

Hé bien, hé bien, ma belle, qu'avez-vous à crier comme un aigle? Je vous mande que vous attendiez à jugér de moi quand vous serez ici; qu'y a-t-il de si terrible à ces paroles? mes journées sont remplies. Il est vrai que Bayard est ici, et qu'il fait mes affaires; mais quand il a couru tout le jour pour mon service, écrirai-je? encore faut-il lui parler? quand j'ai couru, moi, et que je reviens, je trouve M. de la Rochefoucault, que je n'ai point vu de tout le jour; écrirai-je? M. de la Rochefoucault et Gourville sont ici; écrirai-je? mais quand ils sont sortis? ah! quand ils sont sortis, il est onze heures, et je sors, moi. Je couche chez nos voisins à cause qu'on bâtit devant nos fenêtres. Mais l'après-dînée? j'ai mal à la tête; mais le matin, j'y ai mal encore, et je prends des bouillons d'herbes qui m'enivrent. Vous êtes en Provence, ma belle; vos heures sont libres, et votre tête encore plus: le goût d'écrire vous dure encore pour tout le monde; il m'est passé pour tout le monde; et si j'avais un amant qui voulût

de mes lettres tous les matins, je romprais avec lui. Ne mesurez donc point notre amitié sur l'écriture; je vous aimerai autant, en ne vous écrivant qu'une page en un mois, que vous en m'en écrivant dix en huit jours. Quand je suis à Saint-Maur, je puis écrire, parce que j'ai plus de tête et de loisir; mais je n'ai pas celui d'y être: je n'y ai passé que huit jours cette année. Paris me tue. Adieu, ma très-chère; votre défiance seule compose votre unique défaut, et la seule chose qui peut me déplaire en vous. M. de la Rochefoucault vous écrira.

FEDELE, CASSANDRA,

Of Venice, born 1465. This noted lady was well acquainted with Greek, Latin, and with history. Julius II., Leo X., Louis XIII., and Ferdinand of Arragon, invited her to their courts; but her own republic would not allow her departure. Her death, which happened in 1558, was commemorated by the tributary praises of the literati of that day. Poliziano eulogizes her in the highest terms. There remain some letters and Latin orations of her composition.

FEDOROWNA, MARIA,

Empress of the unfortunate Paul of Russia, and mother of the emperors Alexander and Nicholas, was born princess of Wurtemburg, in 1759. Selected by Catharine II. as bride for the heir to the throne, her early married life was one of mortification and insignificance. The capricious temper and ill-regulated character of Paul, vented themselves frequently in harsh measures towards this exemplary woman. Her sons, however, unceasingly manifested towards her the affection and duty her devotion to their childhood had so well merited. After the death of Paul, in 1801, she was released from the trammels in which her youth had been spent. From that epoch till the day of her death, she was occupied in attention to the poor and suffering. The number of magnificent institutions for the benefit of the unfortunate and afflicted, which she founded and directed, is really wonderful. She was the first person to introduce into Russia an attempt to instruct the deaf and dumb, employing for that purpose a pupil of the Abbé Sicard. She died in 1828.

FERGUSON, ELIZABETH GRÆME,

Daughter of Dr. Thomas Græme, who came from Scotland to America, was born in Philadelphia, in 1739. She was very carefully educated, and showed uncommon abilities. While still young, she translated Fenelon's Telemachus into English verse; she also wrote several smaller poems, which, together with her essays and some of her letters, have been published. She married Mr. Hugh Henry Ferguson; but on the breaking out of the Revolution, in 1775, as he adhered to the British government, and she was faithful to her country, they separated, and never lived together again. Mrs. Ferguson died in 1801.

FERNANDEZ, MARIA MADDALENA. MORELLI,

Won the admiration of all Italy as an *improvisatrice*. The talent of improvising in poetry seems to be almost exclusively allotted to the Italians, among whom the structure of their verse, and the conventional, ever-recurring rhymes, render it an easier matter to employ this frame-work to thought, than would be possible under a different system of prosody. If, however, the powers of ordinary improvisatori, from these reasons, are not to be overvalued,—when thought, imagery, feeling, passion, harmony of numbers, flow spontaneously, the admiration and wonder they excite must be unbounded, as these qualities are independent of any rhythm, and would command praise and enthusiasm, even when these effusions were produced upon study, and corrected efforts.

Among the improvisatori whose fame has been more than ephemeral, perhaps the first was Maria Morelli. She was born of noble parents, in the city of Pistoja, in the year 1740. From her earliest years she manifested a quick ear for harmony, and a talent for improvisation. This talent was heightened by an excellent education; her mind was stored with history and science, and her imagination improved by assiduous reading of the

best poets. Her parents, proud of her genius, took her to Rome, to exhibit her powers to the academy of "Arcadia." Gifted with personal beauty and grace, she received the highest applause, and was made a member of that society, under the name of Corilla Olympia, by which she was afterwards universally designated. At Naples she was received with enthusiasm, and there captivated a young Sicilian gentleman, named Fernandez, to whom she was united in marriage. Her fame soon resounded throughout Europe, and she was noticed by the most illustrious persons of the age. The emperor Joseph II. visited her at Naples; and pope Clement XIV. directed to her an honourable brief, by which he permitted her to read forbidden books. She published some poems, an epic poem dedicated to the empress of Russia, an epistle to Metastasio, and some others. In 1776, she went through the ordeal of a trial of her poetic powers, for three days, at Rome, before a vast concourse of literary and noble personages. Some of the subjects were, Moral Philosophy, Revealed Religion, Physics, Metaphysics, Heroic Poetry, Harmony, Pastoral Poetry, &c. These were handed to her in order, in sealed notes, and she acquitted herself in every case so as to disarm criticism. She then was solemnly crowned with a laurel wreath. A minute description of this ceremony, which was accompanied with wonderful pomp and pageantry, has been written by two literary abbés, and published by the celebrated Bodoni, in 1779. Our poetess, after passing her youth amidst the homage of the great and powerful, retired upon her laurels to Florence, where she lived tranquilly to the age of sixty. She died in 1800.

FERRIOL, MADAME DE,

Was the sister of Madame de Tencin; handsome and intriguing, like her sister, but without her wit and suppleness. She was early married to M. de Ferriol, a magistrate, who cared little about his wife, and philosophically permitted her to have a long and open liason with the Maréchal d'Uxelles. This connexion with a minister, added to Madame de Ferriol's power. Her house was frequented by all those who had favours to ask; every class, and every party, were represented in her society.

Voltaire and Bolingbroke formed a part of her circle. As long as the maréchal continued constant, his handsome mistress remained in vogue; but his love cooled with age and the decline of her charms, and Madame de Ferriol, who had never been very witty, grew ill-tempered and morose with years. The world would no doubt have become indifferent and estranged, like the maréchal, had it not been for the attractions of a young and lovely Circassian slave, whom she had brought up, and who resided beneath her roof.

The origin of the connexion between Mademoiselle Aïssé and her protectress, was singular and romantic. She was purchased, when a child, in the slave-market of Constantinople, by Monsieur de Ferriol's elder brother. Struck by her singular beauty, he questioned her owner, and found that she was the daughter of a Circassian prince, who had been massacred, with all his people. M. de Ferriol confided the child to the care of his sister-in-law, and returned to Constantinople, where he resided as ambassador until the year 1711. Aïssé was kindly treated by Madame de Ferriol, and brought up on an equality with her two sons. Aïssé grew up in surpassing loveliness, and attracted considerable attention in the circle of Madame de Ferriol. Her beauty was not her only attraction; she possessed the most noble and amiable qualities of the heart. She was in all the bloom and freshness of her beauty, when M. de Ferriol returned to France. He was on the verge of seventy; his protégée barely seventeen. He endeavoured, nevertheless, to inspire her with a more tender feeling than gratitude; and when he failed, he asserted his right over her with oriental despotism. To escape this persecution, Aïssé appealed to her adopted brother, whose influence convinced her ancient admirer of the uselessness of his suit. M. de Ferriol consented to be reasonable, and thenceforward received from Aïssé all she could give—the affection of a daughter. She had many admirers; among them the regent, who urged his suit in explicit language. Stung and astonished by her coldness, he made her the most brilliant offers, all of which Aïssé indignantly refused.

Madame de Ferriol, to whom it was inconceivable that a young girl should resist the wishes of the first prince of the blood, and regent of the kingdom, combated her arguments, and called her moral scruples folly, exhorting her to do as all around her did. Unlike the noble and free-born ladies of France, the Circassian slave, bought in the market of Constantinople, inexorably refused to sell herself for gold or power. When the persecution she endured became intolerable, the young girl threw herself at the feet of her protectress, declaring, if the subject was urged again, she would seek refuge in a convent. Alarmed at a threat which would have deprived her society of its greatest attraction, Madame de Ferriol was compelled to desist.

Soon after this, an ardent attachment sprung up between Mademoiselle Aïssé and the Chevalier d'Aydie, a young knight of St. John, represented as a true hero of romance. Bound by his vows to a life of celibacy, their love was madness; and it was then, in the struggle between conscience and passion, that Madame de Ferriol's arguments recurred to the mind of Aïssé. She yielded to them; and Madame de Ferriol openly sanctioned between her ward and the chevalier, a connexion which was only treated as a matter of course by the society in which they moved. Naturally too pure and delicate for the errors into which her unhappy education had made her fall, Mademoiselle Aïssé soon felt all the horrors of remorse and shame, in the conviction of her degradation. Her lover, whose ardent attachment had been rendered more tender by the birth of a child, offered to procure a dispensation from the pope, and marry her; but she steadily refused; her unknown origin, the poverty of her lover, and the prejudices of the age, which would have rendered such an alliance

degrading for him, made her persist in her refusal. She announced to her lover, after a long period of painful struggles, that henceforward friendship must be the only feeling between them. He submitted to her decision, protesting that her affection, whatever name she might give it, would be his only source of happiness; and promising never to seek to influence her against her conscience. He religiously kept his word; and his love for his Circassian mistress ever remained fervent and true.

Signs, she could not mistake, soon told Aïssé that her life was drawing to a close. She ardently desired to reconcile herself to God; and, by the aid of the chevalier, she was enabled to confess herself to a priest at the house of Madame du Deffand. The Chevalier d'Aydie survived his mistress many years; his sorrow was severe and lasting. He retired to the country, and devoted himself to the education of his daughter. Madame de Ferriol is chiefly remarkable as having been the protectress of Aïssé, of whose history a beautiful little sketch may be found in that clever book, "The Women of France," by Miss Kavanach.

FIELDING, SARAH,

The third sister of Henry Fielding, the novelist, and herself a writer of some celebrity, was born in 1714, lived unmarried, and died in 1768. She showed a lively and penetrating genius in many of her productions, especially in the novel entitled "David Simple," and in the Letters afterwards published between the principal characters in that work. She also translated "Xenophon's Memorabilia." The following eulogy on this lady, was composed by Dr. John Hoadley, who erected a monument to her memory:—

"Her unaffected manners, candid mind,
Her heart benevolent, and soul resigned,
Were more her praise, than all she knew or thought,
Though Athens' wisdom to her sex she taught."

FICKER, CHRISTIANE D. S.,

The inventor of the tambour-needle, was the daughter of Mr. Nier, the comptroller of the mines in Eibenstock, Saxony. She was born November 12th, 1769. She was led to the invention by her love for embroidering, and the desire to trace raised figures, by means of a thread and needle, upon the cloth. The invention has been of great use to the poor women of Saxony, to whom it became a fruitful source of employment from abroad. The inventor, though, like Fulton, gained nothing by the invention, except a present of a small sum of money, given to her by the queen Amelia Auguste. She died on the 22d of October, 1811, as the wife of Christian G. Ficker, pastor of Eibenstock.

FISHER, CATHARINE.

The biographers of this lady appear to have been ignorant of her origin, though they all agree in allowing that she possessed great comprehension of mind, and acknowledge that she was one of the most perfect linguists that adorned the sixteenth century. About the year 1559, she married Gualtheius Gruter, a burgomaster of Antwerp, by whom she had one son, the celebrated James Gruter, whose philosophical works have been so universally admired. In the early part of his life, he had no other instructor than his mother, who was perfect mistress both of Latin and Greek; and to her has been ascribed his fondness for study, as it is during childhood that a bias is given to the mind. At what age she died, has not been specified; but the year, her biographers believe to have been 1579, the time when her son left the University of Cambridge, to study at Leyden; but this circumstance is not positively ascertained.

FISHER, MARY,

An enthusiastic English Quakeress of the seventeenth century, who travelled to Constantinople, with the intention of converting the grand seignior. She embarked at Smyrna in an Italian vessel for Adrianople; but her design being discovered, she was taken from the ship, and sent to Venice. This opposition only increased her zeal, and she determined to pursue her journey by land. When she reached Adrianople, she obtained an audience of Mahomet IV., who, surprised at her courage, and the manner in which she addressed him, regarded her as deranged, and ordered her to be carried back to her own country in the first vessel that sailed. On her return, she was received in triumph by the Quakers, and married to one of the principal members of that sect.

FLAXMAN, ANN,

Wife of John Flaxman, the celebrated sculptor, deserves a place among distinguished women, for the admirable manner in which she devoted herself to sustain her husband's genius, and aid him in his arduous career.

Her maiden name was Denman; she married John Flaxman when he was about twenty-seven years old, and she twenty-two. They had been for some time mutually attached to each other; but he was poor in purse, and though on the road to fame, had no one, but this chosen partner of his life, who sympathized in his success. She was amiable and accomplished, had a taste for art and literature, was skilful in French and Italian, and, like her husband, had acquired some knowledge of the Greek. But what was better than all, she was an enthusiastic admirer of his genius — she cheered and encouraged him in his moments of despondency — regulated modestly and prudently his domestic economy — arranged his drawings — managed now and then his correspondence, and acted in all particulars, so that it seemed as if the church, in performing a marriage, had accomplished a miracle, and blended them really into one flesh and one blood. That tranquillity of mind, so essential to those who live by thought, was of his household; and the sculptor, happy in the company of one who had taste and enthusiasm, soon renewed with double zeal the studies which courtship and matrimony had for a time interrupted. He had never doubted that in the company of her whom he loved he should be able to work with an intenser spirit; but of another opi-

nión was Sir Joshua Reynolds. "So, Flaxman," said the president, one day, as he chanced to meet him, "I am told you are married; if so, sir, I tell you you are ruined for an artist." Flaxman went home, sat down beside his wife, took her hand, and said, with a smile, "I am ruined for an artist." "John," said she, "how has this happened, and who has done it?" "It happened," said he, "in the church, and Ann Denman has done it; I met Sir Joshua Reynolds just now, and he said marriage had ruined me in my profession."

For a moment, a cloud hung on Flaxman's brow; but this worthy couple understood each other too well, to have their happiness seriously marred by the unguarded and peevish remark of a wealthy old bachelor. They were proud, determined people, who asked no one's advice, who shared their domestic secrets with none of their neighbours, and lived as if they were unconscious that they were in the midst of a luxurious city. "Ann," said the sculptor, "I have long thought that I could rise to distinction in art without studying in Italy, but these words of Reynolds have determined me. I shall go to Rome as soon as my affairs are fit to be left; and to show him that wedlock is for a man's good rather than his harm, you shall accompany me. If I remain here, I shall be accused of ignorance concerning those noble works of art which are to the sight of a sculptor what learning is to a man of genius, and you will lie under the charge of detaining me." In this resolution Mrs. Flaxman fully concurred. They resolved to prepare themselves in silence for the journey, to inform no one of their intentions, and to set, meantime, a still stricter watch over their expenditure. No assistance was proffered by the Academy, nor was any asked; and five years elapsed from the day of the memorable speech of the president, before Flaxman, by incessant study and labour, had accumulated the means of departing for Italy. They went together; and in all his subsequent labours and triumphs, the wife was his good angel.

For thirty-eight years Flaxman lived wedded—his health was generally good, his spirits ever equal; and his wife, to whom his fame was happiness, had been always at his side. She was a most cheerful, intelligent woman; a collector, too, of drawings and sketches, and an admirer of Stothard, of whose designs and prints she had amassed more than a thousand. Her husband paid her the double respect due to affection and talent; and when any difficulty in composition occurred, he would say, with a smile, "Ask Mrs. Flaxman, she is my dictionary." She maintained the simplicity and dignity of her husband, and refused all presents of paintings, or drawings, or books, unless some reciprocal interchange were made. It is almost needless to say that Flaxman loved such a woman very tenderly. The hour of their separation approached—she fell ill, and died in the year 1820; and from the time of this bereavement, something like a lethargy came over his spirit. He survived his wife six years; and, as his biographer remarks, was "surrounded with the applause of the world."

FODOR, MAINVILLE, JOSEPHINE,

One of the most brilliant opera-singers of the eighteenth century. Her fame is European. She was the daughter of M. Fodor, the violinist, and born at Paris in 1793. Already in her eleventh year, she appeared at the opera in St. Petersburg with a success which drew the eyes of all the directors of operas in Europe upon her. Her fame increased from year to year, so that even at the age of seventeen she had the most brilliant offers from the best theatres in Europe. She married the actor Mainville, and appeared with her husband at all the court theatres in Denmark, England, France, Germany, Russia, Sweden, and Italy. The latter country greeted her with the title of Queen of Song, and Venice had a medal struck to honour her. Mademoiselle Sontag owes much to her instruction. She died a few years ago.

FOIX, MARGARET DE, DUCHESS D'EPERNON.

In 1588, the chief of the league, wishing to ruin the duke, rendered him an object of suspicion at court, and obtained an order to take from him the castle of Angoulême, of which he was governor. The magistrate charged with the execution of this act seized the duchess, and conducted her to the principal gate of the citadel, in order that her danger might induce the duke to submit. In this situation, one of the officers by whom the duchess was led was killed at her feet, and another mortally wounded. Calm amidst the dangers which menaced her, and insensible to the remonstrances of the enemy, who urged her to exhort her husband to surrender, she replied, magnanimously, that she knew not how to give ill counsel; nor would she enter into a treaty with murderers. "In what terms," said she, "can a wife, who is afflicted only that she has but one life to offer for the honour and safety of her husband, persuade him to an act of cowardice?" She went on to declare, that she would shed, with joy, the last drop of her blood to add new lustre to the reputation of her husband; or to lengthen his existence but a single day; that she would be guilty of no weakness that should disgrace him: and that she would die with pleasure at the castle-gate for him, without whom she should abhor life even on a throne.

To the duke, whom they endeavoured to terrify by the danger which threatened his wife, she held out her arms, and implored him not to suffer his resolution to be shaken by any considerations which respected her safety. It was her wish, she told him, that her body might serve him for a new rampart against his enemies. On him, she declared, in whom alone she lived, depended her fortune and her fate. That by sacrificing himself he would gain no advantage, since she was determined not to survive him; but that to live in his remembrance would, in despite of their adversaries, constitute her happiness and her glory.

The grace and energy with which she expressed herself, softened the hearts of the enemy, who deliberated on other means by which their pur-

pose might be effected. In the interval the duke was relieved by his friends; when the duchess, impatient to rejoin this beloved husband, of whom she had proved herself so worthy, without waiting till the castle-gate was cleared, entered by a ladder at one of the windows, and was received with the honours and tenderness she merited.

FONSECA, ELEONORA, MARCHIONESS OF,

A LADY of great beauty and talents, was born at Naples in 1768. She cultivated botany, and other branches of natural history, and assisted Spallanzani in his philosophical investigations. Though possessed of great beauty, she devoted her youth to the cultivation of her mind. She studied with much care natural history and anatomy. As might be supposed, she was a warm partisan of the French revolution. When the king and royal family were obliged to leave Naples in 1799, the marchioness of Fonseca narrowly escaped the fury of the Lazzaroni, who threatened the lives of those who were in the French interest. During the short-lived existence of the Parthenopean republic, in 1799, she warmly espoused the popular cause, and edited a republican journal called "The Neapolitan Monitor." For these expressions of her political principles the marchioness was executed, on the 20th of July, by the restored government. Her private character was irreproachable

FONTANA, LAVINIA,

DAUGHTER of Prospero Fontana, a painter of Bologna, died in 1602, aged fifty. She was eminent as a painter, and was patronized by Pope Gregory XIII., whose picture she drew in a very superior manner.

FONTANGES, MARIE ANGELIQUE, DUCHESS OF,

SUCCESSOR to Montespan in the affections of Louis XIV., was beautiful as an angel, but silly as a goose, as Abbé Choisi said. She nevertheless captivated the affections of Louis XIV., who was tired of the pride and the caprice of Madame de Montespan. As soon as she discovered the passion which she had inspired, and had secured her royal conquest, she became haughty and extravagant, spending a hundred thousand crowns a month, and retorting a hundred-fold the disdain she had experienced from Madame de Montespan. She became the general dispenser of the king's favours, and the model of fashion. One day, when she was on a hunting-party, the wind having put her head-dress in disorder, she fastened it with a riband, the knot of which falling over her forehead, this fashion spread all over Europe under her name. The king made her a duchess; but she did not long enjoy the rank, as she died when scarcely twenty years old, in the abbey of Port-Royal, Paris, shortly after an accouchement.

FONTE, MODERATA,

The assumed name of a celebrated Venetian lady, whose real name was Modesta Pazzo. She was born at Venice, in 1555, and became an orphan in her infancy. While young, she was placed in the convent of the nuns of Martha of Venice; but afterwards left it, and was married. She lived twenty years very happily with her husband, and died in 1592. She learned poetry and Latin with the greatest ease; and is said to have had so prodigious a memory, that, after hearing a sermon only once, she could repeat it word for word. She wrote a poem, entitled "Il Floridoro," and another on the "Passion and Resurrection of Jesus Christ." Besides these and other poems, she wrote a book in prose, which was not published till after her death, called "Dei Meriti delle Donne," in which she maintains that women are not inferior in understanding or merit to men. None of her works are now extant.

FORCE, CHARLOTTE ROSE DE CAUMENT DE LA,

A FRENCH poetess, who died in 1724, aged seventy. Her "Castle in Spain," a poem; and her "Secret History of Burgundy," a romance; her tales, and other works, possess considerable merit; but nothing she wrote has retained a permanent place in French literature.

FOUGERET, ANNA FRANCESCA DONTREMONT,

WAS born at Paris in 1745, in a family where, by example and instruction, she was brought up to know and practise the virtues of a Christian. Her father was an eminent barrister; and her mother, descended from a very respectable family, was a woman of superior ability, and esteemed for her many virtues. Anna was married when very young to M. de Fougeret, receiver-general of the finance. At the head of an establishment of which she had the management, and living in an extended circle of society, she found time to be the instructress of her children, whom she educated in a most careful manner. Her love for her own infants awakened her sympathy for some unfortunates whom circumstances brought under her notice. Her father, who was a director of the hospitals, often deplored the miserable situation of that of

the foundlings, where numbers of babes perished for want of proper nutrition, impossible to be given, and from the bad air of overcrowded rooms. The pictures of this distress deeply moved the heart of Madame de Fougeret; nor was she satisfied with a barren commiseration; she pondered over the subject until she devised the remedy; but her plans required more money than a private purse could supply. True benevolence is invincible. Madame de Fougeret, abdicating all personal merit in this good act, communicated her ideas to the duchess de Cosse, whose rank and power, united with her benevolence and piety, rendered her the fit person to set on foot this useful establishment. Soon all the opulent ladies of Paris became interested, everything was arranged, every obstacle surmounted, and the "Maternal Charity" became an institution.

Louis XVI. and Maria Antoinette headed the list of subscribers, and in 1788 the society began their labours. These were crowned with the utmost success until the whirlwind of 1789 came to disperse the founders and patrons. Amidst the trials to which she was exposed, Madame de Fougeret had the opportunity of manifesting the greatness of her mind and the energy of her character. Her husband expired on the guillotine, and she was left to sustain, encourage, and maintain her children; and, by judicious exertion of her abilities, she rescued from confiscation the patrimony of her family. After the restitution of her property she lived in the country, surrounded by a numerous offspring, to whom she was an object of love and veneration. In 1813, a painful malady terminated a life of virtue and good works.

The sagacity of Napoleon discerned the value of the institution devised by Madame de Fougeret. He adopted it, and declared it by a decree of the senate an Imperial Institute; and the empress, Maria Louisa, was its directress.

At the restoration of the Bourbons, the dauphiness saw, with much emotion, the signature of her unfortunate mother among the early promoters of this charity. This was enough to enlist her interest; and she, by personal attention and munificent donations, assisted the managers. Since then the funds of the society have been increased by bequests and donations until it has become as flourishing as its benevolent originator could have ever anticipated or desired. But Madame Fougeret was its foundress.

FOUQUÉ, CAROLINE AUGUSTE DE LA MOTTE,

Born in 1773, at Hernhauser. Her maiden name was Von Briest. She married first a gentleman named Von Rochow, from whom she was divorced, in 1800, when she married Charles F. Baron de la Motte Fouqué, the poet of the romantic school. In 1807, she published "Roderic;" in 1809, "Letters on Female Education;" in 1812, "Magic of Nature;" in 1814, "Feodore;" in 1811, "Edmund's Walks and Wanderings;" in 1810, "The Hero Maiden of the Verdi;" and in 1808, "The Desk." She died in 1815.

FRANCISCA, or FRANCES,

A Roman lady, was the founder of a convent at Rome, called the Oblates. She followed the doctrines of St. Benedict, and was canonized in 1608. Many marvellous stories are told of the miracles performed by Francisca, who was noted for the religious mortifications she imposed on herself.

FRANKLIN, ELEANOR ANN,

Was the daughter of Mr. Porden, an eminent architect, and was born in 1795. She early manifested great talent and a strong memory, and acquired considerable knowledge of Greek and other languages. A knot of literary friends, who occasionally met at her father's house, fostered this natural bent of her genius: and their habit of furnishing contributions to a kind of album kept by the party, under the name of the "Salt Box," (selections from which have been printed,) did much towards confirming in her a passionate fondness for poetry. In her seventeenth year she wrote, as her share towards this domestic miscellany, her first poem, "The Veils, or the Triumphs of Constancy," which was published in 1815, with a dedication to Countess Spenser. Three years afterwards appeared a small "Poetical Tribute," under the name of "The Arctic Expedition," suggested by a visit to the Isabella and Alexander discovery ships, which visit led to an acquaintance with Captain Franklin, one of the gallant adventurers, that ended in marriage, after his return from the expedition, in the month of August, 1823. The year previously appeared Miss Porden's principal work, an epic poem on the subject of the third crusade, entitled "Cœur de Lion," dedicated by permission to the king. In June, 1824, the birth of a daughter encouraged hopes in her friends, that a strong tendency to a pulmonary complaint, increased by the bursting of a blood-vessel, in 1822, might be counteracted; but these flattering expectations were soon destroyed, and she died, February 22d, 1825.

FRANZ, AGNES,

Born at Militsch in Silesia, in 1795, was the daughter of the government councillor, L. Franz. She passed her youth at Schweidnitz, where she wrote the greater number of her fugitive pieces. Her poems were first published in 1826; her Parables were published at Wesel in 1829; Flowers that Pass, at Essen in 1833. Her collected works were published in 1824 at Breslau, under the title of "Glycerion;" and under that of "Cyanen" in 1833, at Essen. In 1834, she edited a portfolio on the Lower Rhine.

FRATELLINI, GIOVANNA,

An Italian artist, was born at Florence in 1666. She possessed some talent for historical painting; but her chief excellence consisted in painting portraits. As she executed equally well in oil, crayons, miniature, and enamel, Cosmo III. and most of the princes and princesses of Italy sat to her. Her own portrait in the ducal gallery, painted by herself, is a happy instance of her talent. It repre-

sents her in the act of taking the portrait of Lorenzo, her only son and pupil, who died in the bloom of life. It is painted in crayons, and equals the best productions of Rosalba.

FROHBERG, REGINA,

A GERMAN novelist, was born in 1783, at Berlin. Her maiden name was Salamon. She was the daughter of wealthy Jewish parents, and has lived, since 1813, in Vienna. She is quite a prolific authoress, and her works are distinguished for purity of style, true colouring, and a fine display of imagination. The best of these are "Louisa, or the Contest between Love and Obedience," published at Berlin in 1808; "Love and Grief," published at Amsterdam in 1812; and "The Vow," brought out at Vienna in 1816.

FRY, ELIZABETH,

AN English lady of the sect of Friends or Quakers, distinguished for her benevolence, and as the originator of the Newgate female committee, was born in 1780. Her father was Mr. Gurney, of Norwich, England; and her brother was the celebrated John J. Gurney. Before her marriage, she established, by her father's consent, a school in his house for eighty poor children.

In 1800, Miss Gurney married Mr. Fry, who generously aided her in her benevolent inclinations. An accidental visit to the prison at Newgate, London, so impressed her with the misery of the women confined there, that she took immediate and effectual means to relieve them. She entered alone a room where a hundred and sixty women and children surrounded her in the greatest disorder; she offered them assistance, and spoke to them words of peace, of hope, and of consolation. They listened in silent astonishment and respect. Mrs. Fry repeated her visit, and passed a whole day with them, reading and instructing them from the Bible. She won their love and their confidence; founded in the prison a school for the children, and societies for the improvement of those more advanced. She drew up rules for their conduct, to which they unanimously consented; and one of their own number was appointed a matron or superintendent, under the inspection of twenty-four women of the Society of Friends. Mrs. Fry was engaged many years in this arduous undertaking. She afterwards travelled through several countries, but always in pursuance of some plan for ameliorating the condition of the poor and friendless.

Born to fortune, and to those charms of person and graces of manner, which, making their possessor the idol of society, sometimes stand in the way of an entire devotion to duty, Mrs. Fry overcame all these worldly temptations. She was blessed with a sweet voice, whose persuasive tones proved no trifling advantage in her labours; and a yet sweeter temper, without which both philanthropy and religion would have been vain in dealing with the erring. In her youth she was more remarkable for seriousness than vivacity.

The latest project of Mrs. Fry was the formation of libraries for the use of the Coast Guards, in their numerous stations round the British Isles; and this, with the aid of her friends and the patronage of government, she lived to see completely successful.

As a wife and mother, indeed in all her domestic and social relations, she was equally exemplary. She died in 1845, aged sixty-nine years. Her death caused a great sensation throughout Europe. It was felt that a star of love and hope had gone down; and none has yet risen to shine with the sweet and cheering lustre for the poor as did this truly angelic woman. She not only practised the most disinterested charity herself, but made it familiar with all under her influence. Her children were taught to consider relieving the poor a pleasure, because their mother did it in such a cheerful spirit. She employed her children as almoners when very young, but required a minute account of their giving, and their reasons for it. After the establishment of the Tract Society, she always kept a large supply of such as she approved for distribution. It was her desire not only to relieve the bodily wants, but also in some way to benefit the souls of the poor. Among other charities, Mrs. Fry acquired the art of vaccination, in order to vaccinate the poor; and, at intervals, made a sort of investigation of the state of the parish where she resided, and persuaded parents to have their children vaccinated; and she sought to influence their minds to escape the contagion of sin by furnishing Bibles and books of instruction to all who had them not.

Thus passed her life in this round of beneficence; beloved and honoured in a degree which queens might envy; and women most renowned for genius might gladly lay down their crowns of laurel at her feet, and thank her for the glory she has conferred on the sex. She was not gifted with what is termed genius; she has left few written records; and these, though expressive of piety, are not like her life, interesting and uplifting in their tendency. It was not her mission to write books; but to leave an example of good works, more impressive and beautiful than the pen can teach. We give a few extracts from her "Journal."

QUESTIONS FOR MYSELF.

First,—Hast thou this day been honest and true in performing thy duty towards thy Creator in the first place; and, secondly, towards thy fellow-creatures; or hast thou sophisticated and flinched?

Second,—Hast thou been vigilant in frequently pausing in the hurry and career of the day, to see who thou art endeavouring to serve; whether thy Maker or thyself? And every time that trial or temptation assailed thee, didst thou endeavour to look steadily to the Delivering Power; even to Christ, who can do all things for thee?

Third,—Hast thou endeavoured to perform thy relative duties faithfully; been a tender, loving, yielding wife, where thy own will and pleasure were concerned; a tender, yet steady mother with thy children, making thyself quickly and strictly obeyed, but careful in what thou requirest of them; a kind, yet honest mistress, telling thy servants of their faults, when thou thinkest it for their or thy good, but never unnecessarily worrying thyself or them about trifles; and to every one endeavouring to do as thou wouldst be done unto?

THE EFFECT OF THE BIBLE ON THE FEMALE PRISONERS.

Another very important point is the excellent effect we have found to result from religious education; our habit is constantly to read the Scriptures to the prisoners twice a day; many of them have been taught, and some of them have been enabled to read a little themselves; it has had an astonishing effect. I never saw the Scriptures received in the same way; and to many of them they have been entirely new, both the great system of religion and morality contained in them; and it has been very satisfactory to observe the effect upon their minds. When I have sometimes gone and said it was my intention to read, they would flock up stairs after me, as if it were a great pleasure I had to afford them.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

[The following rough memoranda, in the form of question and answer, were found in Mrs. Fry's writing among her papers.]

Does capital punishment tend to the security of the people?

By no means. It hardens the hearts of men, and makes the loss of life appear light to them; and it renders life insecure, inasmuch as the law holds out that property is of greater value than life. The wicked are consequently more often disposed to sacrifice life to obtain property. It also lessens the security of the subject, because many are so conscientious, that they had rather suffer loss and sustain much injury, than be instrumental in taking the life of a fellow-creature. The result is, that the innocent suffer loss, and the guilty escape with impunity.

Does capital punishment tend to the reformation of any party?

No: because in those who suffer it leads to unbelief, hypocrisy, and fatalism; in those who remain, to discontent, dissatisfaction with the laws, and the powers which carry them into execution; to hardness of heart, unbelief, and deceit.

Does it deter others from crime?

No: because the crimes subject to capital punishment are gradually increasing. Punishment is not for revenge, but to lessen crime and reform the criminal.

G.

GACON, DUFOUR MARIE A. JOHANNE,

A DESCENDANT of the celebrated poet of the same name, devoted all her fine talents and energies to the study of agriculture and economy. Her best works on these subjects are "Bibliotheque Agronomique," "Dictionnaire Rurale et Recueil Pratique d'Economie Rurale et Domestique." She wrote, moreover, "La femme Grenadier," in 1801; "Les Dangers de la Prevention;" and "Les Prejugé Vaincu;" besides several other works.

GAETANS, AURORA,

OF Saponara, in Calabria, born in 1669. From her earliest years she devoted herself to elegant literature. She had the good fortune to be instructed by the most illustrious men of her age, and to enjoy their friendship; such persons as Leonardo da Capua, il Calabrese, il Vico. She was much admired for her poetry, and belonged to the Accademia Arcadica, under the name of Lucinda Coritesea. She died in 1730. Her poems are to be found in the collection of Bergalli; they are written with exquisite delicacy and taste.

GABRIELLI, CATHARINE,

ONE of the most celebrated singers of the nineteenth century, was born at Rome in 1730. As soon as her great talent was discovered, (by accident,) she received instructions from Garcia (la Spagnaletto) and Porpora. In the year 1747, she sang at the theatre of Lucca, where she was generally admired. Francis I. called her subsequently to Vienna. Metastasio gave her the last finish, especially with regard to the recitative. The operas of this poet gained more celebrity by her than by any other musician. An anecdote is told concerning the extreme capriciousness of this lady. The viceroy of Sicily invited her one day to dine with him and the highest nobility of Palermo. When she did not make her appearance at the appointed hour, he sent a messenger to inform her that she was expected by the party. She was found reading on her sofa, and pretended to have entirely forgotten the invitation. The viceroy seemed inclined to forgive this impoliteness; but when, during the opera, she acted her part with the utmost negligence, and sang all her airs *sotto voce*, he threatened her with punishment; yet his displeasure seemed to have no other effect but to render her still more stubborn; she declared that she might be forced to *scream*, but not to *sing*. She was committed to prison for twelve days; during this time she gave costly entertainments, paid all

the debts of the prisoners, and, with great charity, spent large sums of money among them. The viceroy being obliged to yield, she was released amidst the shoutings of the poor. She would never go to England. When offered an engagement at the theatre of London, she said, "I should not be mistress of my own will; whenever I should have a fancy not to sing, the people would insult, perhaps misuse me; better is it to remain here unmolested, were it even in a prison."

In the year 1765, the empress Catharine invited her to St. Petersburg, with the intention to engage her for two months. When her salary was mentioned, she asked five thousand ducats.

"Five thousand ducats!" exclaimed the empress; "none of my field-marshals receive so enormous a sum!"

"In this case," replied the songstress, "your majesty has only to engage one of your field-marshals to sing."

The empress laughed, and paid the desired sum. Towards the year 1780, Gabrielli went to Milan, where she did her utmost to triumph over and defeat Marchesi. In general, the rest of the singers were afraid of her. Pacchiarotti thought himself lost, when he appeared for the first time with her on the stage. She sang a difficult air peculiarly adapted to her voice, in which she displayed her whole power of singing to such a degree, that poor Pacchiarotti fled, with loud groans, behind the scenes, and could not be prevailed upon to come forth again. She retired from the stage in 1780, and died in 1796.

GAIL, SOPHIA,

Wife of John Baptist Gail, a celebrated Hellenist, was born about 1779, and died at Paris in 1819. For the arts, particularly music, she manifested an early taste, and began to compose when she was not more than twelve years of age. Among her principal compositions are the operas of "The Jealous Pair;" "Mademoiselle de Launay in the Bastile;" and "The Serenade."

GAILLARD, JANE,

A poetess of Lyons, living in the sixteenth century. We have found nothing concerning her writings; therefore have only the record of her name, as presented in the collection of Lyonese authors, to give. Will the numerous band of young ladies who now write "charming sonnets" for the public journals, leave each one, a name which will be remembered after a lapse of three hundred years?

GALLITZIN, AMALIA, PRINCESS,

A lady distinguished for talents, and a strong propensity to mysticism, was the daughter of count Schmettan, and lived during part of her youth at the court of prince Ferdinand, brother of Frederic the Great of Prussia. She married prince Gallitzin, of Russia; and, as much of his time was passed in travelling, she chose Munster, in the centre of Germany, for her permanent residence. Here she assembled around her many of the most distinguished men in Germany, of whom Hamann and Hemsterhuis were her most intimate friends. She was an ardent Catholic, and very fond of making proselytes; with the exception of this excessive zeal, she was a very fine woman. Her children were educated according to Rousseau's system. The princess is the Diotama to whom Hemsterhuis, under the name of Dioklas, addressed his work on Atheism. She died in 1806, near Munster. Her only son was a missionary in America.

GALIGAI, ELEONORA,

The family name of the marechale d'Ancre, was wife of Concini, marechal d'Ancre. Born in very humble life, the daughter of a joiner, and a washerwoman in Italy, she enjoyed for some time an irresistible dominion in France; and perished at last by a judicial sentence pronounced upon her for crimes, some of which were not proved, and others impossible to be committed. She was foster-sister to Mary de Medicis, who loved her with the tenderest affection. It was doubtless the favour she enjoyed with this princess that induced Concini to marry her; for she was exceedingly plain. Her talents, however, made amends for her personal defects. They went to France with Mary de Medicis, whom Madame Concini governed so completely, that she was virtually queen, and afterwards regent of France. Her excessive insolence so disgusted Louis XIII., the son of her protectress, that he gave her up to the envy and hatred of the court. Concini was assassinated by the king's order, and his wife was brought to a trial, in which, for want of other crimes, she was accused of sorcery. Being asked by what magic she had so fascinated the queen, she replied, "By the power which strong minds naturally possess over the weak." She was condemned in May, and executed in July, 1617. She left a son and a daughter. The latter died soon after her mother; the son, though he lost his nobility, retired to Italy, with an ample fortune, which had been accumulated by the avarice of his parents.

The marchioness de Concini was accused, with her husband, of having turned Jews, and of practising magic arts. Her fastidiousness, while at the height of her power, was so great, that the princes, princesses, and first personages in the kingdom, were prohibited from coming to her apartments; and it was accounted a crime to look at her.

GARRICK, EVA MARIA,

Wife of the celebrated David Garrick, was born at Vienna, February 29th, 1725. Her maiden name was Viegel, under which appellation she attracted the notice of Maria Theresa, empress of Austria, as a dancer, and by her command changed it to Violette, a translation of an anagram of her name. In 1744, she arrived in England, bringing with her a letter from the countess of Stahremberg to the countess of Burlington, who received her as an inmate of Burlington-house, and treated her with the greatest affection. This circumstance gave rise to a very general but erroneous idea, that Eva or Violette was a natural daughter of the earl's, born before his marriage with the countess;

but the dates of the respective events prove the inaccuracy of the supposition. While under the protection of this noble family, Mademoiselle Violette formed an attachment with David Garrick, and on the 22d of June, 1749, the nuptials were celebrated, with the sanction of the earl and countess; a marriage portion of six thousand pounds being bestowed upon the bride by the former. In 1751 and in 1763, Mrs. Garrick accompanied her husband to the continent; and in 1769, the journals of the day speak highly of the grace and elegance displayed by her at the Stratford jubilee. After the death of her husband, though strongly solicited by several persons of rank and fortune, (among others by the learned lord Monboddo,) to re-enter the marriage state, she continued a widow, residing in her house on the Adelphi terrace, where she died suddenly in her chair, October 16th, 1822, and was buried in the same vault with her husband, near the cenotaph of Shakspeare, in Westminster Abbey, on the 25th day of October in the same year.

The beauty and truth of Mrs. Garrick's character in her conjugal relation chiefly entitles her to a notice in our work. As the wife and widow of David Garrick, she offers an example of the singleness and purity of woman's soul which deserves a record. Miss Hannah More, then a young lady, had been intimate with Mr. and Mrs. Garrick for several years before his decease. On her first visit to the new-made widow, she thus describes her — "Not a sigh escaped poor Mrs. Garrick that she could restrain. When I expressed my surprise at her self-command, she answered — 'Groans and complaints are very well for those who are to mourn but a little while; but a sorrow that is to last for life will not be violent or romantic.'" And it did last for life.

GASTON, MARGARET,

Was born in the county of Cumberland, England, about the year 1755. Her maiden name was Sharpe. Her parents being Catholics, were desirous of giving their daughter better advantages of education, connected with their own faith, than could be found in their country; so Margaret was sent to France, and brought up in a convent. She was very happy in her secluded life; and her conduct in her subsequent history shows that she was well trained. Having two brothers residing in America, she came hither to visit them; and married, in North Carolina, Dr. Alexander Gaston, of Huguenot ancestry. This was about the commencement of the war of our Independence; and Dr. Gaston took a zealous part with his country. He was cruelly murdered, in presence of his wife and little children, by a body of tories in British pay;—the musket which found his heart was levelled over her shoulder!

Her brothers and eldest son died before this sad event. Mrs. Gaston had no relatives in America but her two surviving children, William, a boy of three years old, and an infant daughter. In the eloquent language of Mrs. Ellet, who has given the biography of this interesting lady in her "Women of the American Revolution," — "Many women, possessing the acute sensibility of Mrs. Gaston, would have been overwhelmed in such a situation; but severe trials served only to develop the admirable energy of her character. Every moment of her being guided by religion, she was strong in its support, and devoted herself to the duties that devolved upon her, with a firmness and constancy by which all who knew her saw that she lived above time and above the world."

> "—Her footsteps seemed to touch the earth
> Only to *mark* the track that leads to Heaven."

Though still young when left a widow, she never laid aside the habiliments of sorrow; and the anniversary of her husband's murder was kept as a day of fasting and prayer. The great object of her life was the instruction of her son, and imbuing his mind with the high principles, the noble integrity, and Christian faith, which shone conspicuous in herself. Her income being small, she practised economy to enable her to gratify her dearest wish, and procure for him a complete education; while her maternal tenderness did not dispense with implicit obedience; and strict admonitions, or yet stricter discipline, were employed to correct the faults of childhood and youth. One slight anecdote may give an idea of her method of education. When her son was seven or eight years of age, being remarkable for his aptitude and cleverness, a little schoolmate as much noted for his dullness said to him — "William, what is the reason you are always head of the class, and I am always foot?" — "There *is* a reason," replied the boy; "but if I tell you, you must promise to keep it a secret, and do as I do. Whenever I take up my book to study, I first say a little prayer my mother taught me, that I may be able to learn my lessons." He tried to teach the words of the petition to the dull boy, who could not remember them. The same night Mrs. Gaston observed William writing behind the door; and as she permitted nothing her children did to be concealed from her, he was obliged to confess having been writing out the prayer for little Tommy, that he might be able to get his lessons.

This cherished son William (afterwards the distinguished judge Gaston, of North Carolina) graduated at Princeton, taking the highest honours of the institution. When he returned home, before his mother embraced or welcomed him, she laid her hands on his head, as he knelt before her, and breathed forth the feelings of her soul in the exclamation — "My God, I thank thee!"

GAUSSEM, JEANNE CATHERINE,

A celebrated French actress, who, for thirty years, enjoyed the applause of the audience in the principal French theatres. She retired from the stage in 1664, and died at Paris in 1767, aged fifty-six years.

GENLIS, STEPHANIE FELICITÉ, COUNTESS DE,

Was born near Autun, in Burgundy, in 1746. Her maiden name was Ducrest de St. Aubin. Though of a good family, she had no fortune: but

her beauty, accomplishments, and skill on the harp, introduced her into high circles, where she had the opportunity of cultivating her mind and improving her knowledge of the world. She received many offers of marriage, and accepted the count de Genlis, who, before he saw her, had fallen in love with her from reading one of her letters.

The union was not a happy one; and the tongue of scandal did not spare the character of Madame de Genlis. By this marriage, however, she was allied to Madame Montesson, who was privately married to the duke d'Orleans; and thus it happened that Madame de Genlis was chosen by the duke de Chartres as the governess of his children. She conducted the education of these children entirely herself, and wrote her first works for their instruction. Appearing as an author, she produced in rapid succession "Adele and Theodore;" "The Tales of the Castle;" "The Theatre of Education;" and "The Annals of Virtue;" all of which were much praised. Though she was a warm friend to the revolution, her connexion with the duke d'Orleans rendered her so unpopular, that, in 1793, she was compelled to leave France.

She relates herself, in her "Précis de ma Conduite," that Petion conducted her to London, that she might meet with no obstructions to her journey. About the time of the September massacres, 1792, the duke of Orleans recalled her to Paris. As the governess of his daughter, the young duchess of Orleans, and the friend and confidant of the duke, she had become suspected. She therefore retired, with the princess, to Tournay, where she married her adopted daughter, the beautiful Pamela, to lord Fitzgerald. Here she saw general Dumouriez, and followed him to St. Amand. Not approving of the plan of the general (who had the sons of the duke of Orleans with him) to march to Paris and overthrow the republic, she retired with the princess to Switzerland, in 1793, where they lived in a convent at Bremgarten, a few miles from Zurich. The daughter of the duke of Orleans having at length gone to join her aunt, the princess of Condé, at Friburg, Madame de Genlis retired with her foster-daughter, Henrietta Sercy, who was now alone left to her, to Altona. This was in 1794, and there, in monastic solitude, this once gay and brilliant woman devoted herself entirely to literature. She wrote about this time a novel, "The Chevaliers du Lygne," printed in Hamburg, 1795, which contains many republican expressions and very free descriptions. It was afterwards republished in Paris, but with many alterations. The same year (1795) Madame de Genlis wrote a sort of autobiography, which is amusing, but not very reliable. Between her own vanity and the license usually granted to French vivacity and sentiment, the portrait she has drawn of herself is very highly coloured and flattering. At the close of this work is a rather remarkable letter to her eldest pupil, Louis Philippe, in which she exhorts him not to accept the crown of France, even though it should be offered him, because the French republic seemed to rest upon moral and just foundations.

When Napoleon was placed at the head of the government, Madame de Genlis returned to France, and received from him a house; and in 1805, a pension of 6000 francs. He treated her always with respect and favour; and she corresponded with him. But, on the return of the Bourbons, she forgot her obligations to the emperor, and welcomed the restoration of her early friends. This was not strange; but she even stooped to join the detraction of the exiled Corsican, which was not creditable to her heart or mind.

For the last thirty years of her life, her inexhaustible genius continued to pour forth a great variety of works. The whole number of her productions consists of nearly one hundred volumes, and are characterized by great imagination, and purity of style. She died at Paris, in December, 1830.

Among the multitude of her books, the best are those she wrote for the purpose of instructing the children under her charge. We will give a few selections from the "Tales of the Castle."

LAWS.

Laws, replied the baroness, are enacted for the general community: we must not expect generous and delicate sentiments from the multitude; consequently, the laws cannot regulate certain actions and sentiments; were they more severe, they would be observed only by a few, therefore could not contribute to the general good: they confine themselves to forbid manifest violence and injustice, because they are made for the regulation of common and not superior minds. For which reason, you may observe that the man whose probity consists in merely obeying the laws, cannot be truly virtuous or estimable; for he will find many opportunities of doing contemptible and even dishonest acts, which the laws cannot punish. Hence you may comprehend how law may authorize what honour may proscribe; and wherefore it is shameful to go to law in many instances, where you would be certain of gaining the cause.

VIRTUE.

There is no man, however wicked, or however

vulgar, but naturally loves virtue, and hates vice. His passions make him act against his conscience; but, while his conscience reproves him for his own errors, it demonstrates more clearly the errors of others, because, with respect to them, he does not reject its testimony. Hence it is that men act ill, and judge well. Feeble and corrupted, they give way to their passions; but when they are cool—that is to say, when they are uninterested—they instantly condemn what they have often been guilty of; they revolt against every thing that is contemptible; they admire every thing generous, and they are moved at every thing affecting.

PREJUDICE.

A prejudice is an opinion formed without due reflection, and which cannot be supported by any good reasons: thus, for example, Mademoiselle Victoire believes, that a bit of rope with which a man has been hanged, carried in her pocket, will make her win at cards. This is a prejudice; for it certainly is not the effect of reasoning on the possibility of the fact, which could first make her give into such a belief. Ask her why she has this opinion, and she will tell you she had it of her aunt, her mother, or her grandmother; and this is all she knows.

All prejudices are not equally stupid with this; but I know many which I think so, and which are yet generally adopted. I have seen women run away frightened at the entrance of a person who nursed another sick of the small-pox or the measles; and I have seen these same women, with great tranquillity, shut themselves up with the physician who attended those very patients. Many other things, of a like kind, may be observed, equally rational with Mademoiselle Victoire's predilection for the hangman's rope.

But there is another species of prejudice, which, far from being ridiculous, deserves to be respected, because it is produced by a lively and delicate sensibility. Let us continue to believe, that twins are united in perfect friendship; that they reciprocally suffer the bodily evils of each other; that a mother would discover her child, whom she had never seen, amid a thousand other children: these are the errors of kind hearts, the consequences of virtuous sentiments, and ought not to be despised.

All opinions which cannot be maintained by reason, and which facts and experiments demonstrate to be false, are certainly prejudices; yet we must be careful how we affirm, that any thing, with the nature of which we are unacquainted, however strange it may appear to us, is chimerical and vain. The history of Alphonso has taught us, that there exists an infinity of phenomena in nature, the causes of which are unknown to man; for which reason we ought only to call those things prejudices, which are not only repugnant to reason, but which are capable of being proved false by facts.

MUSIC.

Can any one be a connoisseur in music, without a knowledge of the science?

No; it is absolutely impossible. We have already allowed, that, with the best natural taste imaginable, after long study, after travelling, and observing with attention the varieties of nature, and all the collections of pictures in Europe, an amateur, if he cannot paint himself, never can distinguish all the beauties of a picture visible to a good painter: yet painting is the real imitation of nature; it represents material objects as they are hourly seen; and many parts of it must equally please the ignorant and the learned; the nicer touches of art escape the first, but they cannot help being pleased with an imitation that looks like nature itself.

It is not the same with music. The composer of an opera, no doubt, must find in nature that kind of declamation which his poem requires; but this species of imitation is too abstracted, to be as generally felt as that of painting. Besides, music may have expression, and yet not be good: as, for example, if certain rules of composition be not observed; of which, however, none but a musician will properly feel the want. I own that, in general, it is my opinion that sensibility and good taste, without a knowledge of music, may distinguish the merits of certain passages, where the expression is very happy; may feel the difference of style, and determine whether the melody be agreeable, or common and insipid; but it is impossible they can hear the beauties and defects of complicated harmony; they absolutely do not hear them, they are deaf to the effects of an accompaniment. I maintain (and the *proof* is easy) that a person who does not understand music, that is to say, who cannot decipher it with facility, and whose youth has not been passed in composing it, will never be a complete judge of it. Let a performer of any note play a voluntary, and give a mixture of good and false concords, and you shall see one of these connoisseurs, who declaim so emphatically on *barbarous music, motives, and intentions*, listen with delight to discords and unconnected resolutions of harmony, which would make a musician shudder; and bestow the most pompous praises while he listens. And what do people gain, who wish to seem learned in things they know nothing about? They impose on nobody, they talk nonsensically, they judge without taste, they are accused of pedantry by the ignorant, of folly by the well-informed, and they are tiresome and disagreeable to both.

A SCENE IN "THE TWO REPUTATIONS."

Luzincourt, unable to support this incertitude concerning the real sentiments of Aurelia, thought at last of declaring his own, really taking it for granted, that a woman whom he had loved for three years had never discovered his secret.

Full of fears and uneasiness, he went to Aurelia, whom he found just returned from a public sitting of the French Academy. She seemed greatly agitated. "There is no bearing it," said she to Luzincourt; "all is lost; neither justice, reason, or gallantry remain."

"Heavens, madam, what is the matter?"

"A great man has affirmed those nations, where women are best treated, are always most civilized."

"I flatter myself the great man who spoke so well was a Frenchman."

"By no means; he was an Englishman. We are not so civilly dealt with in France. You shall judge when I have told you what I have just heard. A philosopher, desirous of praising a princess, who has been dead these fifty years, could not accomplish his purpose but at the expense of all the princesses, and all the women, who have ever existed or do exist; and that in a single phrase."

"He has been very laconic indeed."

"You shall hear—*Though a woman and a princess*, said he, *she loved learning!*"

"The orator ought to have been answered, that *though a philosopher*, and an academician, he did not, on this occasion, show either much politeness or equity."

"And the less, in that a great princess honoured the assembly by her presence; by which she proved that, though a *woman and a princess*, she loved learning."

"And did the public approve this speech?"

"They groaned and hissed; that was all they did."

"That was all they could do, I think."

"What! among so many auditors, not one courageous knight to answer for us, and defend us?"

"How could you wish any answer to be given to so foolish a thing? Had you been attacked with any appearance of reason, you would, no doubt, have found defenders. If, for example, the philosophers, instead of accusing women of not loving the belles-lettres, had accused them of the contrary, and endeavoured to turn their passion for literature into ridicule, your knights might then have been of service."

"Why, very true: for women never wrote or cultivated literature so much as at present. What then could this *philosopher* be thinking of? He was absent, no doubt; mathematicians are subject to be so, and we might well advise them to calculate more and write less. For my part, I own, I am passionately interested in the glory of my sex."

"The sentiment is worthy of you. It is noble and natural."

"It has been said that the age of Louis XIV., which produced so many great men, was the age for great women also: I am afraid that they cannot say as much of this."

"I do not think that fear well founded. True it is, I know no woman who has been appointed to an embassy, or the sister of a common soldier who has married an emperor; but in other respects, I think the balance is in favour of the women of the present age."

"An embassy! an empress! I am sorry to think that can never happen again."

"Oh that I had a throne to offer you!"

"Pshaw! this is not the kind of gallantry I want: give me your proofs in favour of the women of this age."

"And is not your ambition on this head satisfied, madame? We have queens, who, on the throne, afford the brightest examples of the mild and benevolent virtues which honour humanity, and of those shining qualities which constitute heroes. Women, in this age, have written in every branch of literature with the greatest success. The best modern novels are the productions of women; the Peruvian Letters, the Letters of my Lady Catesby, &c., are surely equal to the princess of Cleves and Zaide. Women have not been less distinguished in poetry; many may be cited equal to Madame Deshoulieres; and some have even discovered abilities of a higher kind. They have written cantatas, poems, and tragedies. The women of Louis XIV.'s time composed little except works of mere amusement: whereas, within these twenty years, they have written a multitude of truly useful and moral works; and there are at this moment, several women in France, who cultivate letters with reputation in various branches of literature. In England they have the same success; and in Russia, a woman directs the labours of a celebrated academy, of which she is perpetual president: and really, madam, if this will not satisfy you, you are very hard to please."

"You forget the learned ladies of the last century."

"I see you envy Madame Dacier."

"You must own that ladies do not now understand Greek."

"And I must likewise own that men do not either. We learn the Greek alphabet, after which we read translations! then we say we understand Greek, and this is the whole mystery. As to other languages, we meet with many ladies who understand English, Italian, Spanish, and even Latin."

"Latin!"

"Yes; you yourself are acquainted with three."

"What! three women who understand Latin!"

"Yes, madam, who understand Latin. There are Madame N——, Mademoiselle N—— her daughter, and Madame the Marchioness de L——, who all understand it as perfectly as the most studious men."

"Understand Latin! and I who have been acquainted with them these three years, never to suspect it! Women then may be modest as well as learned, and scholars without being pedants; nay, without wishing to have their abilities known. But let us continue the comparison between the women of the last century and this. I do not remember any French woman of the age of Louis XIV. who understood mathematics; and we have now Madame du Chatelet—do you know any foreigners?—"

"England, Switzerland, Holland, Germany, and Italy, present a crowd of women eminent for their extent and depth of knowledge. A woman has received, even in this age, an honour which incontestably proved her talents were very superior to those of all the learned in her nation, then in existence. A pope, equally distinguished for his understanding and information, Benedict XIV., bestowed on Maria Agnezi, a celebrated mathematician, the place of apostolical professor in the university of Bologna, in 1758."

"A woman apostolical professor! Well, that really delights me. How great must be her merit to pretend to such a place!"

"And does not Benedict XIV., who, to reward superior merit, did a thing so uncommon, deserve a word of praise from you?"

"Oh yes; *though a man and a pope*, he was superior to vulgar prejudices against women."

"These prejudices will be forgotten when education is better understood, and when women will imagine themselves capable of acquiring all the knowledge and all the arts, as perfectly as the men!"

"We do not think this, and therefore we remain ignorant. All serious studies seem superior to our minds. So, it seems, you think excessive humility makes us frivolous. Well, I am glad you have found out this. But I am uneasy about another thing. No person can deny there have been women of genius; the famous Elizabeth, queen of England, and other heroines, are our proofs: yet it is obstinately maintained, that there are certain works of imagination which require a force and energy that women have not. Thus, for example, it is affirmed no woman can write an excellent tragedy. The tragedies of Mademoiselles Barbier and Bernard, and of Madame de Gomez, were performed with success at first, it is true; but they are not acted at present."

"Remember, madam, since the Cleopatra of Jodelle, only five women have written tragedies that have been performed on the French stage; and you must allow it would have been miraculous, if, out of this small number, one had been found equal to Racine. These five authors, far from having written contemptible works, were successful; and what could reasonably be hoped for more? Think, on the other hand, what an innumerable swarm of tragic writers have preceded and come after Corneille: how many have been condemned, for one who was approved; how many have been forgotten, and how many shall be forgotten? I, therefore, do not see what foundation there is to assert, that to write a tragedy belongs only to men, and that women ought not to pretend to it; it is wrong to judge them till they have been oftener tried. It must be owned that they have written good poetry; that they have wit, understanding, dignity of mind, and feeling; and what more is required to write a good tragedy? Often have they, even in this way, charmed the public at much less expense."

"You speak of women in a very flattering manner; but do not you think they have, in general, treated us with great rigour, and that there never was a less gallant age than the present?"

"This is a sign greatly in your favour; for it proves there is a real competition for superiority between men and women. We are willing enough to praise you, when you are only amiable; but if once you discover eminence in any one thing, we have a right to find fault; for we are the masters, and surely we must maintain subordination. For my part, when I think on the education of women, I cannot conceive how we can help admiring them. Let us suppose that Corneille and Racine had learned nothing from infancy to youth, that is till they were eighteen or twenty, but to dance and play on the harpsichord; and that afterwards they had heard speak only of balls, feasts, and visits. Behold them, at that period, obliged to answer numberless messages every morning, and do nothing but write billets, and read the *Journal de Paris*. Do you think they would then have written Cinna and Athalia?"

"You are in the right; and we have been refused the gifts of genius a little too inconsiderately."

GENTILESCHI, ARTEMISIA,

Was the daughter of Orazio Gentileschi, an Italian historical and landscape painter, who was born at Pisa, but came to London, where he died. Artemisia resided in London for some time with her father, where she painted the portraits of several of the royal family, and many of the English nobility. She died in Italy, in 1642. One of her paintings represents Judith killing Holofornes; it is a picture of deep and terrible passion; the other is the Temptation of Susanna, a work of much ease, softness, and grace. Her talents gained her a wide reputation; and her private life was excellent.

GEOFFRIN, MARIE THÉRÈSE RODET, MADAME,

Born in 1699. She was a woman alike distinguished by her qualities of mind and heart, who, during half a century, was the ornament of the most polite and cultivated societies in Paris. An orphan from the cradle, she was educated by her grandmother, and early accustomed to think and judge justly. She afterwards became the wife of a man, of whom nothing can be said, excepting that he left her in possession of a considerable fortune, which she employed partly in assisting the needy, partly in assembling around her a select circle of distinguished persons. Her benevolence was exerted in a touching and delicate manner. An attentive study of mankind, enlightened by reason and justice, had taught Madame Geoffrin that men are more weak and vain than wicked; that it is necessary to overlook the weakness, and bear with the vanity of others, that they, in turn, may bear with ours. Her favourite maxim, therefore, was, "Give and forgive."

From her very childhood she was of a most charitable disposition. She wished to perpetuate her benevolence through the hands of her friends.

"They will be blessed," said she, "and they in their turn will bless my memory." Thus she assigned to one of her friends, who was poor, an income of twelve hundred livres for his lifetime. "If you should grow richer," said she, "distribute the money out of love to me, when I can use it no longer."

In her house the best society in Paris was assembled. Cultivated minds of every description found access to her; none could therefore claim a preference: the mistress of the house herself was far from desiring any precedence; she was only amiable and animating. The abbé de St. Pierre, when she dismissed him, after a long conversation, with the words, "*Vous avez été charmant aujourd'hui*," addressed to her the well-known and deserved compliment, "*Je ne suis qu'un instrument, Madame, dont vous avez bien joué.*"

"The question is often asked," says La Harpe, "whether this woman, who converses so much with wits, is herself a wit: she is not so, but she possesses a sound judgment, and a wise moderation is the foundation of her character. She exhibits that pleasing politeness which is gained only by intercourse with society; and no one has a more delicate feeling of propriety." Among the great number of strangers who visited her house in Paris, the most distinguished was count Poniatowsky, afterwards king of Poland. He apprised her of his accession to the throne in these words: "*Maman, votre fils est roi;*" inviting her, at the same time, to Warsaw. On her journey thither (1768) she was received at Vienna in the most flattering manner, by the emperor and empress. The latter, having met Madame Geoffrin, while taking a ride with her children, immediately stopped, and presented them to her. Upon her arrival at Warsaw, she found a room there, perfectly like the one she had occupied in Paris. She returned to Paris, after having received the most flattering marks of respect, and died in 1777. Three of her friends, Thomas, Morellet, and d'Alembert, dedicated particular writings to her memory, which, with her treatise, *Sur la Conversation*, have been lately republished.

We see in the example of this interesting lady, that neither personal attractions, nor wit, nor genius, are required to make woman lovely and beloved. Madame Geoffrin was not distinguished for these showy gifts and graces; but she possessed what was better — sound judgment, good taste, and warm kindness of heart. Her disinterested benevolence was wonderful. All her sayings breathe this universal charity. We have remarked that her favourite maxim was — "Give and forgive." Another of her sayings was, "We should not let the grass grow on the path of friendship." "Among those advantages which attract for us the most consideration," said Madame Geoffrin, "are good manners, an erect bearing, a dignified demeanour, and to be able to enter a room gracefully; we dare not speak ill of a person who has all these advantages, for they presuppose thoughtfulness, order, and judgment."

She was exquisitely neat in her person, and dressed with great taste; and this was one secret of her power. A slatternly woman can never be loved or respected, however much she may be admired for her talents. Madame Geoffrin died at Paris in 1777, aged seventy-eight.

GETHIN, LADY GRACE,

Was the daughter of Sir George Norton, of Abbots-Leith, in Somersetshire, England, and born in 1676. She was liberally educated, and married Sir Richard Gethin, of Gethin-grott, in Ireland. Lovely and beloved, and possessed of many and great accomplishments, both natural and acquired, she did not live long enough to display them to the world; for she died in her twenty-first year. She was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a beautiful monument is erected over her; and, moreover, for perpetuating her memory, provision was made for a sermon to be preached in Westminster Abbey, yearly, on Ash-Wednesday, forever. She wrote, and left behind her in loose papers, a work which, soon after her death, was published under the title of "Reliquiæ Gethineanæ; or some remains of the most ingenious and excellent lady, Grace Lady Gethin, lately deceased; being a collection of choice Discourses, pleasant Apothegms, and witty Sentences, written by her, for the most part, by way of Essay, and at spare hours, 1700." This work consists of discourses upon friendship, love, gratitude, death, speech, lying, idleness, the world, secresy, prosperity, adversity, children, cowards, bad poets, indifferency, censoriousness, revenge, boldness, youth, age, custom, charity, reading, beauty, flattery, riches, honour, pleasure, suspicion, excuses, &c. It is at present very scarce.

GHIRADELLI, LAURA FELICE,

This elegant authoress has left but one sonnet. But, as with respect to Sappho, we may say—

> O suavis anima! qualem te dicam bonam,
> Ante hac fuisse, tales cùm sint reliquiæ!

She was a native of Bologna, and flourished in 1675.

GINASSI, CATERINA,

Was born of a noble family at Rome, in 1590. She was the niece of cardinal Domenico Ginassi. She studied painting under Giovanni Lanfranco, from whose designs she executed several pictures in the convent of St. Lucia. She died in 1660.

GLAUBER, DIANA,

Was sister of John and Gottleib Glauber, and was born at Utrecht in 1650. John Glauber instructed his sister in the principles and practice of his art; and she devoted herself chiefly to painting portraits. Her style became quite distinguished; and she also designed historical subjects, until she was accidentally deprived of her sight. She died at Hamburg about 1720.

GLENORCHY, WILHELMINA MAXWELL, LADY,

Distinguished for her piety and benevolence, was born at Preston, in North Britain, in 1742. Lovely, agreeable, wealthy, and allied to a noble house, her premature widowhood, and a severe illness, induced her in her twenty-third year to retire from the gayeties of the world, and devote her time wholly to her religious duties. She exerted herself principally for the education of youth, and trained up hundreds of children to fill useful stations in society. She endowed a free-school at Edinburgh, built four chapels, and founded and endowed schools in different places, besides educating several young men for the ministry, and bestowing large sums in private acts of benevolence. To enable her to carry out these schemes, she denied herself luxuries, and in every way practised the greatest economy. She died in 1780, leaving the greater part of her property to charitable purposes.

Lady Glenorchy had drawn much information concerning the most useful subjects, from reading, from conversation, and correspondence with a numerous circle of worthy friends, and from acute observation of what passed within and around her. She entered into conversation with much affability, and communicated ideas with uncommon perspicuity and readiness. The vivacity of her temper, the justness and sweetness of her remarks, could not fail to render her company acceptable to any society. But important obligations of a spiritual kind afforded her little leisure or inclination for mixed company. Her courage in avowing and endeavouring to promote on every occasion an attachment to the gospel, was truly admirable. None had more boldness, nor more ability in introducing religious discourse, and directing the attention of those with whom she conversed to subjects that were spiritual and edifying. None could sit, for any time, at her table or in her company, without hearing some truths, which ought to be profitable to their souls. In her religion she wore no morose or forbidding appearance. Her temper was cheerful, her conversation and manners, though remote from the dissipation of the age, exhibited piety in a pleasing form, and conveyed the idea that, "wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are paths of peace."

GLEIM, BETTY,

Known as a writer on German literature and female education, was born in 1781. Her grandfather, J. L. W. Gleim, and several literary friends, contributed greatly to the development of her natural talents. From her earliest youth, she felt a strong bias towards the calling of a teacher. She considered herself in duty bound to devote her life to the amelioration of the mental condition of her sex. She established a female school, which continued to flourish for a long time as a model institute for the region of the country in which she lived. Her work on Cookery obtained for her quite a celebrity as a housekeeper, and went through seven or eight editions. She next published "The German Reader." Then followed "The Education of Females in the Nineteenth Century." Soon afterwards appeared "The Education of Women and the assertion of their dignity in the various Conditions of Life." She also prepared several primary grammars, and a number of other school-books, upon various topics. Her works have proved of much utility, and her life was a lesson to all who wish to do good to their race. She died, March 27th, 1807, at the Institution founded by herself, a fitting monument of her earnest philanthropy.

GODEWYCK, MARGARETTA,

Was born at Dort in 1627, and was instructed in design and drawing by Nicholas Maas, by whose instructions she acquired a fine taste in painting landscapes, which she ingeniously diversified with views of rivers, cascades, villages, groves, and distant hills, that rendered her compositions very pleasing. This lady was not more admired for her paintings in oil, than for her needle-work, executing the same kind of subjects which she expressed with her pencil, and with an equal appearance of nature and truth, in embroidery. She died in 1677.

GODWIN, MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT,

The first wife of William Godwin, better known however by her maiden name of Wollstonecraft, was born on the 27th of April, 1759. At the time of her birth her father owned a small farm in Essex, from which he afterwards, in 1768, removed to another farm, near Beverley, in Yorkshire. Mary Wollstonecraft's early years were thus spent in the country, and she had no better opportunities of education than were furnished by the day-schools of Beverley, where she resided from her tenth to her sixteenth year. When she had attained this age, her father, having entered into a commercial speculation, removed from Beverley to Hoxton, near London. While she resided at Hoxton, Godwin was a student in the Dissenters' College of that place, but they did not then meet.

Mary Wollstonecraft's early years were not passed happily. Her father appears to have been a man of no judgment in the management of a family, and of a most ungovernable temper. "The despotism of her education," says Mr. Godwin, in his unaffected and interesting memoir of his wife, "cost her many a heart-ache. She was not formed to be the contented and unresisting subject of a despot; but I have heard her remark more than once, that when she felt she had done wrong, the reproof or chastisement of her mother, instead of being a terror to her, she found to be the only thing capable of reconciling her to herself. The blows of her father, on the contrary, which were the mere ebullitions of a passionate temper, instead of humbling her, roused her indignation." A woman of exquisite sensibility, as well as of great energy of character, she was thus led early to think of quitting her parents and providing for herself. She went first to live as companion to a lady at Bath, and afterwards, in 1783, in concert with two sisters and also a friend for whom she

had conceived an ardent attachment, she opened a day-school at Islington, which was very shortly removed to Newington Green. Mr. Godwin, who is well qualified to give an opinion, speaks in high terms of her pre-eminent fitness for the teaching of children; but the call of friendship having carried her for a time to Lisbon, and the school having been mismanaged in her absence, she found it necessary on her return to give up this plan of subsistence. She almost immediately obtained the situation of governess in the family of Lord Kingsborough.

Mary Wollstonecraft had by this time made an attempt in authorship. She had, in 1786, written and published, in order to devote the profits to a work of charity, a pamphlet entitled "Thoughts on the Education of Daughters." On leaving Lord Kingsborough's family, in 1787, she went to London, and entered into negotiations with Mr. Johnson, the publisher, with a view of supporting herself by authorship. The next three years of her life were accordingly spent in writing; and during that period she produced some small works of fiction, and translations and abridgments of several valuable works, for instance, Salzman's Elements of Morality, and Lavater's Physiognomy, and several articles in the Analytical Review. The profits of her pen, which were more than she needed for her own subsistence, supplied aid to many members of her family. She helped to educate two younger sisters, put two of her brothers out in the world, and even greatly assisted her father, whose speculative habits had by this time brought him into embarrassments. Thus for three years did she proceed in a course of usefulness, but unattended by fame. Her answer, however, to Burke's Reflections on the French Revolution, which was the first of the many answers that appeared, and her "Vindication of the Rights of Women," which was published in 1791, rapidly brought her into notice and notoriety.

In 1792, Mary Wollstonecraft went to Paris, and did not return to London till after an interval of three years. While in France she wrote her "Moral and Historical View of the French Revotion;" and a visit to Norway on business, in 1795, gave rise to her "Letters from Norway." Distress of mind, caused by a bitter disappointment to which an attachment formed in Paris had subjected her, led her at this period of her life to make two attempts at suicide. But it is a striking proof of her vigour of intellect that the "Letters from Norway" were written at the time when her mental distress was at its height, and in the interval between her two attempts at self-destruction.

In 1796, Mary Wollstonecraft became acquainted with William Godwin, the celebrated philosopher and political writer. A mutual attachment was the result; and as they, unfortunately, held similar opinions respecting the ceremony of marriage, they lived together, unwedded, for six months; when finding the necessity of legitimatizing the child which would otherwise be an outcast from her birth, they were married. Mrs. Godwin died in child-bed a few months afterwards, leaving her infant daughter, who subsequently became the wife of Percy Bysshe Shelley, and has given ample proof that she inherits the talents of both her parents.

Mr. Godwin mourned the death of his wife deeply. In 1798 he edited her posthumous works, and also published a small memoir of her, which is eminently marked by genuine feeling, simplicity, and truth. The style of this Memoir is different from the other productions of Godwin, which he ascribed to the influence the genius of his wife had exercised over his own mind; he concludes thus: "This light was lent to me for a very short period, and is now extinguished forever."

Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin was endowed with great mental powers, and an unusual degree of feeling; but these gifts were of little avail to herself, or to the promotion of that improvement of her own sex, which she most ardently desired. Yet the errors of her life and writings were more the result of her unfortunate early training, than any want of principle. The brutal cruelty of her father made her believe in the necessity of woman's becoming able to defend herself. She did not see that the true way to remedy the evils of society was to increase the moral power of the world; that woman is the depositary of this power; and that she must cultivate, in Christian meekness, her heavenly gifts; and thus, by the exhibition of moral graces, and by her influence in training her sons, finally win man to use his physical strength and mental power for her protection and enlightenment. In short, that to bring about the true Christian civilization, which only can improve the condition of our sex, the men must become more like women, and the women more like angels.

GOMEZ, MAGDALENE ANGELINA PAISSON DE,

A FRENCH author, was the daughter of Paul Paisson, a player, and born at Paris, in 1684. She married M. de Gomez, a Spanish gentleman of small fortune, in whose circumstances she was deceived. She, however, procured sufficient, by her writings, to live at St. Germaine-en-Laye; she died there, in 1770. Her works were numerous, chiefly romances, which were well written, and have been much esteemed. Those most celebrated were "Les Journées Amusantes," 8 vols.; "Crementine," 2 vols.; "Anecdotes Persans," 2 vols.; "Les Cent Nouvelles," 8 vols. She also wrote several tragedies, which were unsuccessful.

GONZAGA-COLONNA, JULIA,

DUCHESS of Traietto, and countess of Fondi, was married, when very young, to duke Vespasian Colonna, a man older than her father; but it seems he gained her heart. She was, in a few years after her marriage, left a widow, rich, exceedingly beautiful, and "the great attractions of her person were surpassed, if possible, by the qualifications of her mind." The first noblemen in Italy made proposals for her hand; but notwithstanding the duke her husband had been old and infirm, she paid the highest respect to his memory, and deter-

mined never to marry a second time. The fame of her charms extended beyond her own country, and at length reached the Ottoman Porte. The sultan, Soliman II., determined to obtain her by force, as he could not gain her by other means. The commander of his navy, Ariadne Barbarossa, undertook to seize and carry her off; arriving at Fondi, in the night, with two thousand soldiers, he found little difficulty in scaling the walls. The inhabitants of Fondi, alarmed by the appearance of the invaders, and ignorant of the purpose for which they had come, rushed out of their houses,

uttering the most doleful shrieks. The beautiful duchess, awakened by these cries of terror, escaped from her chamber-window, and fled to the mountains, where she was assailed by fresh terrors, for a desperate banditti made these mountains their haunt. She fell into their hands; but, moved by her appeals, or restrained by divine providence, these outcasts treated her with respect, and restored her to freedom.

The duchess devoted her time chiefly to literature, and her genius, beauty, and virtues, gained her many flattering tributes from the distinguished philosophers and poets of that age. Bernardo Tasso, father of Torquato, complimented her by name in his Amadis; and after her decease, which occurred April 19th, 1566, Ariosto thus commemorates her:

> "Giulia Gonzaga che dovunque il piede
> Volge e dovunque i sereni occhi gira
> Non pur ogn' altra di beltà la cede,
> Ma come Dea dal ceil scesa l'ammira."

Julia was suspected of Lutheranism; and though she never acknowledged this, yet as she died without the usual Catholic ceremonies, the presumption is, that she was Protestant in her heart.

GONZAGA, LUCRETIA,

An illustrious Italian lady of the sixteenth century, was as remarkable for her wit and learning, as for high birth. She wrote such beautiful letters, that the utmost care was taken to preserve them; and a collection of them was printed at Venice in 1552. There is no learning in her letters, yet we perceive by them that she was learned; for, in a letter to Robertellus, she says, that his Commentaries had shown her the true meaning of several obscure passages in Aristotle and Æschylus. All the wits of her time commended her highly; and Hortensio Lando, besides singing her praises, dedicated to her a piece written in Italian, "Upon moderating the passions of the soul." They corresponded, and more than thirty of her letters to him have been printed. In one of these she blames him for grieving at his poverty: "I wonder," she writes, "that you, who are a learned man, and so well acquainted with the affairs of this world, should yet be so strangely vexed at being poor: as though you did not know that a poor man's life is like sailing near the coast, whereas that of a rich man resembles the condition of those who are in the main sea. The former can easily throw a cable on the shore, and bring their ship safe into an harbour; whereas the latter cannot do it without much danger and difficulty."

We learn from these letters that her marriage with John Paul Manfrone was unhappy. She was not fourteen when she was married to him against her own consent; yet she treated him with due respect and obedience, though his conduct gave her great uneasiness. He engaged in a conspiracy against the duke of Ferrara; was detected and imprisoned by him; but, though condemned, not put to death. She did all in her power to obtain his release; applied to every man of importance in Christendom to intercede for him; and even solicited the Grand Seignior to make himself master of the castle where her husband was kept. But her endeavours were vain, for he died in prison, after having shown such impatience under his sufferings as made many persons imagine that he had lost his senses. She lived afterwards in honourable widowhood, though several men of rank were her suitors. On being solicited to contract a second marriage, she answered, with indignation, "Scarcely have I dried the tears, and suppressed the sighs, which the destiny of my unfortunate husband extorted from me, when you press me to form new engagements. Know you not, that second marriages have been deemed unchaste? Virgil makes his Dido call them criminal. No, I will have no other husband than Jesus Christ, to whom I am resolved to dedicate my future life." On another occasion, she frankly declared, that she had suffered too much in a conjugal state again to subject herself to the yoke, from which God had freed her, even though a husband, richer than Crœsus, wiser than Lelius, or handsomer than Nireus, should offer himself. Of four daughters which Lucretia bore to her husband, two only survived, whom she dedicated to a conventual life. Her writings were held in so much esteem, for the graces of her style, that even the notes she wrote to her domestics were carefully collected, and many of them preserved in the edition of her letters. She was a kind mistress, careful even to the settlement of her domestics in life, as a reward of their services. She wrote many letters to her friends and acquaintances on various subjects, in a strain of admirable morality; and in

all her conduct was an example to her sex, and a blessing to society.

GONZAGA, COLONNA IPPOLITA.

Don Ferrante Gonzaga, one of the most renowned captains of the emperor Charles V., had very singular ideas on the subject of education; ideas that met with little approval among his own sex at that day, and would find as little at present. He said that all exercises of the head and intellect tended to render men good for nothing; that military discipline, the use of arms, skill in horsemanship, were to be taught young noblemen; their moral training was to be patience, perseverance, long-suffering, bravery. As to women, it was quite another thing; their domain was in-doors; and as it was good for the world that science and literature should advance and embellish life, and add to its comforts, somebody must attend to these; nothing more clear, then, argued don Ferrante, than that this is "woman's mission."

He had an opportunity of acting upon this theory, for he was the father of ten sons, all younger than his daughter Ippolita, who was born in 1535. She had, from her infancy, masters of the first intelligence for every science; and nature having endowed her with uncommon ability, her progress in every department of literature soon rendered her famous. Her father, becoming governor of Milan, brought her into a brilliant and courtly circle, where her personal charms, and the wealth and importance of her family, attracted many suitors, undeterred by her extraordinary learning. She formed a marriage of love with Fabrizio Colonna, a Roman nobleman, who had distinguished himself in a military capacity. This union seems to have been one of great happiness; but it was of short duration. Fabrizio died in the flower of youth. His widow, after the manifestation of violent grief, sought solace in literature. Her house soon became the resort of all the eminent writers of the age; the most extravagant tributes of admiration were offered to her by the poets; nor were scientific or grave writers behind-hand in pouring out homage to a woman whose beauty, high rank, and talents, seemed to warrant this sort of adulation. In the meantime, her brothers grew up in the greatest ignorance; her uncle, the cardinal Ercule, bishop of Mantua, interceded in favour of the heir of the family, don Cesare; he urged his brother to allow his eldest son some few of the advantages he had lavished on his daughter! In vain! Don Ferrante, firm to his theory, refused that the smallest part of the "ample page of knowledge" should be "unrolled" to the modern Cæsar.

Ippolita formed a second union with the count Caraffa, but it was productive of nothing but misery. The count Caraffa took umbrage at the crowd of literati and artists who surrounded his wife. She was not willing to abandon her habits and tastes; discord was fomented by the count's mother, a narrow-minded woman, who detested her daughter-in-law: these disputes resulted in a legal separation; upon which occasion Ippolita received a letter from her father breathing the tenderest consolation, and recalling his darling to the bosom of her family. She was received with tenderness, but her spirits were broken. She gradually declined in health, and died at the age of twenty-eight.

She left a volume of poems, among which is celebrated, a sonnet written on the death of Irene of Spilimberg.

GOTTSCHED, LOUISA ADELGUNDE VICTORIA,

Was born at Dantzic, in 1713. Her maiden name was Kalmus. When only sixteen years of age, she married professor Gottsched, of the Leipsic university. She aided her husband in all his literary labours; and appeared, in a short time after her marriage, as an authoress under her own name. Her style is pronounced by critics as superior to that of her husband; though he enjoyed a great reputation as an author. She wrote a number of melo-dramas, and a very fine tragedy, "Panthea." Her death occurred in 1762.

GOUGES, MARIE OLYMPE DE,

A native of Montauban. During the revolution she espoused the cause of the people, and made Mirabeau the hero of her writings. But the enormities of the Jacobins disgusted her; and when Louis XVI. was dragged before the tribunal she had the courage to demand the privilege of defending him. This heroic conduct, and her attacks on Marat and Robespierre, marked her out for death. She was guillotined November 3d, 1792, aged thirty-eight. She wrote several dramas. Her character as a woman was by no means irreproachable.

GOURNAY, MARY DE JARS, LADY OF,

A French woman of wit and learning, was related to several noble families in Paris, but born in Gascony, in 1565. She had a strong turn for literature, and was so delighted with Montaigne's Essays, that, on her father's death, she adopted Montaigne in his stead, even before she had seen him. When he was at Paris in 1588, she visited

him, and prevailed on him to pass two or three months with her and her mother, the lady Gournay. Mademoiselle de Jars became so wedded to books in general, and Montaigne's Essays in particular, that she resolved never to have any other associate. Nor was Montaigne ungrateful for her admiration. He foretold, in his second book of Essays, that she would be capable of first-rate productions. The connection was carried through the family. Montaigne's daughter, the viscountess de Jamaches, always claimed Mademoiselle de Jars as a sister. In 1634, after Montaigne's death, she revised and reprinted an edition of his Essays, with a preface, full of the strongest expressions of devotion to his memory.

She published a volume of prose and verse in 1636, called "Les Avis et les Presens de la Demoiselle de Gournai." She was never married, but received a small pension from the court. She died in 1645, at Paris.

GRACE, MRS.

The maiden name of this ingenious woman is not known. She was the daughter of a shoemaker, and without any regular instruction, succeeded so well in painting portraits as not only to support her family, but also to realize twenty thousand pounds. She frequently exhibited with the Society of Artists in London; and in 1767 produced an historical picture. She left London for Homerton, where she died about 1786.

GRAFFIGNY, FRANÇOISE D'HAPPONCOURT,

Was the daughter of a great-niece of the celebrated engraver Callot. Her disposition gentle and serious, her judgment excellent, she was benevolent and affectionate, and much esteemed by her numerous friends. Her "Lettres Peruviennes" obtained great celebrity. Their variety of description, richness of imagery, and impassioned interest, have been justly admired. She also composed a comedy of the genre larmoyante, which contains many ingenious thoughts, but is negligently finished.

Madame de Graffigny sometimes told with mortification, that her mother, having inherited a vast number of the copperplates of the great Callot, sent one day for a brazier and had them all melted down, and made into kitchen utensils.

In her married life she suffered much unkindness from an unworthy husband. Becoming a widow, in 1740 she went to Paris in the suite of Mademoiselle de Guise, little foreseeing the honours that awaited her in the literary world. Her reputation was formed in the capital while she was unconscious of it. Several men of letters engaged her assistance in a periodical production that had a vogue at that time. She wrote for them a tale entitled "Bad examples produce as many virtues as vices." This story is filled with maxims, of which the very title is one. Madame de Graffigny began the career of an author at rather a late period of life; but no want of spirit or animation is to be objected to her writings. Besides many other dramatic and imaginative works, she composed three or four little plays for the young, which were represented in Vienna by the children of the emperor, who gave her a pension. These were of a moral tendency, and written with a characteristic simplicity. She died in 1758.

GRAHAM, ISABELLA,

Was born in the county of Lanark, Scotland, in 1742. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Marshall, educated her carefully and religiously. In 1765, she became acquainted with Dr. John Graham, a physician of Paisley, whom she afterwards married, and by whom she had four children. Soon after their marriage, her husband was ordered to his regiment, then in Canada. Four of the happiest years of her life were spent in that country, when Dr. Graham was ordered to Antigua, where he died, in 1774. Mrs. Graham then returned to her father in Scotland, where, by taking charge of the education of some young ladies, she supported her aged father, herself, and her children.

In 1789, Mrs. Graham returned to America, and opened a seminary for young ladies in New York, in which she was very successful. She was also eminent as a public benefactor, being the projector, the founder, and one of the most efficient members, of the "Widow's Society," the "Orphans' Asylum," and a "Society for the Promotion of Industry." She devoted her time, talents, influence and earnings, to the building up of these useful charities; even performing the office of teacher for some time in the Orphans' School, before the funds were sufficient to pay an instructor. Few women have accomplished such efficient services for public good as did this truly noble woman; she not only worked herself in the cause of her heavenly Master, but she had that peculiar faculty, the gift of persuasion, which moved the hearts of many to work with her, who, without such an exemplar and monitor, would never have entered on these plans of doing good. Mrs. Graham was also gifted with genius; her talents, hallowed by piety, and devoted to duty, were of the high order which would have gained her a wide reputation for literature, had she lent herself to its pursuits. Her familiar letters are models of the best style; and the fragments of her poetry, found among her papers, entitled "Provision for my last Journey through the Wilderness," &c., show the poetic feeling which slumbered in her heart, or rather was absorbed by her love of God and her ceaseless service in His cause. She had, in this life, the reward of seeing her exertions crowned with wonderful success; and the blessing of a peaceful and happy death seemed the fitting close of an earthly career which was to open for her an eternity of glory and blessedness. She died, July 27th, 1814. But her spirit has not passed away; it animates her descendants; her daughter, Mrs. Bethune, and the only son of this daughter, Rev. George W. Bethune, who carry on and out the holy principles of benevolence of Isabella Graham. Her "Life and Writings" are widely known, many editions having been published in Scotland and England; and probably more than fifty thousand copies have been printed in America. We give only one

extract, a poem. Its pious resignation will comfort those who mourn as she mourned.

WIDOWHOOD.

Written in the Island of Antigua shortly after Dr. Graham's death.

Hail! thou state of widowhood,
State of those that mourn to God;
Who from earthly comforts torn,
Only live to pray and mourn.

Meanest of the number, I
For my dear companion sigh;
Patiently my loss deplore,
Mourn for one that mourns no more.

Me my consort hath outrun,
Out of sight he quite has gone;
He his course has finish'd here,
First come to the sepulchre.

Following on with earnest haste,
Till my mourning days are past,
I my partner's steps pursue,
I shall soon be happy too;

Find the ease for which I pant,
Gain the only good I want;
Quietly lay down my head,
Sink into my earthy bed.

There my flesh shall rest in hope,
Till the quicken'd dust mount up;
When to glorious life I'll rise,
To meet my husband in the skies.

GRANT, ANNE,

Whose maiden name was Mac Vicar, was born at Glasgow, Scotland, in February, 1755. When a child, she came with her father, who was an officer in the British army, to America, and spent some time in the interior of New York. While residing near Albany, Miss Mac Vicar was introduced to the notice of Madame Schuyler, wife, or widow rather, of Colonel Philip Schuyler; and to this "American lady," the English maiden, afterwards Mrs. Grant, acknowledges she owed "whatever of culture her mind received." Respecting the effect which a residence in the then American colonies had, Mrs. Grant, many years afterwards, says: "I was fond of it to enthusiasm, and spent the most delightful and fanciful period of my life in it, for mine was a very premature childhood. The place where I resided was the most desirable in the whole continent; there my first perceptions of pleasure, and there my earliest habits of thinking, were formed; and from thence I drew that high relish for the sublime simplicity of nature which has ever accompanied me. This has been the means of preserving a certain humble dignity in all the difficulties I have had to struggle through."

She returned to Scotland in 1768, and in 1779 married the Rev. Mr. Grant, of Laggan, by whom she had several children. On the death of her husband, in 1801, being obliged to resort to her pen for subsistence, she wrote "The Highlanders, and other Poems," "Memoirs of an American Lady," "Letters from the Mountains," "Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland," &c. She died on the 7th of November, 1838, at Edinburgh, where she resided during the latter part of her life, and where she was the centre of a circle of accomplished and literary people. From 1825 till her death she enjoyed a royal pension of one hundred pounds yearly, which, with the emoluments derived from her writings, and some liberal bequests, rendered her quite independent.

Among the productions of Mrs. Grant, her "Memoirs of an American Lady" ranks the first in interest and power; but all she wrote was good. Sir Walter Scott has thus given testimony to her worth and genius:

"The character and talents of Mrs. Grant have long rendered her, not only a useful and estimable member of society, but one eminent for the services which she has rendered to the cause of religion, morality, knowledge, and taste. Her literary works, although composed amidst misfortune and privation, are written at once with simplicity and force; and uniformly bear the stamp of a virtuous and courageous mind, recommending to the reader that patience and fortitude, which the writer herself practised in such an eminent degree. Her writings, deservedly popular in her own country, derive their success from the manner in which, addressing themselves to the national pride of the Scottish people, they breathe a spirit at once of patriotism, and of that candour which renders patriotism unselfish and liberal. We have no hesitation in attesting our belief that Mrs. Grant's writings have produced a strong and salutary effect upon her countrymen, who not only found recorded in them much of national history and antiquities, which would otherwise have been forgotten, but found them combined with the soundest and best lessons of virtue and morality."

We subjoin a poem of Mrs. Grant's, which is characteristic of her turn of thought and her cherished feelings.

ON A SPRIG OF HEATH.

Flower of the waste! the heath-fowl shuns
For thee the brake and tangled wood—
To thy protecting shade she runs,
Thy tender buds supply her food;
Her young forsake her downy plumes,
To rest upon thy opening blooms.

Flower of the desert though thou art!
The deer that range the mountain free,
The graceful doe, the stately hart,
Their food and shelter seek from thee;
The bee thy earliest blossom greets,
And drains from thee her choicest sweets.

Gem of the heath! whose modest bloom
Sheds beauty o'er the lonely moor;
Though thou dispense no rich perfume,
Nor yet with splendid tints allure,
Both valour's crest and beauty's bower
Oft hast thou decked, a favourite flower.

Flower of the wild! whose purple glow
Adorns the dusky mountain's side,
Not the gay hues of Iris' bow,
Nor garden's artful varied pride,
With all its wealth of sweets, could cheer,
Like thee, the hardy mountaineer.

Flower of his heart; thy fragrance mild
Of peace and freedom seem to breathe;
To pluck thy blossoms in the wild,
And deck his bonnet with the wreath,
Where dwelt of old his rustic sires,
Is all his simple wish desires.

Flower of his dear-loved native land!
Alas, when distant far more dear!
When he from some cold foreign strand,
Looks homeward through the blending tear,
How must his aching heart deplore,
The home and thee he sees no more!

GREVILLE, MRS.,

Wife of Fulke Greville, was a celebrated wit and beauty in English society during the last century. She wrote, about 1753, a "Prayer for Indifference," which was long very popular. The beautiful Mrs. Crewe was the daughter of Mrs. Greville. Her maiden name was Fanny M'Cartney. Mrs. Greville was the author of "Maxims and Characters," published in 1756, and some other works; but none are now of much account except the

PRAYER FOR INDIFFERENCE.

Oft I've implored the gods in vain,
And prayed till I've been weary;
For once I'll try my wish to gain
Of Oberon the Fairy.

Sweet airy being, wanton sprite,
That lurk'st in woods unseen,
And oft by Cynthia's silver light
Tripp'st gaily o'er the green;

If e'er thy pitying heart was moved,
As ancient stories tell,
And for th' Athenian maid who loved
Thou found'st a wondrous spell;

Oh deign once more t' exert thy pow'r!
Haply some herb or tree,
Sov'reign as juice of western flower,
Conceals a balm for me.

I ask no kind return of love,
No tempting charm to please;
Far from the heart those gifts remove
That sighs for peace and ease:

No peace nor ease the heart can know,
Which, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
But, turning, trembles too.

Far as distress the soul can wound,
'Tis pain in each degree;
'Tis bliss but to a certain bound,
Beyond, is agony.

Take then this treacherous sense of mine,
Which dooms me still to smart;
Which pleasure can to pain refine,
To pain new pangs impart.

Oh haste to shed the sacred balm!
My shattered nerves new string;
And for my guest, serenely calm,
The nymph Indifference bring.

* * * *

And what of life remains for me
I'll pass in sober ease;
Half pleased, contented will I be,
Content but half to please.

GREY, LADY JANE,

Was an illustrious personage of the blood-royal of England by both parents; her grandmother on her father's side, Henry Grey, marquis of Dorset, being queen-consort to Edward IV.; and her grandmother on her mother's, lady Frances Brandon, being daughter to Henry VII., and queen-dowager of France. Lady Jane was born in 1537, at Bradgate, her father's seat in Leicestershire, and very early gave astonishing proofs of her talents. She was considered superior to Edward VI., who was about the same age, and was thought a prodigy. She embroidered and wrote beautifully, played admirably on various instruments, and accompanied them with a voice exquisitely sweet and well cultivated. These, however, were only inferior ornaments in her character; and, far from priding herself upon them, from her parents' severity in exacting them, they became a source of grief rather than pleasure.

Her father had himself an inclination to letters, and was a great patron of the learned. He had two chaplains, Harding and Aylmer, both men of distinguished learning, whom he employed as tutors to his daughter; and under whose instructions she made such proficiency as amazed them both. Her own language she spoke and wrote with the utmost accuracy; and she not only understood the French, Italian, Latin, and Greek, but spoke and wrote them with the greatest freedom. She was also versed in Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic; and all this while a mere child. She had a sedateness of temper, a quickness of apprehension, and a solidity of judgment, that enabled her to understand the sciences; so that she thought, spoke, and reasoned, upon subjects of the greatest importance, in a manner that surprised all. To these endowments were added the loveliest graces of woman, mildness, humility, and modesty. Her natural fondness for literature was much increased by the severity of her parents in the feminine part of her education; for, by the gentleness of her tutor, Aylmer, in the fulfilment of his duties, he won her to love what he taught. Her alliance to the crown, and the great esteem in which the marquis of Dorset, her father, was held both by Henry VIII. and Edward VI., unavoidably brought her sometimes to court; and she received many marks of Edward's favour. Yet she generally continued in the country at Bradgate.

It was there that the famous Roger Ascham was on a visit in August, 1550; and all the rest of the family being out hunting, he went to the apartment of the lady Jane, and found her reading Plato's

Phædon in the original Greek. Astonished at this, he asked her, why she lost such pastime as there must needs be in the park; at which she answered, smiling, "I wist all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas, good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant."

This naturally leading him to inquire how a lady of her age had attained to such a depth of pleasure, both in the Platonic language and philosophy, she made the following remarkable answer:

"I will tell you, and I will tell you a truth which perchance you will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits which ever God gave me is, that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea presently sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways (which I will not name for the honour I bear them) so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr. Aylmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing while I am with him; and, when I am called from him, I fall on weeping; because, whatever I do else but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and wholly misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, and that in respect of it all other pleasures in very deed be but trifles and troubles unto me." Ascham was deeply affected by this speech and interview.

In 1553, she was married to lord Guilford Dudley; and, shortly afterwards, reluctantly accepted the diadem, which the intrigues of her father and her father-in-law had induced. But ascending the throne was only a step on her way to the scaffold. Nine days only did she wear the crown; the nation acknowledged the right of Mary, eldest daughter of Henry VIII.; and the lady Jane and her husband were sent to the Tower. They had committed a crime against the state, in accepting the sovereignty which by birth belonged to Mary; but as she had suffered no loss, and the offenders were so young, and had been persuaded by others, it was hoped their lives would be spared. But the boon of mercy was not for them; and in February, 1554, they were brought to the block.

Although the queen, seeming to desire the salvation of her victims, sent the most learned and subtle priests to exhort the lady Jane to a change of faith, she defended her opinions with ability and resolution; and her part in this conference is highly commended by bishop Burnet, and other ecclesiastical historians. She wrote several letters in her confinement, one to her sister, in Greek, exhorting her to maintain, in every trial, that fortitude and perseverance of which she trusted to give her the example. Another one was addressed to her father's chaplain, Dr. Harding, who had apostatized from his religion, imploring him to prefer his conscience to his safety. She also wrote four epistles in Latin, two of them the night before her execution, on the blank leaves of her Greek Testament.

She refused to consent to her husband's entreaties for a last interview, alleging that the tenderness of their parting would overcome their fortitude, and that they should soon meet where no disappointment, misfortune, or death, could disturb them.

As she beheld from her window her husband led to execution, having given him a token of her remembrance, she calmly awaited her own fate. On her way to the scaffold, she was met by the cart that bore the lifeless body of lord Guilford; this forced from her some tears, that were quickly dried by the report of his courage and constancy.

Sir John Gage, constable of the Tower, entreated her to give him some token of remembrance, and she presented him with her tablets, in which she had just written three sentences in Greek, Latin, and English, suggested by seeing the dead body of her husband; importing that he, whom human laws had condemned, would be saved by Divine mercy; and that if her own fault deserved punishment, it would, she trusted, be extenuated by her youth and inexperience. At the scaffold, without breathing a complaint against the severity of her punishment, she attested her innocence of intentional wrong; her crime, she said, had not been ambition, but a want of firmness in resisting the instances of those whom she had been accustomed to revere and obey. She concluded her remarks with a solemn profession of her faith, and devoutly repeated a psalm in English.

The executioner knelt to implore her forgiveness, which she granted readily, adding, "I pray you, despatch me quickly." Then kneeling, and saying, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit," she meekly submitted to her fate. She was hardly seventeen at the time of her death.

We are glad to record, for the credit of that age, and of humanity, that the cruel fate of this lovely lady was universally pitied; and the memory of her virtues has ever excited the highest admiration.

On the wall of the room in which the lady Jane was imprisoned in the Tower, she wrote with a pin the following lines:

"Non aliena putes homini quæ obtingere possunt;
Sors hodierna mihi, cras erit illa tibi."

"Think not, O mortal, vainly gay,
That thou from human woes art free;
The bitter cup I drink to-day,
To-morrow may be drunk by thee."

"Deo juvante, nil nocet livor malus,
Et non juvante, nil juvat labor gravis,
Post tenebras spero lucem."

"Harmless all malice if our God is nigh;
Fruitless all pains, if he his help deny.
Patient I pass these gloomy hours away,
And wait the morning of eternal day."

GRIERSON, CONSTANTIA,

Was born in the county of Kilkenny, in Ireland. She was considered an excellent scholar, not only in Greek and Roman literature, but in history,

divinity, philosophy, and mathematics. She gave a proof of her knowledge of Latin by her dedication of the Dublin edition of Tacitus to Lord Carteret, and that of Terence to his son, to whom she also wrote a Greek epigram. She also composed several fine poems, in English; and was a woman of exemplary piety and virtue. What made these extraordinary talents yet more surprising, was, that her parents were poor, illiterate, country people, and she had no instruction but the little the minister of the parish gave her, when she found time from her needle-work, to which she was closely kept by her mother.

When Lord Carteret was lord-lieutenant of Ireland, he obtained a patent for Mr. Grierson, her husband, to be the king's printer; and, to distinguish and reward her uncommon merit, had her life inserted in it. Whether owing to her own desire or the envy of those around her, very few of her various and beautiful writings were ever published. She died in 1733, at the early age of twenty-seven.

GRIFFITH, ELIZABETH,

A NOVELIST and dramatic writer of some eminence, first distinguished herself by "The Letters of Henry and Frances," which contained the genuine correspondence between her and her husband before their marriage. She also wrote "Memoirs of Ninon de l'Enclos," the "Morality of Shakspeare's Dramas Illustrated," three novels, four comedies, and "Essays addressed to Young Married Women." She died in Ireland, in 1793.

GRIGNAN, FRANCES, COUNTESS DE,

DAUGHTER of the celebrated Madame Sevigné, was born in 1646. In 1669, she married Count Grignan, an officer of high rank at the court of Louis XIV. Her residence in Provence with her husband, and at a distance from her mother, was the cause of the writing of those excellent letters which passed between the mother and daughter. She had two daughters and one son. Her life owes all its celebrity to the interest excited by the letters of her mother. The death of the Countess de Grignan occurred in 1705.

GROTIUS, MARY,

DAUGHTER of Baron Reigesberg, of Zealand, was married to the renowned Hugh Grotius, July, 1608. She proved herself worthy of her illustrious husband; was his confidant and counsellor in all his pursuits, and by her fortitude and persevering affection sustained him in every reverse of fortune. When, in 1619, he was sentenced, for his political writings, to imprisonment for life in the fortress of Louvestein, she petitioned to accompany him. This was granted, on condition that if she went into the prison she should never come out. She agreed to this, but finally was allowed to go out twice a week. In prison, Grotius devoted himself entirely to his literary pursuits, while his true wife was studying how to effect his liberation. She accomplished this in the following manner.

She had been permitted to borrow books of his friends for him, and when he had used the books, they were carried back in a chest in which his linen was carried to and from his laundress. The first year his guards were very exact in examining the chest; but being used to find nothing in it besides books and linen, they grew remiss, and did not take the trouble to open it. Madame Grotius observed this, and proposed her plan. She represented to her husband that it was in his power to get out of prison, if he would put himself into this chest. But to prevent any danger to his health, she caused holes to be bored opposite to where his face was to be, so that he might breathe freely; and persuaded him to try if he could remain shut up in that confined posture (the chest was only three and a half feet in length) as long as it would require to go from Louvestein to Gorcum. Finding it might be done, she then watched for a favourable opportunity to make the attempt. The commandant being called away, this faithful wife contrived to get her husband carried out in the chest, as though it were filled with books, while she remained in prison, pretending that he was very ill. Thus Grotius escaped, and went to Paris, where he had many friends. She was, for a time, confined and treated with great rigour; but finally released, and allowed to join her husband.

Subsequently, when he wished to return to Holland, she went first to prepare the way. And then, when she made a journey into Zealand, to pick up the remains of their fortune, his biographer observes: "Time passed horribly with Grotius till the return of his wife. She had always been his consolation in adversity. In truth, the most important works of this wonderful man owe their perfection, if not their origin, to her. She encouraged his plans, assisted him in preparing his writings for the press, and was his guardian and guiding angel through all the perils and perplexities of his life."

GROUCHY, SOPHIA,

SISTER of Marshal Grouchy, and widow of the celebrated French philosopher, Condorcet, was a successful writer and translator. She translated two works of Adam Smith into French; and she added "Letters on Sympathy," in which Madame Condorcet supplies some omissions of the author, whom she examines, modifies, and often combats. Her translation is remarkable for the elegance and purity of its style, the ideas and severity of philosophical language. This lady composed a treatise for the education of her daughter, which remains unpublished. She died in 1822 universally regretted.

GUILLAUME, JACQUETTE,

A FRENCH lady of the seventeenth century, wrote a work entitled "Les Dames illustres: où, par bonnes et fortes Raisons, il se prouve que le sexe feminin surpasse en toute sorte de Genre le sexe masculin." In this performance, published in 1665, the writer attempts to prove the superiority of the female over the male sex, through the whole human and animal creation. The style is elegant and unaffected, and the examples and ob-

servations show knowledge and research. She did not, however, dwell sufficiently on the kind of superiority she claimed for woman over man—that it was *moral*, not mental or physical power which the female sex was ordained to wield. Nor did she distinguish sufficiently between the manifestations of the distinctive characters of man and woman: that the power of the first was centred in the reason and the will; of the last, in the conscience and the affections. She had never studied the Bible, which is the grand charter of woman's rights, and the only true expositor of her duties.

GUIZOT, CHARLOTTE PAULINE,

Was born in Paris, in 1773. Her father, M. de Meulan, lost all his fortune by the Revolution, and dying in 1790, left a widow and five children almost totally destitute. Pauline de Meulan, the eldest, commenced writing in order to contribute to the support of her family. Her first attempt was a novel, which was successful, and then she became one of the most popular contributors to a journal established at Paris, called "The Publiciste." In 1807, while suffering under an illness brought on by over-exertion, which compelled her to give up writing, the only resource of her mother and herself, she received an article written in happy imitation of her style, accompanied by an anonymous letter, in which she was informed that till her health should be restored, a similar article should be sent to her for each number of the Publiciste. These articles came with the utmost regularity; and on her recovery, she discovered the writer of them to be M. Guizot. He had heard of her, read and admired her writings, and they soon became friends. In 1812, Mademoiselle de Meulan married her benefactor; and though she was fourteen years older than her husband, their union was a very happy one. The purity and severity of her moral nature exercised great influence over her husband; and she also assisted him in his literary labours. The perfect accord of their sentiments rendered this easy for her, and he thus gained for himself increased honour and fame. She died in 1827. Her first works were novels, called "The Contradictions," and the "Chapel of Ayton." She afterwards published "Essays on Literature and Morals." In 1821, she gave to the public a work for youth, called "Raoul the Scholar," which has been translated into English, and enjoyed extensive circulation. This was followed by "Letters on Domestic Education," the best monument Madame Guizot has left of her talents and fame. Among all the French female authors, no one has more consistently and constantly advocated the cause of truth and good morals than this excellent lady.

GUIZOT, ELISE MARGARETTA,

Was born in Paris, in 1804. Her father, James Dillon, sprang from a branch of the Irish family of that name, which followed James II. of England in his banishment to France. He married Henrietta de Meulan, sister of Pauline, the first wife of M. Guizot. Madame Dillon was left a widow at an early age, with small means, and the charge of two children, Elise and Pauline. She, however, proved herself equal to this difficult situation. Frugal, simple in her tastes, gifted with an hereditary quickness of intellect, she brought up her daughters in a most admirable manner. Elise, from the dawn of her understanding, manifested unusual aptness for acquirement, and extraordinary love for study. Upon the death of her mother, which occurred while she was a very young girl, she assumed the responsibility of managing the family and bringing up her sister Pauline. These duties she discharged with zeal and discernment, until the illness of her aunt, Madame Guizot, of the preceding sketch, for whom she entertained a peculiar affection, required her society and skill as a nurse, during an excursion to the baths of Plombieres. Madame Guizot was much older than her husband, whom she loved with that affection peculiar to woman, which regards the advantage of its object. Setting aside personal considerations, she felt that her husband's happiness would be secured, if at a proper time after her death he could obtain the hand of a young lady whose mind and character she had herself formed, and whose tastes and habits were, as she knew, perfectly congenial with his. She therefore recommended to him this marriage, which actually took place after the lapse of over a year of mourning was expired. This union seems to have been fraught with happiness to both parties. Madame Elise Guizot preserved her simplicity as wife of the minister, and used her influence, and added fortune only to promote plans of utility and beneficence. M. Guizot's political and literary life is too well known to demand any detail; but that he has maintained through every temptation and trial his consistency of principle, and his untarnished honour, is doubtless to be ascribed, in a great measure, to the purity of heart and uncommon culture of mind which distinguished his two successive wives. Even after their decease, the memory of their pious examples was to him as guardian angels amid the perils of power and the seductions of flattery. Madame Elise Guizot died in 1833, universally regretted, leaving three young

children to her husband's care. She was beloved by all her connexions; the warmth of her heart being as remarkable as the brilliancy of her intellect. She wrote some works of an ethical character; several novels, somewhat in the style of those of Miss Martineau; and she was a constant contributor to the "Revue Française," in valuable Essays upon English, German, and Italian Literature.

GUYARD, ADELAIDE SABILLE,

Was born at Paris in 1749, and acquired a merited reputation by her portraits in miniature, crayons, and oil. She married M. Vincent, a distinguished artist. She died in 1803, partly of grief at the destruction of a favourite picture which had cost her several years' labour, by the revolutionary fanatics.

GUYON, JEANNE MARIE BOUVIER DE LA MOTTE,

The friend of the celebrated Fenelon, archbishop of Cambray, and memorable for her sufferings in defence of her religious opinions, was the descendant of a noble family, and born at Montargis in France, April 13th, 1648. At seven years of age she was sent to the convent of the Ursulines; here the sensibility of her constitution and temper, aided by the impressions received in a monastic life, gave her an early propensity to enthusiasm. The confessor of Henrietta Marie, widow of Charles I., struck by the character and ardour of the young devotee, presented her, when scarcely eight years old, to the queen, who, but for the opposition of her parents, would have retained her in her family.

Jeanne was desirous of taking the veil, but was overruled by her father, who obliged her to marry M. Guyon, a wealthy gentleman. This union was not a very happy one; and at the age of twenty-eight Madame Guyon was left a widow, with two sons and a daughter, of whom she was appointed sole guardian. The first years of her widowhood she devoted to the regulation of her domestic affairs, the education of her children, and the management of their fortune; in which employments she discovered great energy and capacity. By these occupations, however, she was not prevented from conforming to the ceremonials of the Catholic church, which she continued to observe with a rigorous austerity.

In the midst of these duties, she was suddenly seized with a spiritual impulse; and, under the delusions of a heated imagination, she abandoned the common affairs of life, to deliver herself up to sublime chimeras. She went to Paris, where she became acquainted with M. d'Aranthon, bishop of Geneva, who prevailed on her to go to his diocese, to perfect an establishment founded by him at Gex, for the reception of newly converted Catholics. She went to Gex in 1681, accompanied by her little daughter. Some time after, her relations demanded of her a resignation of her office of guardian to her children, together with their fortunes, which amounted to forty thousand livres. She readily consented to this; and, reserving only a moderate income for herself, consigned over to her family the bulk of her property. The community of Gex, observing her liberality, asked the bishop to propose to Madame Guyon that she should bestow a pension on their house, and thereby constitute herself its superior. Her rejection of this proposal, on the plea of disapprobation of the regulations of the community, gave offence to the sisterhood and their patron, by whom she was desired to leave the house.

She then went to the Ursulines at Thonon, whence she proceeded to Turin, and thence to Grenoble: at length, by the invitation of the bishop, who venerated her piety, she retired to Verceil. After an absence of five years, which she had spent in teaching her doctrines, she returned, in 1686, to Paris, with a view of procuring medical aid. During her wanderings she had composed two tracts, entitled "A Short and Easy Method of Prayer," and "The Song of Songs, interpreted according to its Mystical Sense." Her irreproachable conduct, added to the novelty of her doctrines, which recommended prayer, contemplation, and divine love, as the sum and substance of religion, procured her many converts. The principles of Madame Guyon, which savoured of Platonic philosophy, diffused themselves daily throughout Paris, under the name of *Quietism*. Letters, from the provinces in which she had lived, complaining of the spread of her doctrines, completed their triumph by stimulating the curiosity of the multitude. The church, alarmed at a heresy which disparaged ceremonial devotion, prepared to resist the attack. Father la Combe, a Barnabite, and confessor to Madame Guyon, was the first who suffered. He was imprisoned. Madame Guyon herself was next confined, January, 1688, in the convent *des Filles de la Visitacion*, where she was strictly interrogated, and detained for eight months. Her deliverance was at length effected by Madame Miranion, the superior of the convent, who represented her case to Madame de Maintenon. This lady pleaded her cause with Louis XIV., who liberated her, and she was introduced at St. Cyr, a convent erected by Madame de Maintenon.

Soon after her liberation, Madame Guyon was introduced to Fenelon, who became her disciple and friend. She was also distinguished by the notice of the dukes de Chevreuse and Beauvilliers, men of merit and talents, and by ladies of the first distinction, who were attracted as much by the graces of her person and manners as by her doctrines.

The cry of heresy was again raised by the church, which, by its anathemas, gave importance to the sect it sought to crush. Madame Guyon was persuaded by her friends to submit her cause and her writings to the bishop of Meaux; who, after a conference with her, and perusing her papers, declared his satisfaction. The fury of the church was not, however, allayed; and an order was procured for the re-examination of the doctrines of Madame Guyon; who, in the mean time, retired to the convent of Meaux. Bossuet was at the head of the committee of examination, and Transon, Fenelon, and the bishop of Chalons, were associated. At the end of six months, thirty-four arti-

cles were drawn up by the commissioners, to which Fenelon added four, to prove the harmlessness of Quietism. The thirty-four articles were signed by all the examiners, March 10th, 1695. Madame Guyon also put her signature to them, and signed a submission to censure passed by the bishop of Meaux the preceding April, against her tracts; by which she declared, that she had never meant to advocate anything contrary to the Catholic, apostolic, and Roman church. To this the bishop added an attestation, purporting that he was satisfied with the conduct of Madame Guyon, and had continued her in the participation of the holy sacrament. Thus acquitted, she returned to Paris, in the hope of finding safety and repose.

But the rage of bigotry was not yet exhausted; Madame Guyon became involved in the persecutions of Fenelon, and in less than a year was imprisoned, first in the castle of Vincennes, then in the convent Thomas à Gerard, and at last in the Bastile. At a meeting of the general assembly of the clergy of France, in 1700, no evidence appearing against her, she was once more set at liberty.

She then went to visit her children, and settled near them at Blois. The remainder of her life she passed in retirement. The walls of her chamber, the tables and furniture, were covered with her numerous verses, which were printed after her death in five volumes, entitled "Cantiques Spirituels, ou d'Emblemes sur l'Amour divin." She also left twenty volumes of "Commentaries on the Bible;" and "Reflections and Explanations concerning the Inner Life;" and "Christian Discourses;" "Letters to several persons;" her own "Autobiography;" a volume of "Visitations;" and two volumes of "Opuscules." She died, June 9th, 1717.

GWYNNE, ELEANOR,

Better known as Nell Gwynn, (her real name was Margaret Symcott,) rose from an orange-girl of the meanest description, to be the mistress of Charles II. of England. She first gained her bread by singing from tavern to tavern, and gradually rose to be a popular actress at the Theatre-Royal. She is said to have been exceedingly pretty, but below the ordinary height. In her elevation she showed great gratitude to Dryden, who had befriended her in her poverty. She was also faithful to her royal lover, and after his death retired from the world and passed the remainder of her life in seclusion. She died in 1691, and was pompously interred in the parish church of St. Martin's in the Fields; Dr. Tennison, then vicar, afterwards bishop of Canterbury, preaching her funeral sermon. This sermon, it was reported, was shortly afterwards brought forward by lord Jersey to impede the Rev. doctor's preferment; but queen Mary, having heard the objection, answered gravely, "What then? I have heard as much; this is a sign that that poor unfortunate woman died penitent; for, if I can read a man's heart through his looks, had she not made a pious and Christian end, the doctor could never have been induced to speak well of her." This repentance is not recorded of any other mistress of the profligate king. "Poor Nelly" was the victim of circumstances, not the votary of vice; and of the inmates of that wicked and corrupt court, she only has won pity and forgiveness from posterity. She deserves this; for she was pitiful to others. In the time of her prosperity she never forgot to relieve distress; and at her death she left a fund for annual distribution at Christmas among the poor debtors, which is to this day distributed in the prisons of London. From Nell Gwynne descended the dukes of St. Albans.

H.

HABERT, SUSAN DE,

Wife of Charles Jardin, an officer of the household of Henry III. of France, who became a widow in 1585, at the age of twenty-four, when she devoted herself to literature, especially philosophy, divinity, and the languages. She was a pious as well as learned woman. She died in 1633.

HALKET, LADY ANNE,

Whose extensive learning and voluminous theological writings place her in the first rank of female authors, was the daughter of Mr. Robert Murray, of the family of Tullibardine, and was born at London, January 4, 1622. Her father was preceptor to Charles I., and her mother subgoverness to the duke of Gloucester and the princess Elizabeth. Lady Anne was carefully educated by her parents in every polite and liberal science; but theology and physic were her favourite studies; and she became such a proficient in the latter science, and also in surgery, that the most eminent professional men, as well as invalids of every rank, both in Britain and on the continent, sought her advice.

Being a staunch royalist, her family and herself suffered with the misfortunes of Charles. She married, in March, 1656, Sir James Halket, to whom she bore four children, all of whom died

young excepting her eldest son Robert. It was to him she addressed her admirable tract, "The Mother's Will to the Unborn Child," under the impression that she should not survive its birth. She died in 1699. During her lifetime there were published of her writings no less than twenty-one volumes, chiefly on religious subjects. She was a woman of the most singular and unaffected piety, and of the sweetest simplicity of manner; this, together with her great talents and learning, procured her the universal esteem of her contemporaries. She also left thirty-six books in manuscript, containing "Meditations."

HAMILTON, ELIZABETH,

Was born in Belfast, in the year 1758. Her father was a merchant, of a Scottish family, and died early, leaving a widow and three children. The latter were educated and brought up by relatives in better circumstances; — Elizabeth, the youngest, being sent to Mr. Marshall, a farmer in Stirlingshire, married to her father's sister. Her brother obtained a cadetship in the East India Company's service, and an elder sister was retained in Ireland. A feeling of strong affection seems to have existed among these scattered members of the unfortunate family. Elizabeth found in Mr. and Mrs. Marshall all that could have been desired. She was adopted and educated with a care and tenderness that has seldom been equalled. "No child," she says, "ever spent so happy a life, nor have I ever met with anything at all resembling our way of living, except the description given by Rousseau of Wolmar's farm and vintage." A taste for literature soon appeared in Elizabeth Hamilton. Wallace was the first hero of her studies; but meeting with Ogilvie's translation of the Iliad, she idolized Achilles, and dreamed of Hector. She had opportunities of visiting Edinburgh and Glasgow, after which she carried on a learned correspondence with Doctor Moyse, a philosophical lecturer. She wrote also many copies of verses—that ordinary outlet for the warm feelings and romantic sensibilities of youth. Her first appearance in print was accidental. Having accompanied a pleasure party to the Highlands, she kept a journal for the gratification of her aunt, and the good woman showing it to one of her neighbours, it was sent to a provincial magazine. Her retirement in Stirlingshire was, in 1773, gladdened by a visit from her brother, then about to sail for India. Mr. Hamilton seems to have been an excellent and able young man, and his subsequent letters and conversations on Indian affairs stored the mind of his sister with the materials for her Hindoo Rajah, a work equally remarkable for good sense and sprightliness. In 1778, Miss Hamilton lost her aunt, whose death was a heavy blow to the happy family. For the ensuing six years she devoted herself to the cares and duties of the household, her only literary employments being her correspondence with her brother, and the composition of two short papers which she sent to the Lounger. Mr. Hamilton returned from India in 1786, in order that he might better fulfil an important duty intrusted to him, the translation of the Mussulman Code of Laws. It would not be easy to paint the joy and affection with which he was received by his sister. They spent the winter together in Stirlingshire, and in 1789, when her kind friend and protector, Mr. Marshall, died, she quitted Scotland, and rejoined her brother in London. Mr. Hamilton was cut off by a premature death, in 1792. Shortly after this period commenced the literary life of Elizabeth Hamilton, and her first work was "The Letters of a Hindoo Rajah," published in 1796. The success of this work decided her to pursue the career of authorship. She wrote, successively, "The Modern Philosophers;" "Letters on Education," an excellent book; "Memoirs of Agrippina," a work of great research; and "Letters to the Daughters of a Nobleman." This was published in the year 1806; and soon afterwards Miss Hamilton became an active promoter of the House of Industry, at Edinburgh, an establishment for the education of females of the lowest class. For the benefit of these young persons she composed a little book, "Exercises in Religious Knowledge," which was published in 1809, receiving the sanction of Bishop Sandford and Mr. Alison. The previous year, 1808, she published her most original, popular, and useful work, "The Cottagers of Glenburnie.' Of this novel, or moral tale, a learned reviewer remarks: "It has probably been as effective in promoting domestic improvement among the rural population of Scotland as Johnson's Journey to the Hebrides was in encouraging the planting of trees by the landed proprietors. In both cases there was some exaggeration of colouring, but the pictures were too provokingly true and sarcastic to be laughed away or denied. They constituted a national reproach, and the only way to wipe it off was by timely reformation. There is still much to accomplish, but a marked improvement in the dwellings and internal economy of Scottish farmhouses and villages may be dated from the publication of the 'Cottagers of Glenburnie.'"

She wrote two works after this, "Essays on the Human Mind," and "Hints to the Directors of Public Schools;" the subject of education being her favourite theme. Her health was delicate for several years before her decease, but neither disease or time had power to disturb her cheerful serenity of soul. As a maiden lady, she preserved her dignity and showed her good sense by never attempting to play the juvenile. In her own pleasant manner she thus describes herself;

> With expectation beating high,
> Myself I now desire to spy;
> And straight I in a glass surveyed
> An antique lady, much decayed,
> Whose languid eye and pallid cheek
> The conquering power of time bespeak.
> But though deprived of youthful bloom,
> Free was my face from peevish gloom.
> A cap, tho' not of modern grace,
> Hid my grey hairs, and decked my face;
> No more I fashion's livery wear,
> But cleanly neatness all my care;
> Whoe'er had seen me must have said,
> There goes one cheerful, pleased old maid."

Mrs. Hamilton, as she was styled after she had put on her cap, has shown, in all her works, great

power of analysis; she had studied well the human mind, and the best writers on metaphysics and morals may gain hints from her application of the truths of philosophy how to make their knowledge of practical use, particularly in the art of education. She has shown how the doctrine of the association of ideas may be applied in early education to the formation of habits of the temper, and of the principles of taste and morals. And also, she has shown how all that metaphysicians know of sensation and abstraction, can be applied in the cultivation of the attention, the judgment, and the imagination of children.

But more important still is the influence her writings have had in awakening the attention of mothers, and directing their inquiries rightly — much by exciting them to reflect upon their own minds, and to observe what passes in the minds of their children: she has opened a new field of investigation to women — a field fitted to their domestic habits — to their duties as mothers, and to their business as preceptors of youth, to whom it belongs to give the minds of children those first impressions and ideas which remain the longest, and which influence them often, the most powerfully, through the whole course of life.

Mrs. Hamilton died, after a protracted illness, which she bore with sweet patience, and devout submission to the will of God, on the 23d of July, 1816, aged fifty-eight.

A few extracts from her "Private Letters" are of interest in rightly understanding her character.

THE BENEFITS OF SOCIETY.

To persons who have the power of selection, a capital affords opportunities of mental improvement that are of incalculable advantage; for with regard to the effects of society upon the mind, your observation is too just. Like the evil spirits in Pandemonium, we shrink into the dimensions of the place we are appointed to occupy, or that we seem in the opinion of others to occupy—never expanding to improper stature, but as we are excited by sympathy with our compeers. If the mind be thus cramped in early life, (as is generally the fate of my sex,) it is a thousand to one that it remains stationary for ever, never making an attempt to rise above the level of its immediate associates; and even where it has been enabled to expand, it is so much easier to sink to the level of others, than to raise the minds of others to a level with our own, that few in such circumstances do not sink. It is only by the love of reading that the evil resulting from the association with *little* minds can be counteracted. A lively imagination creates a sympathy with favourite authors, which gives to their sentiments the same power over the mind as that possessed by an intimate and ever present friend; and hence a taste for reading becomes to females of still greater importance than it is of to men.

Of all the privileges enjoyed by the lords of the creation, there is none so estimable as having it in their power to form a society of their own liking. Any young man in the station of a gentleman may, with agreeable manners, make his acquaintance with characters of a superior stamp: he may gradually introduce himself to the notice, at least to the company, of those from whose conversation he can reap instruction, and is under no necessity of being confined to the society of uncongenial minds; whereas poor women cannot escape out of the rubbish in which they may happen to be buried, but at the expense of many *rubs* and *scratches*.

ON IMAGINATION.

I perfectly agree with you in considering castles in the air as more useful edifices than they are generally allowed to be. It is only plodding matter-of-fact dulness that cannot comprehend their use. I do not scruple to confess to you, as I find you are a sister adept in this art of freemasonry, that I owe to it three-fourths of my sense, and half of my virtue. It is by giving scope to the imagination, that one becomes thoroughly acquainted with the real dispositions of one's own heart; it is by comparing the ardent efforts of exalted virtue, formed by the fancy, with what conscience tells us we have performed, that we are instigated to improvement, and by tracing the combinations of which our castles have been composed, we acquire such a knowledge of our own minds, as at once enlightens the understanding, and betters the heart. I seriously believe that the great disadvantage of perpetually living in a crowd is the check it puts upon the free excursions of imagination.

Was ever Bath belle as much improved by walking in the crowded Crescent, as you and I have been by a solitary ramble, when, at the magic touch of fancy, a new creation has arisen around us? By most of the pious people and pious writers I have met with, the imagination is treated as a sort of evil spirit, that must be exorcised and laid at rest; but, in my opinion, it is very impious, and surely very ungrateful, thus to treat the first of blessings, without which judgment will be but a sour old maid, producing nothing. Let us marry them, and we shall do better, for it is evident neither of them was meant for the single state.

From "The Cottagers of Glenburnie."

A PEEP AT SCOTTISH RURAL LIFE FORTY YEARS AGO.

Our party then drove off, and at every turning of the road expressed fresh admiration at the increasing beauty of the scene. Towards the top of the glen the hills seemed to meet, the rocks became more frequent and more prominent, sometimes standing naked and exposed, and sometimes peeping over the tops of the rowan-tree and weeping birch, which grew in great abundance on all the steepy banks. At length the village appeared in view. It consisted of about twenty or thirty thatched cottages, which, but for their chimneys, and the smoke that issued from them, might have passed for so many stables or hogsties, so little had they to distinguish them as the abodes of man. That one horse, at least, was the inhabitant of every dwelling, there was no room to doubt, as every door could not only boast its dunghill, but

had a small cart stuck up on end directly before it; which cart, though often broken, and always dirty, seemed ostentatiously displayed as a proof of wealth.

In the middle of the village stood the kirk, a humble edifice, which meekly raised its head but a few degrees above the neighbouring houses. It was, however, graced by an ornament of peculiar beauty. Two fine old ash-trees, which grew at the east end, spread their protecting arms over its lowly roof, and served all the uses of a steeple and a belfry; for on one of the loftiest of these branches was the bell suspended which, on each returning Sabbath,

"Rang the blest summons to the house of God."

On the other side of the churchyard stood the manse, distinguished from the other houses in the village by a sash window on each side of the door, and garret windows above; which showed that two floors were, or might be, inhabited; for in truth the house had such a sombre air that Mrs. Mason, in passing, concluded it to be deserted.

As the houses stood separate from each other at the distance of many yards, she had time to contemplate the scene, and was particularly struck with the number of children which, as the car advanced, poured forth from every little cot to look at the strangers and their uncommon vehicle. On asking for John Macclarty's, three or four of them started forward to offer themselves as guides; and running before the car, turned down a lane towards the river, on a road so deep with ruts, that, though they had not twenty yards to go, it was attended with some danger. Mrs. Mason, who was shaken to pieces by the jolting, was very glad to alight; but her limbs were in such a tremor, that Mr. Stewart's arm was scarcely sufficient to support her to the door.

It must be confessed that the aspect of the dwelling where she was to fix her residence was by no means inviting. The walls were substantial, built, like the houses in the village, of stone and lime; but they were blackened by the mud which the cart-wheels had spattered from the ruts in winter; and on one side of the door completely covered from view by the contents of a great dung-hill. On the other, and directly under the window, was a squashy pool, formed by the dirty water thrown from the house, and in it about twenty young ducks were at this time dabbling.

At the threshold of the door, room had been left for a paving-stone, but it had never been laid; and consequently the place became hollow, to the great advantage of the younger ducklings, who always found in it a plentiful supply of water, in which they could swim without danger. Happily Mr. Stewart was provided with boots, so that he could take a firm step in it, while he lifted Mrs. Mason, and set her down in safety within the threshold. But there an unforeseen danger awaited her, for there the great whey pot had stood since morning, when the cheese had been made, and was at the present moment filled with chickens, which were busily picking at the bits of curd which had hardened on the sides, and cruelly mocked their wishes. Over this Mr. Stewart and Mrs. Mason unfortunately tumbled. The pot was overturned, and the chickens, cackling with hideous din, flew about in all directions, some over their heads, and others making their way by the hallan (or inner door) into the house.

The accident was attended with no further bad consequences than a little hurt upon the shins: and all our party were now assembled in the kitchen; but, though they found the doors of the house open, they saw no appearance of any inhabitants. At length Mrs. Macclarty came in, all out of breath, followed by her daughters, two big girls of eleven and thirteen years of age. She welcomed Mrs. Mason and her friends with great kindness, and made many apologies for being in no better order to receive them; but said that both her gudeman and herself thought that her cousin would have stayed at Gowan-brae till after the fair, as they were too far off at Glenburnie to think of going to it; though it would, to be sure, be only natural for Mrs. Mason to like to see all the grand sights that were to be seen there; for, to be sure, she would gang mony places before she saw the like. Mrs. Mason smiled, and assured her she would have more pleasure in looking at the fine view from her door than in all the sights at the fair.

"Ay, it's a bonny piece of corn, to be sure," returned Mrs. Macclarty with great simplicity; "but then, what with the trees, and rocks, and wimplings o' the burn, we have nae room to make parks o' ony size."

"But were your trees, and rocks, and wimplings of the burn all removed," said Mr. Stewart, "then your prospect would be worth the looking at, Mrs. Macclarty; would it not?"

Though Mr. Stewart's irony was lost upon the good woman, it produced a laugh among the young folks, which she, however, did not resent, but immediately fell to busying herself in sweeping the hearth, and adding turf to the fire, in order to make the kettle boil for tea.

"I think," said Miss Mary, "you might make your daughters save you that trouble," looking at the two girls, who stood all this time leaning against the wall.

"O, poor things," said their mother, "they have not been used to it; they have enough of time for wark yet."

"Depend upon it," said Mrs. Mason, "young people can never begin too soon; your eldest daughter there will soon be as tall as yourself."

"Indeed she's of a stately growth," said Mrs. Macclarty, pleased with the observation; "and Jenny there is little ahint her; but what are they but bairns yet for a' that! In time, I warrant, they'll do weel enough. 'Meg can milk a cow as weel as I can do, when she likes."

"And does she not always like to do all she can?" said Mrs. Mason.

"O, we mauna complain," returned the mother; "she does well enough."

HAMILTON, LADY,

Before her marriage, Emma Lyon, or Harte, was the daughter of a poor servant woman, from Wales. Emma was placed at service, when about thirteen; and at sixteen she went to London, where she first assisted in a shop, and afterwards became chambermaid to a lady of rank. She soon lost this situation in consequence of her devotion to reading plays and romances, and became a maid-servant in a tavern. She afterwards lived with a captain in the navy, as his mistress, and when abandoned by him, was reduced to the lowest pitch of degradation. While being exhibited by a quack doctor as the goddess Hygeia, she ensnared Charles Greville, by whom she had three children. He was on the point of marrying her, when the loss of his offices prevented him; and he sent her to Naples, where his uncle, Sir William Hamilton, was ambassador. She was first the mistress of Sir William, but he married her in 1791. She had naturally good talents, and having studied diligently to supply all the deficiencies of her education, she became eminent for her social attractions. Being a great favourite of the queen of Naples, she had no lack of followers. Soon after Lady Hamilton's marriage, her acquaintance with Nelson commenced, who became madly in love with her. It is asserted, and has never been disproved, that those violent measures which Nelson used on his return to Naples, in 1799, contrary to the articles of capitulation, were urged on by Lady Hamilton, as acts of vengeance on her personal enemies. When Sir William Hamilton was recalled to England, Nelson resigned his command, and accompanied them to London. Here she had a daughter, whom she called Horatia Nelson. After Sir William's death, his widow retired to Merton Place, a country-seat which Lord Nelson had bought for her. Here she resided till the death of Lord Nelson, in 1805. Again abandoning herself to her inclinations, and being reduced to a small pension, she left England for France, and died near Calais, in 1815. Lady Hamilton was beautiful and artful; the ascendency she gained over men was used for evil purposes; but that she did thus rule the brave, and lead the honourable man down into the depths of infamy, shows the wonderful power of female influence.

HARCOURT, HARRIET EUSEBIA,

Was born, in 1705, at Richmond, Yorkshire, England. She travelled over Europe with her father, and at his death, in Constantinople, in 1733, she returned to England; and as she inherited a large property, she began to establish a convent on her Yorkshire estate, and another in the western isles of Scotland. These institutions were composed chiefly of foreign ladies. A system of perfect equality prevailed in these convents, over which each presided in turn. The members could withdraw from the society when they chose, on the forfeiture of the sum of one hundred pounds. They only devoted a portion of their time to religious exercises, and the rest was spent in amusements, the study of the fine arts and sciences, and embroidery.

Miss Harcourt was beautiful and graceful in her person, and had a taste for music, painting, and drawing, which had been highly cultivated. She died at her seat in Richmond, December 1st, 1745, in the thirty-ninth year of her age, bequeathing the greater part of her fortune to her institution, on condition that the society should be supported and continued according to its original design, and to the directions she left in writing. But she had been the soul of the society; after her decease, it was soon dissolved.

HASER, CHARLOTTE HENRIETTA,

A celebrated singer, born at Leipsic, in 1789, was the daughter of the director of music in the university there. In 1804 she was engaged at the Italian opera at Dresden. Her superior voice, her fine execution, and her attempt to combine the advantages of the German and Italian methods, gave her a brilliant success. Distinguished for the correctness of her morals and her great modesty, she was received with applause at all the most celebrated theatres in Italy and Germany. She married Vera, a lawyer at Rome, and retired from the stage.

HASTINGS, ELIZABETH,

Daughter of Theophilus earl of Huntington, deserves a place in this collection, from the number of her public and private charities, which were perhaps never equalled by any of her sex. Congreve speaks of her, in the forty-second number of the Tattler, as the "Divine Aspasia;" and in the forty-ninth number of the same work gives a farther account of her: "Her cares," says her biographer, "extended even to the animal creation; while over her domestics she presided with the disposition of a parent, providing for the improvement of their minds, the decency of their behaviour, and the propriety of their manners. She would have the skill and contrivance of every artificer used in her house, employed for the ease of her servants, and that they might suffer no inconvenience or hardship. Besides providing for the order, harmony, and peace of her family, she kept great elegance in and about her house, that her poor neighbours might not fall into idleness and poverty for want of employment; and while she thus tenderly regarded the poor, she would visit those in the higher ranks, lest they should accuse her of pride or superciliousness." At her table her countenance was open and serene, her voice soft and melodious, her language polite and animated. It might truly be said of this lady, that "her mind was virtue, by the graces drest." The sympathy, tenderness, and delicacy, which accompanied her liberalities doubled their value: she was the friend and patroness, through life, of Mrs. Mary Astell; to whom, her circumstances being narrow, she frequently presented considerable sums. Her benefactions were not confined to the neighbourhood in which she lived; to many families, in various parts of the kingdom, she gave large annual allowances. She also maintained a

charity-school, gave exhibitions to scholars in the universities, and contributed to the support of several seminaries of education. To this may be added her munificence to her relations and friends, her remission of sums due to her, in cases of distress or straitened circumstances, and the noble hospitality of her establishment. To one relation she allowed five hundred pounds annually, to another she presented a gift of three thousand pounds, and to a third three hundred guineas. She acted also with great liberality towards a young lady, whose fortune had been injured in the South-sea scheme: yet the whole of her estates fell short of three thousand pounds a year. It was by economy and strict self-denial that this noble lady was enabled thus to extend her bounties. Her favourite maxim was, first to attend to justice; secondly, to charity; and thirdly, to generosity.

She died in 1770, aged thirty-nine. Previous to her decease, she destroyed the greater part of her writings; so that her talents must be estimated from her works of benevolence, not from the productions of her pen, although she had a very superior mind. She would never marry, preferring, in a single and independent life, to be mistress of her own actions, and the dispenser of her own income.

HASTINGS, LADY FLORA,

Was the eldest daughter of Francis, Marquis of Hastings, who made himself notorious as Lord Rawdon for the severity with which he treated the Americans who fell into his power during the revolutionary war. Lady Flora was born in 1806; and from her childhood manifested a fondness for study and literary pursuits. Beautiful and accomplished, distinguished also for genius and piety, she was selected by that eminent pattern of the virtues in courtly life, the Duchess of Kent, to be one of her ladies of the bed-chamber. While in this station Lady Flora was attacked with a disease which caused an enlargement of her liver, and gave rise to suspicions injurious to her reputation. These cruel surmises, although proved utterly unfounded, no doubt aggravated her illness, and hastened her death, which took place at Buckingham Palace, July 5th, 1839. Her fame was now unspotted, and her premature death was deeply mourned by the court and nation. She had collected her poems, which were published after her decease, by her sister. These effusions evince the purity of her sentiments; and the gentle melancholy they breathe make a deeper impression on the heart of the reader, because it seems to shadow forth her sad fate. The following, among her poems, have been much admired:—

ITALY.

Oh! name it not, there is a spell
Around its memory clinging,
To which I would not bid farewell,
For all the future's bringing.

The skies of radiant Italy!
Oh! they are deeply blue;
And nothing save their kindred waves
Can match their sapphire hue.

No little clouds e'er flit across,
To dim their heavenly light;
Would that my soul were pure as they
As spotless and as bright!

The gales of balmy Italy!
Oh! as they fleet along,
They bear upon their downy wings
The treasured wealth of song.
They linger through the blooming scenes
Where once my footsteps roved;
And *they* are free, though I am not,
To kiss the flowers I loved.

The songs of tuneful Italy!
They wake within the heart
Those visions of the olden time,
Which will not thence depart.
And freedom, love, and honour bright,
Rise from the dust again.
Would that my feeble lyre could wake
The spirit-stirring strain!

The flowers of sunny Italy!
Oh! blissful is their doom;
A brief, bright space to bloom, then sink
Untrodden to the tomb.
Still breathing fragrance as they droop
Beneath the golden ray;
Oh thus were 't mine to sigh my soul
In ecstacy away!

The tombs of holy Italy!
The earth where heroes trod;
Where sainted martyrs glorified
In death th' Incarnate God!
Where all is bright, and pure, and calm,
On earth, in air, and sea.
O Italy! amongst thy tombs,
Hast thou not one for me?

THE SWAN SONG.

Grieve not that I die young.—Is it not well
To pass away ere life hath lost its brightness?
Bind me no longer, sisters, with the spell
Of love and your kind words. List ye to me:
Here I am blessed—but I would be *more free*;
I would go forth in all my spirit's lightness.
Let me depart!

Ah! who would linger till bright eyes grow dim,
Kind voices mute, and faithful bosoms cold?
Till carking care, and coil, and anguish grim,
Cast their dark shadows o'er this faëry world;
Till fancy's many-coloured wings are furled,
And all, save the proud spirit, waxeth old?
I would depart!

Thus would I pass away—yielding my soul
A joyous thank-offering to *Him* who gave
That soul to be, those starry orbs to roll.
Thus—thus exultingly would I depart,
Song on my lips, ecstacy in my heart.
Sisters—sweet sisters, bear me to my grave—
Let me depart!

HAUFFE, FREDERICA,

Commonly called the Seeress of Prevorst, was born in 1801, at Prevorst, a little village among the mountains of Wirtemberg, not far from Löwenstein. Her father was game-keeper or district forester, and Frederica was brought up in the most quiet simplicity. She early showed great sensibility to spiritual influences, which her family endeavoured to discourage. At the age of nineteen she was married to Mr. Hauffe, and went to reside at Kürnbach. There she was attacked by a singular illness which lasted for seven years, during the latter part of which she was attended by Dr. Kerner, a well-known German physician and poet.

who has since published an account of her, highly coloured, probably, by his own imagination. The last three years of her life were spent at Weinsberg. She saw, or imagined she saw, and held converse with spirits; and the system of philosophy she revealed, and which she had, apparently, acquired from her close communion with the spirit-world, is singular, from its being the production of a woman entirely uneducated in such matters. Frederica Hauffe died at Löwenstein on the 5th of August, 1829.

HEDWIG, AMELIA VON,

One of the most celebrated German poetesses, was born at Weimar, August 16th, 1776. Her maiden name was Von Imhoff. When only eight, she could speak English and French as readily as her own tongue; and her talent for poetry had already begun to develop itself. When she was twelve she lost her father; and the lady who took charge of her kept her so constantly occupied, that she had no time for writing. She was about fourteen when she went to live at Weimar, where she became acquainted with several of the most celebrated poets of the time. Schiller, happening to see a poem of hers, invited her to his house at Jena, where she became acquainted with Goethe. She was afterwards appointed Lady of the court at Saxe Weimar, where she was married to Lieutenant-General Von Hedwig. Madame Von Hedwig was a poetess of the higher order, one whom Goethe praised for her true Parnassian inspirations. At his request she composed the "Legend of the Three Wise Men of the East," a romance in twelve cantos. She also wrote a number of legends, all displaying great poetic genius; while her lyrics, her patriotic songs, and her idyls, have added many a leaf to her wreath. She was a fertile prose writer, and also translated several works from the Swedish. William Howitt says of this popular author, "Her well-known Saga of the Wolfsbrunnen near Heidelberg, was taken bodily possession of by Grattan, author of "Highways and Byways," who lived for some time near the scene of the Saga. His "Legend of the Wolfsbrunnen" is literally that of Madame Von Hedwig, except that he has inverted her story, putting her first part second, and the second first." Nor is Mr. Grattan the first man who has stolen from the literature of female writers the plots, ideas, and even productions, that have made his best title to fame. Madame Von Hedwig is probably deceased.

HELVÉTIUS, MADAME,

Was daughter of Compte Lignville, and married, in 1751, Claude Adrien Helvétius, who afterwards became celebrated for his talents. Madame Helvétius was very beautiful and accomplished. Being the niece of Madame Graffigny, by whom she was brought up, she had been educated with great care. Helvétius was passionately fond of his wife, and after their marriage they lived chiefly in retirement at Voré, enjoying the pure pleasures of domestic life. After his decease, which occurred in 1771, Madame Helvétius removed to Auteuil, where her house became the resort of the most distinguished literati and artists of the time. Among other great men, Dr. Benjamin Franklin was a frequent visitor and a warm friend of Madame Helvétius. She was then far advanced in years; but her good sense, cheerful kindness, and highly cultivated mind, rendered her the favourite companion of intelligent men. She is an example of the superiority of cultivated intellect over personal beauty; her youthful charms were soon gone; her mental graces improved to the last, and made her society sought and her friendship valued as long as she lived.

HEMANS, FELICIA DOROTHEA,

Was the second daughter and fourth child of a family of three sons and three daughters. She was born in Duke street, Liverpool, on the 25th of September, 1794. Her father, Mr. Browne, was a native of Ireland, and her mother, a Miss Wagner, was of Venetian origin. As a child, Felicia was remarkably beautiful, and she early gave indications of her poetic genius, which was encouraged by her accomplished mother. When Miss Browne was about five years old, domestic embarrassments led her father to remove to Gwrych, in North Wales.

That land of wild mountain scenery, and ancient minstrelsy, was the fitting place to impart sublimity to her youthful fancies, and elevate her feelings with the glow of patriotism and devotion. She began to write when very young; her first printed poems, entitled "Early Blossoms," were issued in 1808, when she was fourteen.

In 1809, her family removed from Gwrych to Bronwylfa, near St. Asaph's, in Flintshire, where she resided for sixteen years, and wrote many of her works. It was during this year, 1809, that the great event of her life took place—her introduction to Captain Hemans. The young poetess was then only fifteen, in the full glow of that radiant beauty which was destined to fade so early. The mantling bloom of her cheeks was shaded by a profusion of natural ringlets, of a rich golden brown; and the ever-varying expression of her brilliant eyes gave a changeful play to her countenance, which would have made it impossible for

any painter to do justice to it. No wonder that so fair a creature should excite the admiration of a gallant captain. And the love on both sides was ardent and sincere; for Captain Hemans, soon after their introduction, was called upon to embark with his regiment for Spain. On his return, in 1812, they were married.

Mrs. Hemans' eagerness for knowledge continued to be intense, and of her industry, volumes, still existing, of extracts and transcriptions, are evidence. The mode of her studies was very desultory to outward appearance, as she loved to be surrounded by books of all sorts and languages, and on every variety of topic, turning from one to another. And this course, it is said, "she pursued at all times—in season and out of season—by night and day—on her chair, her sofa, and bed—at home and abroad—invalid, convalescent, and in perfect health—in rambles, journeys, and visits—in company with her husband, and when her children were around her—at hours usually devoted to domestic claims, as well as in the solitude of the study and bower."

In the year 1818, Captain Hemans' health requiring the benefit of a warmer climate, he determined upon repairing to the Continent, and eventually fixed his residence at Rome. At this time a permanent separation was not contemplated by either party, and it was only a tacit and conventional arrangement, with a frequent interchange of correspondence relative to the education and the disposal of their children. But years rolled on, and from that time till the hour of her death, Captain and Mrs. Hemans never met again. She continued to reside with her mother at Bronwylfa, and had the five boys left under her care; a sufficient proof that nothing more than incompatibility of pursuits and uncongeniality of temper were the moving causes of the separation.

Notwithstanding the peculiarity of her situation, in consequence of this separation, her talents, her amiable qualities, and the increasing popularity of her writings, continued to secure to Mrs. Hemans the warm attachment of several distinguished friends, among whom were Bishop Luxmoore and Bishop Heber; with the latter she became acquainted in 1820, and he was the first literary character with whom she ever familiarly associated. To him she submitted the commencement of a poem, entitled "Superstition and Revelation," which was, however, never completed by her, and at his suggestion, she was first led to offer her "Vespers of Palermo" to the stage. This play, completed in June, 1821, was, after many theatrical delays, acted at Covent Garden, in December, 1823, but proved a failure. It, however, led to a correspondence with the poet Milman, who kindly interested himself in its behalf; and it was subsequently acted in Edinburgh with considerable success,—with an epilogue written by Sir Walter Scott.

The death of her beloved mother, which occurred in 1827, was an irreparable loss to Mrs. Hemans; she had now no one to whom she could cling for protection; and her sensitive, dependent nature, made the maternal shelter and security necessary to her happiness—almost to her own existence. As the care and education of her five sons now devolved entirely on herself, she was induced to leave Wales, where her heart still clung, and settle at Wavertree, a small village near Liverpool, where she hoped to find superior advantages of education for her boys.

During the many years that Mrs. Hemans resided with her mother, the anxieties and responsibilities of house-keeping had never fallen to her lot, and her time and thoughts might be and were almost exclusively devoted to poetry and literature. But now domestic cares forced themselves upon her attention, and butchers' and grocers' bills intruded, as she observes, "in frightful array." In these household duties she felt but little interest, being, as she playfully describes herself, "little better than a grown-up Rosamond, (Miss Edgeworth's naughty girl,) who constantly lie in bed till it is too late to get up early—break my needles (when I use any)—leave my keys among my necklaces—answer all my amusing letters first, and leave the others to their fate." Elsewhere she says, "I am now for the first time in my life holding the reins of government, independently managing a household myself, and I never liked any thing less than *ce triste empire de moi-même.*"

In the summer of 1829 she visited Scotland, where she was cordially received by many distinguished persons, among others, by Sir Walter Scott, with whom she spent two or three weeks very delightfully. When bidding her farewell, he said: "There are some whom we meet, and should like ever after to claim as kith and kin, and *you* are one of these." On one occasion he observed: "One would say you had too many accomplishments, Mrs. Hemans, were they not all made to give pleasure to those around you." In 1830, Mrs. Hemans visited the Lakes, where she formed a personal acquaintance with Wordsworth, whose writings she had always admired. Mrs. Hemans was delighted with the scenery at Rydal Mount, and concluded to hire a residence called Dove's Nest, beautifully situated in a very romantic spot on the banks of Windermere; she thus describes it in one of her letters:

"The house was originally meant for a small villa, though it has long passed into the hands of farmers, and there is, in consequence, an air of neglect about the little demesne, which does not at all approach desolation, and yet gives it something of touching interest. You see everywhere traces of love and care beginning to be effaced—rose-trees spreading into wildness—laurels darkening the windows with their luxuriant branches—and I cannot help saying to myself, 'Perhaps some heart like my own in its feelings and sufferings has here sought refuge and found repose.' The ground is laid out in rather an antiquated style, which, now that nature is beginning to reclaim it from art, I do not at all dislike. There is a little grassy terrace immediately under the window, descending to a small court with a circular grass-plot, in which grows one tall white rose-tree. You cannot imagine how I delight in that fair, solitary, neglected-looking tree. I am wri-

ting to you from an old-fashioned alcove in the little garden, round which the sweetbriar and the moss-rose tree had completely run wild; and I look down from it upon lovely Windermere, which seems at this moment even like another sky, so truly is every summer cloud and tint of azure pictured in its transparent mirror."

In 1831 she left England with her children, to take up her residence permanently in Dublin. The next four years were passed busily and rather pleasantly by Mrs. Hemans, who continued to write unceasingly, though a gradual decline in her health was perceptible to her friends. At the close of the year 1834 her health became very precarious, and the following spring brought symptoms of her approaching dissolution. The closing scene has been impressively described by one of her friends:

"Mrs. Hemans was now too ill to leave her room, and was only laid upon a couch during the daytime, occasionally suffering severely. But all was borne with resignation and patience, and when not able to bear even the fatigue of reading, she had recourse to her mental resources, and as she lay on her sofa, she would repeat to herself whole chapters of the Bible, and page after page of Milton and Wordsworth. Her thoughts reverted frequently to the days of her childhood—to the old house by the sea-shore—the mountain rambles—the haunts and the books which had formed the delight of her childhood. She was wont to say to those who expressed pity for her situation, that "she lived in a fair and happy world of her own, among gentle thoughts and pleasant images;" and in her intervals of pain she would observe, that "no poetry could express, nor imagination conceive, the visions of blessedness that flitted across her fancy, and made her waking hours more delightful than those even that were given to temporary repose." Indeed her sister observes, "At times her spirit would appear to be already half-etherealized, her mind would seem to be fraught with deep and holy and incommunicable thoughts, and she would entreat to be left perfectly alone, in stillness and darkness, 'to commune with her own heart,' and reflect on the mercies of her Saviour."

On the 15th of March, after receiving the holy sacrament, she became extremely ill, but a temporary improvement took place, and on the 26th of April, she dictated to her brother, (for she had for some time been constrained to employ an amanuensis,) her "Sabbath Sonnet," the last strain of the sweet singer of the hearth, the home, and the affections.

On Saturday, the 26th of May, she sank into a peaceful slumber, which continued all day, and at nine o'clock in the evening her gentle spirit passed away without pain or struggle.

Her remains were deposited in a vault beneath St. Anne's Church, Dublin, almost close to the house where she died. A small tablet has been placed above the spot where she is laid, inscribed with her name, her age, and the date of her death, and with the following lines from a dirge of her own;

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair Spirit! rest thee now!
Ev'n while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust to the narrow home beneath!
Soul to its place on high;
They, that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die."

In perusing the poems of Mrs. Hemans, we are struck with her wonderful perception of the *beautiful!* This seems to be her peculiar gift. Whatever be the scene described, the character or object introduced, she always gathers around her images and allusions of exceeding beauty; and these selected with a moral taste so pure and refined, that it seems to have shed the lustre of heaven upon the things of earth.

And yet, over these bright visions, incomparable in loveliness as they are, is the blending of human cares and sorrows, and the shadow of Nature's decay. Nothing is satisfying, nothing is abiding. She saw the perfectness of the Creator's works in their most attractive forms; but she saw that Death was in the world, and that all which was made was subject to the Destroyer.

Hence the sadness which pervades nearly all her poems, with the exception of those she wrote towards the close of her career. It was not her own blighted hopes that gave to her harp its note of wo. Hers is the lament for the lot of humanity, dwelling amid so much beauty which must fade and perish like the crushed flower; and in the midst of the joy and harmony which for her pervaded all Nature, she yet could not avoid discerning, with the spirit of the mystic prophetess,

"The low footsteps of each coming ill."

And so wonderfully was her genius endowed with the power of expressing "thoughts which create thoughts" in the minds of others, that there is scarcely a human heart but is moved by these strains of feeling or imagination. The *truth* of the description is acknowledged at once. For, though many of the moving scenes in the poems of Mrs. Hemans were undoubtedly fictitious, yet the feelings, the struggles, the sorrows bear the seal of reality. She saw with her mind's eye and felt in her own soul *all* that she has pourtrayed. And thus she compels the sympathy of her readers to follow her bidding, and by the dream of the poet to interpret their own feelings, and struggles, and sorrows.

Still there is none of the gloom of misanthropy in the strains of Mrs. Hemans. She had naturally a cheerful, even mirthful disposition, as her private letters show; and she had the loving, hoping heart of a true woman. She was the poet of home. Around the hearth she gathered the sweetest and saddest images of her fancy. There was her throne of power, to the muse of man unapproachable. In these domestic attachments, and in her sympathy with her own sex, may be found the main causes of her unparalleled success in the choice of subjects. This purity and justness of moral taste, which always selects the theme best suited to the position of the writer, is a beautiful element in the character of a literary woman.

We consider her example of refined moral taste in directing the efforts of female genius as of inestimable benefit to the young imaginative reader; and so purely beautiful did her poems appear, that we scarcely knew when to pause in our selection. Mrs. Hemans does, in truth, merit the gratitude as well as admiration of her sex, for she has exalted the genius of woman, and shown an example of excellence in private life,—thus proving that the cultivation of the highest gifts of intellect are not incompatible with the performance of our humblest duties.

The crowning grace of her genius however was her love of the good. In her earlier studies she searched for this in objects of sense or creations of fancy. But the shadow of change and decay marred the loveliness of Nature, and the spirit of the poet grew restless and sad. In her last years, looking upward as well as inward, she found, in contemplation of the "Eternal God," the perfection she adored. And how ardently her soul

> "Sought the light,
> Studious of that pure intercourse begun,
> When first her infant brows their lustre won;
> So, like the mountain, did she grow more bright,
> From unimpeded commerce with the sun,
> At the approach of all-involving night."

In respect to the religious dignity which she attached to her profession, there is a passage in one of her letters which fully unfolds her feelings and her hopes; thus she writes, about a year previous to her death:—"I have now passed through the feverish and somewhat *visionary* state of mind often connected with the passionate study of art in early life; deep affections and deep sorrows seem to have solemnized my whole being, and I now feel as if bound to higher and holier tasks, which, though I may occasionally lay aside, I could not long wander from without some sense of dereliction. I hope it is no self-delusion, but I cannot help sometimes feeling as if it were my true task to enlarge the sphere of sacred poetry, and extend its influence. When you receive my volume of 'Scenes and Hymns,' you will see what I mean by enlarging its sphere, though my plan as yet is very imperfectly developed."

She speaks here of the passionate study of art in early life. And this is not the least of her merits,—that she did study, early and late, her whole life long, making poetry, as it deserves, no less a subject of science than a gift of genius. She was above the miserable disparagement of labour, and learning, and the advice of the world. She profited continually by them all; and the critics have in no respect rendered her fuller justice, than in noticing the astonishing progress indicated by her successive productions.

Thus, then, is her poetry distinguished. Others have possessed her imagination, her taste, her ambition, her art, her glowing feeling, her Christian principle; but they did not all undertake, and they were not all competent if they had, to devote the exercise of every energy, effectually, to the one object of her labours, — the composition of a model which might perfectly represent what female poetry is and should be. This Mrs. Hemans has done. She had a genius worthy to be the representative of that of her sex,—and she sounded the depths of its capacities of exertion and suffering, and trained them, with every faculty, to do justice to herself, her sex, her race, her Creator; in the discharge of the true office of the profession she chose,— the illuminating or figuring forth of truth, (as Sydney describes it,) and especially of the truth most worthy of the work,—which it most concerns men, as such, to feel the force of, — and which, also, she was herself best qualified so to set forth—"*by the speaking picture of poetry.*" She wrote not only as none but a woman could write, but so wrote as that, in her department, neither her predecessors, or successors, of her own sex, have been, or will be, able to surpass her.

Mrs. Hemans was a Briton by birth, but, as we think, her delicate purity of nature was truly American. One of her biographers says that Mrs. Hemans "always cut out of her books whatever was coarse;" a proceeding which resembles very nearly the instinctive delicacy of character so frequently ridiculed by English travellers and writers as peculiar to the women of America. No doubt this unison of feeling has contributed to give the poetry of Mrs. Hemans such wide and wonderful popularity in our republic. An English critic, noticing the writings of Mrs. Hemans, remarks—"The peculiar beauties of her poetry were first pointed out to us by our transatlantic brethren." Yes, the true feminine *loveliness*—there is no other term so appropriate—of her muse, has won the heart of the American people. We understand, we appreciate the sweet purity of her productions; nor can her own countrymen hold her works in higher estimation or cherish her memory with more true regard than do her millions of friends and readers in this our "green forest land."

Her principal works were, "The Domestic Affections," 1812; "Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy;" "Welsh Melodies," 1822; "Siege of Valencia, and the Last Constantine," 1823; "Vespers of Palermo," 1823; "The Forest Sanctuary," 1826; "Records of Women," 1828; "Songs of the Affections," 1830; "National Lyrics," 1834; "Hymns for Childhood," 1834; "Scenes and Hymns of Life," 1834. The selections we give are chiefly descriptive of or incidental to *woman*—the theme of power with Mrs. Hemans.

THE SWITZER'S WIFE.

Werner Stauffacher, one of the three confederates of the field of Grutli, had been alarmed by the envy with which the Austrian Bailiff, Landenberg, had noticed the appearance of wealth and comfort which distinguished his dwelling. It was not, however, until roused by the entreaties of his wife, a woman who seems to have been of an heroic spirit, that he was induced to deliberate with his friends upon the measures by which Switzerland was finally delivered.

> Nor look nor tone revealeth aught
> Save woman's quietness of thought;
> And yet around her is a light
> Of inward majesty and might. M. J. J.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Wer solch ein herz an seinen Busen druckt,
> Der kann für herd und hof mit freuden fechten.
> *Willholm Tell.*

It was the time when children bound to meet
Their father's homeward step from field or hill,
And when the herd's returning bells are sweet
In the Swiss valleys, and the lakes grow still,
And the last note of that wild horn swells by,
Which haunts the exile's heart with melody.

And lovely smiled full many an Alpine home,
Touch'd with the crimson of the dying hour,
Which lit its low roof by the torrent's foam,
And pierced its lattice through the vine-hung bower:
But one, the loveliest o'er the land that rose,
Then first looked mournful in its green repose.

For Werner sat beneath the linden-tree,
That sent its lulling whispers through his door,
Ev'n as man sits whose heart alone would be
With some deep care, and thus can find no more
Th' accustomed joy in all which evening brings,
Gathering a household with her quiet wings.

His wife stood hush'd before him,—sad, yet mild
In her beseeching mien;—he mark'd it not.
The silvery laughter of his bright-hair'd child
Rang from the greensward round the shelter'd spot,
But seem'd unheard; until at last the boy
Raised from his heap'd-up flowers a glance of joy.

And met his father's face: but then a change
Pass'd swiftly o'er the brow of infant glee,
And a quick sense of something dimly strange
Brought him from play to stand beside the knee
So often climb'd, and lift his loving eyes
That shone through clouds of sorrowful surprise.

Then the proud bosom of the strong man shook;
But tenderly his babe's fair mother laid
Her hand on his, and with a pleading look,
Thro' tears half quivering, o'er him bent, and said,
"What grief, dear friend, hath made thy heart its prey,
That thou shouldst turn thee from our love away?

"It is too sad to see thee thus, my friend!
Mark'st thou the wonder on thy boy's fair brow,
Missing the smile from thine? Oh! cheer thee! bend
To his soft arms, unseal thy thoughts e'en now!
Thou dost not kindly to withhold the share
Of tried affection in thy secret care."

He look'd up into that sweet earnest face,
But sternly, mournfully: not yet the band
Was loosen'd from his soul; its inmost place
Not yet unveil'd by love's o'ermastering hand.
"Speak low!" he cried, and pointed where on high
The white Alps glitter'd through the solemn sky:

"We must speak low amidst our ancient hills
And their free torrents; for the days are come
When tyranny lies crouch'd by forest-rills,
And meets the shepherd in his mountain-home.
Go, pour the wine of our own grapes in fear,
Keep silence by the hearth! its foes are near.

"The envy of the oppressor's eye hath been
Upon my heritage. I sit to-night
Under my household tree, if not serene,
Yet with the faces best-beloved in sight:
To-morrow eve may find me chain'd, and thee—
How can I bear the boy's young smiles to see?"

The bright blood left that youthful mother's cheek;
Back on *the linden-stem she lean'd her form*,
And her lip trembled, as it strove to speak,
Like a frail harp-string, shaken by the storm.
'Twas but a moment, and the faintness pass'd,
And the free Alpine spirit woke at last.

And she, that ever through her home had moved
With the meek thoughtfulness and quiet smile
Of woman, calmly loving and beloved,
And timid in her happiness the while,
Stood brightly forth, and steadfastly, that hour,
Her clear glance kindling into sudden power.

Ay, pale she stood, but with an eye of light,
And took her fair child to her holy breast,
And lifted her soft voice, that gather'd might
As it found language:—"Are we thus oppress'd?
Then must we rise upon our mountain-sod,
And man must arm, and woman call on God!

"I know what thou wouldst do,—and be it done!
Thy soul is darken'd with its cares for me.
Trust me to Heaven, my husband!—this, thy son,
The babe whom I have borne thee, must be free!
And the sweet memory of our pleasant hearth
May well give strength—if aught be strong on earth.

"Thou hast been brooding o'er the silent dread
Of my desponding tears; now lift once more,
My hunter of the hills! thy stately head,
And let thine eagle glance my joy restore!
I can bear all, but seeing *thee* subdued,—
Take to thee back thine own undaunted mood.

"Go forth beside the waters, and along
The chamois-paths, and through the forests go;
And toil, in burning words, thy tale of wrong
To the brave hearts that 'midst the hamlets glow.
God shall be with thee, my beloved!—Away!
Bless but thy child, and leave me,—I can pray!"

He sprang up like a warrior-youth awaking
To clarion-sounds upon the ringing air:
He caught her to his breast, while proud tears breaking
From his dark eyes, fell o'er her braided hair,—
And "Worthy art thou," was *his* joyous cry,
"That man for thee should gird himself to die.

"My bride, my wife, the mother of my *child*!
Now shall *thy* name be armour to my heart;
And this our land, by *chains no more defiled*,
Be taught of *thee* to choose the better part!
I go—thy spirit on my words shall dwell,
Thy gentle voice shall stir the Alps—Farewell!"

And thus they parted, by the quiet lake,
In the clear starlight: he, the strength to rouse
Of the free hills; she, thoughtful for his sake,
To rock her child beneath the whispering boughs,
Singing its blue, half-curtain'd eyes to sleep,
With a low hymn amidst the stillness deep.

GERTRUDE, OR FIDELITY TILL DEATH.

The Baron Von der Wart, accused, though it is believed unjustly, as an accomplice in the assassination of the emperor Albert, was bound alive on the wheel, and attended by his wife Gertrude, throughout his last agonizing hours, with the most heroic devotedness. Her own sufferings, with those of her unfortunate husband, are most affectingly described in a letter which she afterwards addressed to a female friend, and which was published some years ago, at Haarlem, in a book entitled Gertrude Von der Wart, or Fidelity unto Death.

Dark lowers our fate,
And terrible the storm that gathers oer us;
But nothing, till that latest agony
Which severs thee from nature, shall unloose
This fix'd and sacred hold. In thy dark prison-house,
In the terrific face of armed law,
Yea, on the scaffold, if it needs must be,
I never will forsake thee.

Joanna Baillie.

Her hands were clasp'd, her dark eyes raised,
The breeze threw back her hair;
Up to the fearful wheel she gazed—
All that she loved was there.
The night was round her clear and cold,
The holy heaven above,
Its pale stars watching to behold
The might of earthly love

"And bid me not depart," she cried,
"My Rudolph, say not so!
This is no time to quit thy side,
Peace, peace! I cannot go.

Hath the world aught for *me* to fear,
When death is on thy brow?
The world! what means it—*mine* is *here*—
I will not leave thee now.

"I have been with thee in thine hour
Of glory and of bliss;
Doubt not its memory's living power
To strengthen me through *this!*
And thou, mine honour'd love and true,
Bear on, bear nobly on!
We have the blessed heaven in view,
Whose rest shall soon be won."

And were not these high words to flow
From woman's breaking heart?
Through all that night of bitterest woe,
She bore her lofty part;
But oh! with such a glazing eye,
With such a curdling cheek—
Love, love! of mortal agony,
Thou, only *thou* shouldst speak!

The wind rose high,—but with it rose
Her voice, that he might hear:
Perchance that dark hour brought repose
To happy bosoms near;
While she sat striving with despair
Beside his tortured form,
And pouring her deep soul in prayer
Forth on the rushing storm.

She wiped the death-damps from his brow,
With her pale hands and soft,
Whose touch upon the lute-chords low,
Had still'd his heart so oft.
She spread her mantle o'er his breast,
She bathed his lips with dew,
And on his cheeks such kisses press'd
As hope and joy ne'er knew.

Oh! lovely are ye, Love and Faith,
Enduring to the last!
She had her meed—one smile in death—
And his worn spirit pass'd.
While ev'n as o'er a martyr's grave
She knelt on that sad spot,
And, weeping, bless'd the God who gave
Strength to forsake it not!

THE GRAVE OF A POETESS.*

"Ne me plaignez pas—si vous saviez
Combien de peines ce tombeau m'a epargnees!"

I stood beside the lowly grave;—
Spring-odours breathed around,
And music, in the river-wave,
Pass'd with a lulling sound.

All happy things that love the sun
In the bright air glanced by,
And a glad murmur seem'd to run
Through the soft azure sky.

Fresh leaves were on the ivy-bough
That fringed the ruins near;
Young voices were abroad—but thou
Their sweetness couldst not hear.

And mournful grew my heart for thee,
Thou in whose woman's mind,
The ray that brightens earth and sea,
The light of song was shrined.

* Extrinsic interest has lately attached to the fine scenery of Woodstock, near Kilkenny, on account of its having been the last residence of the author of Psyche. Her grave is one of many in the church-yard of the village. The river runs smoothly by. The ruins of an ancient abbey that has been partially converted into a church, reverently throw their mantle of tender shadow over it.—*Tales by the O'Hara Family.*

Mournful that thou wert slumbering low,
With a dread curtain drawn
Between thee and the golden glow
Of this world's vernal dawn.

Parted from all the song and bloom:
Thou wouldst have loved so well,
To thee the sunshine round thy tomb
Was but a broken spell.

The bird, the insect on the wing,
In their bright reckless play,
Might feel the flush and life of spring,—
And thou wert pass'd away!

But then, even then, a nobler thought
O'er my vain sadness came;
Th' immortal spirit woke, and wrought
Within my thrilling frame.

Surely on lovelier things, I said,
Thou must have look'd ere now,
Than all that round our pathway shed
Odours and hues below.

The shadows of the *tomb* are here,
Yet beautiful is earth!
What seest thou then where no dim fear,
No haunting dream, hath birth?

Here a vain love to passing flowers
Thou gav'st—but where thou art,
The sway is not with changeful hours
There love and death must part.

Thou hast left sorrow in thy song,
A voice not loud, but deep!
The glorious bowers of earth among,
How often didst thou weep!

Where couldst thou fix on mortal ground
Thy tender thoughts and high?—
Now peace the woman's heart hath found,
And joy the poet's eye.

THE MOTHER'S LOVE.

—— There is none,
In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart.—It is but pride, wherewith
To his fair son the father's eye doth turn,
Watching his growth. Ay, on the boy he looks,
The bright glad creature springing in his path,
But as the heir of his great name — the young
And stately tree, whose rising strength ere long
Shall bear his trophies well. And this is love!
This is *man's* love! — What marvel? — You ne'er made
Your breast the pillow of his infancy,
While to the fulness of your heart's glad heavings
His fair cheek rose and fell, and his bright hair
Waved softly to your breath? — *You* ne'er kept watch
Beside him till the last pale star had set,
And morn, all dazzling, as in triumph broke
On your dim, weary eye: not *yours* the face
Which, early faded through fond care for him,
Hung o'er his sleep, and, duly as heaven's light
Was there to greet his wakening. *You* ne'er smoothed
His couch, ne'er sung him to his rosy rest,
Caught his least whisper, when his voice from yours
Had learned soft utterance; pressed your lips to his
When fever parched it; hushed his wayward cries,
With patient, vigilant, never-wearied love!
No! these are *Woman's* tasks!—In these her youth,
And bloom of cheek, and buoyancy of heart,
Steal from her all unmarked!

WOMAN AND FAME.

Thou hast a charmed cup, O Fame,—
A draught that mantles high,
And seems to lift this earthly frame
Above mortality.
Away! to me — a woman — bring
Sweet waters from affection's spring.

Thou hast green laurel-leaves that twine
Into so proud a wreath—
For that resplendent gift of thine,
Heroes have smiled in death.
Give *me* from some kind hand a flower,
The record of one happy hour.

Thou hast a voice, whose thrilling tone
Can bid each life-pulse beat,
As when a trumpet's note hath blown,
Calling the brave to meet.
But mine, let mine—a woman's breast—
By words of home-born love be blessed.

A hollow sound is in thy song,
A mockery in thy eye,
To the sick heart that doth but long
For aid, for sympathy,
For kindly looks to cheer it on,
For tender accents that are gone.

Fame, Fame! thou canst not be the stay
Unto the drooping reed,
The cool fresh fountain in the day
Of the soul's feverish need:
Where must the lone one turn or flee?—
Not unto thee, oh! not to thee!

SONG.

"Oh, cast thou not
Affection from thee! in this bitter world
Hold to thy heart that only treasure fast,
Watch—guard it—suffer not a breath to dim
The bright gem's purity!"

If thou hast crush'd a flower,
The root may not be blighted;
If thou hast quench'd a lamp,
Once more it may be lighted:
But on thy harp or on thy lute,
The string which thou hast broken
Shall never in sweet sound again
Give to thy touch a token!

If thou hast loosed a bird,
Whose voice of song could cheer thee,
Still, still he may be won
From the skies to warble near thee
But if upon the troubled sea
Thou hast thrown a gem unheeded,
Hope not that wind or wave shall bring
The treasure back when needed.

If thou hast bruised a vine,
The summer's breath is healing,
And its cluster yet may glow
Through the leaves their bloom revealing;
But if thou hast a cup o'erthrown,
With a bright draught fill'd—oh! never
Shall earth give back that lavish'd wealth,
To cool thy parch'd lip's fever!

The heart is like that cup,
If thou waste the love it bore thee,
And like that jewel gone,
Which the deep will not restore thee;
And like that string of harp or lute
Whence the sweet sound is scatter'd;—
—Gently, oh! gently touch the chords,
So soon for ever shatter'd!

MAN AND WOMAN.

"——Women act their parts
When they do make their order'd houses know them.
Men must be busy out of doors, must stir
The city; yea, make the great world aware
That they are in it; for the mastery
Of which they race and wrestle."

Knowles.

Warrior! whose image on thy tomb,
With shield and crested head,
Sleeps proudly in the purple gloom
By the stain'd window shed;

The records of thy name and race
Have faded from the stone,
Yet through a cloud of years I trace
What thou hast been and done.

A banner from its flashing spear
Flung out o'er many a fight;
A war-cry ringing far and clear,
And strong to turn the flight;
An arm that bravely bore the lance
On for the holy shrine,
A haughty heart and kingly glance—
Chief! were not these things thine?

A lofty place where leaders sate
Around the council board;
In festive halls a chair of state,
When the blood-red wine was pour'd;
A name that drew a prouder tone
From herald, harp, and bard;
—Surely these things were all thine own,
So hadst thou thy reward!

Woman! whose sculptur'd form at rest
By the arm'd knight is laid,
With meek hands folded o'er thy breast
In matron robes array'd;
What was *thy* tale?—Oh, gentle mate
Of him the bold and free,
Bound unto his victorious fate,
What bard hath sung of *thee?*

He woo'd a bright and burning star;
Thine was the void, the gloom,
The straining eye that follow'd far
His oft-receding plume;
The heart-sick listening while his steed
Sent echoes on the breeze;
The pang—but when did fame take heed
Of griefs obscure as these?

Thy silent and secluded hours,
Through many a lonely day
While bending o'er thy broider'd flowers.
With spirit far away;
Thy weeping midnight prayers for him
Who fought on Syrian plains;
Thy watchings till the torch grew dim,—
These fill no minstrel strains.

A still sad life was thine!—long years,
With tasks unguerdon'd fraught,
Deep, quiet love, submissive tears,
Vigils of anxious thought;
Prayers at the cross in fervour pour'd,
Alms to the pilgrims given;
O happy, happier than thy lord,
In that lone path to heaven!

THE SPELLS OF HOME.

There blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visit when most brief.

Bernard Barton.

By the soft green light in the woody glade,
On the banks of moss where thy childhood play'd,
By the household tree through which thine eye
First look'd in love to the summer sky,
By the dewy gleam, by the very breath
Of the primrose tufts in the grass beneath,
Upon thy heart there is laid a spell,
Holy and precious—oh! guard it well!

By the sleepy ripple of the stream,
Which hath lull'd thee into many a dream,
By the shiver of the ivy leaves
To the wind of morn at thy casement eaves,
By the bee's deep murmur in the limes,
By the music of the Sabbath chimes,
By every sound of thy native shade,
Stronger and dearer the spell is made.

By the gathering round the winter hearth
When twilight call'd unto household mirth,
By the fairy tale or the legend old
In that ring of happy faces told,
By the quiet hour when hearts unite
In the parting prayer and the kind "Good-night!
By the smiling eye and the loving tone,
Over thy life has the spell been thrown.

And bless that gift! — it hath gentle might,
A guardian power and a guiding light.
It hath led the freeman forth to stand
In the mountain battles of his land;
It hath brought the wanderer o'er the seas,
To die on the hills of his own fresh breeze
And back to the gates of his father's hall
It hath led the weeping prodigal.

Yes! when thy heart, in its pride, would stray
From the pure first loves of its youth away —
When the sullying breath of the world would come
O'er the flowers it brought from its childhood's home —
Think thou again of the woody glade,
And the sound by the rustling ivy made,
Think of the tree at thy father's door,
And the kindly spell shall have power once more!

WOMAN ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Where hath not woman stood,
Strong in affection's might? a reed upborne
By an o'ermastering current!

Gentle and lovely form
What didst thou here,
When the fierce battle-storm
Bore down the spear?

Banner and shiver'd crest,
Beside thee strown,
Tell, that amidst the best,
Thy work was done!

Yet strangely, sadly fair,
O'er the wild scene,
Gleams, through its golden hair,
That brow serene.

Low lies the stately head,—
Earth-bound the free;
How gave those haughty dead
A place to thee?

Slumberer! *thine* early bier
Friends should have crown'd,
Many a flower and tear
Shedding around.

Soft voices, clear and young,
Mingling their swell,
Should o'er thy dust have sung
Earth's last farewell.

Sisters, above the grave
Of thy repose,
Should have bid violets wave
With the white rose.

Now must the trumpet's note,
Savage and shrill,
For requiem o'er thee float,
Thou fair and still!

And the swift charger sweep
In full career,
Trampling thy place of sleep,—
Why comest thou here?

Why?—ask the true heart why
Woman hath been
Ever, where brave men die,
Unshrinking seen?

Unto this harvest ground
Proud reapers came,—
Some, for that stirring sound,
A warrior's name;

Some, for the stormy play
And joy of strife;
And some, to fling away
A weary life;—

But thou, pale sleeper, thou,
With the slight frame,
And the rich locks, whose glow
Death cannot tame;

Only one thought, one power,
Thee could have led,
So, through the tempest's hour,
To lift thy head!

Only the true, the strong,
The love, whose trust
Woman's deep soul too long
Pours on the dust!

LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame:

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair,
Amidst that pilgrim band;—
Why had *they* come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

SABBATH SONNET.

How many blessed groups this hour are bending
Through England's primrose meadow-paths their way
Toward spire and tower, 'midst shadowy elms ascending,
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed day!
The halls, from old heroic ages grey,
Pour their fair children forth; and hamlets low,
With whose thick orchard-blooms the soft winds play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a free vernal stream.—I may not tread
With them those pathways,—to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound;—yet oh, my God! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath filled
My chastened heart, and all its throbbings stilled
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness.

THE POETRY OF THE PSALMS.*

Nobly thy song, O minstrel! rushed to meet
Th' Eternal on the pathway of the blast,
With darkness round him as a mantle cast,
And cherubim to waft his flying seat.
Amidst the hills that smoked beneath his feet,
With trumpet voice thy spirit called aloud,
And bade the trembling rocks his name repeat,
And the bent cedars, and the bursting cloud;
But far more gloriously to earth made known,
By that high strain, than by the thunder's tone,
Than flashing torrents, or the ocean's roll;
Jehovah spoke through the inbreathing fire,
Nature's vast realms forever to inspire,
With the deep worship of a living soul.

HENRIETTA OF ENGLAND,

Daughter of the unfortunate Charles I. of England, and grand-daughter of Henry IV. of France, married, in 1661, Philip of France, duke of Orleans, and brother of Louis XIV.; but this marriage was not a happy one. However, she was a great favourite with the king, who often joined in the brilliant assembly of rank and genius which she collected around her. She also had much influence over her brother, Charles II. of England; and negotiated an important treaty with England against Holland, which the most skilful diplomatists had long solicited in vain.

This princess died at St. Cloud, in 1670, at the age of twenty-six. There were some suspicions that she was poisoned. She was universally regretted; her sweetness of manners, and her grace and beauty, rendering her a great favourite. Bossuet pronounced her funeral oration.

HENDEL-SCHÜTZ, HENRIETTA.

This celebrated woman, in whom her native country recognises one of its first tragic actresses, and her age the greatest pantomimic artist, was the daughter of the eminent tragedian, Schüler. From her fourth year, she received instruction in declamation and dancing. In the latter art she was so accomplished, even when a child, that she was engaged for the ballet of the Berlin Royal Theatre, of which her father was a member. The celebrated Engel, at that time director of the Berlin Theatre, seems to have duly appreciated her rare talents, for he took her to his house, and instructed her in history, mythology, versification in languages, and declamation. In her sixteenth year, she united herself to the excellent tenor-singer, Eunike (in Berlin), and both were engaged, first at the Prince's Theatre, at Maintz, then at Bonn. There she was undoubtedly prima donna. In the year 1792, they were invited to Amsterdam, where the new German theatre opened for the first time (November 11th, 1793), with Kotzebue's drama, "The Indians in England." She performed the part of Gurli, and the audience was enraptured. The French Revolutionary war, which seemed to threaten Holland, soon put an end to the German theatre. Mrs. Eunike, therefore, left Amsterdam, and went to Frankfurt on the Maine, in October, 1794. There her talent for pantomime was awakened by the celebrated painter, Pfarr. He showed her, among others, Rehberg's plates of the attitudes of Lady Hamilton; also some drawings of William Fischbein (a German), in Naples. After these models she studied the art of pantomime; but she spent twelve years in practising, before she ventured on a public exhibition. It is generally acknowledged, that the Hendel-Schütz has much enlarged and elevated this art; her pantomime representations were a series of fine attitudes, not only in the antique, but also in the modern styles, and in the former as well in the Egyptian and Greek, as in the latter in the Italian and Germanic characters. They were, however, not mere imitations of statues and paintings; she endeavoured, by an instructive succession of interesting images of antique and modern mythology and history, to represent to the eye the most important changes of antique and modern plastic art; so that a critic says, "In representing, in a chronological order, the different styles of plastic art, the principal traits of the history of art pass in moving pictures before the eye of the spectator, which are as instructive to the mind as they are pleasing to the eye." Besides, she possessed the still greater gift of inventing practical poetical attitudes, and representing them in a suitable style, so that the German artist seems vastly to have surpassed her English predecessor (Lady Hamilton). In the mean time, she and her husband accepted an invitation to go to Berlin, where she remained for ten years. Here she separated herself from her first husband, and married Dr. Mayer, whom she accompanied to Stettin; this second union was likewise dissolved; and then (1806) she became the wife of Dr. Hendel. Seven months after, death deprived her of her third husband, who, as chief physician of the French hospitals, died a victim of the typhus fever. Circumstances induced her to appear again on the stage. In October, 1807, she undertook a long artistic journey; and when in Halle, she became acquainted with the son of the celebrated philologer, Schütz; he (the son) was at that time engaged at the University of Halle, as Professor of the Fine Arts. With this gentleman she entered again into the bonds of matrimony, when Napoleon arrested the University, for which reason Professor Schütz exchanged the academical course for the theatrical profession, and acquired, both in tragedy and comedy, an honourable place among the German dramatic artists. Mr. and Mrs. Schütz did not limit themselves to the principal cities of Germany, but visited also Russia, Sweden, and Denmark, and their fame spread far and wide. In the summer of 1819, they went to Paris, where the pantomimic talent of Mrs. S. was acknowledged in the most select circles by competent judges. They settled afterwards in Halle, where Mr. S. was again engaged as professor. The general conclusion is, that Mrs. Hendel-Schütz, as a pantomimic artist, stands unrivalled in Germany.

* This and the preceding, are the two last strains, the dying strains of this sweet poetess. Truly her mind seemed breathing inspired notes, while her pure spirit was stealing gently away to join the angelic choir in that "better land," where "sorrow and death may not enter."

HERBERT, MARY, COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE,

Married Henry, Earl of Pembroke, in 1576, and lived in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. She was the sister of Sir Philip Sydney; whose "Arcadia," from being dedicated to her, was always called by the author himself, "The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia." A great encourager of letters, and a careful cultivator of them herself, she translated a tragedy from the French, called "Annius," in 1595; and is also supposed to have made an exact translation of the Psalms of David into English metre; and also wrote "A Pastoral Dialogue in Praise of Astræa." She died at her house in Aldersgate-Street, London, September 25th, 1601. Osborn, in his memoirs of the reign of king James, says, "She was that sister of Sir Philip Sydney to whom he addressed his Arcadia," and of whom he had no other advantage than what he received from the partial benevolence of fortune in making him a man, (which yet she did, in some judgments, recompense in beauty,) her pen being nothing short of his. But, lest I should seem to trespass upon truth, I shall leave the world her epitaph, in which the author doth manifest himself a poet in all things but untruth:

"Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse;
Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death! ere thou hast killed another,
Fair, and good, and wise, as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee."

These lines were written by Ben Jonson.

HERITIER, MARIE JEANNE L', DE VILLANDON,

Was born at Paris in 1664, daughter of Nicholas l'Heritier, a French poet, from whom she inherited a talent for poetry. She was also esteemed for the sweetness of her manners, and the dignity of her sentiments. The academy of the "Jeux Floraux" received her as a member in 1696, and that of the Ricovrati in Padua in 1697. She wrote a translation in verse of sixteen of Ovid's Epistles; an English tale, called "La Tour Tenebreuse;" "Les Caprices de Destin;" another novel; and a novel in verse, called "L'Avare Puni;" with a few other poems. She lived a single life, and died at Paris in 1734, aged seventy. We give one specimen of her style.

RONDEAU.

A une Jeune Demoiselle.

C'est grand hazard, si l'on voit deux esprits
Avoir chez eux mêmes désirs nourris.
Vous n'aimez rien qu'amour et badinage;
Mais moy qui hais leur importun bagage,
Mon cabinet me tient lieu de réduits.*

Là du savoir j'examine le prix,
Et puis m'occupe à frivoles écrits;
Car si par fois je fais passable ouvrage,
C'est grand hazard.

Aussi mon cœur de renom n'est épris,
Et d'Apollon je n'ai l'art entrepris
Que pour bannir l'oisiveté peu sage:
Quand trop on est de loisir au bel âge,
Sans coqueter avec maints favoris,
C'est grand hazard.

* Boudoir.

HERON, CECILIA,

The third daughter of Sir Thomas More, was born in 1510, and, with her sisters, received a learned education. She possessed a thorough knowledge of Latin, and corresponded with Erasmus in that language. She was married very early in life to Giles Heron, Esq. Nothing of her private history is recorded.

HERSCHEL, CAROLINE LUCRETIA,

Sister, and, for a long time assistant, of the celebrated astronomer, was born at Hanover on the 16th of March, 1750. She is herself distinguished for her astronomical researches, and particularly for the construction of a selenographical globe, in relief, of the surface of the moon. But it was for her brother, Sir William Herschel, that the activity of her mind was awakened. From the first commencement of his astronomical pursuits, her attendance on both his daily labours and nightly watches was put in requisition; and was found so useful, that on his removal to Datchet, and subsequently to Slough — he being then occupied with his reviews of the heavens and other researches — she performed the whole of the arduous and important duties of his astronomical assistant, not only reading the clocks and noting down all the observations from dictation as an amanuensis, but subsequently executing the whole of the extensive and laborious numerical calculations necessary to render them available to science, as well as a multitude of others relative to the various objects of theoretical and experimental inquiry, in which, during his long and active career, he at any time engaged. For the performance of these duties, his majesty king George III. was pleased to place her in the receipt of a salary sufficient for her singularly moderate wants and retired habits.

Arduous, however, as these occupations must appear, especially when it is considered that her brother's observations were always carried on (circumstances permitting) till daybreak, without regard to season, and indeed chiefly in the winter, they proved insufficient to exhaust her activity. In their intervals she found time both for actual astronomical observations of her own and for the execution of more than one work of great extent and utility.

The observations here alluded to were made with a small Newtonian sweeper constructed for her by her brother; with which, whenever his occasional absences or any interruption to the regular course of his observations permitted, she searched the heavens for comets, and that so effectively as on no less than eight several occasions to be rewarded by their discovery, viz. on August 1, 1786; December 21, 1788; January 9, 1790; April 17, 1790; December 15, 1791; October 7, 1793; November 7, 1795; and August 6, 1797. On five of these occasions (recorded in the pages of the "Philosophical Transactions" of London) her claim to the *first* discovery is admitted. These sweeps, moreover, proved productive of the detection of several remarkable nebulæ and clusters of stars previously unobserved, among which may be specially mentioned the superb Nebula, No. 1, Class V., of Sir William Herschel's catalogues — an object bearing much resemblance to the celebrated nebula in Andromeda, discovered by Simon Inarius—as also the Nebula V., No. 18; the 12th and 27th clusters of Class VII.; and the 45th, 65th, 72d, 77th, and 78th, of Class VIII. of those catalogues.

The astronomical works which she found leisure to complete were—1st. "A Catalogue of 561 Stars observed by Flamsteed," but which, having escaped the notice of those who framed the "British Catalogue" from that astronomer's observations, are not therein inserted. 2. "A General Index of Reference to every Observation of every Star inserted in the British Catalogue." These works were published together in one volume by the Royal Society; and to their utility in subsequent researches Mr. Baily, in his "Life of Flamsteed," pp. 388, 390, bears ample testimony. She further completed the reduction and arrangement as a "Zone Catalogue" of all the nebulæ and clusters of stars observed by her brother in his sweeps; a work for which she was honoured with the Gold Medal of the Astronomical Society of London, in 1828; which Society also conferred on her the unusual distinction of electing her an honorary member.

On her brother's death, in 1822, she returned to Hanover, which she never again quitted, passing the last twenty-six years of her life in repose — enjoying the society and cherished by the regard of her remaining relatives and friends — gratified by the occasional visits of eminent astronomers — and honoured with many marks of favour and distinction on the part of the king of Hanover, the crown prince, and his amiable and illustrious consort.

To within a very short period of her death her health continued uninterrupted, her faculties perfect, and her memory (especially of the scenes and circumstances of former days) remarkably clear and distinct. Her end was tranquil and free from suffering — a simple cessation of life.

The writer of this very interesting memoir has, however, omitted to state, that besides being an Honorary Member of the Royal Astronomical Society, Miss Herschel was also similarly honoured by the Royal Irish Academy.

The accompanying portrait is copied, by permission, from a picture in the possession of Sir John Herschel, believed to be the only portrait of any authenticity. It very strongly recalls Miss Herschel's air and appearance in 1829, when the picture was painted; *i. e.*, when the lady was in her 80th year.

We add the following just and eloquent tribute to the merits of Miss Herschel, from Dr. Nichol's "Views of the Architecture of the Heavens:"—

"The astronomer, (Sir William Herschel,) during these engrossing nights, was constantly assisted in his labours by a devoted maiden sister, who braved with him the inclemency of the weather—who heroically shared his privations that she might participate in his delights — whose pen, we are told, committed to paper his notes of observations as they issued from his lips. 'She it was,' says the best of authorities, 'who, having passed the nights near the telescope, took the rough manuscripts to her cottage at the dawn of day, and produced a fair copy of the night's work on the ensuing morning; she it was who planned the labour of each succeeding night, who reduced every observation, made every calculation, and kept everything in systematic order;' she it was—Miss Caroline Herschel—who helped our astronomer to gather an imperishable name. This venerable lady has in one respect been more fortunate than her brother; she has lived to reap the full harvest of their joint glory. Some years ago, the gold medal of our Astronomical Society was transmitted to her to her native Hanover, whither she removed after Sir William's death; and the same learned Society has recently inscribed her name upon its roll: but she has been rewarded by yet more, by what she will value beyond all earthly pleasures; she has lived to see her favourite nephew, him who grew up under her eye unto an astronomer, gather around him the highest hopes of scientific Europe, and prove himself fully equal to tread in the footsteps of his father."

In 1847, she celebrated the ninety-seventh anniversary of her birth, when the king of Hanover sent to compliment her; the Prince and Princess Royal visited her; and the latter presented her with a magnificent arm-chair embroidered by herself; and the king of Prussia sent her the gold medal awarded for the Extension of the Sciences.

Miss Herschel died at the opening of the following year, January 9th, 1848, crowned with the glory which woman's genius may gain, working in the way Divine Providence appointed her, —as the helper of man.

HEYWOOD, ELIZA,

A most voluminous female writer, was the daughter of a tradesman in London, in 1693. Nothing is known of her early education, but only of her works. She wrote "The Court of Armenia," "The New Utopia," and other similar romances. The looseness of these works was the ostensible reason of Pope for putting her into his Dunciad; but it is more probable that some private provocation was the real motive. She seemed to perceive her error; and, in the numerous volumes she published afterwards, she preserved more purity and delicacy of sentiment. Her later writings are, "The Female Spectator," in four volumes, "Epistles for the Ladies," "Fortunate Foundling," "Adventures of Nature," "History of Betsey Thoughtless," "Jenny and Jemmy Jessamy," "Invisible Spy," "Husband and Wife," and a pamphlet, entitled, "A Present for a Servant Maid." She also wrote dramatic pieces, but none that succeeded. She died in 1756, aged sixty-three.

HOFLAND, BARBARA,

Was born at Sheffield, in 1770. Her father, Mr. Robert Wreaks, was an extensive manufacturer, in Sheffield. In 1796, Miss Wreaks married Mr. T. Bradshaw Hoole, a young man connected with a large mercantile house in Sheffield; but he died in two years after their marriage, leaving her with an infant son only four months old; and soon after, she lost the greater part of her property. Mrs. Hoole, in 1805, published a volume of poems, with the proceeds of which she established herself in a small school, at Harrogate, where she continued to write, but principally in prose. In 1808, Mrs. Hoole married Mr. Thomas C. Hofland, a landscape-painter, and went with him to London. She still pursued her writing with great zeal, and in 1812 published five works. In 1833 she lost her son by Mr. Hoole; and her husband died in 1843. She had continued to write till this time, but her health now failed, and she expired the following year, 1844, aged seventy-four. Her principal works are, "The Clergyman's Widow," "The Daughter-in-Law," "Emily," "The Son of a Genius," "Beatrice," "Says she to her Neighbour, What?" "Captives in India," "The Unloved One," "Daniel Dennison," &c. &c. All her productions are moral and instructive; she was earnest in her purpose of doing good. And she has done much service to the cause of improvement, though her works are not of that high order of genius which keeps its place in the heart of humanity, because its productions mirror life and not manners.

HOHENHAUSER, PHILIPPINE AMALIE ELISE VON,

Born 1790, daughter of the Westphalian General von Ochs, was married, in 1810, to Leopold, Baron von Hohenhauser. In 1816, she wrote her first work, "Spring Flowers;" in 1819, she published "Minden and its Vicinity;" in 1820, "Nature, Art, and Life," and "Recollections of Travels;" and afterwards several other novels and tales, and a translation of Byron's Corsair. In 1833, she lost a promising son, who was then a student at the university of Bonn. A peculiar monomania induced him to commit suicide. This unhappy event caused his parents to write a work entitled "Charles von H——," in which much wise counsel is given to parents, guardians, and instructors.

HOHENHEIM, FRANCISCA, COUNTESS VON,

Born in 1748, at Adelmansfelden, daughter of the lord of Bernardin. She married, when quite a child, the old and disagreeable lord of Laubrum. She became afterwards acquainted with Charles Eugene, duke of Wurtemberg, who fell violently in love with her, and persuaded her to elope with him. She was afterwards divorced from her first husband, and married to the duke in Morganatic marriage. She became a blessing to the duchy of Wurtemberg, by the happy influence she exercised over her otherwise harsh and cruel husband. She was the foundress of numerous charitable institutions. When her husband died, she withdrew to Kirchheim, where she died, in 1811.

HOOPER, LUCY,

Was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, in 1816. When she was about fifteen, the death of her father caused the removal of the family to Brooklyn, Long Island. Soon after her arrival in that city she began to write and publish poems, under the initials of L. H. In 1840, she published an "Essay on Domestic Happiness," and a work entitled "Scenes from Real Life." She was engaged in preparing a work entitled "The Poetry of Flowers," during the time of her last sickness: the book was published after her decease, which occurred in August, 1841. The following year one of her friends collected and arranged the "Literary Remains of Miss Hooper," which were published, with an affectionate tribute to her genius and the excellence of her private life. Another biographer remarks: "There have been in our literary history few more interesting characters than Lucy Hooper. She died at an early age, but not until her acquaintances had seen developed in her a nature that was all truth and gentleness, nor until the world had recognised in her writings the signs of a rare and delicate genius, that wrought in modesty, but in repose, in the garden of the affections and in the light of religion."

The following will serve as specimens of her style of thought and poesy:

THE OLD DAYS WE REMEMBER.

The old days we remember,
How softly did they glide,
While all untouched by worldly care
We wandered side by side!
In those pleasant days, when the sun's last rays
Just lingered on the hill,
Or the moon's pale light with the coming night
Shone o'er our pathway still.

The old days we remember—
Oh! there's nothing like them now,
The glow has faded from our hearts,
The blossom from the bough;
In the chill of care, 'midst worldly air,
Perchance we are colder grown,
For stormy weather, since we roamed together,
The hearts of both have known.

The old days we remember—
Oh! clearer shone the sun,
And every star looked brighter far
Than they ever since have done!
On the very streams there lingered gleams
Of light ne'er seen before,
And the running brook a music took
Our souls can hear no more.

The old days we remember—
Oh! could we but go back
To their quiet hours, and tread once more
Their bright, familiar track—
Could we picture again what we pictured then
Of the sunny world that lay
From the green hillside, and the waters wide,
And our glad hearts far away!

The old days we remember,
When we never dreamed of guile,
Nor knew that the heart could be cold below,
While the lip still wore its smile!
Oh, we may not forget, for those hours come yet;
They visit us in sleep,
While far and wide, o'er life's changing tide,
Our barks asunder keep.

Still, still we must remember
Life's first and brightest days,
And a passing tribute render
As we tread the busy maze;
A bitter sigh for the hours gone by,
The dreams that might not last,
The friends deemed true when our hopes were new,
And the glorious visions past!

"TIME, FAITH, ENERGY."*

High words and hopeful!—fold them to thy heart.
Time, Faith, and Energy, are gifts sublime;
If thy lone bark the threatening waves surround,
Make them of all thy silent thoughts a part.
When thou wouldst cast thy pilgrim staff away,
Breathe to thy soul their high, mysterious sound,
And faint not in the noontide of thy day:
Wait thou for Time!

Wait thou for Time: the slow-unfolding flower
Chides man's impatient haste with long delay:
The harvest ripening in the autumnal sun;
The golden fruit of Suffering's sweighty power
Within the soul—like soft bells' silvery chime
Repeat the tones, if fame may not be won,
Or if the heart where thou shouldst find a shrine,
Breathe forth no blessing on thy lonely way—

Wait thou for Time: it hath a sorcerer's power
To dim life's mockeries that gayly shine,
To lift the veil of seeming from the real,
Bring to thy soul a rich or fearful dower,
Write golden tracery on the sands of life,
And raise the drooping heart from scenes ideal
To a high purpose in the world of strife:
Wait thou for Time!

Yea, wait for Time, but to thy heart take Faith,
Soft beacon-light upon a stormy sea;
A mantle for the pure in heart, to pass
Through a dim world, untouched by living death,
A cheerful watcher through the spirit's night,
Soothing the grief from which she may not flee—
A herald of glad news—a seraph bright,
Pointing to sheltering heavens yet to be.

Yea, Faith and Time—and thou that through the hour
Of the lone night hast nerved the feeble hand,
Kindled the weary heart with sudden fire,
Gifted the drooping soul with living power,
Immortal Energy! shalt thou not be
While the old tales our wayward thoughts inspire,
Linked with each vision of high destiny,
Till on the fadeless borders of that land

Where all is known we find our certain way,
And lose ye, 'mid its pure, effulgent light?
Kind ministers, who cheered us in our gloom,
Seraphs who lightened griefs with guiding ray,
Whispering through tears of cloudless glory dawning—
Say, in the gardens of eternal bloom
Will not our hearts, when breaks the cloudless morning,
Joy that ye led us through the drooping night?

* Suggested by a passage in Bulwer's Night and Morning.

HOPTON, SUSANNA,

A LADY of Staffordshire, England, who became a Roman Catholic, but afterwards returned to the Protestant faith, and died at Hereford, in 1709, aged eighty-two. She married Richard Hopton, one of the Welsh judges. She wrote "Daily Devotions," "Hexameron, or Meditations on the Six Days of the Creation," and also corrected the devotions in the ancient way of offices, published by her friend Dr. Hickes. She was a very charitable woman, and was noted for her excessive severity in performing her religious duties.

HORTENSE DE BEAUHARNOIS BONAPARTE, EX-QUEEN OF HOLLAND,

WAS born in 1783, daughter of the vicomte Alexandre de Beauharnois and Josephine, subsequently empress of France. The vicomte married at an early age; his dissipated habits and unjustifiable conduct obliged his wife to separate herself from him for a time; during this period, the education and charge of her children devolved solely upon her. A reconciliation took place, and the married pair seem to have afterwards lived in the utmost domestic peace and happiness.

Upon the breaking out of the Revolution, the vicomte rendered himself obnoxious to the existing powers, and after undergoing a sad imprisonment, was executed by the guillotine, July 24th, 1794. The childish days of Hortense were thus clouded by severe afflictions. It would be superfluous to detail the well-known circumstances of Josephine's marriage with General Bonaparte, who, in his rapid elevation to the imperial throne, bore with him to the highest worldly splendours the family de Beauharnois. Hortense received a brilliant education; and, both from her charms and position in life, was one of the most admired women in Paris. Her marriage was not one of her choice; Napoleon obliged her to give her hand to his brother Louis. This match took place on the 4th of January, 1802; and never was a wedding more gloomy! Louis was an honourable, an amiable, a cultivated man; Hortense, one of the most fascinating women; yet both were averse to the union. Neither could estimate the merits of the other.

In 1806, Louis Bonaparte was made king of Holland by Napoleon; but Louis cared little for the show and state of royalty, and after a few years of discontent, having abdicated his nominal

sovereignty in favour of his son, he appointed his wife Hortense regent. She had left him, and gone to Paris to enjoy the pleasures of the court circle. Their son, Napoleon Charles, was particularly loved by Napoleon, who created him grand-duke of Berg, and had even spoken of adopting him as heir of the empire. The death of this promising boy, was a great blow to Hortense. After Holland was incorporated with France, Hortense was obliged to relinquish the title of queen, and was usually styled countess of St. Leu; yet she was recognised as the ex-queen of Holland by many of the French writers of that time. Hortense bore her reverses better than her exaltation; she was an affectionate mother, and a devoted daughter; for many of the errors she committed, her position, and the peculiar circumstances in which she was placed, are a palliation, if not an excuse.

Without poetic genius to rank among authors, Hortense had a very pretty talent for making occasional poems for society. Her romances, for which she also composed the music, have been published in a collected form; some of these obtained great popularity. She died in 1847.

HOUDETOT, SOPHIE DE LA BRICHE, COUNTESS D',

Was born at Paris, in 1730. Her father was an officer of the government; and she married the count d'Houdetot in 1748. This lady was the friend of St. Lambert, and was highly esteemed by Rousseau and Marmontel.

The power by which Madame d'Houdetot captivated the gay, handsome, dissipated St. Lambert, or kindled the imagination of Rousseau, was not that of beauty. Her face was plain, and slightly marked with the small-pox; her eyes were not good; she was extremely short-sighted, which made her often appear ungraceful; she was small in person, and, but for her warm kindness of heart and cheerful sunshine of spirit, would have been quite overlooked in the world. To her singular power of charming, Madame d'Houdetot added talents of no common order, though never much cultivated. She was a musician, a poet, a wit; but every thing "*par la grâce de Dieu.*" However, all these gifts, and her benevolence of her nature, will not make amends for her bad morals. Like Dr. Donne's servant, who was perfect, except for one thing — he was a thief. She died in 1813, aged eighty-three. Her poems were only published as fugitive pieces; the following is characteristic of her mode of writing:—

IMITATION DE MAROT.

Jeune, j'aimai; ce temps de mon bel âge,
Ce temps si court, l'amour seul le remplit.
Quand j'atteignis la saison d'être sage,
Encor j'aimai, la raison me le dit.
Me voici vieille, et le plaisir s'envole;
Mais le bonheur ne me quitte aujourd'hui,
Car j'aime encore, et l'amour me console:
Rien n'auroit pu me consoler de lui.

HOWARD, ANNE, VISCOUNTESS IRWIN,

Was daughter of the earl of Carlisle, and married first the viscount Irwin, and afterwards Colonel Douglas. She was a poetess, and wrote in a very spirited style. She died in 1760. The best known of her poems is the one in reply to Pope's sarcastic reflections on the sex, in his "Characters of Women." Duncomb, in his "Feminead," praises this poem. We will give an extract from her witty "Reply," &c.:

—View a fair nymph, blessed with superior charms,
Whose tempting form the coldest bosom warms;
No eastern monarch more despotic reigns
Than this fair tyrant of the Cyprian plains.
Whether a crown or bauble we desire,
Whether to learning or to dress aspire,
Whether we wait with joy the trumpet's call,
Or wish to shine the fairest at a ball;
In either sex the appetite 's the same,
For love of power is still the love of fame.
—Women must in a narrow orbit move,
But power alike both males and females love.
What makes the difference then, you may inquire,
Between the hero and the rural squire?
Between the maid bred up with courtly care,
Or she who earns by toil her daily fare?
Their power is stinted, but not so their will,
Ambitious thoughts the humblest cottage fill;
Far as they can they push their little fame,
And try to leave behind a deathless name.
In education all the difference lies:
Woman, if taught, would be as learned and wise
As haughty man, inspired by arts and rules;
Where God makes one, nature makes many fools;
And though nugatixes are daily found,
Flattering nugators equally abound.
Such heads are toy-shops filled with trifling ware,
And can each folly with each female share.
A female mind like a rude fallow lies,
No seeds are sown, but weeds spontaneous rise.
As well might we expect in winter spring,
As land untilled a fruitful crop should bring.
As well we might expect Peruvian ore
We should possess, yet dig not for the store.
Culture improves all fruits, all sorts we find,
Wit, judgment, sense, fruits of the human mind.

HOWARD, CATHARINE,

Fifth wife of Henry VIII. of England, was daughter of Lord Edmund Howard and Joyce, his wife. This marriage proved prejudicial to the Reformation, as Catharine was no friend to the Protestants. She gained such an ascendency over the king, that he gave public thanks to God for the happiness he enjoyed with her. But the next day, archbishop Cranmer came to him with information that the queen was unfaithful to him. Henry would not at first believe this; and on Catharine's guilt being clearly proved, he wept. She was tried, found guilty, and executed on Tower-hill, in 1542, about seventeen months after her marriage. Catharine acknowledged that she was not innocent at the time of her marriage, having been seduced by a retainer of her aunt's, the duchess of Northumberland, who had taken charge of her at her parents' death, when she was only fourteen; but persisted in asserting her fidelity to the king since their marriage. She was young and beautiful at the time of her death.

HUBER, MARY,

A voluminous author, was born at Geneva, in 1710. The manner of her education is not particularly known. Her principal works are, "Le monde fou, préferé au monde sage;" "Le Systême des Théologians Anciens et Modernes, sur l'état des ames séparées des corps;" "Suite du même

ouvrage, servant de réponse à M. Ruchat;" "Reduction du Spectateur Anglais." This was an abridgment of the Spectator, but did not succeed. "Lettres sur la Réligions essentielle à l'homme." Mary Huber was a Protestant, and this latter work in particular was attacked by the divines of the Roman Catholic communion. She had wit and knowledge, but was sometimes coarse in her expressions. She died at Lyons, in France, in 1753.

HUBER, THERESA,

DAUGHTER of the celebrated philologist Heyne, was married to Louis Ferdinand Huber, son of Michael Huber, professor at Leipsic. She was born in 1764, at Göttingen, and was a popular German novelist. During her husband's life, she published several novels under his name. She also edited for some time the *Morgenblatt*. She died a few years since.

HUNTER, ANNE,

WIFE of John Hunter, the celebrated surgeon, was a sister of Sir Everard Home. She was born in 1742, and was remarkable for her literary attainments. Intimately connected with Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, Mrs. Delany, &c., Mrs. Hunter was a member of the learned *coterie* of ladies who composed that celebrated society. She excelled in lyric poetry. Several of her songs were set to music by Haydn, and greatly admired. Her productions were collected and published in one volume, previous to her decease. She died in 1821, much lamented, for her virtues as well as her talents had greatly endeared her to her friends. We add specimens of her poetry.

SONG.

O tuneful voice! I still deplore
Those accents which, though heard no more,
Still vibrate on my heart;
In echo's cave I long to dwell,
And still would hear the sad farewell,
When we were doomed to part.

Bright eyes, O that the task were mine
To guard the liquid fires that shine,
And round your orbits play;
To watch them with a vestal's care,
And feed with smiles a light so fair,
That it may ne'er decay!

INDIAN DEATH SONG.

The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,
But glory remains when their lights fade away.
Begin, you tormentors! your threats are in vain,
For the son of Alknomook will never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow,
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low.
Why so slow? Do you wait till I shrink from the pain?
No; the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
And the scalps which we bore from your nation away.
Now the flame rises fast; you exult in my pain;
But the son of Alknomook can never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone,
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son;
Death comes, like a friend, to relieve me from pain;
And thy son, O Alknomook! has scorned to complain.

THE LOT OF THOUSANDS.

When hope lies dead within the heart,
By secret sorrow close concealed,
We shrink lest looks or words impart
What must not be revealed.

'Tis hard to smile when one would weep;
To speak when one would silent be;
To wake when one would wish to sleep,
And wake to agony.

Ye such the lot by thousands cast
Who wander in this world of care,
And bend beneath the bitter blast
To save them from despair.

But Nature waits her guests to greet,
Where disappointment cannot come:
And time guides with unerring feet
The weary wanderers home.

HUNTINGDON, SELINA, COUNTESS OF,

WAS born in 1707. She was one of three daughters and co-heirs of Washington Shirley, earl Ferrers; the other two being Lady Kilmorey and Lady Elizabeth Nightingale. Selina, the second daughter, married, in 1728, Theophilus Hastings, earl of Huntingdon, with whom she lived very happily till his sudden death, in October, 1746. She had several children, four of whom died young.

Probably these heavy afflictions disposed this lady to take such deep interest in religion. It was at the time when the founders of Methodism, Wesley and Whitfield, were exciting in England a spirit of more intense devotion than was generally prevalent, and the Countess of Huntingdon embraced their doctrines with her whole heart.

She rather inclined to Whitfield's peculiar doctrines than to Wesley's; but she chose to be herself the founder of a sect, which were called "The Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion." She had the control of a large income during her forty-five years of widowhood, and as her own personal expenses were small, and she was assisted by other opulent persons, she supported a college at Trevecca, in Wales, for the education of ministers, and built sixty-four chapels, the ministers of which she assisted to support. Her largest chapel was at Bath, which she frequently attended. She created a trust for the support of her college and chapels after her death. And not only did she thus merit the title of public benefactor, but she also expended, annually, large sums in private charities. She lived for others, and at her death, which took place June 17th, 1791, was deeply mourned by all who knew her; even those who regarded her conduct as the result of mistaken enthusiasm, respected her for the noble virtues of her character and her Christian conduct.

HUTCHINSON, ANNE,

A WOMAN who caused much difficulty in New England soon after its settlement, came from Lincolnshire to Boston in 1635, and was the wife of one of the representatives of Boston. The members of Mr. Cotton's church used to meet every week to repeat his sermons and discourse on doctrines. She established similar meetings for women, and soon had a numerous audience. She

advocated sentiments of her own, and warped the discourses of her clergyman to coincide with them. She soon threw the whole colony into a flame. The progress of her sentiments occasioned, in 1637, the first synod in America. This convention of ministers condemned eighty-two erroneous opinions then propagated in the country. Mrs. Hutchinson was called before the court in November, 1637; and, being convicted of traducing the ministers and advancing errors, was banished from Massachusetts. She went with her husband to Rhode Island; and in 1742, after her husband's death, removed into the Dutch colony beyond New Haven, where she, with most of her family, consisting of sixteen persons, were captured, and all, except one daughter, killed by the Indians. This occurred in 1643.

HUTCHINSON, LUCY,

Daughter of Sir Allan Aspley, was born in 1624. At the age of eighteen she was married to Colonel John Hutchinson, who distinguished himself as one of the most efficient among the Puritan leaders in the war between Charles I. and the Parliament. Their courtship was a very romantic one, as it is given by the lady in her "Memoir" of her husband. She says — "Never was there a passion more ardent and less idolatrous; he loved her better than his life; with inexpressible tenderness and kindness; had a most high, obliging esteem of her; yet still considered honour, religion and duty, above her; nor ever suffered the intrusion of such a dotage as should blind him from marking her imperfections." That it was "not her face he loved," but "her honour and her virtue were his mistresses," he abundantly proved; for, "on the day fixed for the marriage, when the friends of both parties were assembled, and all were waiting the appearance of the bride, she was suddenly seized with an illness, at that time often the most fatal to life and beauty. She was taken ill of small-pox; was for some time in imminent danger; and, at last, when her recovery was assured, the return of her personal attractions was considered more than doubtful. She says, indeed, herself, that her illness made her, for a long time after she had regained her health, "the most deformed person that could be seen." But Mr. Hutchinson's affection was as strong as his honour. He neither doubted nor delayed to prosecute his suit; but, thankful to God for her preservation, he claimed her hand as soon as she was able to quit her chamber; and when the clergyman who performed the service, and the friends who witnessed it, were afraid to look at the wreck of her beauty. He was rewarded; for her features were restored, unblemished as before; and her form, when he presented her as his wife, justified his taste as much as her more intrinsic qualities did his judgment. They were united to each other on the 3d of July, 1638.

Their union was an example of the happiness which marriage confers on those who fulfil its duties in holy truth and faithful love. In the perils of war Mrs. Hutchinson was an attendant on her beloved husband; and when, after the restoration of Charles II., Colonel Hutchinson was imprisoned in the Tower, she followed him, and never ceased her exertions and importunities till she was permitted to visit him. When her husband was removed to Sandown Castle in Kent, she, with some of her children, went also, and used every entreaty to be permitted to reside in the castle with him. This was refused; but she took lodgings in Deal, and walked every day to Sandown to see and cheer the prisoner. All that could be done to obtain his pardon or liberation, she did; but as Colonel Hutchinson was a Puritan and a republican on principle, and would not disclaim his opinions, though he would promise to live in quiet, his enemies listened to no pleadings for mercy. What was to have been his ultimate punishment will never be known; the damp and miserable apartment in which he was confined brought on an illness which ended his life, September 11th, 1664, leaving his wife with eight children and an embarrassed estate to mourn his irreparable loss. Mrs. Hutchinson was not with him at his death; she had gone to their home to obtain supplies and bring away the children left there. His death-scene shows the estimation in which he held her. So long as he was able to sit up, he read much in the Bible; and on looking over some notes on the Epistle to the Romans, he said, "When my wife returns, I will no more observe their cross humours; but when her children are all near, I will have her in the chamber with me, and they shall not pluck her out of my arms. During the winter evenings she shall collect together the observations I have made on this Epistle since I have been in prison."

As he grew worse, the doctor feared delirium, and advised his brother and daughter not to defer anything they wished to say to him. Being informed of his condition, he replied with much composure, "The will of the Lord be done; I am ready." He then gave directions concerning the disposal of his fortune, and left strict injunctions that his children should be guided in all things by their mother; "And tell her," said he, "that as she is above other women, so must she on this occasion show herself a good Christian, and above the pitch of ordinary minds."

Faithfully she fulfilled these injunctions; evincing her sorrow and her love, not by useless repinings, but by training up her children to be like their father, and employing her talents in constructing a monument to his fame. For this purpose she undertook her great work, "The Life of Colonel Hutchinson, by his widow Lucy." This has been republished lately, and the Edinburgh Review thus closes a notice of the work:

"Education is certainly far more generally diffused in our days, and accomplishments infinitely more common; but the perusal of this volume has taught us to doubt whether the better sort of women were not fashioned of old, by a purer and more exalted standard; and whether the most eminent female of the present day would not appear to disadvantage by the side of Mrs. Hutchinson. There is something in the domestic virtue and calm commanding mind of this English ma-

tron, that makes the Corinnes and Heloises appear very insignificant. We may safely venture to assert that a nation which produces many such wives and mothers as Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson, must be both great and happy."

We should do injustice to the worth of female genius if we omitted to give a few extracts from this work of Mrs. Hutchinson. An "Address to her Children" forms the introduction to the Memoir. Thus she writes:—

"I, who am under a command not to grieve at the common rate of desolate women, while I am studying which way to moderate my wo, and, if it were possible, to augment my love, can find out none more just to your dear father, or more consoling to myself, than the preservation of his memory; which I need not gild with such flattering commendations as the hired preachers equally give to the truly and the nominally honourable; an undrest narrative, speaking the simple truth of him, will deck him with more substantial glory than all the panegyrics the best pens could ever consecrate to the virtues of the best men. To number his virtues is to give the epitome of his life, which was nothing else but a progress from one degree of virtue to another. His example was more instructive than the best rules of the moralists; for his practice was of a more divine extraction, drawn from the Word of God, and wrought up by the assistance of his spirit. He had a noble method of government, whether in civil, military, or domestic administrations; which forced love and reverence even from unwilling subjects, and greatly endeared him to the souls of those who rejoiced to be governed by him. He had a native majesty that struck awe into the hearts of men, and a sweet greatness that commanded love."

* * * * *

His affection for his wife was such, that whoever would form rules of kindness, honour, and religion, to be practised in that state, need no more, but exactly draw out his example. Man never had a greater passion or a more honourable esteem for woman; yet he was not uxorious, and never remitted that just rule which it was her honour to obey; but he managed the reins of government with such prudence and affection, that she who would not delight in such honourable and advantageous subjection, must have wanted a reasonable soul. He governed by persuasion, which he never employed but in things profitable to herself. He loved her soul better than her countenance; yet even for her person he had a constant affection, exceeding the common temporary passion of fond fools. If he esteemed her at a higher rate than she deserved, he was himself the author of the virtue he doated on; for she was but a faithful mirror, reflecting truly, but dimly, his own glories upon him. When she ceased to be young and lovely, he showed her the most tenderness. He loved her at such a kind and generous rate as words cannot express; yet even this, which was the highest love any man could have, was bounded by a superior feeling; he regarded her, not as his idol, but as his fellow-creature in the Lord, and proved that such a feeling exceeds all the irregularities in the world."

Mrs. Hutchinson brought up her children and lived to see some of them married. The time of her decease is not known.

HYDE, ANNE, DUCHESS OF YORK,

The eldest daughter of Lord Clarendon, and mother of two of the queens of Great Britain, was born in 1638. During the exile of the royal family she attended her father abroad, and was appointed maid of honour to the princess of Orange, the eldest sister of Charles II. Her intercourse with James, duke of York, then a young and gallant soldier, commenced when Miss Hyde was in her twenty-first year. She had accompanied the princess of Orange to Paris, on a visit to her mother, queen Henrietta, when James saw, and fell in love with her. They were betrothed at Breda, November 24th, 1659; but there were so many difficulties in obtaining the consent of the royal family to this alliance, that they were not married till September 3d, 1660. The ceremony was performed at Worcester-House, London. The duchess of York was a handsome and sensible woman, and lived in harmony with her husband, notwithstanding his open infidelities. Before her death she became a Roman Catholic. She died at St. James' palace, March 31st, 1671, in her thirty-fourth year.

I.

INCHBALD, ELIZABETH,

A dramatist and novelist, whose maiden name was Simpson, was born in 1756, at Stanningfield, near Bury, in Suffolk. The beauty of Elizabeth Simpson was much celebrated in the circle of her acquaintance, and she appears to have been noticed by those of a higher rank than her own circle; but an imperfection in her organs of utterance rendered her averse to society, and she would, in early youth, fly to solitude, and seek, in books, for the amusement she could not enjoy in conversation. The kind of education she received may

be gathered from an observation of her own: "It is astonishing how much all girls are inclined to literature, to what boys are. My brother went to school seven years, and could not spell; I, and my two sisters, though we were never taught, could spell from our infancy."

To cure the impediment in her speech she exerted the most persevering efforts, and by repeated trials discovered the way of palliating her defects. She says that she wrote out all the words with which she had any difficulty, carried them constantly about with her, and at last perceived, or fancied she perceived, that stage declamation was favourable to this defect, rather than the reverse.

When sixteen she secretly left her family, prompted by an irrepressible desire to visit London. After escaping many dangers in this rash adventure, she married Mr. Inchbald, of Drury Lane theatre, and was for several years on the stage. Mr. Inchbald died suddenly, in 1779, and left his widow, at twenty-five years of age, entirely dependent on herself for support. She continued on the stage for a time, but left it in 1789, and from that time devoted herself solely to her literary labours. She wrote nineteen dramas, some of which were very successful, and two novels, "The Simple Story," and "Nature and Art," which rank among the standard works in that class of literature; and she edited "The British Theatre," "The Modern Theatre," and a collection of farces. Mrs. Inchbald died August 1st, 1821, aged sixty-seven.

The following is the opinion of Miss Edgeworth respecting the "Simple Story," the most popular of Mrs. Inchbald's works: "I have just been reading, for the third, I believe for the fourth time, the 'Simple Story.' Its effect upon my feelings was as powerful as at the first reading; I never read *any* novel—I except *none*—I never read any novel that affected me so strongly, or that so completely possessed me with the belief in the real existence of all the persons it represents. I never once recollected the author whilst I was reading it; never said or thought, *that's a fine sentiment*—or, *that is well expressed*—or, *that is well invented;* I believed all to be real, and was affected as I should be by the real scenes, if they had passed before my eyes; it is truly and deeply pathetic."

Of her second novel, "Nature and Art," Mr. Chambers, in his "Cyclopædia of English Literature," remarks: "Its object may be gathered from the concluding maxim—'Let the poor no more be their own persecutors—no longer pay homage to wealth—instantaneously the whole idolatrous worship will cease—the idol will be broken.' Mrs. Inchbald illustrated this by her own practice; yet few of her readers can feel aught but mortification and disappointment at the *denouement* of the tale, wherein the pure and noble-minded Henry, after the rich promise of his youth and his intellectual culture, finally settles down with his father to 'cheerful labour in fishing, or the tending of a garden, the produce of which they carry to the next market-town?' The following brief allusion to the miseries of low London service reminds us of the vividness and stern pathos of Dickens:—'In romances, and in some plays, there are scenes of dark and unwholesome mines, wherein the labourer works during the brightest day by the aid of artificial light. There are, in London, kitchens equally dismal, though not quite so much exposed to damp and noxious vapours. In one of these under ground, hidden from the cheerful light of the sun, poor Agnes was doomed to toil from morning till night, subjected to the command of a dissatisfied mistress, who, not estimating as she ought the misery incurred by serving her, constantly threatened her servants with a dismission, at which the unthinking wretches would tremble merely from the sound of the words; for to have reflected—to have considered what their purport was—to be released from a dungeon, relieved from continual upbraiding and vile drudgery, must have been a subject of rejoicing; and yet, because these good tidings were delivered as a menace, custom had made the hearer fearful of the consequence. So, death being described to children as a disaster, even poverty and shame will start from it with affright; whereas, had it been pictured with its benign aspect, it would have been feared but by few, and many, many would welcome it with gladness.'"

But better than any sentiment contained in her works of fiction are the noble generosity and true Christian self-denial she practised towards her poor, unfortunate sister, whom she supported for many years. The brief notices of her charitable deeds, gathered from letters and the records of her friends, are her best monument. One writer says: "Mrs. Inchbald frequently suffered from the want of fire herself, when it is known that she had enabled others to avail themselves of that necessary of life, and her donations to her sisters and other friends in distress were generous and munificent. To her sister, Mrs. Hunt, she eventually allowed nearly a hundred per annum. At the time when Mrs. Inchbald was her own servant, she writes, 'I have raised her allowance to eighty, but in the rapid strides of her wants, and my obligation as a Christian to make no selfish refusal to the poor, a few months hence, I foresee, must make the sum a hundred.' Again, in 1810, she says, 'I say NO to all the vanities of the world, and perhaps soon shall have to say, that I shall allow my poor infirm sister a hundred a year.'

To the last, Mrs. Hunt depended on Mrs. Inchbald almost exclusively for support. The following expresses the sentiments of her feeling and affectionate heart, on the receipt of the intelligence that she had no longer a brother or sister in the world. 'To return to my melancholy. Many a time this winter, when I cried with cold, I said to myself—but, thank God, my sister has not to stir from her room: she has her fire lighted every morning; all her provisions bought, and brought to her ready cooked: she would be less able to bear what I bear; and how much more should I have to suffer, but from this reflection! It almost made me warm, when I reflected that SHE suffered no cold; and yet, perhaps, this severe weather affected her also, for after only two

days of dangerous illness she died I have now buried my whole family.'"

Probably our readers would like to have a description of this excellent as well as eminent woman, who has shown an example of noble virtues under very adverse circumstances, and therefore is entitled to high estimation. Mrs. Inchbald was a strict Roman Catholic. One who knew her well thus describes her personal appearance: "'The fair muse,' as she was often termed, was, when between thirty and forty, above the middle size, rather tall, of a striking figure, but a little too erect and stiff. She was naturally fair, slightly freckled, and her hair was of a sandy auburn hue. Her face and features were beautiful, and her countenance was full of spirit and sweetness." This description is from a decided admirer of hers, who winds it up with observing, that "her dress was always becoming, and very seldom worth so much as *eight pence.*"

INGLIS, ESTHER,

Is celebrated for her skill in calligraphy, or fine writing. In the beauty, exactness, and variety of her characters, she excelled all who preceded her. In the library of Christ-church in Oxford are the Psalms of David, written in French by Mrs. Inglis, who presented them in person to queen Elizabeth, by whom they were given to the library. Two manuscripts, written by Mrs. Inglis, were also preserved with care in the Bodleian *library*: one of them is entitled "Le six vingt et six Quatrains de Guy de Tour, sieur de Pybrac, escrits par Esther Inglis, pour son dernier adieu, ce 21 ejour de Juin, 1617." The following address is, in the second leaf, written in capital letters: "To the right worshipful my very singular friende, Joseph Hall, doctor of divinity, and dean of Winchester, Esther Inglis wisheth all increase of true happiness. Junii xxi. 1617." In the third leaf is pasted the head of the writer, painted upon a card. The other manuscript is entitled "Les Proverbes de Salomon; escrites en diverses sortes de lettres, par Esther Anglois, en Françoise. A Lislebourge en Escosse," 1599. In the royal library, D. xvi. are "Esther Inglis's fifty Emblems," finely drawn and written: A Lislebourg en Escosse, l'anne 1624.

Esther Inglis married, when she was about forty, a Scotchman, Bartholomew Kello, and had one son, who was a learned and honourable man. The time of her death is not known.

IRETON, BRIDGET,

Eldest daughter of Oliver Cromwell, was baptized at St. John's church, Huntingdon, on the 4th of August, 1624. She was a gloomy enthusiast, and such a bigoted republican, that she grudged her father his title of Protector. Nevertheless, she is spoken of as a person of great wisdom, "humbled and not exalted by her accession of greatness." January 15th, 1647, she was married at Norton to the saintly Henry Ireton, Lord Deputy of Ireland; and after his death to Fleetwood, who was appointed to the same high post. She seems to have cherished as much admiration for her first husband as she entertained contempt for her second. To Fleetwood, however, her strong sense, and advice, were of the greatest assistance. She died at Stoke Newington, where she was buried, September 5th, 1681.

ISABELLA, QUEEN OF HUNGARY,

Sister of Sigismund Augustus, king of Poland, married, in 1539, John Zapolita, king of Hungary. In 1540, she brought him a son, while her husband was besieging the castle of Fogarras; and he was so transported at the news that he gave a splendid feast to his soldiers, and died of intemperance on the occasion. Isabella, unable to retain the crown for her son, implored aid from the Ottoman Porte, the armies of which, entering Hungary, vanquished the troops of Ferdinand of Austria, employed in the siege of Buda. Solyman, who headed his troops in person, sent magnificent presents to the young king, whom he entreated he might be allowed to see. He excused himself, at the same time, from visiting the queen, lest their interview might prove injurious to her fame. Isabella, while she acknowledged the kindness and delicacy of the sultan, hesitated whether to trust her son in the Ottoman camp. But, at length, impressed by the services which Solyman had rendered to her, and overcome by the remonstrances of her counsellors, she determined on a compliance with the request. The prince, in a superb cradle, on a carriage of state, accompanied by his nurse, with some noble matrons and lords of the court, was conveyed to the camp. He was received by Solyman, who tenderly caressed him, and presented him to his sons Bajazet and Selim, with every royal honour, as a vassal of the Ottoman Porte, and the son of John Zapolita, whom he had highly esteemed.

But these specious appearances proved but a cover to the insidious purposes of the sultan, who, throwing off the mask, seized upon Buda, September 5th, 1541, and obliged Isabella to retire to Lippa, with the poor consolation of a promise, that when her son became of age, Hungary should be restored to him. In this reverse of fortune, Isabella displayed great constancy, and endeavoured to content herself with the title of regent of Transylvania, which the rapacity of Solyman had left to her. But, having appointed as her coadjutor in the administration of the government, George Martinusias, a monk, she experienced from him a thousand mortifications, and found the title of regent but an empty honour. A rupture with Martinusias was the consequence; when, enraged at the loss of his authority, he called in the assistance of Ferdinand of Austria, who sent an army into Hungary, and compelled Isabella, in 1551, to resign Transylvania into his hands, and to retire to Cassovia. While on her journey to Cassovia, the ruggedness of the roads obliged her to descend from her carriage; when, looking back to Transylvania while the driver was extricating his wheels, and recollecting her former situation, she carved on a tree her name, with this sentence:—"Sic Fata volunt"—"So Fate decrees."

Her disposition was too restless and active to allow her to remain long at Cassovia. She went

to Silesia, and thence to Poland, where her mother, Bonna Sforza, resided. In the hope of regaining her power, she continued to correspond with the grandees of Transylvania; and she also applied again to Solyman. In 1556, she was, by the efforts of the sultan, restored to Transylvania. She maintained her authority during the rest of her life, without imparting any share of it to her son, John Sigismund. She died September 5th, 1558.

Isabella was a warm Roman Catholic, and some of her regulations were directed with much severity against the heretics: She was a woman of great talents and learning. Her son, after her death, declared in favour of the Protestants.

J.

JARDINS, MARIE CATHARINE DES,

Was born about 1640, at Alençon, in Normandy, where her father was provost. She went when young to Paris, where she supported herself for some time by writing novels and dramas. She was three times married; first, to M. Villedieu, a young captain of the infantry, who was only separated, not divorced, from a former wife; after his death, to the marquis de la Chasse, who was also only parted from his wife; and, for the third time, to one of her cousins, who allowed her to resume the name of Villedieu. She soon after retired to a little village, called Clinchemare, in the province of Maine, where she died in 1683.

Her works were printed in 1702, and form ten duodecimo volumes. Her compositions consisted of dramas, miscellaneous poems, fables, and romances; among which latter class are "Les Disordres de l'Amour;" "Portraits des Faiblesses Humains;" "Les Exiles de la Cour d'Auguste;" "Cleonice;" "Carmeute;" "Les Galanteries Grenadines;" "Les Amours des Grands Hommes;" "Les Memoirs du Serail;" &c.

Her style is rapid and animated; but she is often incorrect, and her incidents improbable. Her short stories certainly extinguished the taste for tedious romances, and led the way to the novel; but were by no means of such excellence as those that have since been written. Her verse is inferior to her prose. Her society was much sought by men of learning, wit, and fashion; and her conduct during her widowhood was by no means irreproachable. But good morals were not then the fashion in French society.

JEWSBURY, MARIA JANE.

We choose to retain the name by which this gifted woman was known as an authoress, although she had changed it before her decease; but we can never think of her as Mrs. Fletcher. Miss Jewsbury was born about 1800, in Warwickshire, England. In early youth she lost her mother, and was thenceforth called to take her place at the head of a large family. Her father, soon after her mother's death, removed to Manchester; and here, in the midst of a busy population, oppressed with ill health, and the grave cares of life, the promptings of genius still triumphed, and the young lady found time to dream dreams of literary distinction, which the energy of her mind, in a few years, converted into realities.

It was at this period that she addressed a letter to Wordsworth, full of the enthusiasm of an ardent imagination: this led to a correspondence with the bard of the Excursion, which soon ripened into permanent friendship. She was also materially assisted in the development of her talents, and the circulation of her first literary efforts, by the advice and active kindness of Mr. Alaric Watts, at that time a resident in Manchester: these obligations she always gratefully acknowledged.

Her first work was entitled "Phantasmagoria; or, Essays of Life and Literature,"—which was well received by the public. This was followed by "Letters to the Young," written soon after a severe illness: then appeared "Lays for Leisure Hours." Her last work was her "Three Histories,"* which she allows displays much of her own character and feelings. But her best writings are to be found in the periodicals and annuals, to which she was a large and most popular contributor.

In 1833, she married Mr. Fletcher, a gentleman who held an office under the London East India Company—and soon after her marriage left England with her husband for Bombay. She anticipated with eager pleasure the riches of nature and antiquity, which the gorgeous East would open before her—but the buoyant and active spirit was soon to be called to another and higher existence. She died a short time after reaching India, and sleeps in that "clime of the sun," a fit resting-place for her warm and ardent heart.

As the best illustration of her character and genius which we can give, we subjoin some extracts from a private letter, which she wrote to a friend† a short time before she left England:—

"The passion for literary distinction consumed me from nine years old. I had no advantages—great obstacles—and now, when from disgust I cannot write a line to please myself, I look back with regret to the days when facility and audacity went hand in hand; I wish in vain for the simplicity which neither dreaded criticism nor knew fear. Intense labour has, in some measure, supplied the deficiency of early idleness and commonplace instruction; intercourse with those who were once distant and bright as the stars, has become a thing of course; I have not been unsuccessful in my own career. But the period of timidity and sadness is now come, and with my foot upon the threshold of a new life, and a new world—

> 'I would lay down like a tired child,
> And weep away this life of wo.'

"Unfortunately, I was twenty-one before I became a reader, and I became a writer almost as soon: it is the ruin of all the young talent of the

* This interesting volume was republished in America, and was very popular. Her other works have not been reprinted here.

† Mrs. Hemans.

day, that reading and writing are simultaneous. We do not educate ourselves for literary enterprise. I would gladly burn almost everything I ever wrote, if so be I might start now with a mind that has seen, read, thought, and suffered somewhat, at least, approaching to a preparation. Alas, alas! we all sacrifice the palm-tree to obtain the temporary draught of wine! We slay the camel that would bear us through the desert, because we will not endure a momentary thirst.

"*I have done nothing* to live. The powers which I feel, and of which I have given promise, *may* mature — may stamp themselves in act; but the spirit of despondency is strong upon the future exile, and I fear they never will. In the language of Keats,

"I feel the long grass growing o'er my heart.

"In the best of everything I have done, you will find one leading idea — *Death*. All thoughts, all images, all contrast of thoughts and images, are derived from living much in the valley of that shadow. My poetry, except some half-dozen pieces, may be consigned to oblivion; but in all you would find the sober hue, which, to my mind's eye, blends equally with the golden glow of sunset, and the bright green of spring; and is seen equally in the 'temple of delight,' as is in the tomb of decay and separation. I am melancholy by nature, but cheerful on principle."

Such was the mind and heart of this noble woman. In conversation she was brilliant and eloquent; in the domestic circle she was a treasure that Solomon would have placed above "rubies." Active, judicious, and kind, she showed the strength of her understanding, as well as the correctness of her principles, by discharging her household duties with the same promptness and cheerfulness with which she pursued her literary career.

Her friendships are sufficient testimony of her genius and her goodness. Mr. Wordsworth, who was her warm friend, thus speaks of her with beautiful simplicity:—

"Her enthusiasm was ardent, her piety steadfast, and her great talents would have enabled her to be eminently useful in the path to which she had been called. The opinion she entertained of her own performances, given to the world under her maiden name, was modest and humble, indeed far below her merits, as is often the case with those who are making trial of their powers to discover what they are fit for. In one quality — quickness in the motions of her mind — she was, in the author's estimation, unrivalled."

In the "Three Histories," Miss Jewsbury has commemorated the friend of her heart's idolatry, Mrs. Hemans. The picture of "Egeria" was, avowedly, taken from this original; its exquisite beauty renders it a fitting selection to show the power of Miss Jewsbury's genius when brightened by a subject which warmed her heart as well as her imagination.

PICTURE OF MRS. HEMANS.

"Egeria was totally different from any other woman I had ever seen, either in Italy or England. She did not dazzle, she subdued me; other women might be more commanding, more versatile, more acute, but I never saw any one so exquisitely feminine. . . . . Her birth, her education, but, above all, the genius with which she was gifted, combined to inspire a passion for the ethereal, the tender, the imaginative, the heroic — in one word, the beautiful. It was in her a faculty divine, and yet of daily life — it touched all things, but, like a sunbeam, touched them with 'a golden finger.' Anything abstract or scientific was unintelligible and distasteful to her; her knowledge was extensive and various, but, true to the first principle of her nature, it was poetry that she sought in history, scenery, character, and religious belief — poetry that guided all her studies, governed all her thoughts, coloured all her imaginative conversation. Her nature was at once simple and profound; there was no room in her mind for philosophy, nor in her heart for ambition; — the one was filled by imagination, the other engrossed by tenderness. She had a passive temper, but decided tastes; any one might influence, but very few impressed her. Her strength and her weakness alike lay in her affections; these would sometimes make her weep, at others imbue her with courage; so that she was alternately 'a falcon-hearted dove,' and a 'reed broken with the wind.' Her voice was a sad, sweet melody, and her spirits reminded me of an old poet's description of the orange-tree, with its

'Golden lamps hid in a night of green;'

or of those Spanish gardens where the pomegranate grows beside the cypress. Her gladness was like a burst of sunlight; and if, in her depression, she resembled night, it was night bearing her stars. I might describe and describe for ever, but I should never succeed in pourtraying Egeria; she was a muse, a grace, a variable child, a dependent woman, the Italy of human beings."

THE WEEPER AT THE SEPULCHRE.

A sound in yonder glade,
But not of fount or breeze,
A sound — but of the whispering made
By the palm and the olive trees;
It is not the minstrel's lute,
Nor the swell of the night-bird's song,
Nor the city's hum, when all else is mute,
By echo borne along.

'T is a voice — the Saviour's own —
"Woman, why weepest thou?"
She turns — and her grief is for ever flown,
And the shade that dimmed her brow;
He is there, her risen Lord,
No more to know decline;
He is there, with peace in his every word,
The wept one — still divine.

"My father's throne to share,
As King, as God, I go,
But a brother's heart will be with me there,
For my brethren left below!"
The Weeper is laid in dust,
Her Lord is throned on high,
But our's may be still that Weeper's trust,
And our's that Lord's reply.

Mourner — 'mid nature's bloom,
Dimming its light with tears,—
And captive — to whom the lone dark room
Grows darker yet with fears,—
And spirit — that like a bird
Rests not on sea or shore,—
The voice in the olive-glade once heard,
Hear ye — and weep no more!

BIRTH-DAY BALLAD.

Thou art plucking spring-roses, Genie,
And a little red-rose art thou;
Thou hast unfolded to-day, Genie,
Another bright leaf, I trow;
But the roses will live and die, Genie,
Many and many a time,
Ere thou hast unfolded quite, Genie,—
Grown into maiden prime.

Thou art looking now at the birds, Genie,
But oh, do not wish their wing,
That would only tempt the fowler, Genie,
Stay thou on earth and sing;
Stay in the nursing-nest, Genie,
Be not soon thence beguiled,
Thou wilt ne'er find a second, Genie;
Never be twice a child.

Thou art building towers of pebbles, Genie—
Pile them up brave and high;
And leave them to follow a bee, Genie,
As he wandereth singing by;
But if thy towers fall down, Genie,
And if the brown bee is lost,
Never weep — for thou must learn, Genie,
That soon life's schemes are crossed.

Thy hand is in a bright boy's, Genie,
He calls thee his sweet wee wife;
But let not thy little heart think, Genie,
Childhood the prophet of life:
It may be life's minstrel, Genie,
And sing sweet songs and clear;
But minstrel and prophet now, Genie,
Are not united here.

What will thy future fate be, Genie?
Alas! shall I live to see!
For thou art scarce a sapling, Genie,
And I am a moss-grown tree!
I am shedding life's leaves fast, Genie,
Thou art in blossom sweet;
But think betimes of the grave, Genie,
Where young and old oft meet.

SONG.

She 's on my heart, she 's in my thoughts,
At midnight, morn and noon;
December's snow beholds her there,
And there the rose of June.

I never breathe her lovely name
When wine and mirth go round;
But oh, the gentle moonlight air
Knows well the silver sound.

I care not if a thousand hear
When other maids I praise;
I would not have my brother by,
When I upon her gaze.

The dews were from the lily gone,
The gold has lost its shine,
If any but my love herself
Could hear me call her mine.

PASSING AWAY.

I asked the stars, in the pomp of night,
Gilding its blackness with crowns of light,
Bright with beauty, and girt with power,
Whether eternity were not their dower;
And dirge-like music stole from their spheres,
Bearing this message to mortal ears:—

"We have no light that hath not been given;
We have no strength but shall soon be riven;
We have no power wherein man may trust;
Like him are we things of time and dust;
And the legend we blazon with beam and ray,
And the song of our silence, is—'Passing away.'

"We shall fade in our beauty, the fair and bright,
Like lamps that have served for a festal night;
We shall fall from our spheres, the old and strong,
Like rose-leaves swept by the breeze along;
The worshipped as gods in the olden day,
We shall be like a vain dream—'Passing away.'"

From the stars of heaven, and the flowers of earth,
From the pageant of power, and the voice of mirth,
From the mists of morn on the mountain's brow,
From childhood's song, and affection's vow,—
From all, save that o'er which soul bears sway,
Breathes but one record—"Passing away."

"Passing away," sing the breeze and rill,
As they sweep in their course by vale and hill;
Through the varying scenes of each earthly clime,
'Tis the lesson of nature, the voice of time;
And man at last, like his fathers grey,
Writes in his own dust—"Passing away."

JOHNSON, LADY ARABELLA,

Was daughter of Thomas, earl of Lincoln. She married Mr. Isaac Johnson, who left his native land for New England, from religious motives. Lady Arabella cheerfully accompanied him, and they arrived at Salem, Massachusetts, in April, 1630. Her exalted character and gentleness gained her universal esteem; but she died the September after her arrival. Mr. Johnson survived her little more than a month. He is regarded as the founder of Boston; and though his time was brief, yet the good work he accomplished will never be forgotten by the people of New England. But dearer still is the memory of the Lady Arabella, whose example as a wife and a Christian is an ever-beaming light to her sex.

JOHNSON, ESTHER,

Celebrated as the Stella of Dean Swift, was born in 1684. Her father was the steward of Sir William Temple, who, at his death, left the daughter £1000, in consideration of her father's faithful services. At the death of Sir William, she was in her sixteenth year; and about two years afterwards, at Swift's invitation, she left England, accompanied by Mrs. Dingley, a lady fifteen years older, and whose whole fortune, though she was related to Sir William, was only an annuity of £27. Whether Swift desired the company of Miss Johnson as a friend, or intended to make her his wife, is uncertain; but they took every precaution to prevent scandal. When Swift was absent, Miss Johnson and her friend resided at the parsonage, but when he returned, they removed; nor were they ever known to meet but in the presence of a third person. During his visits to London, he wrote, every day, an account of what had occurred, to Stella, and always placed the greatest confidence in her.

In 1713, Swift, it is believed, was married to her, by Dr. Ashe, bishop of Clogher; but they continued to live in separate houses, and the marriage was never publicly acknowledged. This state of affairs is supposed to have preyed upon

Stella's health so as to cause a decline. Dean Swift offered, when she was on her death-bed, to acknowledge her as his wife; but she replied, "It is too late!" She died in 1728, aged forty-three. She was a beautiful and intellectual woman. The whole story is more romantic than any romance of fiction; nor have the mysteries ever been satisfactorily explained.

JORDAN, DOROTHEA,

Was the daughter of Captain Bland, of a most respectable family in Ireland. Her father eloped with her mother, and they both went on the stage. Dorothea commenced her career as an actress in Dublin, but soon quitted that for Tate Wilkinson's York company. She then attracted the attention of the London managers, and was for a long time a great favourite on the English stage. Her forte was comedy. She was at one time the mistress of the duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., by whom she had several children. She died at St. Cloud, in France, in 1816, and was indebted to the kindness of a casual English traveller for a decent interment.

JOSEPHINE, ROSE TASCHER DE LA PAGERIE,

Empress of the French, queen of Italy, was born in Martinique, June 24th, 1763. At a very early age she came to Paris, and was married to the Viscount Beauharnais. By this marriage, which is represented as not having been a happy one, the marquis being attached to another at the time of his union with his wealthy bride—she became the mother of two children, Eugene and Hortense, afterwards so well known. In 1787 Madame Beauharnais returned to Martinique, to nurse her aged mother, but was soon driven away by the disturbances in that colony. During her absence the French Revolution had broken out, and on her return she found her husband actively engaged in public affairs. Although one of the first actors in the movement which was to regenerate France, Beauharnais fell a victim to the bloodthirsty fanaticism of the times. Cited before the bar of the Convention, he was condemned to death, and publicly beheaded on the 23d July, 1794. Josephine was imprisoned, where she remained until the death of Robespierre threw open the doors of the prisons.

Josephine is said to have preserved her serenity during her imprisonment, through her strong faith in a prediction which had been made her; an old negress in Martinique having foretold, under circumstances of a peculiarly imposing character, that she would one day become queen of France. However reasonably we may doubt the influence of such a circumstance on the mind of a woman condemned to death in such relentless times as these, there is no question of its being a subject often dwelt upon by Josephine when she actually sat upon the throne of France. The prophecies that come to pass, are always remembered! Through her fellow-prisoner, Madame Tallien, Josephine became, after the establishment of the Directory, an influential member of the circle of Barras. According to some writers, she there made the acquaintance of General Bonaparte. The most general belief is, however, that the acquaintance was formed through her son Eugene, in the following manner: "The day after the 13th of Vendemiaire, the disarming of the citizens having been decreed, a boy of fifteen called upon General Bonaparte, then commandant of Paris, and with ingenuous boldness demanded the sword of his father. The general was struck with the boy's deportment; he made particular inquiries about him, and sought an acquaintance with his mother." Bonaparte soon became passionately attached to Madame Beauharnais, and married her on the 17th of February, 1796; and his affection for her continued through life. She possessed considerable influence over him, and his letters to her are proofs of his warm attachment, as well as of her amiability. She was always accessible and benevolent to those who sought for mercy or protection from Napoleon. She followed the young hero to Italy, and was with him during that brilliant period when he laid the foundation of his military reputation. When Bonaparte set out on his expedition to Egypt, Josephine took up her residence at Malmaison. Much has been said of her conduct during this period. Whether the censure was fully merited or not, has never been known; that Napoleon, on his return, contemplated a separation, is well ascertained. A reconciliation was effected by her children, whom he tenderly loved, and Josephine was again restored to the affection and confidence of her husband. When Napoleon was elevated to the consulate, Josephine constantly exercised her benevolence in favour of the unfortunate. She was particularly kind to the emigrants, many of whom she restored to their country. Napoleon, in one of his letters to her, said, "If I gain battles, it is you who win hearts."

Josephine loved pomp and show; her extravagance and wasteful expenditure frequently calling down the severest censure from her more just-minded husband. When Napoleon became emperor a divorce was proposed to him, but he rejected it. Josephine was consecrated empress of France

by pope Pius VII., December 2d, 1804, and the crown which his genius had won for her was placed by Napoleon upon her brow. Soon after, at Milan, she was crowned queen of Italy. Josephine acquitted herself in her exalted position with a grace and dignity which won all hearts; to many, it was a matter of surprise how she had acquired this "royal bearing." Eugene and Hortense, her children, shared her elevation; Napoleon never neglected their interest, nor that of any members of Josephine's family. As Napoleon's power increased, and his family became to all appearances more and more firmly established upon the throne of France, his desire for offspring to continue his line increased; and after much deliberation, and many painful scenes, a divorce was determined upon. Josephine bore it with a fortitude which her good sense alone enabled her to exert. To have opposed the will of Napoleon would have availed her nothing, and it was every thing to her to continue to possess his esteem. The world, too, would sympathize with a wife who, under such painful circumstances, yielded with dignity to her fall; her impotent resistance would only excite its contempt or sneers. Josephine retired to Malmaison, at the age of forty-six, with the title of empress-dowager, and two millions of francs a year. Napoleon visited her occasionally, and always gave proofs of his esteem and regard for her. While at St. Helena, he paid the highest tribute to her virtues and amiability. On the birth of the king of Rome, in 1811, Josephine is said to have exhibited the most unfeigned satisfaction. If such was really the case, her magnanimity was of the highest order; for that event, which must have confirmed Napoleon's sense of the expediency of the divorce, also rendered his wife more dear to him, and Josephine's situation more glaringly humiliating.

In 1814, Josephine beheld the downfall of that throne which she had once shared. When Napoleon retired to Elba, she wrote to him, signifying her wish, if permitted, to follow him in his reverses. When the allies entered Paris, she was treated with the most distinguished consideration. The king of Prussia and the emperor of Russia visited her at Malmaison, and showed her flattering attentions. On the 19th of May, the emperor Alexander and the king of Prussia dined with her. She was extremely indisposed, and, in opposition to her physician's wishes, did the honours to her royal guests. The next day she became much worse; her disease, a species of quinsy, increasing rapidly. On the 29th of May, 1814, she expired, in the full possession of her faculties. Her children were with her, and, by their affectionate attentions, soothed her last moments. Her body was interred in the church of Ruel, where, seven years after, her children were permitted to erect a monuent to her.

Josephine was handsome; her figure was majestic and elegant; but her greatest charms were her grace and goodness of heart. She has been called Napoleon's "star." His fortunes, it is said, arose with her, and waned when their connexion ceased. The English, when they paint the empress Josephine, in their hatred of Napoleon always depict her in the most glowing colours. To exalt Napoleon's repudiated wife, is to censure him. We, who are less liable to prejudice, may be able to estimate her character more impartially, and may fairly inquire how much of the devotion for which she has been so highly praised, belonged to the man, how much to his station.

Napoleon's ardent attachment to her admits of no such doubt; his actions, as well as his letters to her, prove it; particularly those written in the early part of their married life, when he frequeutly complains of her coldness. The prudence of her conduct while Napoleon was absent in Egypt, may reasonably be doubted. If so, we may ask, how far the woman who was chosen by such a man as the sharer of his name and fortunes was worthy of her destiny? Her extravagance, even while seated upon a throne, we have seen, was considered reprehensible by her husband. Napoleon had not an exalted opinion of women; how much this might be owing to the example of the woman whom he knew best, the reader must decide. If Josephine had been as eminent for high womanly virtues, as he was for exalted genius; if she had been in truth Napoleon's "star," her fate might have been a different one.

JUDSON, ANNE HASSELTINE,

Was born in 1789, in Bradford, Massachusetts. She was carefully educated, and became early distinguished for her deep and earnest religious character. In February, 1812, she married Adoniram Judson; and in the same month sailed for Calcutta, her husband being appointed missionary to India. Soon after they reached Calcutta, they were ordered by the East India Company, who were opposed to all missionary labour among the natives, to quit the country. While waiting for an opportunity of leaving, Mr. and Mrs. Judson employed their time in investigating the subject of baptism; and being convinced that their previous opinions had been erroneous, they joined the Baptist Church at Calcutta. In July, 1813, Mr. and Mrs. Judson arrived at Rangoon, in Burmah, where for many years they laboured success-

fully and diligently in the cause of religion. In 1821, in consequence of protracted ill health, Mrs. Judson returned alone to America, where she remained till 1823, when she rejoined her husband in Rangoon. Difficulties arising between the government of Bengal and the Burman empire, and the taking of Rangoon by the British in 1824, caused the imprisonment of Mr. Judson and several other foreigners, who were at Ava, the capital of the Burman empire. For two years, the inexpressible sufferings endured by these prisoners, were alleviated by the constant care and exertions of Mrs. Judson; and it was owing in a great measure to her efforts that they were at last released.

In 1826, the missionary establishment was removed from Rangoon to Amherst; and in October, of that year Mrs. Judson died of a fever during her husband's absence. The physician attributed the fatal termination of the disease to the injury her constitution had received from her long-protracted sufferings and severe privations at Ava. In about six months after her death, her only child, an infant daughter, was laid by her side. That some correct idea may be formed by those who have not read the memoir of Mrs. Judson, of the exertions and sufferings of this angelic woman, whose mission was to wear out her precious life for the preservation of others and the advancement of her Saviour's cause, we will give one extract from her "Narrative" of the imprisonment of Mr. Judson, written in form of a letter to her brother-in-law.

MRS. JUDSON AT OUNG-PEN-LA.

"The next morning I arose and endeavoured to find something like food. But there was no market, and nothing to be procured. One of Dr. Price's friends, however, brought some cold rice and vegetable curry, from Amarapora, which, together with a cup of tea from Mr. Lansago, answered for the breakfast of the prisoners; and for dinner, we made a curry of dried salt fish, which a servant of Mr. Gouger had brought. All the money I could command in the world, I had brought with me, secreted about my person; so you may judge what our prospects were, in case the war should continue long. But our Heavenly Father was better to us than our fears; for notwithstanding the constant extortions of the jailers, during the whole six months we were at Oung-pen-la, and the frequent straits to which we were brought, we never really suffered for the want of money, though frequently for want of provisions, which were not procurable. Here at this place my personal bodily sufferings commenced. While your brother was confined in the city prison, I had been allowed to remain in our house, in which I had many conveniences left, and my health had continued good beyond all expectations. But now I had not a single article of convenience—not even a chair or seat of any kind, excepting a bamboo floor. The very morning after my arrival, Mary Hasseltine was taken with the small-pox, the natural way. She, though very young, was the only assistant I had in taking care of little Maria. But she now required all the time I could spare from Mr. Judson; whose fever still continued in prison, and whose feet were so dreadfully mangled, that for several days he was unable to move. I knew not what to do, for I could procure no assistance from the neighbourhood, or medicine for the sufferers, but was all day long going backwards and forwards from the house to the prison with little Maria in my arms. Sometimes I was greatly relieved by leaving her, for an hour, when asleep, by the side of her father, while I returned to the house to look after Mary, whose fever ran so high as to produce delirium. She was so completely covered with the small-pox, that there was no distinction in the pustules. As she was in the same little room with myself, I knew Maria would take it; I therefore inoculated her from another child, before Mary's had arrived at such a state as to be infectious. At the same time, I inoculated Abby, and the jailer's children, who all had it so lightly as hardly to interrupt their play. But the inoculation in the arm of my poor little Maria did not take—she caught it of Mary, and had it the natural way. She was then only three months and a half old, and had been a most healthy child; but it was above three months before she perfectly recovered from the effects of this dreadful disorder.

"You will recollect I never had the small-pox, but was vaccinated previously to leaving America. In consequence of being for so long a time constantly exposed, I had nearly a hundred pustules formed, though no previous symptoms of fever, &c. The jailer's children having had the small-pox so lightly, in consequence of inoculation, my fame was spread all over the village, and every child, young and old, who had not previously had it, was brought for inoculation. And although I knew nothing about the disorder, or the mode of treating it, I inoculated them all with a needle, and told them to take care of their diet,—all the instructions I could give them. Mr. Judson's health was gradually restored, and he found himself much more comfortably situated, than when in the city prison.

"The prisoners were at first chained two and two; but as soon as the jailers could obtain chains sufficient, they were separated, and each prisoner had but one pair. The prison was repaired, a new fence made, and a large airy shed erected in front of the prison, where the prisoners were allowed to remain during the day, though locked up in the little close prison at night. All the children recovered from the small-pox; but my watchings and fatigue, together with my miserable food, and more miserable lodgings, brought on one of the diseases of the country, which is almost always fatal to foreigners. My constitution seemed destroyed, and in a few days I became so weak as to be hardly able to walk to Mr. Judson's prison. In this debilitated state, I set off in a cart for Ava, to procure medicines, and some suitable food, leaving the cook to supply my place. I reached the house in safety, and for two or three days the disorder seemed at a stand; after which it attacked me so violently, that I had no hopes of recovery left—and my only anxiety now was, to return to Oung-pen-la to die near the prison. It was with the greatest difficulty

that I obtained the medicine-chest from the Governor, and then had no one to administer medicine. I however got at the laudanum, and by taking two drops at a time for several hours, it so far checked the disorder, as to enable me to get on board a boat, though so weak that I could not stand, and again set off for Oung-pen-la."

To show the estimate in which the services and talents of Mrs. Judson were held by the British residents of India, we will give the statement made by one of the English prisoners confined at Ava with Mr. Judson. It was published in a Calcutta paper.

"Mrs. Judson was the author of those eloquent and forcible appeals to the government, which prepared them by degrees for submission to terms of peace, never expected by any, who knew the hauteur and inflexible pride of the Burman court.

"And while on this subject, the overflowings of grateful feelings, on behalf of myself and fellow-prisoners, compel me to add a tribute of public thanks to that amiable and humane female, who, though living at a distance of two miles from our prison, without any means of conveyance, and very feeble in health, forgot her own comfort and infirmity, and almost every day visited us, sought out and administered to our wants, and contributed in every way to alleviate our misery.

"While we were all left by the government destitute of food, she, with unwearied perseverance, by some means or other, obtained for us a constant supply.

"When the tattered state of our clothes evinced the extremity of our distress, she was ever ready to replenish our scanty wardrobe.

"When the unfeeling avarice of our keepers confined us inside, or made our feet fast in the stocks, she, like a ministering angel, never ceased her applications to the government, until she was authorized to communicate to us the grateful news of our enlargement, or of a respite from our galling oppressions.

"Besides all this, it was unquestionably owing, in a chief degree, to the repeated eloquence, and forcible appeals of Mrs. Judson, that the untutored Burman was finally made willing to secure the welfare and happiness of his country, by a sincere peace."

Mrs. Ann H. Judson was the first American woman who resolved to leave her friends and country to bear the Gospel to the heathen in foreign climes. Well does she merit the reverence and love of all Christians; nor can the nineteenth century furnish the record of a woman who so truly deserves the title—a missionary heroine.

JUDSON, SARAH B.,

Daughter of Ralph and Abia Hull, was born in Alstead, New Hampshire, November 4th, 1803. She was first married to the Rev. George D. Boardman, in 1825, and soon after accompanied her husband, and other missionaries, to Calcutta. The first destination of Mr. and Mrs. Boardman was Tavoy; and there, after encountering great dangers and sufferings, and overcoming appalling difficulties and discouragements, in all of which Mrs. Boardman shared with her beloved husband, Mr. Boardman died, in 1831. She had previously lost two children; one only, a son, was left her, and they were alone, in a strange land. But she did not desert her missionary duties. Four years she remained a widow, and then was united in marriage with the Rev. Dr. Judson. Their union was a happy one; but after the birth of her fourth child her health failed, and a voyage to America was recommended as the only hope of restoration. Dr. Judson, with his wife and children, took passage for their own country; but on reaching the Isle of France, Mrs. Judson's health was so greatly improved, that Dr. Judson, whose duties in Burmah were urgent, determined to return, while his wife and children should visit America. The arrangements were accordingly made, and in expectation of the parting, Mrs. Judson wrote this sweet and most pathetic poem, addressed to her husband:

We part on this green islet, love,—
Thou for the eastern main;
I for the setting sun, love,
Oh, when to meet again!

My heart is sad for thee, love,
For lone thy way will be;
And oft thy tears will fall, love,
For thy children and for me.

The music of thy daughter's voice
Thou 'lt miss for many a year,
And the merry shout of thine elder boys
Thou 'lt list in vain to hear.

When we knelt to see our Henry die,
And heard his last, faint moan,
Each wiped the tear from the other's eye—
Now each must weep alone.

My tears fall fast for thee, love,
How can I say farewell?
But go, thy God be with thee, love,
Thy heart's deep grief to quell.

Yet my spirit clings to thine, love,
Thy soul remains with me,
And oft we 'll hold communion sweet,
O'er the dark and distant sea.

And who can paint our mutual joy,
When, all our wanderings o'er,
We both shall clasp our infants three,
At home on Burmah's shore.

But higher shall our raptures glow,
On yon celestial plain,
When the loved and parted here below
Meet, ne'er to part again.

Then gird thine armour on, love,
Nor faint thou by the way—
Till the Boodh shall fall, and Burmah's sons
Shall own Messiah's sway.

But they did not thus part; on putting out to sea, Mrs. Judson grew rapidly worse, and died within sight of the rocky island of St. Helena, where she was buried, September 3d, 1845.

If this second Mrs. Judson was less distinguished than her predecessor for strength of mind and the power of concentrating her energies, so as to display, at a glance, her talents, yet she was not inferior in loveliness of character. The genius and piety of Mrs. Sarah B. Judson will ever keep her memory sacred as a pure light in the path of the female missionary.

JULIANA,

A SINGULAR character, of Norwich, England, who, in her zeal for mortification, confined herself for several years within four walls. She wrote "Sixteen Revelations of Divine Love showed to a devout Servant of our Lord, called Mother Juliana, an Anchoret of Norwich, who lived in the days of King Edward III.," published in 1610.

JULIANA,

A WOMAN who possessed great influence at the court of the Mogul emperors of Hindostan, in the early part of the last century. She was born in Bengal, in 1658, and was the daughter of a Portuguese named Augustin Diaz d'Acosta. Being shipwrecked, she went to the court of the great Mogul, Aurengzebe, whose favour she conciliated by presenting him with some curiosities. Being appointed superintendent of the harem of that prince, and governess of his son, Behadur Shah, she rendered important services to the latter, who succeeded to the crown in 1707, under the title of Shah Aulum. He was obliged to defend his authority against his brothers by force of arms; and in the battle, Juliana, mounted on an elephant by his side, encouraged and animated both him and the troops, and he was indebted to her for the complete victory he obtained. Her services were rewarded with the title of princess, the rank of the wife of Seu Omrah, and a profusion of riches and honours. Shah Aulum often said, "If Juliana were a man, she should be my vizier." Jehander Shah, who became emperor of Hindostan in 1712, was equally sensible of her merit; and though she experienced some persecution when that prince was deposed, in 1713, by his nephew, she speedily recovered her influence, and retained it till her death, in 1733.

JUNOT, LAURA, DUCHESS D'ABRANTES,

WAS born in Montpelier, 1785. Constantine Comnena, a scion of the imperial stock, emigrated from the Peloponnesus, in 1676. He was followed by a body of three thousand Greeks. After two years of wandering they settled in the island of Corsica, then a savage and uncultivated region, which they brought to some degree of culture and civilization, although the fierce and restless spirit of the native inhabitants kept them in a state of perpetual, sharp, yet petty warfare. When Corsica was sold to France, under Louis XIII., another Constantine, a man of approved valour and worth, was at the head of the Comnena family. He was the father of three sons, and a daughter, called Panona, who married a Frenchman by the name of Pernon. Upon the breaking out of the Corsican revolution, he was driven to seek shelter in France. From this union sprang the Duchess d'Abrantes. Destined to experience the most extraordinary vicissitudes, her very cradle was disturbed by the agitations which convulsed France at that period. In an autobiographical sketch, she speaks of her childish terrors, when, in the absence of her parents, she was placed at a boarding-school among strangers; the terrible days of September (1792) are particularly commemorated. Her father, for whom she appears to have entertained a particularly tender affection, died while she was still a child: she also lost the sister nearest her own age — to these afflictions were added most straitened pecuniary circumstances. The latter difficulties, after a time, diminished, and Madame Pernon established herself comfortably in Paris, whore her house soon became the resort of all the most noted men of that day. The attractions, personal and mental, of her daughter, were not undistinguished. A man of rank and wealth made an offer of his hand: he was old enough to be her grandfather, but this seemed no objection in the eyes of the mother, who with difficulty yielded to Laura's repugnance, and gave up a match which held out so many mercenary advantages. Another matrimonial proposal soon was presented, which came to a more fortunate conclusion. Among the generals who distinguished themselves in the wars of Napoleon, was Junot, born of respectable parents at Bussy-le-Grand, in 1771. Before entering the career of arms, he had studied jurisprudence, with his friend Marmont; but the cannons of the revolution roused him to visions of fame, and he enrolled himself in the very first battalion that was formed in his province. At the siege of Toulon he was a sergeant of grenadiers: an accident was the beginning of his advancement. Napoleon called out, on some exigency, for somebody to step forward who possessed a good hand-writing. Junot came from the ranks, and began a letter, under the great man's dictation. Scarcely had he formed the last sentence, when a bomb cast by the English, bursting at ten paces from him, covered the writer and the writing with earth. "Capital!" said Junot, smiling, "here is exactly what we want, sand to dry the ink." Such intrepidity was not lost on Bonaparte; he kept the heroic soldier in his eye, and soon after obtaining his generalship, he made Junot his adjutant. This man, on his return from the expedition to Egypt, was introduced to the house of Madame Pernon. He soon manifested an attachment to the young Laura; and as his military grade, and favour with the first consul,

were united to personal beauty and pleasing address, he was successful in the suit: they were married in 1800. A very brilliant course awaited this couple, to be terminated with respect to both in a manner singularly unfortunate. Title, riches, and honours, were showered upon them; the duchess d'Abrantes was attached to the imperial household, and no less favoured by the ladies of the Bonaparte family than her husband was by its chief. Junot, in the very height of his fortunes, became suddenly a raging lunatic. His cure being despaired of, by the consent of the best physicians, he was placed in a celebrated asylum for the insane: here his sole object appeared self-destruction. Taking advantage of a momentary absence of his keeper, he violently wrenched away the window-bolt, and threw himself out: he was taken up in the street below, without a sign of life. The death of the duke d'Abrantes was followed by the destruction of the empire, and the unfortunate widow found herself in a position which combined want of friends with want of means. It was then that she determined to have recourse to literature to aid her in the maintenance and education of her family. Her first work of importance was "Historical Recollections of Napoleon, the Revolution, the Consulship, the Empire." She has been charged with a blind admiration of the hero of these scenes, perhaps justly; but it was difficult for those who rose through that meteor's course, and partook of its brilliancy, to preserve cool and unbiassed the judgment. We may safely grant the author good faith in all she advances. This production was followed by various successful works of history, biography, travels, and romances. But for the descendant of the Greek emperors, the authoress of fifty volumes, the member of learned societies, what a sad end was reserved! She had been for twenty years troubled by a painful malady, to alleviate which she indulged in the use of opium, and it is supposed this pernicious drug accelerated the progress of her disease. Worse than physical pains, a hard-hearted creditor, seeing the increasing illness, and fearing death might step in to withdraw his victim, actually brought an execution to her death-bed, and for the miserable sum of four hundred francs, sold the furniture of her apartment under her very eyes. She had not yet sunk deep enough in misery: it remained for her to be taken to the hospital to die! Removed from splendid apartments, she was cast into a bare, unfurnished cell, and left to the cares of a hireling nurse, whose venal attentions were distributed among many others. But earthly difficulties were fast passing away. On the night of the 7th June, 1838, she received the sacrament from the hands of the archbishop of Paris, who came to this humble couch to administer comfort to one who was the favourite of his flock. She died the next morning in the arms of her children, in a state of perfect resignation, confiding in the promises of the Saviour. She left four children, two daughters and two sons, all estimable, and worthy of the attention their mother had ever bestowed on them.

K.

KAMAMALU,

(The name signifies *The Shade of the Lonely One,*) was the daughter of Kamehameha, king of the Sandwich Islands, who, from his conquests and character, has been styled "the Napoleon of the Pacific." Kamamalu was his favourite daughter, and he married her to his son and heir, Liholiho, who was born of a different mother; intermarriages of brother and sister being then practised in those heathen islands.

After the death of Kamehameha, his son Liholiho succeeded to be king of Hawaii, and all the islands of the group; and Kamamalu was queen, and his favourite wife, though he had four others. This was in 1819; the following year was the advent of the Gospel and Christian civilization to these miserable heathen. As has ever been the case, women joyfully welcomed the glad tidings of hope and peace and purity. Kamamalu was among the first converts, and eagerly embraced the opportunities for instruction. In 1822, she was diligently prosecuting her studies, could read and write, and her example was of great influence in strengthening the wavering disposition of her husband, and finally inducing him to abandon his debaucheries, and become, as he said, "a good man."

As proof of the wonderful progress made by this people in the manners of civilized life, and also marking the thoughtful benevolence of Kamamalu, we give an extract from a valuable work by Mr. Jarves on the Hawaiian Islands.

"On the 26th of March, 1823, his majesty held his annual festival in celebration of the death of Kamehameha I. On this occasion he provided a dinner in a rural bower, for two hundred individuals. The missionaries and all respectable foreigners were present; and the dresses were an improvement upon the costune of the preceding year. Black was the court colour, and every individual was required to be clothed in its sombre hue. Kamamalu appeared greatly to advantage.

The company were all liberally provided for by her attentions; and even a party of sailors, to the number of two hundred, who were looking on with wistful eyes, were served with refreshments."

In the autumn of the same year, Liholiho determined to visit England first; and then the United States. Kamamalu, his favourite wife, (polygamy was not then abolished,) was selected to accompany him; they left Honolulu, November 27th, 1823. The people were greatly distressed at the departure of their king and queen. Kamamalu remained on shore to the last, mingling her tears with those of her attendants, to whom her amiability and attention to domestic concerns had greatly endeared her. Before stepping into the boat, she, after the manner of her forefathers, thus chaunted her farewell: "O! heaven; O! earth; O! mountains; O! sea; O! my counsellors and my subjects, farewell! O! thou land for which my father suffered, the object of toil which my father sought. We now leave thy soil; I follow thy command; I will never disregard thy voice; I will walk by the command which thou hast given me." Royal salutes were fired, and the ship soon disappeared before a favourable breeze.

They reached London safely; and the first appearance of Kamamalu was rather novel; she wore loose trowsers and a long bed-gown of coloured velveteen. However, the whole party were soon fitted with clothes of the newest fashion. Kamamalu for the first time encircled her ample waist in corsets; and as she was really a fine-looking woman, and had an air of native majesty, and was moreover a queen, many of the London ladies sought patterns of the turban that graced her brow.

This party of semi-barbarians was flattered and feasted, and hurried from one rout to another, in a manner which their tropical constitutions could very ill bear. The king, Liholiho, took the measles; and, in a few days afterwards, his wife Kamamalu was seized with the same disease. Liholiho appeared to be recovering rapidly, when his wife was found to be dying. The mutual grief of the royal couple was affecting. They held each other in a warm and protracted embrace, while the thought of dying so early in their career, so far from their loved islands and friends, caused the tears to gush freely. In the evening she died. This sad event so affected the depressed spirits of the king, that although hopes of his recovery had been entertained, he sank rapidly, and on the 14th, after much severe suffering, breathed his last. Previously to his death, he drew up a rough memorandum, in which he expressed his wish to have his body and that of his consort conveyed to their native land; his personal effects he distributed among his retinue.

The will of the dead was observed; the bodies of Liholiho and Kamamalu were taken to Honolulu; and, with a mingling of barbaric pomp and Christian observances, interred.

Kamamalu was about twenty-six years of age at the time of her decease. Had her life been prolonged, with her uncommon talents and the earnest purpose she manifested of learning the true and doing works of goodness, she would doubtless have been of great aid in the improvement of the people of Hawaii.

KAPIOLANI

Was wife of Naihe, hereditary counsellor in the court of king Liholiho, at Honolulu. As wife of one of the highest chiefs, Kapiolani had great influence, which she used in favour of the missionaries, and in aid of the improvement of the people of Hawaii. She did much to prevent infanticide, debauchery, and drunkenness; but the heroic deed which distinguishes her name was the overthrow of the idolatrous worship of Pele. The immediate region around the crater of Kilauea, being remote from all the mission stations, remained for several years under the influence of the priesthood of this goddess, the most fearful of all the deities of Hawaii. Sacrifices were there offered, and the wicked rites of heathenism practised. The priests taught that whoever insulted the tabu or withheld the offerings required, would be destroyed by Pele, who would spout forth liquid fire, and devour her enemies; and their poor ignorant followers believed them. But early in the year 1825, their credulity was staggered by the boldness of Kapiolani, who, with a daring which, when her previous associations are considered, does her infinite credit, determined to convince its votaries of the falsity of their oracles. She visited the wonderful phenomenon; reproved the idolaty of its worshippers, and neglected every rite and observance which they had been taught to consider as necessary for their welfare. In vain the priests launched their anathemas, and denounced upon her the vengeance of the offended deity. She replied, she feared not; and would abide the test of daring Pele in the recesses of her domains: the fires of the volcano were the work of the God she worshipped. Venturing to the brink of the abyss, she descended several hundred feet toward the liquid lava, and after casting the sacred berries into the flames, an act than which none more sacrilegious according to their ideas could have been done, she composedly praised Jehovah amid one of the most sublime and terrible of his works. There is a moral grandeur in this deed, worthy of a Christian philosopher. The sincerity of her faith could not have been put to a severer test.

KARSCH, ANNA LOUISA,

A German poetess, was born December 1st, 1722, in a small hamlet called Nammer, on the borders of Lower Silesia. Her father kept an alehouse; but, dying before Louisa was eight years old, she was taken by a great-uncle, residing in Poland, who taught her to read and write.

Having remained three years with this relative, she returned to her mother, who employed her in household labour and in taking care of the cows. It was at this time that Louisa began to display her fondness for intellectual occupations; but her mother checked her inclinations as much as possible. When she was seventeen she was married to

a wool-comber; and, being obliged to share his labour, as well as attend to her household, she had but little leisure to cultivate the muses. She, nevertheless, composed verses while she worked, and on Sunday committed them to paper. After living with this husband for eleven years, she obtained a divorce.

Her poverty induced her to marry Karsch, a tailor, whose dissipated habits threw all the support of the family on Louisa, and rendered her very unhappy. It was at this time that she first began to sell her poems; and she also wandered about the country as an *improvisatrice*. Her writings having fallen into the hands of several gentlemen, she was encouraged by them to persevere. In 1755, she removed with her family to Great Glogau, where, for the first time, she gained access to a bookseller's shop.

In 1760, she became acquainted with Baron Cottwitz, a Silesian nobleman, who, travelling through Glogau, was struck with her talents; and, commiserating her distress, he took her with him to Berlin, and introduced her to the circle of literati, and to the king, Frederic William II. Here she composed most of the poems that were printed in her collection.

Several small pensions were bestowed upon her; but as she had two children and a brother dependent on her, they proved insufficient for her support. Frederic William II. had a house built for her, and she was so anxious to occupy it, that she went into it before the walls were dry. This imprudence cost her her life. She died, October, 1791. Her daughter published her memoirs and some of her poems, in 1792.

KAUFFMAN, MARIA ANGELICA,

Was born in 1742, at Coire, the capital of the Grisons. She was instructed in the elements of painting by her father, whose talents were moderate, and whom she soon excelled. She loved music, and her admiration of the beautiful was early developed. At the age of fourteen her father took her to Milan, where her talents and personal accomplishments rendered her an object of general admiration. In 1764 she went to Venice, and the following year accompanied Lady Wentworth, the wife of the British ambassador, to England. Here she painted the whole royal family, which increased her reputation and improved her circumstances; and she was soon elected a member of the royal academy. In London she contracted a most unfortunate marriage, the details of which, from their romantic character, we are apt to assume, are only to be found in the pages of fiction. An English artist who had addressed her and been refused, stung by his disappointment, determined to be revenged upon her. He selected a very handsome young man from the lowest ranks — some say he was a footman—and passing him off for a German count, introduced him into the house of Angelica, where he soon became a suitor. Angelica was deceived, and married him. The rejected artist now disclosed the deceit, and Angelica obtained a divorce; not, however, without suffering great ill-usage from her low-minded husband, who fled, after robbing her of three hundred pounds. Seven years after, her husband having meanwhile died, Angelica married a Venetian painter, Signor Zucchi, with whom she lived very happily. She continued to retain her maiden name, and never had any children. Signor Zucchi also died long before her. Angelica resided seventeen years in England; she then went to Rome, where she devoted herself to painting till her death, in 1807. In 1808, her bust was placed in the Pantheon. She left a select library, some beautiful original paintings of old masters, and a considerable fortune, which she divided among several individuals and charitable institutions. She painted many portraits and historical pictures, the latter chiefly after the antique; she treated poetical subjects in a fascinating manner that was peculiarly her own, drew well, coloured beautifully, and etched in a spirited style. Her works are remarkable for grace, though the critic may discover in them incorrectness of style and sameness of plan.

KELLEY, FRANCES MARIA,

Was born at Brighton, England, December 15th, 1790. Her father was an officer in the navy, and brother to Michael Kelley, under whom Frances studied music and singing. She made her first appearance at Drury Lane, in 1800, and in 1808 was engaged at the Haymarket, and afterwards at the English Opera House, where she was very successful. As an actress, Miss Kelley's talents were very versatile. Her character was always irreproachable.

KERALIO, MADAME DE,

Was born at Paris, in 1758. She is known principally as a translator of several works from the English and Italian. She also wrote a voluminous "History of Queen Elizabeth," several novels, and edited a collection of the best French works composed by women.

KILLIGREW, ANNE,

"A Grace for beauty, and a Muse for wit," as Wood says, was the daughter of Dr. Henry Killi-

grew, one of the prebendaries of Westminster, and born in London, a little before the restoration of Charles II. She showed indications of genius very early, which being carefully cultivated, she became eminent in the arts of poetry and painting. She painted a portrait of the duke of York, afterwards James II., and also of the duchess, to whom she was maid of honour. She also painted some historical pictures and some pieces of still-life, for her own amusement. She was a woman of exemplary piety and virtue. Dryden speaks of her in the highest terms, and wrote a long ode to her memory. She died of the small-pox, June, 1685, in her twenty-fifth year. She was buried in the Savoy Chapel.

KILLIGREW, CATHARINE,

Daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, was born at Giddy-hall, in Essex, about 1530; and married Henry Killigrew, Esq., a Cornish gentleman, who was knighted, for the good service he did his country when an ambassador. This lady, having an excellent education, and much natural talent, became, like many other women of her time, very learned. She understood Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and was famous for her poetical skill. The following lines were addressed to her sister Mildred, Lady Burleigh; the subject of this poem has never been fully ascertained—whether a lover, a husband, or a friend, was the happy person for whom the lady pleaded. Dr. Fuller thinks the lines refer to Sir Henry Killegrew, when about to be sent ambassador to France, which, as the times were troublesome, was not a desirable mission.

LINES TO MILDRED CECIL.

Si mihim quem cupio cures, Mildreda, remitti,
Tu bona, tu melior, tu mihi sola soror:
Sin malè cessando retines, et trans mare mittis,
Tu mala, tu pejor, tu mihi nulla soror.
Is si Cornubia, tibi pax sit et omnia læta;
Sin mare, Ciciliæ nuncio bella. Vale.

Translation.

If Mildred, to my wishes kind,
Thy valued charge thou send,
In thee my soul shall hold combined
The sister and the friend.
If from my eyes by thee detained
The wanderer cross the seas,
No more thy love shall soothe as friend,
No more as sister please.
His stay let Cornwall's shore engage;
And peace with Mildred dwell!
Else war with Cecil's name I wage,
Perpetual war!—Farewell.

KINGSTON, ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF,

Daughter of Colonel Chudleigh, governor of Chelsea college, England, was born in 1720. On her father's death, as she was left without adequate provision, her friends obtained for her the post of maid of honour to the princess of Wales, mother of George III. Her wit and beauty made her very much admired, and the duke of Hamilton proposed to her. But while he was on the continent, and Miss Chudleigh was visiting her aunt, Mrs. Hanmer, she was induced, August 4th, 1744, to marry, privately, Captain Hervey, a naval officer, afterwards earl of Bristol. She soon conceived a violent dislike to her husband, heightened by the discovery that she had been deceived about the duke of Hamilton, and the marriage was never acknowledged. Wishing to destroy all record of her union with Captain Hervey, she contrived to tear the leaf out of the parish register in which her marriage was entered; but after he became earl of Bristol she had it replaced. When the duke of Kingston made her a proposal of marriage, she endeavoured to obtain Lord Bristol's consent to a divorce, and at length succeeded, and married, March 8th, 1769, Evelyn Pierrepont, duke of Kingston, who left her, at his death, in 1773, his immense fortune. The heirs of the duke had her arrested for bigamy, as having been divorced by an incompetent tribunal. She was tried before the house of lords, and found guilty; but on her pleading the privilege of peerage, she was discharged, on paying the fees of the office. Her fortune was not affected by the sentence. She went abroad, and died near Fontainebleau, in France, August 28th, 1788.

KIRCH, MARY MARGARET,

Of Leipsic, Germany, was the daughter of Matthias Winkelman, a Lutheran divine. She married, in 1692, Godfrey Kirch, an eminent astronomer, of Luben, in Lower Lusatia, who, when appointed royal astronomer, in 1700, in the academy of sciences at Berlin, found in his wife an intelligent assistant, and an able calculator. She discovered, in 1702, a comet; and, in 1707, she observed that remarkable Aurora Borealis which the astronomers of Europe noticed in their memoirs. The husband died in 1710, and the following year his wife published "A Discourse on the approaching Conjunction of Jupiter, Saturn, &c." She was equally eminent for her private virtues as for her talents, and died at Berlin, in 1720, aged fifty.

KIRCHGESSNER, MARIANNE,

Was born, 1770, at Bruchsal. The loss of her eye-sight, in her fourth year, by the small-pox, seemed rather to have augmented than lessened her talent for music. In the sixth year of her age, she astonished her auditors by her execution on the piano. Taught by Schmittbaur, in Carlsruhe, she made the most extraordinary progress. In company with Mr. Bassler (her biographer) she travelled, in her tenth year, over Germany, where she received everywhere, great applause; and, 1794, she went to London. Her abode there, of three years, besides the perfecting of her art, was useful to her on account of her eye-sight having become partly restored. In November, 1796, she visited Copenhagen, and went from thence to St. Petersburg; and after having gained just approbation and well-merited reward in all these places, she chose the beautiful village of Gahles, near Leipsic, for her dwelling-place. She remained there until 1807, in the society of her friend, Mr. Bassler, when she intended to go back to her native country; but at Schaffhausen she experienced a violent attack of fever, of which she died, on the 9th of December, in her thirty-eighth year.

KLOPSTOCK, MARGARET, or META,

Whose maiden name was Moller, was born in Hamburg, March 19th, 1728. In 1751, the famous Frederic Gottleib Klopstock became acquainted with this young enthusiastic German maiden. The story of their courtship and marriage has been told by the lady herself; any abridgement would mar its beautiful simplicity; even its imperfect English has the charm of truth; it is like the lisping, stammering language of a child, who is only earnest to make you understand its feelings, and caring nothing for the criticism its language may cause. These letters of Mrs. Klopstock were addressed to Richardson the novelist, author of Sir Charles Grandison.

Hamburg, March 14th, 1758.

* * * * *

You will know all that concerns me. Love, dear sir, is all what me concerns! and love shall be all what I will tell you in this letter.

In one happy night I read my husband's poem, the Messiah. I was extremely touched with it. The next day I asked one of his friends, who was the author of this poem? and this was the first time I heard Klopstock's name. I believe, I fell immediately in love with him. At the least, my thoughts were ever with him filled, especially because his friend told me very much of his character. But I had no hopes ever to see him, when quite unexpectedly I heard that he should pass through Hamburg. I wrote immediately to the same friend, for procuring by his means that I might see the author of the Messiah, when in Hamburg. He told him that a certain girl at Hamburg wished to see him, and, for all recommendation, showed him some letters, in which I made bold to criticise Klopstock's verses. Klopstock came, and came to me. I must confess, that, though greatly prepossessed of his qualities, I never thought him the amiable youth whom I found him. This made its effect.

After having seen him two hours, I was obliged to pass the evening in a company, which had never been so wearisome to me. I could not speak, I could not play; I thought I saw nothing but Klopstock. I saw him the next day, and the following, and we were very seriously friends. But the fourth day he departed. It was an strong hour the hour of his departure! He wrote soon after, and from that time our correspondence began to be a very diligent one. I sincerely believed my love to be friendship. I spoke with my friends of nothing but Klopstock, and showed his letters. They rallied at me and said I was in love. I rallied them again, and said that they must have a very friendshipless heart, if they had no idea of friendship to a man as well as to a woman. Thus it continued eight months, in which time my friends found as much love in Klopstock's letters as in me. I perceived it likewise, but I would not believe it. At the last Klopstock said plainly that he loved, and I startled as for a wrong thing. I answered, that it was no love, but friendship, as it was what I felt for him; we had not seen one another enough to love. (As if love must have more time than friendship:) This was sincerely my meaning, and I had this meaning till Klopstock came again to Hamburg. This he did a year after we had seen one another the first time. We saw, we were friends, we loved; and we believed that we loved; and a short time after I could even tell Klopstock that I loved. But we were obliged to part again and wait two years for our wedding. My mother would not let marry me a stranger. I could marry then without her consentment, as by the death of my father my fortune depended not on her; but this was an horrible idea for me; and thank heaven that I have prevailed by prayers. At this time, knowing Klopstock, she loves him as her lifely son, and thanks God that she has not persisted. We married, and I am the happiest wife in the world. In some few months it will be four years that I am so happy, and still I dote upon Klopstock as if he was my bridegroom.

* * * * *

He is good, really good, in all his actions, in all the foldings of his heart. I know him; and sometimes I think if we knew others in the same manner, the better we should find them. For it may be that an action displeases us which would please us, if we knew its true aim and whole extent. No one of my friends is so happy as I am; but no one has had courage to marry as I did: They have married — as people marry; and they are happy — as people are happy.

Hamburg, August 26, 1758.

Why think you, Sir, that I answer so late? I will tell you my reasons. Have not you guessed that I, summing up all my happinesses, and not speaking of children, had none? Yes, Sir, this has been my only wish ungratified for these four years. But thanks, thanks to God! I am in full hope to be a mother in the month of November. The little preparations for my child (and they are so dear to me) have taken so much time, that I could not answer your letter, nor give you the promised scenes of the Messiah. This is likewise the reason wherefore I am still here; for properly we dwell in Copenhagen. Our staying here is only on a visit (but a long one) which we pay my family. My husband has been obliged to make a little visit alone to Copenhagen, I not being able to travel yet. He is yet absent — a cloud over my happiness! He will soon return — But what does that help? he is yet equally absent! We write to each other every post — but what are letters to presence? But I will speak no more of this little cloud; I will only tell my happiness! But I cannot tell how I rejoice! A son of my dear Klopstock! Oh, when shall I have him! It is long since I made the remark that the children of geniuses are not geniuses. No children at all, bad sons, or, at the most, lovely daughters, like you and Milton. But a daughter or a son, only with a good heart, without genius, I will nevertheless love dearly.

This is no letter, but only a newspaper of your Hamburg daughter. When I have my husband

and my child, I will write you more, (if God gives me health and life.) You will think that I shall be not a mother only, but a nurse also; though the latter (thank God! that the former is not so too) is quite against fashion and good manners, and though nobody can think it *possible* to be always with the child at home. M. KLOPSTOCK.

But these hopes were never, in this life, to be realized; the mother and babe both died; — and the poor bereaved husband and father was left desolate! In a letter to a friend, Klopstock describes the manner of her death and their last parting. After having prayed with her for a long time, he said, as he bent over her, "Be my guardian angel, if God permits." "You have ever been mine," she replied. And when with stifled voice he again repeated, "If God permits, be my guardian angel!" she fixed her eyes upon him full of love, and said, "Ah, who *would* not be your guardian angel!"

Just before she died, she said, with the serene smile of an angel, "My love, you will follow me!"

Some time after her decease, Klopstock published her writings, which are, "Letters from the Dead to the Living;" "The Death of Abel," a tragedy; and several small poems. Her husband says that these were written entirely for her own amusement, and that she always blushed and was very much embarrassed whenever he found her writing, and expressed a wish to see what she had done. He says, too, "that her taste was correct, and highly cultivated, and that her criticisms upon his poetry were always extremely apt and judicious; he knew instantly by her countenance, whether his thoughts pleased her; and so perfect was their sympathy, that their souls could hold delightful communion almost without the aid of language."

KOERTEN, JOANNA,

A CELEBRATED Dutch artist, was born at Amsterdam, in 1650. She married Adrian Block, and arrived at great excellence in drawing, painting, and embroidery. She also modelled in WAX, made artificial ornaments, and flowers; but her principal excellence was in cutting figures out of paper with the scissors; and her portraits and landscapes in this way were so celebrated, that foreigners visited Amsterdam to see them, amongst whom was Peter the Great, of Russia. Sea-pieces, animals, architecture, and still-life, were her favourite subjects; but she also cut portraits on paper with as striking a resemblance as if they had been painted by the ablest artists. The elector-palatine offered her one thousand florins for three small pictures of her cutting, which she refused as insufficient. At the request of the emperor of Germany, she designed a trophy with the arms of the empire, ornamented with laurel crowns, wreaths of flowers, and other suitable designs, which she executed with great correctness of drawing and wonderful beauty. The empress gave her for it four thousand florins. She also cut the emperor's portrait, which is hung up in the imperial cabinet at Vienna. She died in 1715, aged sixty-five.

KÖNIGSMARK, MARIE AURORE, COUNTESS OF,

ONE of the numerous mistresses of Augustus II., king of Poland and elector of Saxony, was born in 1678. She was descended from one of the oldest families in Brandenburg, and was a woman of great beauty and talents, and of uncommon political abilities. Thoroughly educated, she spoke several languages, played on various instruments, composed music, and sang and painted with great skill; she also excelled in conversation. In 1678 she went to Dresden, and, at first sight, Augustus fell in love with her. She rejected his overtures for some time, but at last yielded, and became the mother of the famous Marshal Saxe. When the love of Augustus declined, the countess of Königsmark conducted herself so discreetly that he always remained her friend. By his influence she was appointed superintendent of Quedlinberg, in 1700, where she remained till her death, in 1728. She was beloved by all around her, and was very kind to the poor.

KRÜDENER, JULIANNA, BARONESS OF VALERIA,

WAS born in Riga, about 1776. Her father, Baron Vietinghoff, one of the richest landed proprietors in Courland, gave her a careful education. When a young girl, her parents took her to Paris, where her father's house was the resort of men of talents; and her wit, beauty, and cheerfulness, were much admired. In her fourteenth year, she was married to Baron Krüdener, a Livonian, about thirty-six years old. She accompanied her husband to Copenhagen and Venice, where he was Russian minister. In these places, and in St. Petersburg, Madame Krüdener, placed by rank and wealth in the first circles, was one of their most brilliant ornaments. She was surrounded by admirers of her talents and beauty; but she was not happy. She became the mother of two children; but her natural liveliness of temperament, and the allurements of the world, led her into levities which finally caused a divorce from her husband. In 1791 she returned to her father's house, in Riga, where she was considered one of the most amiable and accomplished ladies, with a feeling heart and lively imagination. But Riga did not satisfy her, and she lived alternately at Paris and St. Petersburg. Her love of amusements involved her, in both places, in many difficulties. In the midst of these, she wrote a novel, of which she had formed the plan at an earlier period — "Valerie ou Lettres de Gustave de Linar à Erneste de G."—in which she delineated certain scenes of her own life. The disasters of Prussia arrived; and Madame Krüdener, being then about the person of the queen of Prussia, and participating in her affliction, turned her mind from the pleasures of the world to the subject of religion, though, perhaps, little change may have been produced in the essentials of her character. Ambition, a lively sensibility, and love of excitement, seem to have

remained the great springs of her actions. She was now attracted by the principles of the Moravians. She went again to Paris, where she found many disciples, chiefly among those who, having been accustomed to live on excitements from early youth, and having become sickened with those of fashionable life, turn with pleasure to those of devotion. On the commencement of the war of the northern powers against Napoleon, Madame Krüdener went to Geneva. She began to believe herself called to preach the gospel to the poor; and therefore visited the prison at Heidelberg, and preached to the criminals condemned to death. In 1814 she returned to Paris, where she became acquainted with Alexander, the emperor of Russia, who had already shown a disposition to religious contemplations, and upon whom her conversation had great influence. In Paris she had prayer-meetings, attended by distinguished personages, where she was seen in the back-ground of a suite of rooms, in the dress of a priestess, kneeling in prayer. It is very generally believed that her conversations with Alexander were mainly instrumental in suggesting the idea of the holy alliance: it is certain that in her later sermons she held it up almost as a new covenant. In 1815 she went to Bâle, where a small community of devout mystics was already collected. Here a young clergyman of Geneva followed her, and preached in the prayer-meetings which the baroness held every evening. Women and girls went in numbers to these meetings, and gave liberally to the poor, often to a degree much beyond what they could afford. These meetings had a very bad moral effect. Cases were reported which excited great scandal, and a preacher named Fäsch finally denounced the priestess. The magistracy of Bâle obliged her to leave the city. She experienced the same treatment at Lörrach, Aaran, and other places; yet, according to the common course of things, the number of her followers increased, particularly among young females. At the same time, she carried on an extensive correspondence, and money was sent to her from great distances. In 1816, with her daughter, she went to reside not far from Bâle, in Baden. Here she assembled many poor people, great numbers of whom were vagabonds, whom she provided with food and lodgings without labour. These were very ready to profit by the kindness of the benevolent lady, who preached against the cold-heartedness of the rich as the source of all evil. The public peace was so much disturbed by these proceedings, that her place of residence was surrounded by soldiers, in 1817, and her disciples carried away to Lörrach. She wrote, in consequence, a remarkable letter to the minister at Carlsruhe, in which she spoke of the "desert of civilization" through which she was obliged to wander, and reminded him of the law of God, requiring the authorities to take care of the poor. She now travelled about, preaching in the open air, often surrounded by thousands of people, and giving bountifully to the poor. Wherever she arrived, she was under the surveillance of the police. In Leipsic, police officers were even placed at her door, so that nobody could be admitted to see her. At length the police transported her to the Russian frontier, where she received orders not to go to Moscow or to St. Petersburg. In 1824, she went with her daughter and her son-in-law to the Crimea, and died there the same year, December 13th, at Karafubasar. She appears to have been an amiable enthusiast, pouring out pious effusions, mingled with arrogant prophecies; and is one of the many instances where ardent zeal and good intention (for it is probable that she considered herself to be doing right) are by no means sufficient to render one capable of effecting a great reformation.

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LABBÉ, LOUISE, (LA BELLE CORDIÉRE),

Was born in Lyons, in 1525 or 1526. Her father, Pierre Chardin, surnamed Labbé, was a ropemaker or seller. He had her carefully instructed in the Greek, Latin, Spanish, and Italian languages, and also in riding and military exercises. She was fond of music, hunting, and war. Her boldness was increased by the example of the heroines of her own time. Before she was sixteen, she went to Perpignan, in the army of the young dauphin, where, under the name of Captain Loys, she showed great valour. Among the numerous admirers attracted by her beauty, her talents, and her courage, a young warrior, whose name is unknown, inspired her with a lasting passion.

Louise Labbé married Ennemond Perrin, a wealthy rope-seller, by which she was enabled to devote herself entirely to her literary tastes. Her house, near Lyons, became the resort of men of letters, and persons of distinction. In these societies, where Louise was the presiding genius, every thing was collected that could gratify the understanding, delight the imagination, or captivate the senses. The charms, talents, and assemblies of *La belle Cordiére*, excited jealousy, and provoked scandal in the society of Lyons. Her writings, too, sometimes voluptuous, and sometimes satirical, afforded new provocation for censure, for which her conduct gave suspicion if not proof.

The most celebrated of her works is a fiction entitled "Debat de Folie et d'Amour;" it is dedicated to her illustrious friend Clemence de Bourges. This piece is full of wit, originality, and beauty. Erasmus and La Fontaine were both indebted to it; the first, for the idea of "The Praise of Folly," and the last, for "L'Amour et la Folie." In truth, La Fontaine's poem is only a versification of the prose story of Louise Labbé. Her elegies and sonnets are highly esteemed by the French.

We may find some excuse for her conduct in the character of the age, when gallantry was not considered dishonourable; and she herself was surrounded by a crowd of agreeable and distinguished, but licentious men. Her generosity, her taste for learning, and her acquirements, so extraordinary for the times, effaced this stain in the eyes of

most of her contemporaries, as we learn from tributes of esteem paid her. The street in Lyons where her house was situated was called after her, and still bears the name of *La Belle Cordiére*. The charm of her conversation, her accomplishments, her talents, the verses which she composed and sung to the lute, contributed to fascinate her admirers to the end of her life. She died in 1566.

LABROUSE, CLOTILDE SUZETTE COURCELLES,

A CELEBRATED French visionary, was born May 8th, 1747, of respectable parents, in the town of Vauxains, in Perigord, in the department of Dordogne. From the age of four she displayed deep religious fervour, and her greatest happiness was in the performance of her religious duties, to which, notwithstanding the remonstrances of her mother, and the raillery of her young companions, she devoted the most of her time. From her earliest years she regarded herself as an especial instrument to make known the will of God. She fasted, wore a girdle lined with sharp points, slept on the floor in winter, cut off her beautiful hair, and gave up music, of which she was very fond. She had offers of marriage, from a young man of great piety and immense fortune, whom she liked, but refused to marry, as she said an internal voice commanded her to do, that she might not fail in the great mission which had devolved on her.

Her strongest desire was to travel to convert mankind, but this she was prevented from doing till 1779; she hen escaped from her home, and arrived safely in Paris, where she passed some time under the protection of the Duchess de Bourbon. Here she was visited by all classes of people, and regarded as a prophetess. She predicted various events, and carried on a profound argument with the Abbé Maury, in which she came off victorious. Leaving Paris, where she had been very successful, she returned to Perigord, and went from there to Rome, to convert the pope and cardinals "to the principles of liberty and equality; of the civil constitution of the clergy; and to persuade the pope to abdicate his temporal power." Suzette preached at the different places through which she passed; but when she reached Boulogne, in October, 1792, she was ordered by the pope's legate to leave the city. She took refuge in Viterbo; but the pope had her seized, and confined in the castle of San Angelo. She was not ill-treated, however; and when the Directory, in 1796, requested her liberation, she replied that she did not wish to leave Italy till 1800, when she had predicted that there would be a sign in heaven which would open the eyes of the pope himself. But when the French took Rome, in 1798, she returned to Paris, where she was surrounded by a number of disciples, although the year 1800 passed without the sign. Her followers, many of whom were learned men, remained steadfast, however, and Suzette continued to have visions till she was seventy-four. She died in 1821. Pontard, bishop of Paris, remained faithful to her to the last.

LACOMBE, ROSE,

ONE of the terrible heroines or rather furies of the French revolution, born about 1768, was an actress of high reputation, and very beautiful. She was one of the leaders in that crowd of ferocious women who attacked the Hotel-de-Ville, and obliged the king and his family to return from Versailles to Paris. She founded a club of women, in which she was the chief speaker; and joined in the attack on the Tuilleries, in which she showed such intrepidity, that the city of Marseilles decreed to her a civic crown. She entered with her whole soul into all the scenes of savage cruelty which disgraced those times. After having been the recognised leader and orator of the republican women for some time, she suddenly lost nearly all her influence by falling violently in love with, and endeavouring with her usual reckless impetuosity, to save, but in vain, a young nobleman who was imprisoned.

The latter part of her life was passed in a small shop, where she gained her livelihood by the sale of petty articles. The time or manner of her death is not known.

LAFAYETTE, MADAME,

BELONGED to the noble family of Noüilles, and was married, when quite young, to General Lafayette. When, in 1793, he was imprisoned at Olmutz by the Austrians, she was confined in Paris, and only saved from the guillotine by the death of Robespierre. The first use she made of her freedom was to proceed to Vienna, where, through the compassion of prince de Rossenberg, she succeeded in obtaining an audience of the emperor. She pleaded earnestly for the release of her husband on the grounds of common justice and humanity, and urged her strong desire to see him restored to his family. The emperor said it was out of his power to grant her request, but he was willing she and her two daughters, (then about twelve and fifteen years of age,) should enliven the prisoner by taking up their abode with him. This indulgence was gratefully accepted, and the long-separated friends were restored to each other.

Madame Lafayette was deeply affected at the emaciated figure and pale countenance of her husband. She found him suffering under annoyances much worse than she had feared.

She wished to write to the emperor; but this was refused. She made applications for redress in other quarters, but received no answer, except, "Madame Lafayette has submitted to share the captivity of her husband. It is her own choice."

At length, her health, already impaired by sixteen months imprisonment in Paris, began to give way. She solicited permission to go to Vienna, to breathe pure air, and consult a physician. During two months she received no reply; but, at last, she was informed that the emperor permitted her to go out, upon condition that she never returned to the prison.

Being desired to signify her choice in writing, she wrote as follows.

"I consider it a duty to my family and friends

to desire the assistance necessary for my health; but they well know it cannot be accepted by me at the price attached to it. I cannot forget that while we were on the point of perishing, myself by the tyranny of Robespierre, and my husband by the physical and moral sufferings of captivity, I was not permitted to obtain any intelligence of him, nor to acquaint him that his children and myself were yet alive; and I shall not expose myself to the horrors of another separation. Whatever then may be the state of my health, and the inconveniences of this abode for my daughters, we will gratefully avail ourselves of his Imperial Majesty's generosity, in permitting us to partake this captivity in all its circumstances."

After this, Madame Lafayette fearful of being separated from her husband, refrained from making any complaint; although the air of the prison was so fœtid, that the soldiers, who brought food, covered their faces when they opened the door.

She remained with him till he was set at freedom, after four years' captivity, by the intervention of Bonaparte. Madame Lafayette's health suffered so much from the close confinement, that she died soon after her release, in 1807.

LA FERTÉ IMBAULT, MARIA THERESA GEOFFRIN, MARCHIONESS DE,

Daughter of the celebrated Madame Geoffrin, was born at Paris in 1715. She married, in 1733, the Marquis de la Ferté, great-grandson of the marshal of that name; and distinguished herself, not only by her literary talents, but also by her opposition to the philosophical party among the French literati of the last century, with whom her mother had been intimately connected. In 1771, the Marquis de Croismare, a man of wit, and a friend of Madame de la Ferté Imbault, founded the burlesque order of the Lanturelas, of which he appointed that lady the grand-mistress, while he was himself the grand-master. This whimsical institution gave rise to a great many songs and lively verses; and it attracted so much attention that Catharine II. was accustomed to advise all the Russian nobles who visited Paris to become Lanturelus, an honour which was sought by several sovereign princes. The Marchioness drew up a series of extracts from the writings of the ancient Pagan and Christian philosophers, for the instruction of the grandchildren of Louis XV.; and she wrote a great number of letters to persons of rank and celebrity, which remain in manuscript in the hands of her husband's relations. She died at Paris, in 1791.

LAFITE, MARIE ELIZABETH DE,

Was born at Paris in 1750, and died at London in 1794. She wrote "Reponses à Démêler ou Essai d'une Maniere d'éxercer l'attention;" "Entretieres, Drames, et Contes Moraux, à l'usage des Enfans." She also translated into French, some of the works of Wieland, Gellert, and Lavater.

LAMB, LADY CAROLINE,

Daughter of the Earl of Besborough, was born in 1785. The history of Lady Caroline Lamb is painfully interesting. She was united, before the age of twenty, to the Honourable William Lamb, (Lord Melbourne,) and was long the delight of the fashionable circles, from the singularity as well as the grace of her manners, her literary accomplishments, and personal attractions. On meeting with Lord Byron, she contracted an unfortunate attachment for the noble poet, which continued three years, and was the theme of much remark. The poet is said to have trifled with her feelings, and a rupture took place. "For many years Lady Caroline led a life of comparative seclusion, principally at Brocket Hall. This was interrupted by a singular and somewhat romantic occurrence. Riding with Mr. Lamb, she met, just by the park-gates, the hearse which was conveying the remains of Lord Byron to Newstead Abbey. She was taken home insensible: an illness of length and severity succeeded. Some of her medical attendants imputed her fits, certainly of great incoherence and long continuance, to partial insanity. At this supposition she was invariably and bitterly indignant. Whatever be the cause, it is certain from that time her conduct and habits materially changed; and about three years before her death a separation took place between her and Mr. Lamb, who continued, however, frequently to visit, and, to the day of her death, to correspond with her. It is just to both parties to add, that Lady Caroline constantly spoke of her husband in the highest and most affectionate terms of admiration and respect. A romantic susceptibility of temperament and character seems to have been the bane of this unfortunate lady. Her fate illustrates the wisdom of Thomson's advice—

> *Then keep each passion down, however dear.*
> *Trust me, the tender are the most severe.*

Lady Caroline Lamb was the authoress of three works of fiction, which, from extrinsic circumstances, were highly popular in their day. The first, "Glenarvon," was published in 1816; and the hero was understood to shadow forth the character and sentiments of Lord Byron! It was a representation of the dangers attending a life of fashion. The second, "Graham Hamilton," depicted the difficulties and dangers inseparable, even in the most amiable minds, from weakness and irresolution of character. The third, "Ada Reis," (1823,) is a wild Eastern tale, the hero being introduced as the Don Juan of his day, a Georgian by birth, who, like Othello, "is sold to slavery," but rises to honours and distinctions. In the end Ada is condemned, for various misdeeds, to eternal punishment!

LAMB, MARY,

The daughter of respectable parents, was born in London about 1766. She was subject to attacks of insanity, and in one of them, in 1796, brought on by over-exertion, and anxiety about her mother, then quite an aged person, she stabbed her mother to the heart, killing her instantly. After recovering from this attack, she resided with her brother Charles, the well-known author of "Essays of Elia," who devoted his whole life to her. They

lived in or near London. In connexion with her brother, Miss Lamb wrote two volumes of juvenile poetry; "Stories for Children, or Mrs. Leicester's School;" and "Tales from Shakspeare." Miss Lamb was remarkable for the sweetness of her disposition, the clearness of her understanding, and the gentle wisdom of all her acts and words, notwithstanding the distraction under which she suffered for weeks, and latterly for months, in every year. She survived her brother eleven years, dying May 20th, 1847. She was buried with him in Edmonton church-yard.

LAMBALLE, MARIE THÉRÈSE LOUISE, OF SAVOY, CARIGNAN, PRINCESS DE,

Was born at Turin, September 8th, 1749, and married the duke of Bourbon Penthièvre, by whom she was left a wealthy, young, beautiful, and amiable widow. When appointed intendant of the royal household of Marie Antoinette, she gained and deserved the confidence and warm affection of her mistress. On the unfortunate flight of the royal family to Varennes, Madame Lamballe escaped by another road from France to England, where she might have lived in safety; but she no sooner heard of the imprisonment of her royal friend, than she hastened back to Paris to soothe her miseries. This fidelity and devotion proved fatal to her. Dragged to the prison of La Force, she was tried before the bloody tribunal, September 3d, 1792; and, when questioned about the queen, she answered with firmness and dignity. Some of the judges, moved by her heroism, youth, and beauty, wished to spare her; but as soon as she had left the place of her trial, she was seized by the mob and literally torn and cut to pieces. Her head was placed on a pike, and paraded by the diabolical monsters in view of the unfortunate queen and her family.

The character of the princess de Lamballe was so perfect, that not even her enemies and assassins dared to asperse it.

LAMBERT, ANNE THÉRÈSE, MARQUISE DE,

Was daughter of a master of the accounts, and was born at Paris in 1647. She lost her father at three years old; and her mother then married the ingenious Bachaumont, who took great pleasure in cultivating his step-daughter's talents. She married Henri Lambert, marquis of St. Bris, in 1666; but he died in 1688. After this, she had long and troublesome law-suits; but succeeding in them, she took a house in Paris, to which it was considered an honour to be admitted. All literary persons resorted to it for the sake of conversation, as hers was almost the only house free from the vice of gaming. She died in 1733, aged 86. Her works were printed in two volumes, and are marked by fine sense, taste, and spirit. The principal ones are, "Avis d'une Mére à son fils, et d'une Mére à sa fille." These are not mere dry didactic precepts, but the easy and graceful effusions of a noble and delicate mind. "Nouvelles Reflexions sur les Femmes;" "Traité de l'Amitié;" "Traité de la Viellesse; et "La Femme Hermite;" were among her works. The following selections give a more striking portrait of this excellent woman than any mere description.

EXTRAIT DES AVIS D'UNE MÉRE A SON FILS.

* * * * *

Au-dessus de tous vos devoirs, est le culte que vous devez à l'Etre Suprême. La religion est un commerce établi entre Dieu et les hommes; par la grâce de Dieu aux hommes, et par le culte des hommes à Dieu. Les ames élevées ont pour Dieu des sentimens et un culte à part, qui ne ressemble point à celui du peuple: tout part du cœur et va à Dieu. Les vertus morales sont en danger, sans les chrétiennes. Je ne vous demande point une religion remplie de faiblesse et de superstition: je demande seulement que l'amour de l'ordre soumette à Dieu vos lumières et vos sentimens, que le même amour de l'ordre se répande sur votre conduite; il vous donnera la justice, et la justice assure toutes les vertus.

Il y a des ames basses qui sont toujours prosternées devant la grandeur. Il faut séparer l'homme de la dignité, et voir ce qu'il est, quand il en est dépouille; il y a bien une autre grandeur que celle qui vient de l'autorité; ce n'est ni la puissance ni les richesses qui distinguent les hommes; la supériorité réelle et véritable entre eux, c'est le mérite.

Le titre d'honnête homme est bien au-dessus des titres de la fortune. Le plaisir le plus délicat est de faire le plaisir d'autrui; mais pour cela, il ne faut pas tant faire de cas des biens de la fortune. Les richesses n'ont jamais donné la vertu; mais la vertu a souvent donné les richesses. . . . .

L'honnête homme aime mieux manquer à sa fortune qu'à la justice. L'amour des richesses est le commencement de tous les vices, comme le désintéressement et le principe de toutes les vertus.

Le plaisir le plus touchant pour les honnêtes gens, c'est de faire du bien, et de soulager les misérables. Quelle différence d'avoir un peu plus d'argent, ou de le savoir perdre pour faire plaisir, et de le changer contre la réputation de bonté et de générosité!

Ayez des pensées et des sentimens qui soient dignes de vous. La vertu rehausse l'état de l'homme, et le vice le dégrade.

EXTRAIT DES AVIS D'UNE MÉRE A SA FILLE.

Il ne suffit pas, ma fille, pour être estimable, de s'assujettir extérieurement aux bienséances; ce sont les sentimens qui forment le caractère, qui conduisent l'esprit, qui gouvernent la volonté, qui répondent de la réalité et de la durée de toutes nos vertus. Quel sera le principe de ces sentimens? la religion; quand elle sera gravée dans notre cœur, alors toutes les vertus couleront de cette source; tous les devoirs se rangeront chacun dans leur ordre. Ce n'est pas assez pour la conduite des jeunes personnes, que de les obliger à faire leur devoir; il faut le leur faire aimer: l'autorité est le tyran de l'extérieur, qui n'assujettit point le dedans. Quand on prescrit une conduite, il faut en montrer les raisons et les motifs, et donner du goût pour ce que l'on conseille.

Nous avons tant d'intérêt à pratiquer la vertu,

que nous ne devons jamais la regarder comme notre ennemie, mais comme la source de bonheur, de la gloire et de la paix. Vous arrivez dans le monde; venez-y, ma fille, avec des principes; vous ne sauriez trop vous fortifier contre ce qui vous attend; apportez-y toute votre religion: nourrissez-la dans votre cœur par des sentimens; soutenez-la dans votre esprit par des réflexions et par des lectures convenables. . . . .

Les femmes qui n'ont nourri leur esprit que des maximes de siècle, tombent dans un grand vide en avançant dans l'âge: le monde les quitter, et la raison leur ordonne aussi de le quitter: à quoi se prendre? le passé nous fournit des regrets, le présent des chagrins, et l'avenir des craintes. La religion seule calme tout, et console de tout; en vous unissant à Dieu, elle vous réconcilie avec le monde et avec vous-même. . . . .

Les plaisirs du monde sont trompeurs; ils prommettent plus qu'ils ne donnent; ils nous inquiètent dans leur recherche, ne nous satisfont point dans leur possession, et nous désespèrent dans leur perte. . . . . Ne nous croyons heureuses, ma fille, que lorsque nous sentirons nos plaisirs naître du fond de notre ame. . . . . Il y a de grandes vertus, qui, portées à un certain degré, font pardonner bien des défauts: la suprême valeur dans les hommes, et l'extrême pudeur dans les femmes. On pardonnait tout à Agrippine, femme de Germanicus, en faveur de sa chasteté: cette princesse était ambitieuse et hautaine; mais, dit Tacite, "toutes ses passions étaient consacrées par sa chastetê." . . . .

Que votre première parure soit donc la modestie: elle a de grands avantages, elle augmente la beauté et sert de voile à la laideur; la modestie est le supplément de la beauté. . . . . Il ne faut pas négliger les talens ni les agrémens, puisque les femmes sont destinées a plaire; mais il faut bien plus penser à se donner un mérite solide, qu'à s'occuper de choses frivoles. Rien n'est plus court que le règne de la beautè; rien n'est plus triste que la suite de la vie des femmes qui n'ont su qu'être belles. . . . . Une honnête femme a les vertus des hommes, l'amitié, la probité, la fidélité à ses devoirs.

Les femmes apprennent volontiers l'Italien qui me parait dangereux: c'est la langue de l'amour, les auteurs italiens sont peu chatiés; il règne dans leurs ouvrage un jeux de mots, une imagination sans règle, qui s'oppose à la justesse de l'esprit.

La poésie peut avoir des inconvéniens; j'aurais pourtant de la peine à interdire la lecture des belles tragédies de Corneille: mais souvent les meilleures vous donnent des leçons de vertu, et vous laissent l'impression du vice.

La lecture des romans est plus dangereuse: je ne voudrais pas que l'on en fit un grand usage, ils mettent du faux dans l'esprit. Le roman n'étant jamais pris sur le vrai, allume l'imagination, affaiblit la pudeur, met le désordre dans le cœur, et, pour peu qu'une jeune personne ait de la disposition à la tendresse, hâte et précipite son penchant. Il ne faut point augmenter le charme et l'illusion de l'amour: plus il est adoucit plus il est modeste et plus il est dangereux. Je ne voudrais point les défendre; toutes défenses blessent la liberté, et augmentent le désir; mais il faut, autant qu'on peut, s'accoutumer à des lectures solides, qui ornent l'esprit et fortifient le cœur: on ne peut trop éviter celles qui laissent des impressions dangereuses et difficiles à effacer.

PORTRAIT DE FENELON.

Fénélon était d'une assez haute taille, bien fait, maigre et pâle; il avait la nez grand et bien tiré. Le feu et l'esprit sortaient de ses yeux comme un torrent. Sa physionomie était telle qu'on n'en voyait point qui lui ressemblât; aussi ne pouvait-on l'oublier dès qu'une fois on l'avait vu: elle rassemblait tout, et les contraires ne s'y combattaient point; elle avait de la gravité et de la douceur, du sérieux et de la gaieté. Ce qui surnageait sur tout sa personne, c'était la finesse, la décence, les grâces, et surtout la noblesse: il fallait faire effort sur soimême pour cesser de la regarder. Tous ses portraits sont parlans, sans que néanmoins on art jamais pu attraper la justesse et l'harmonie qui frappaient dan's l'original, et la délicatesse que chaque caractère de ce visage réunissait. Ses manières y répondait dedans la même proportion: c'était une aisance qui en l'honneur aux autres, un air de bon goût dont il était redevable à l'usage du grand monde et de la meilleure compagnie, et qui se répandait, comme de soimême, dans toutes ses conversations, et cela avec une éloquence naturelle, douce, fleurie; une politesse insinuante, mais noble et proportionnée: une élocution facile, nette, agréable; un ton de clarté et de précision pour se faire entendre, même en traitant les mattières les plus abstraites et les plus embarrassées. Avec cela il ne voulait jamais avoir plus d'esprit que ceux à qui il parlait; il se mettait à la portée de chacun sans le faire sentir, il mettait à l'aise, et semblait enchanter de façon qu'on ne pouvait le quitter, ni s'en défendre, ni ne pas soupirer après le moment de le retrouver. C'est ce talent si rare et qu'il avait au suprême degré, qui lui tint ses amis si attachés toute sa vie, malagré sa chute, sa disgrâce, et qui, dans le triste éloignement où ils étaient de lui, les réunissait pour parler de lui, pour le regretter, pour le désirer, pour soupirer après son retour, et l'espérer sans cesse.

LAMBRUN, MARGARET,

Was a Scotchwoman, one of the retinue of Mary, Queen of Scots, as was also her husband, who died of grief on account of his queen's execution. Margaret Lambrun then resolved to avenge the death of both by assassinating Queen Elizabeth; she, therefore, dressed herself like a man, took the name of Anthony Sparke, and went to the court of the English queen, carrying with her a brace of pistols; one for the queen, and the other for herself. But, as she was pressing through the crowd to get near her majesty, who was then walking in her garden, she dropped one of her pistols. This being seen by the guards, she was seized, and brought before the queen, who wished to examine the prisoner herself. When Elizabeth

demanded her name, country, and condition, Margaret replied with great firmness:

"Madam, though I appear in this habit, I am a woman; my name is Margaret Lambrun; I was several years in the service of Queen Mary, whom you have so unjustly put to death; and, by her death, you have also caused that of my husband, who died of grief to see so innocent a queen perish so iniquitously. Now, as I had the greatest love and affection for both these personages, I resolved, at the peril of my life, to revenge their death by killing you, who are the cause of both. I confess to you, that I suffered many struggles within my breast, and have made all possible efforts to divert my resolution from so pernicious a design, but all in vain; I found myself necessitated to prove by experience the certain truth of that maxim, that neither reason nor force can hinder a woman from vengeance, when she is impelled thereto by love."

The queen heard this bold address with composure, and answered calmly: "You are then persuaded that, in this action, you have done your duty, and satisfied the demands which your love for your mistress and your spouse indispensably required from you; but what think you now is my duty to do to you?"

Margaret replied, with the same unmoved hardiness: "I will tell you frankly my opinion, provided you will let me know whether you put this question in the quality of a queen or in that of a judge?"

To which her majesty professing that of a queen: "Then," said Margaret, "your majesty ought to grant me a pardon."

"But what assurance can you give me," said the queen, "that you will not make the like attempt on some other occasion?"

"Madam," replied Lambrun, "a favour given under such restraint is no more a favour; and, in so doing, your majesty would act against me as a judge."

The queen turned to some of her council, and said, "I have been thirty years a queen, but do not remember to have had such a lecture ever read to me before;" and immediately granted an entire and unconditional pardon. Margaret Lambrun showed her prudence by begging the queen to extend her generosity still farther, and grant her a safe conduct to the coast of France; with which request Elizabeth complied.

LAMOTTE, VALOIS, COUNTESS OF,

Was the principal actor in the affair of the necklace, which caused so much annoyance and injury to Marie Antoinette, queen of France. The countess of Lamotte, an immoral intriguing woman, well known as such to most of the principal persons in Paris, suddenly, from great poverty, apparently became very wealthy. The means by which she supported her extravagance at length was ascertained. The countess, knowing the great desire of prince Louis de Rohan, cardinal bishop of Strasburg, who had fallen into disgrace at court, to regain favour, told him that the queen, Marie Antoinette, with whom she said she was on very confidential terms, wished to obtain a diamond necklace then for sale, but not having at the time sufficient money by her, would like him to purchase the necklace as if for himself, and the queen would repay him by instalments and restore him to favour. The cardinal did so, and gave the necklace to the countess de Lamotte for the queen, who gave him in return a bond which she had forged. The countess also procured a woman who resembled the queen, to personate her in a private interview with the cardinal, on a night in August, 1784. When the time for payment arrived, the cardinal, not being able to meet the demand, told the jewellers that he had bought it for the queen. The jewellers, after some time, applied to the king, and the fraud was discovered. Rohan was tried and acquitted; but the countess de Lamotte was sentenced to be scourged, branded, and imprisoned for life. After some months' confinement she escaped and went to England, where her husband was living on the proceeds derived from the sale of the necklace. Here she wrote a pamphlet defaming the queen, which prejudiced many people against that princess. The countess was found one morning dead on the pavement in one of the streets of London, having fallen, while intoxicated, from a window in the third story of her lodgings.

LANDA, CATHARINE,

Was eminent for her beauty and learning. She wrote a letter in Latin to Peter Bembo, which, with his answer, is printed in that author's works. She died in 1526, at a very early age.

LANE, JANE,

A woman of great spirit and sagacity, assisted in the escape of Charles II. after the battle of Worcester. The royal fugitive, disguised in her father's livery, rode before her on horseback from Bentley-Hall, in Staffordshire, to Mr. Norton's, near Bristol. Charles II., on his restoration, rewarded her amply; and she married Sir Clement Fisher, bart., of Packington-Hall, in Warwickshire.

LANDON, LETITIA ELIZABETH,

Generally known as L. E. L., in consequence of having first published under her initials only, was born at Hans Place, Chelsea, in 1802. Her father, Mr. Landon, was a partner in the house of Adairs, army agents. When about seven years of age, Miss Landon's parents removed to Trevor Park, not far from East Barnet, where, amidst scenes vividly depicted in various passages in her later works, were passed many of the happiest days of her childhood. In the "Traits and Trials of Early Life," in "The History of a Child," she is supposed to have pourtrayed that of her own early years; but the account is part romance and part reality. She describes "a large, old, and somewhat dilapidated place," — of which "only part of the grounds were kept in their original high order." Here she was wont "to wander in the almost deserted shrubberies, where the flowers grew in all the luxuriance of neglect over the walls." According to the same fictitious picture,

on a small island, in a deep pond, almost dark with the depth of shadow, and partly covered with water-lilies, "with the large green leaves that support the loveliest of ivory boats, fit for the fairy queen and her summer court," grew one curiously-shaped but huge yew-tree, and in the shadows of this gloomy tree the embryo poetess was wont to conceal herself for the whole of her playtime, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," and brooding over the troubles and sorrows which necessarily await every shy and sensitive person, and which are perhaps never more acutely felt than in the days of early childhood. Her childhood, however, was cheerful and often joyous.

In 1815, when Miss Landon was about thirteen years of age, the family quitted Trevor Park; and after a twelvemonths' residence at Lewis Place, Fulham, Mr. Landon removed to Brompton, where a considerable part of his daughter's youth was passed, excepting a year or two spent with her grandmother in Sloane street, and some occasional visits to her relations. Here, no sooner was she emancipated from the school-room, and allowed to pursue the bent of her own mind, than her poetical reveries were committed to paper; and through the encouraging kindness of Mr. Jerdan, the editor of the Literary Gazette, to whose judgment they were submitted, while still in her teens, the youthful writer had the pleasure of seeing some of her verses first appear in print, in the pages of that periodical, and visions of fame, perhaps, in some degree, comforted her for the reverses to which her family were then beginning to be subjected.

"The Fate of Adelaide," a romantic tale, and some minor poems, were published in 1821, when Miss Landon was nineteen; and the first of her principal poetical works was issued in 1824. In the summer of 1825, the "Troubadour" appeared, and some other volumes of her poetry.

Her father died about this time, and Miss Landon's literary exertions were directed to support her family and assist her brother. An extract from a letter of hers touchingly alludes to the painful circumstances in which this delicate daughter of the muse was placed:

"The more I think of my past life, and of my future prospects, the more dreary do they seem. I have known little else than privation, disappointment, unkindness, and harassment; from the time I was fifteen, my life has been one continual struggle, in some shape or other, against absolute poverty; and I must say not a tithe of my profits have I ever expended on myself. And here I cannot but allude to the remarks on my dress. It is easy for those whose only trouble on that head is change, to find fault with one who never in her life knew what it was to have two dresses at a time. No one knows but myself what I have had to contend with."

Miss Landon has herself remarked, that "a history of the *how* and *where* works of imagination have been produced, would often be more extraordinary than the works themselves." A friend of hers observes, that "though a dilettante of literature would assign for the scene of her authorship a fairy-like boudoir, with rose-coloured and silver hangings, filled with all the luxuries of a fastidious taste," yet the reality was of a very different nature; for though her drawing-room was prettily furnished, it was her invariable habit to write in her bed-room, — "a homely-looking, almost uncomfortable room, fronting the street, and barely furnished—with a simple white bed, at the foot of which was a small, old, oblong-shaped sort of dressing-table, quite covered with a common worn writing-desk, heaped with papers, while some strewed the ground, the table being too small for aught besides the desk. A little high-backed cane chair, which gave you any idea but that of comfort, and a few books scattered about, completed the author's paraphernalia."

"Miss Landon was not strictly handsome, her eyes being the only good feature in her face; but her countenance was intellectual and piquant, and her figure slight and beautifully proportioned. Altogether, however, her clear complexion, dark hair and eyes, the vivacious expression with which the latter were lighted up when animated and in good health, combined with her kind and fascinating manners, to render her extremely attractive; so that the rustic expression of sentiment from the Ettrick Shepherd, when he was first introduced to her, 'I did nae think ye had been sae bonny,' was perhaps the feeling experienced by many when they first beheld L. E. L."

Such is the portrait of this fascinating writer, drawn by one of her biographers. William Howitt, in his notice of Miss Landon, gives a sweeter touch to the picture. "Your first impressions of her were—what a little, light, simple-looking girl! If you had not been aware of her being a popular poetess, you would have suspected her of nothing more than an agreeable, bright, and joyous young lady. This feeling in her own house, or among a few congenial people, was quickly followed by a feeling of the kind-heartedness and goodness about her. You felt that you could not be long with her without loving her."

In her later productions, Miss Landon greatly improved in the philosophy of her art. She addresses other feelings besides *love;* her style has

more simplicity and strength, and the sentiment becomes elevated and *womanly*—for we hold that the loftiest, purest, and best qualities of our nature, the *moral feelings*, are peculiarly suitable, for their development and description, to the genius of woman. "The Lost Pleiad" and "The History of the Lyre," have many passages of true and simple feeling, united with an elevated moral sentiment, and that accurate knowledge of life, which shows the observing and reasoning mind in rapid progress. Such are the following passages:—

"Can that man be dead
Whose spiritual influence is upon his kind?
He lives in glory; and such speaking dust
Has more of life than half its breathing moulds.
Welcome a grave, with memories such as these,
Making the sunshine of our moral world."
* * * * *
"Love mine, I know my weakness, and I know
How far I fall short of the glorious goal
I purpose to myself; yet if one line
Has stolen from the eye unconscious tears,
Recalled one lover to fidelity,
Which is the holiness of love—or bade
One maiden sicken at cold vanity,
When dreaming o'er affection's tenderness,
The deep, the true, the honoured of my song,—
If but one worldly soil has been effaced,
That song has not been utterly in vain.
One true, deep feeling purifies the heart."

In 1838, Miss Landon married George Maclean, governor of Cape-Coast castle, and soon after sailed for Cape-Coast with her husband. She landed there in August, and was resuming, for the benefit of her family in England, her literary engagements in her solitary African home, when one morning, after writing the previous night some cheerful and affectionate letters to her friends in England, she was (October 16th) found dead in her room, with a bottle, which had contained prussic acid, in her hand. It was conjectured that she had undesignedly taken an over-dose of the fatal medicine, as a relief from spasms in the stomach, to which she was subject. Her last poems are superior in freedom, force, and originality, to her first. She is most distinguished for her poetical writings, though her tales and romances show great wit, vivacity, and knowledge of life. Her principal poetical works are "The Improvisatrice;" "The Troubadour;" "The Golden Violet;" "The Golden Bracelet;" and "The Vow of the Peacock." Besides these, she has written three novels, "Romance and Reality;" "Francesca Carrera;" and "Ethel Churchill;" and a volume of tales, entitled "Traits and Trials," in which she is supposed to have depicted the history of her own childhood. She was a frequent contributor to many of the periodicals, and nearly all the annuals of the day. Many of her best poems were written for these publications, and may be found in "Literary Remains of L. E. L., with Memoirs of her Life." Edited by Laman Blanchard. In our selections, we will cull a few of the aphorisms and sentiments which make her prose remarkable for its boldness of truth and sympathy with "those who suffer and are sad."

Extracts from "Francesca Carrera."

YOUTH.

No marvel that we regret our youth. Let its bloom, let pleasures depart, could they but leave behind the singleness and the innocence of the happy and trusting heart. The lessons of experience may open the eyes; but, as in the northern superstition, they only open to see dust and clay, where they once beheld the beauty of palaces.

ENTHUSIASM.

Enthusiasm is the royal road to success. Now, call it fame, vanity—what you will—how strange and how strong is the feeling which urges on the painter or the author! We ought to marvel less at the works produced, than at the efforts made. Their youth given to hopes, or rather fears—now brightening and now darkening, on equally slight grounds,

"A breath can mar them, as a breath has made,"—

hours of ceaseless exertion in solitude, of feverish solicitude in society: doomed to censure, which is always in earnest, and to praise, which is not. Alas! we talk of their vanity; we forget that in doling forth the careless sneer, we are bestowing but the passing thought of a moment to that which has been the work of an existence. Truly, genius, like virtue, ought to be its own reward, but it cannot. Bitter though the toil, and vain the hope, human exertion must still look to human approbation.

IMAGINATION.

Nothing at first frames such false estimates as an imaginative temperament. It finds the power of creation so easy, the path it fashions so actual, that no marvel for a time hope is its own security, and the fancied world appears the true copy of the real.

APHORISMS.

There never was a mask so gay but some tears were shed behind it.

We cannot understand what we have never experienced; we need pain, were it only to teach us sympathy.

It is a great error for the heart to hoard up the romance which is only graceful in youth—and it is dangerous too.

Hopes and regrets are the sweetest links of existence.

Society is like a large piece of frozen water; and skating well is the great art of social life.

From "Trials of Early Life."

What a duty it is to cultivate a pleasant manner! how many a meeting does it make cheerful which would otherwise have been stupid and formal! We do not mean by this the mere routine

of polite observance; but we mean that general cheerfulness which, like sunshine, lights up whatever it touches; that attention to others which discovers what subject is most likely to interest them; and that information which, ready for use, is easily laid under contribution by the habit of turning all resources to immediate employ. In short, a really pleasant manner grows out of benevolence, which can be as much shown in a small courtesy as in a great service.

EXTRACTS FROM MISS LANDON'S POEMS.

From "A History of the Lyre."

WOMAN'S DESTINY.

"I am a woman:—tell me not of fame!
The eagle's wing may sweep the stormy path,
And fling back arrows, where the dove would die.
Look on those flowers near yon acacia tree—
The lily of the valley—mark how pure
The snowy blossoms,—and how soft a breath
Is almost hidden by the large dark leaves.
Not only have those delicate flowers a *gift*
Of sweetness and of beauty, but the root—
A healing power dwells there; fragrant and fair,
But dwelling still in some beloved shade.
Is not this woman's emblem?—she whose smile
Should only make the loveliness of home—
Who seeks support and shelter from man's heart,
And pays it with affection quiet, deep,—
And in his sickness—sorrow—with an aid
He did not deem in aught so fragile dwelt.
Alas! *this* has not been my destiny.
Again I'll borrow Summer's eloquence.
Yon Eastern tulip—that is emblem mine;
Ay! it has radiant colours—every leaf
Is as a gem from its own country's mines.
'T is redolent with sunshine; but with noon
It has begun to wither:—look within,
It has a wasted bloom, a burning heart;
It has dwelt too much in the open day,
And so have I; and both must droop and die!
I did not choose my gift:—too soon my heart,
Watch-like, had pointed to a later hour
Than time had reached; and as my years passed on,
Shadows and floating visions grew to thoughts,
And thoughts found words, the passionate words of song,
And all to me was poetry.

THE POET'S POWER.

Oh, never had the poet's lute a hope,
An aim so glorious as it now may have,
In this our social state, where petty cares
And mercenary interests only look
Upon the present's littleness, and shrink
From the bold future, and the stately past,—
Where the smooth surface of society
Is polished by deceit, and the warm heart
With all its kind affections' early flow,
Flung back upon itself, forgets to beat,
At least for others:—'t is the poet's gift
To melt these frozen waters into tears,
By sympathy with sorrows not our own,
By wakening memory with those mournful notes,
Whose music is the thoughts of early years,
When truth was on the lip, and feelings wore
The sweetness and the freshness of their morn.
Young poet, if thy dreams have not such hope
To purify, refine, exalt, subdue,
To touch the selfish, and to shame the vain
Out of themselves, by gentle mournfulness,
Or chords that rouse some aim of enterprise.
Lofty and pure, and meant for general good;
If thou hast not some power that may direct
The mind from the mean round of daily life,
Waking affections that might else have slept,
Or high resolves, the petrified before,
Or rousing in that mind a finer sense
Of inward and external loveliness,
Making imagination serve as guide
To all of heaven that yet remains on earth,—
Thine is a useless lute: break it, and die

MUSINGS.

Methinks we must have known some former state
More glorious than our present, and the heart
Is haunted with dim memories, shadows left
By past magnificence; and hence we pine
With vain aspirings, hopes that fill the eyes
With bitter tears for their own vanity.
Remembrance makes the poet; 't is the past
Lingering within him, with a keener sense
Than is upon the thoughts of common men,
Of what has been, that fills the actual world
With unreal likenesses of lovely shapes,
That were and are not; and the fairer they,
The more their contrast with existing things;
The more his power, the greater is his grief.
—Are we then fallen from some noble star,
Whose consciousness is as an unknown curse,
And we feel capable of happiness
Only to know it is not of our sphere?
I have sung passionate songs of beating hearts;
Perhaps it had been better they had drawn
Their inspiration from an inward source.
Had I known even an unhappy love,
It would have flung an interest round life
Mine never knew. This is an empty wish;
Our feelings are not fires to light at will
Our nature's fine and subtle mysteries;
We may control them, but may not create,
And love less than its fellows. I have fed
Perhaps too much upon the lotus fruits
Imagination yields,—fruits which unfit
The palate for the more substantial food
Of our own land—reality. I made
My heart too like a temple for a home;
My thoughts were birds of paradise, that breathed
The airs of heaven, but died on touching earth.
—The knight whose deeds were stainless as his crest,
Who made my name his watchword in the field;
The poet with immortal words, whose heart
I shared with beauty; or the patriot,
Whose eloquence was power, who made my smile
His recompense amid the toil which shaped
A nation's destiny: these, such as these,
The glorified—the passionate—the brave—
In these I might have found the head and heart
I could have worshipped. Where are such as these?
—Not 'mid gay cavaliers who make the dance
Pleasant with graceful flatteries; whose words
A passing moment might light up my cheek,
But haunted not my solitude. The fault
Has been my own; perhaps I asked too much:—
Yet let me say, what firmly I believe,
Love can be—ay, and is. I held that Love
Which chooseth from a thousand only one,
To be the object of that tenderness
Natural to every heart; which can resign
Its own best happiness for one dear sake;
Can bear with absence; hath no part in Hope,—
For Hope is somewhat selfish,—Love is not.—
And doth prefer another to itself.
Unchangeable and generous, what, like Love,
Can melt away the dross of worldliness,
Can elevate, refine and make the heart
Of that pure gold which is the fitting shrine
For fire, as sacred as e'er came from heaven?

From "Poems," &c.

LINES OF LIFE.

Orphan in my first years, I early learnt
To make my heart suffice itself, and seek
Support and sympathy in its own depths.

Well, read my cheek, and watch my eye,—
Too strictly schooled are they,
One secret of my soul to show,
One hidden thought betray.

I never knew the time my heart
Looked freely from my brow;
It once was checked by timidness,
'Tis taught by caution now.

I live among the cold, the false,
And I must seem like them;
And such I am, for I am false
As those I most condemn.

I teach my lip its sweetest smile,
My tongue its softest tone;
I borrow others' likeness, till
Almost I lose my own.

I pass through flattery's gilded sieve,
Whatever I would say;
In social life, all, like the blind,
Must learn to feel their way.

I check my thoughts like curbed steeds
That struggle with the rein;
I bid my feelings sleep, like wrecks
In the unfathomed main.

I hear them speak of love, the deep,
The true,—and mock the name;
Mock at all high and early truth,
And I too do the same.

I hear them tell some touching tale,
I swallow down the tear;
I hear them name some generous deed,
And I have learned to sneer.

I hear the spiritual, the kind,
The pure, but named in mirth;
Till all of good, ay, even hope,
Seems exiled from our earth.

And one fear, withering ridicule,
Is all that I can dread;
A sword hung by a single hair,
Forever o'er the head

We bow to a most servile faith,
In a most servile fear;
While none among us dares to say
What none will choose to hear.

And if we dream of loftier thoughts,
In weakness they are gone;
And indolence and vanity
Rivet our fetters on.

Surely I was not born for this!
I feel a loftier mood
Of generous impulse, high resolve,
Steal o'er my solitude!

I gaze upon the thousand stars
That fill the midnight sky;
And wish, so passionately wish,
A light like theirs on high.

I have such eagerness of hope
To benefit my kind;
And feel as if immortal power
Were given to my mind.

I think on that eternal fame,
The sun of earthly gloom,
Which makes the gloriousness of death,
The future of the tomb—

That earthly future, the faint sign
Of a more heavenly one;
—A step, a word, a voice, a look,—
Alas! my dream is done.

And earth, and earth's debasing stain,
Again is on my soul;
And I am but a nameless part
Of a most worthless whole.

Why write I this? because my heart
Towards the future springs,
That future where it loves to soar
On more than eagle wings.

The present, it is but a speck
In that eternal time,
In which my lost hopes find a home,
My spirit knows its clime.

Oh! not myself,—for what am I?—
The worthless and the weak,
Whose every thought of self should raise
A blush to burn my cheek.

But song has touched my lips with fire,
And made my heart a shrine:
For what, although alloyed, debased,
Is in itself divine.

I am, myself, but a vile link
Amid life's weary chain;
But I have spoken hallowed words,
Oh do not say in vain

My first, my last, my only wish,—
Say, will my charmed chords
Wake to the morning light of fame,
And breathe again my words?

Will the young maiden, when her tears
Alone in moonlight shine—
Tears for the absent and the loved—
Murmur some song of mine?

Will the pale youth, by his dim lamp,
Himself a dying flame,
From many an antique scroll beside,
Choose that which bears my name?

Let music make less terrible
The silence of the dead;
I care not, so my spirit last
Long after life has fled.

FEMALE FAITH.

She loved you when the sunny light
Of bliss was on your brow;
That bliss has sunk in sorrow's night,
And yet she loves you now.

She loved you when your joyous tone
Taught every heart to thrill;
The sweetness of that tongue is gone,
And yet—she loves you still.

She loved you when you proudly stept
The gayest of the gay;
That pride the blight of time hath swept,
Unlike her love, away.

She loved you when your home and heart
Of fortune's smile could boast;
She saw that smile decay—depart—
And then she loved you most.

Oh, such the generous faith that glows
In woman's gentle breast;
'Tis like that star that stays and glows
Alone in night's dark vest;

That stays because each other ray
Has left the lonely shore,
And that the wanderer on his way
Then wants her light the more.

THE EVE OF ST. JOHN.

There is a flower, a magical flower,
On which love hath laid a fairy power;
Gather it on the eve of St. John,
When the clock of the village is tolling one;

Let no look be turned, no word be said,
And lay the rose-leaves under your head;
Your sleep will be light, and pleasant your rest,
For your visions will be of the youth you love best.
Four days I had not my own love seen,—
Where, sighed I, can my wanderer have been?
I thought I would gather the magical flower,
And see him at least in my sleeping hour!
St. John's Eve came; to the garden I flew,
Where the white roses shone with the silver dew:
The nightingale sang as I passed along—
I startled to hear even her sweet song;
The sky was bright with moon and star shine,
And the wind was sweet as a whisper of thine,
Dear love; for whose sake I stripped the tree-rose,
And softly and silently stole to repose.
No look I turned, and no word I said,
But laid the white roses under my head.

Oh, sweet was the dream that came to me then!
I dreamt of a lonely and lovely glen,
There was a clear and beautiful sky,
Such as is seen in the blue July:
To the north was a forest of darkling pine;
To the south were hills all green with the vine,
Where the ruby clusters sparkled like gems
Seen upon princely diadems;
On the rocks were goats as white as snow,
And the sheep-bell was heard in the valley below;
And like a nest in the chestnut's shade,
As just for love and contentment made,
A little cottage stood, and the tree
Shadowed it over most gracefully;
A white rose grew up beside the door,
The porch with the blossoms was covered o'er;
Methought it was yours—you were standing by:
You welcomed me, and I felt your sigh
Warm on my cheek, and our lips met,—
On mine the touch is thrilling yet!
But alas! I awakened, and all I can do
Is to tell the sweet dream, my own love, to you!

LOVE.

She prest her slight hand to her brow, or pain
Or bitter thoughts were passing there. The room
Had no light but that from the fireside,
Which showed, then hid her face. How very pale
It looked, when over it the glimmer shone!
Is not the rose companion of the spring?
Then wherefore has the red-leaved flower forgotten
Her cheek? The tears stood in her large dark eyes—
Her beautiful dark eyes—like hyacinth stars,
When shines their shadowy glory through the dew
That summer nights have wept:—she felt them not,
Her heart was far away! Her fragile form,
Like the young willow when for the first time
The wind sweeps o'er it rudely, had not lost
Its own peculiar grace; but it was bowed
By sickness, or by worse than sickness—sorrow!
And this is love! Oh! why should woman love:
Wasting her dearest feelings, till health, hope,
Happiness, are but things of which henceforth
She 'll only know the name? Her heart is seared:
A sweet light has been thrown upon its life,
To make its darkness the more terrible.
And this is Love!

LAST VERSES OF L. E. L.

In allusion to the Pole Star, during her voyage to Africa.

A star has left the kindling sky—
A lovely northern light;
How many planets are on high!
But that has left the night.

I miss its bright familiar face,
It was a friend to me;
Associate with my native place,
And those beyond the sea.

It rose upon our English sky,
Shone o'er our English land,
And brought back many a loving eye,
And many a gentle hand.

It seemed to answer to my thought,
It called the past to mind,
And with its welcome presence brought
All I had left behind.

The voyage it lights no longer, ends
Soon on a foreign shore;
How can I but recall the friends
That I may see no more?

Fresh from the pain it was to part—
How could I bear the pain?
Yet strong the omen in my heart
That says—We meet again.

Meet with a deeper, dearer love;
For absence shows the worth
Of all from which we then remove,
Friends, home, and native earth.

Thou lovely polar star, mine eyes
Still turned the first on thee,
Till I have felt a sad surprise,
That none looked up with me.

But thou hast sunk upon the wave,
Thy radiant place unknown;
I seem to stand beside a grave,
And stand by it alone.

Farewell! ah, would to me were given
A power upon thy light!
What words upon our English heaven
Thy roving rays should write!

Kind messages of love and hope
Upon thy rays should be;
Thy shining orbit should have scope
Scarcely enough for me.

Oh, fancy vain, as it is fond,
And little needed too;
My friends! I need not look beyond
My heart to look for you.

LANNOY, THE COUNTESS OF,

By birth, countess of Loos Coswaren. She was born at the castle of Gray, in Brabant, in 1767. In 1788 she espoused the count de Lannoy, and emigrated with him, when the Low Countries were overrun by the French armies of the republic. Having lost all their property by confiscation, like many other families of rank, they were reduced to the utmost need in a strange land. All their resources lay in the energy and ability of the countess. She had always devoted herself to music for the gratification of her taste, and had even attempted composition; she now made it a profession, and gave instructions with success in the city of Berlin. She published several trios for the piano, violin, and violoncello; several songs, with an accompaniment for the harp and the piano; with other pieces of music for those instruments. In 1801 she was permitted to return to Belgium with her family, but was obliged to go through with a tedious lawsuit, which involved all her fortune. After several anxious years, the suit was lost, and she was obliged to take refuge at Paris, with her daughters, where, by resuming her musical labours, she obtained a scanty living. She died in 1822.

LAPIERRE, SOPHIE,

A PRETTY Parisian singer, was a member of the conspiracy, which was formed in 1795, to overthrow the Directory, and replace the authority in the hands of the people. Sophie, and several other women, were taken prisoners with the conspirators, and she confronted her judges with the greatest composure, and even levity. As, however, she could only be accused of singing republican songs, she was acquitted.

LASHFORD, JOAN,

DAUGHTER of Elizabeth Warne, by a former husband, was burned as a heretic by the Roman Catholics, during the reign of Mary of England, in the year 1556. A number of other women, about the same time, sealed their faith with their blood. Joan Lashford was about twenty years of age when she thus suffered and died a martyr.

LAVALETTE, EMILIE, COUNTESS DE,

NIECE of the empress Josephine, married Marie Chamans Lavalette, aid-de-camp to Bonaparte. Her maiden name was Emilie Beauharnais. The manner in which the marriage was brought about is well described in the "Memoirs of Lavalette."

General Bonaparte, wishing to reward the bravery of his aid-de-camp, and being then restricted in his power, determined he should marry this niece of Madame Bonaparte. "I cannot make you a major," said Bonaparte, "I must therefore give you a wife. You shall marry Emilie Beauharnais. She is very handsome, and well educated."

Lavalette raised objections: he had no fortune, and was immediately to depart for Egypt with his chief; he urged that he might be killed there, or, which was perhaps his strongest objection, that the lady might not fancy him.

Bonaparte overruled all these objections, telling him that, if he, Lavalette, was killed, his widow would have a pension, and might marry again advantageously; and concluded by saying, "The wedding shall take place in eight days. I will allow you a fortnight for the honeymoon. You must then come and join us at Toulon. Come, come, the thing is all settled. Tell the coachman to drive home."

Lavalette continues the story thus:

"In the evening I went to see Madame Bonaparte. She knew what was going forward, and was kind enough to show some satisfaction, and call me her nephew. "To-morrow," she said, "we shall go to St. Germains—I will introduce you to my niece: you will be delighted with her—she is a charming girl." Accordingly, next day, the General, Madame Bonaparte, Eugene, and I, went in an open carriage to St. Germains, and stopped at Madame Campan's. The visit was a great event at the boarding-school; all the young girls were at the windows, in the parlours, or in the court-yard, for they had obtained a holiday. We soon entered the gardens. Among the forty young ladies I anxiously sought for her who was to be my wife. Her cousin, Hortense, led her to us, that she might salute the General and embrace her aunt. She was, in truth, the prettiest of them all. Her stature was tall, and most gracefully elegant, her features were charming, and the glow of her beautiful complexion was heightened by her confusion. Her bashfulness was so great, that the General could not help laughing at her, but he went no further. It was decided that we should breakfast in the garden. In the mean time I felt extremely uneasy. Would she like me? Would she obey without reluctance? This abrupt marriage, and this speedy departure grieved me. When we got up, and the circle was broken, I begged Eugene to conduct his cousin into a solitary walk. I joined them, and he left us; I then entered on the delicate subject. I made no secret of my birth, or of my want of fortune; and added—"I possess nothing in the world but my sword, and the good-will of the General—and I must leave you in a fortnight. Open your heart to me. I feel myself disposed to love you with all my soul—but that is not sufficient. If this marriage does not please you, repose a full confidence in me; it will not be difficult to find a pretext to break it off—I shall depart: you will not be tormented, for I will keep your secret." While I was speaking, she kept her eyes fixed on the ground; her only answer was a smile, and she gave me the nosegay she held in her hand; I embraced her. We returned slowly to the company, and eight days afterwards went to the municipality. The following day, a poor priest, who had not taken the oaths, married us in a small convent of the Conception, in the Rue St. Honore. This was in some manner forbidden, but Emilie set a great importance on that point; her piety was gentle and sincere."

In a fortnight after the marriage, Lavalette left his bride, and joined the expedition to Egypt. In eighteen months he returned, and was most affectionately welcomed by his wife, who presented to him their infant daughter; the happiness of the married pair was complete, and their affection for each other continued faithful and true during years of prosperity.

On the restoration of the Bourbons, the Count

Lavalette was imprisoned and condemned to death. His wife tried every means to obtain his pardon; and, failing in this, she proposed to him, the night before his execution, to put on her dress, and imitating her walk and manner, holding his handkerchief to his face, as if he were weeping, to go out from the prison, and when once in the street, she had provided means for his safety. As they were about the same height, the deception succeeded, and Count Lavalette escaped to Belgium; but his wife was kept for six weeks in prison, and not allowed to see any one but her jailor. She passed twenty-five days without sleep, fearing at every moment that she might see her husband brought back a prisoner. This anxiety at length produced insanity, which continued, with some intervals of rationality, during her whole life. Lavalette left France in 1816; in 1822 he was allowed to return, and from that time till his death devoted himself to the care of his wife.

LEAPOR, MARY,

Was born in Northamptonshire, in 1712, her father having been many years gardener to a gentleman in that country. Her education was suitable to her humble rank, but her attainments far surpassed all expectation. Her modesty kept her merit concealed till it was *too* late for her to reap any temporal emoluments from her writings. She died in her twenty fourth year, and, when on her death-bed, gave her father a collection of papers, containing original poems, which were afterwards published. Some of these poems are very good. She also wrote a tragedy entitled "The Unhappy Father."

LEE, ANNE,

Was born at Manchester, England, in 1736. She was the daughter of a blacksmith, and also at an early age she became the wife of a blacksmith. She is distinguished as the person who introduced Shakerism into this country; and she became the leader of the sect. Her first "testimony of salvation and eternal life;" borne in 1770, was the injunction of celibacy as the perfection of human nature; and next, she claimed to be a divine person. From this time she was honoured with the title of "Mother Anne," while she styled herself "Anne the Word." Having been persecuted in England, she came out to America, in 1774, with several members of the society, and formed the first community of Shakers, at Watervliet, near Albany, where she died, in 1784.

LEE, SOPHIA,

This amiable and ingenious lady was born in the metropolis in the year 1750. Her father, originally bred to the law, was an actor of merit, whose conduct gained him admission into the best circles, and who gave his children an excellent education. At an early age, the subject of this article exercised her pen in composition, and in 1780 produced the diverting comedy entitled the "Chapter of Accidents," which met with considerable success. With the profits of this play, on the death of her father, which took place the following year, she was enabled to open a school at Bath, which, aided by her sisters, she conducted for several years with great reputation. Her next performance, published in 1784, was the well-known novel entited the "Recess, or a Tale of Other Times," the story of which is founded on the fate of two supposed daughters of Mary queen of Scots, by a secret marriage with the duke of Norfolk. It is ingeniously and pathetically wrought up; but some severe casuists have condemned the unfair liberty which it takes with some historical characters. This romance, which became very popular, was followed in 1787 by a ballad called a "Hermit's Tale, found in his Cell." In 1796, Miss Lee produced a tragedy, called "Almeyda, Queen of Grenada;" but, although aided by the great talents of Mrs. Siddons, it did not realize the expectations which her power of moving the passions in the "Recess" had created. In the succeeding year Miss Harriet Lee published the first five volumes of her "Canterbury Tales," three stories in which were from the pen of her sister; and of these three, one called "Krutzmar" was selected for the subject of a tragedy by Lord Byron. In 1803, having secured a handsome competence, she retired from teaching; soon after which appeared her "Life of a Lover," a novel written in early life. In 1807, a comedy by Miss Lee, termed the "Assignation," was unsuccessfully produced at Drury Lane; which drama terminated her literary career. She died at Clifton, near Bristol, March 13th, 1824.

LEGGE, ELIZABETH,

Eldest daughter of Edward Legge, an ancestor of the Earl of Dartmouth, was born in 1580. She was particularly noted for her faculty of acquiring languages, having studied thoroughly the Latin, French, Spanish, and Irish tongues; besides cultivating her poetical genius. Unfortunately, these acquisitions soon proved nearly useless, as she lost her sight, indeed became totally blind, in consequence of severe study and midnight readings. She was never married, lived chiefly in Ireland, and died at the great age of 105.

LENNGREN, ANNA MARIA,

A Swedish poetess, was born, 1754, and died in 1817. She was the daughter of Professor Malmstadt, of Upsala. Her "Visit to the Parsonage;" "Portraits;" and other writings, are charming pictures of domestic life. The Swedish Academy honoured her memory by a medla, on one side of which is her bust, and on the other a muse holding a lyre, with this inscription: "Quo minus gloriam potebat eo magis assecuta."

LENCLOS, ANNE or NINON DE,

Was born in Paris, in 1615. Her father, a man of good family, had served under Henry IV. and Louis ~~XIV.~~; had gained considerable reputation for his bravery and knowledge of military tactics. Having resigned his commission, he determined to spend the rest of his life in the pleasures of society; perhaps we might say dissipated society. His wife, a timid, narrow-minded woman, had to-

tally different views; but unfortunately, though she was pious and well-principled, her want of character and understanding reduced her to a negative position in the family; and Ninon, from her childhood, was submitted to very little discipline that did not accord with her own tastes. She manifested a precocious wit and aptness for learning which gratified her father's vanity highly; he delighted in the admiration she excited; and, totally neglecting the foundation of every good education, that moral and religious training of the heart, which gives strength for the vicissitudes of life; he raised a dazzling superstructure of accomplishments and graces, that adorned without exalting their possessor. Thus he formed a woman whose fame was her disgrace, whose glory was her shame.

The premature death of both her parents left Ninon an orphan at sixteen. Her inheritance being but moderate, she converted it into a life-annuity, which gave her the means of living in the enjoyment of affluence. Her personal charms consisted not so much in surprising beauty as in unspeakable grace. She was of the middle height, and perfectly well proportioned; her eyes were remarkably fine; her voice soft and musical; and her manners were irresistibly winning. She was quite famous for her conversational powers and talents for repartée. As she was by no means particular in the selection of her society, and excluded none but the dull and tiresome, her attractions and the miscellaneous group around her rendered her soon celebrated; and all the distinguished men of the day, the courtly, the learned, and the military, resorted to her house.

She had two sons, one of whom entered the navy; the other, whose father was the Marquis de Gersey, was the wretched being, victim of an unhallowed passion he entertained for her: upon learning that she was his *mother*, he retreated into the garden and put an end to his own existence with his sword! She was then fifty-six years of age. This sad event appears to have greatly shocked her at the moment; but vicious habits were too inveterate to be broken; she returned to her sallies of frivolity, allured new lovers, and again ran the giddy round of dissipation.

She was at one time upon intimate terms with that distinguished woman, Madame Scarron, who died the widow of Louis XIV. It is said that Madame de Maintenon, when at Versailles, offered Ninon the privilege of a residence in that royal chateau. Ninon, however, considered herself happier in her life of independence, and declined the proposal of the all-powerful favourite.

Christina of Sweden visited Ninon when in Paris, and offered to attach her to her household. Less sagacity than that of the witty Parisian would have been sufficient to reject a bondage to so whimsical a personage.

The most surprising circumstance in the history of this woman, a little apochryphal to be sure, is, that she excited a violent passion in the abbe Gedoyn, then twenty-nine years old, when she had actually attained her eightieth birth-day. She may be said, according to Horace Walpole's expression, to have "burned her candle to the snuff in public;" for she never changed her habits of living in company, and engaging in its diversions until her death, which took place in her ninetieth year.

A volume has been published, said to be her letters, written to the Marquis de Sevigné; but they are well known to be spurious. Some of her genuine letters are to be found in the correspondence of St. Evremond; they are written with simplicity, but by no means justify the reputation of her colloquial powers. St. Evremond is the author of that well-known madrigal in her praise, where he attributes to her nothing less than the "virtue of Cato." Whether we consider sex, place, character, or situation, a less appropriate parallel could scarcely have been found in the catalogue of distinguished persons.

That in an age of lax morality, the meretricious charms of Ninon de Lenclos should have gained her many admirers, and that indulgence should have been shown to her errors, may be understood. Her bon-mots are often repeated; her life of what is called pleasure and gayety; the attentions of the illustrious; the charms that lasted nearly a century; these things, with the thoughtless, sometimes obscure the true view of her career. It would be unpardonable, then, in this place, not to exhibit the reverse of the medal. Entitled by her birth, and by her individual talents, to an honourable place in society, she saw herself an object of dread and disgust to those really distinguished women whose rank was their least title to consideration. Madame Sevigné, whose "honest fame" is contemporary with the name of Ninon, shows in various passages the shallowness and mockery of the homage paid by those often cited great men to this celebrated courtezan. The boast frequently repeated by her admirers, that if not a virtuous woman she had the qualities of an honest man, is indeed an empty one. She was under no temptations to commit gross acts of fraud, intemperance, or other manly vices. If she had been brought to the trial, it is less than doubtful that she would

have failed; as the much stronger barriers that fence woman's conduct were too feeble to resist her passions. It was her policy to carry off her course of life with a gay air; but, that she bitterly felt its emptiness and degradation, is evident from what she says in one of her letters to St. Evremond. "If I were told I had to go over again the life I have led, I would hang myself to-morrow," are her significant words. It is a well authenticated fact, that upon one occasion she narrowly escaped being sent to a house for the reformation of the lowest objects of public compassion. The queen, thinking her an object for punishment, issued an order to that effect; and it required powerful influence to get it countermanded. Despised, and justly, by her relatives, excluded from her natural station in life, a mother, without filial respect or affection; feeling her life worse than death itself! Such was Ninon de Lenclos!

"Count all the pleasure prosperous vice attains,—
'Tis but what virtue flies from, and disdains."

LENNOX, CHARLOTTE,

The friend of Johnson and Richardson, was born in 1720, at New York, of which her father, Colonel Ramsay, was lieutenant-governor. She was sent to England to be educated; married; was left a widow with one child; and resorted to her pen for subsistence. Her latter days were clouded by poverty and sickness. Some of her works are, "The Female Quixote;" "Henrietta, Sophia, and Euphemia;" "Shakspeare Illustrated;" two plays, and various translations.

Dr. Johnson assisted her in drawing up proposals for an edition of her works, in three volumes, 4to.; but it does not appear to have been published. Dr. Johnson had such an opinion of Mrs. Lennox, that on one occasion, not long before his death, he went so far as to pronounce her talents as a writer, superior to those of Mrs. Carter, Miss Hannah More, and Miss Burney. She died January 4th, 1804.

LENORMAND, MADEMOISELLE,

Was born in Alençon. Being left an orphan at an early age, she was educated, together with her sister, in the convents of Alençon, and when of a suitable age, she was apprenticed to a milliner. She commenced her vocation by announcing that the superior of the convent of the Benedictines, where she was then living, would be deprived of her office, and she informed her companions of the name, age, and other particulars of the successor of the deprived abbess. For this prophecy, Mademoiselle Lenormand was obliged to undergo a penance; but the event verifying the truth of her predictions, her pretensions as a prophetess were confirmed. Alençon was, however, too confined a place for a spirit like hers, and when she was fourteen she set out for Paris, with nothing but the clothes she wore, and six francs in her pocket. Her step-father, who was in Paris, obtained for her a situation in a shop, where she soon became a great favourite, and studied arithmetic, bookkeeping, and mathematics. After remaining there some time, Mademoiselle Lenormand removed to No. 5, Rue de Tournon, where she continued to exercise her profession, without incurring the censure of government. She attracted people of all ranks in life. The Princess de Lamballe, the Count de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII., Mirabeau, Murat, Robespierre, St. Just, Barrière, Madame Tallien, and even Madame de Stael, were among her frequent visitors. Josephine, wife of Napoleon, reposed the greatest confidence in her, and constantly sent to ask the result of any enterprise the emperor was about to undertake. She was several times on the point of imprisonment; at one time for foretelling the divorce of Josephine; at others, for prophesying the downfall of persons in power; but she always escaped. She bought lands and houses at Alençon, where she retired after the revolution of July, 1830. At this, her native place, she was unwilling to exercise her profession. She was a short, fat, and very plain woman, with remarkably bright piercing eyes. She left her property to her nephew, whom she adopted after her sister's death.

In 1827, she published "Mémoirs Historiques et Sécrets de l'imperatrice Joséphine." She foretold that her own death would not take place till she was one hundred and twenty-four, that is, till near the close of the present century. In this she proved a false prophet, as she died a few years ago.

LESCAILE, CATHARINE,

One of those learned and accomplished women, who have been honoured with the appellation of the "Tenth Muse," was a native of Holland. Her poems were published in 1728. They consist principally of tragedies, which, although they violate the ordinary rules, show frequent marks of superior genius. She died in 1711.

LESPINASSE, MADEMOISELLE DE,

Born about 1720, was the illegitimate daughter of Madame d'Albon, a married lady of rank. She was brought up in a convent, under the name of Lespinasse, and when she was of age, was placed in the family of her mother, as a governess. Acquainted with the secret of her birth, her situation was distressing, and the affection shown her in secret by her mother, was her only consolation. But when she died, and the proofs of her birth, as well as a large sum of money, left her by her mother, were wrested from her by her family, her condition became singularly humiliating and desolate. At this juncture she met with Madame du Deffand, and readily accepted her proposal of residing with her as "demoiselle de compagnée." The cold, selfish Madame du Deffand treated her young dependant with little kindness. She made her sleep, like her, during the day, and sit up all night, in order to read to her. This unnatural mode of life destroyed the health of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse. Her chief consolation was in the friendship of D'Alembert, the friend of Madame du Deffand. Born under similar circumstances, his sympathy flowed out to the friendless girl, and his devotion to her continued till death sepa-

rated them. Madame du Deffand's friends soon discovered the attractions of her companion; but in order not to excite her jealousy, they avoided, in her presence, taking too much notice of her. To enjoy her society they secretly visited her in her own room, an hour before the usual time of meeting; Madame du Deffand generally sleeping till the arrival of her guests. For a long time Madame du Deffand remained unconscious of this arrangement; but when she became acquainted with it, her rage was without bounds. She accused Mademoiselle de Lespinasse of the blackest treachery, and announced her intention of dismissing her immediately. The sense of her destitution and helplessness, added to Madame du Deffand's reproaches, acted powerfully upon the excitable imagination of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, and, in a fit of exaggerated sensibility, she took laudanum. Timely remedies saved her from the consequences of this rash act, but she never entirely recovered the shock given to her nerves. They parted, and the Parisian world took sides in the affair; each had their partisans, and warm and bitter recrimination followed. The friends of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse procured her a pension, and Madame Geoffrin made her a yearly allowance. Placed above want, she soon gathered around her a choice literary circle, many of the friends of Madame du Deffand deserting her for her young rival. All the accounts left of the circle of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse represent it as one of the most agreeable places of Parisian resort; her tact in presiding over society being a quality in which she had attained the highest excellence.

With all the external graces of a French woman of the eighteenth century, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse possessed none of the heartlessness which characterized the period. Her nature had all the fire and passion of the inhabitants of a southern clime. A calm and even state of mind was insupportable to her, and it was perhaps this perpetual mobility of feeling which rendered her presence so attractive. Among her visitors was a young Spanish nobleman of distinguished talents, the Marquis de Mora; he became devotedly attached to her, and his friends fearing he would marry her, recalled him to Spain. His passion was returned, and during three years of separation, the lovers corresponded unceasingly. De Mora's health declining, his friends allowed him to return to Paris; but the fatigue of the journey was too great; he died on the road, without having been the object of his idolatry. Mademoiselle de Lespinasse was overwhelmed with grief, and from that time she slowly declined; but it was not till after her death that it became known that there lay in her heart a hidden sorrow deeper still. During the absence of M. de Mora she had conceived a passion for the Count de Guibert, a man who ranked high in the opinion of the world. She loved him with all the impassioned fervour of her nature, which passion he for a short time, through vanity, feigned to return; but he married, and wounded affection, united with remorse for her involuntary faithlessness to her devoted lover Mora, brought her to the grave. Even D'Alembert, her life-friend, never knew till after her death that Mora was not the only one whom she had preferred to him. Mademoiselle Lespinasse's history is chiefly remarkable as an illustration of the difficulties and miseries which surround the path of a young lady who has no natural or legal protector. All these difficulties were enhanced by the profligacy of French society under the old régime.

LICHTENAW, WILHELMINA, COUNTESS OF,

The celebrated friend of Frederic William II. Her father, whose name was Enke, travelled over the greater part of Europe, as a clever musician on the French horn, and was afterwards received into the royal musical chapel of Berlin. She had two sisters, the eldest of whom, on account of her splendid figure, was engaged at the Italian opera. Count Matuschki eloped with her to Venice, and married her, after which they returned to Berlin, where they lived in a brilliant style, their house becoming the resort of the fashionable world. Her sister, Wilhelmina, when ten years of age, lived with her. The hereditary prince, Frederic William, who visited the house of Count Matuschki, thus accidentally made her acquaintance. She was then thirteen. Her beauty inspired the prince with an enthusiastic love; and when, on some occasion, the two sisters had quarrelled, he considered it most proper to have her sent back to the house of her father. However, his growing passion did not suffer him to stop here; he conducted her to Potsdam, to one of his confidants, procured her a governess and the most skilful masters, and came every day himself, to contribute, by his own instruction, to her mental development. Their mutual attachment was pure and disinterested; but when also in Wilhelmina's bosom a strong passion awoke for her amiable benefactor, she was no longer able to resist his protestations of unchangeable love. Notwithstanding, the prince followed other transient inclinations; and, not to be disturbed by Wilhelmina's presence, placed her, under pretext of perfecting her mind and accomplishments, under the guardianship of her sister, (the countess,) in Paris. When six months had elapsed, he decided himself entirely in her favour; yet, for the sake of outward propriety, a marriage was feigned with a certain Retz. After the death of Frederic I. she was elevated to a higher but more difficult position. To avoid envy and jealousy, was impossible; neither could she live in the same good intelligence with all parties of the court, who differed greatly in their views. In the year 1792 she travelled, with the king, to Vienna, where she was present at the coronation of Francis II.; three years later, she visited Italy, and on her return, received the diploma, which gave her the title of Countess Lichtenaw. On her arrival in Berlin, she was introduced as such to the queen; at the same time she received for her establishment 500,000 crowns, and the estates to which she had a claim by her title. Besides, she possessed a house in Berlin, (an inheritance of her deceased son, Count von der Mark,) and a beautiful villa in Charlottenburg. Her situation, as well as the

king's favour, lasted until his death, in 1797. But as soon as Frederic William had closed his eyes forever, the scene changed. She was forthwith arrested, at Potsdam, and, for four months, strongly secured; during which time her papers were examined, and she herself minutely interrogated. Although no discovery could be made to accuse her of a state crime, she was sent to Fort Glagow, and her property confiscated. Not until after an imprisonment of three years, and an unconditional renunciation of her entire property, was she released, and obtained an annuity of 4000 crowns. In 1811 her estates were partly restored, but the annuity was withdrawn. She afterwards lived in retirement, and died in 1820.

As to the bad influence which, according to the statements of her enemies and misinformed persons, this woman is said to have exercised over the monarch, and, through him, over the Prussian state, and the abuse which she made of her power for the destruction of worthy and the advancement of unworthy statesmen, there is no foundation whatever. Men of undoubted character speak of her with the highest esteem; and she is praised by those who intimately knew her, as a woman of deep sensibility, rare good-nature, correct judgment, and unfeigned self-sacrificing interest in those whom she loved. It is an acknowledged fact, that she never sought distinction or wealth for herself, nor for her nearest relations. Her parents died poor; her youngest sister was married to a merchant; and her two brothers, of whom the one was high-forester, and the other equerry, had never more than a competency to live on, and lost even that during the unfortunate period of the French war.

LINCOLN, ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF,

Was one of the daughters and co-heiresses of Sir John Knevet, of Charlton, in Wiltshire, England, and was married to Thomas, Earl of Lincoln, about 1602, by whom she had seven sons and nine daughters. She published, in 1628, a small but valuable tract, called "The Countess of Lincoln's Nursery." It was addressed to her daughter-in-law, the Countess of Lincoln, and is a well-written essay on the advantages of mothers nursing their own children.

LLOYD, MARY,

Was the daughter of George Michael Moser, of England, and distinguished herself so much as an admirable artist in flower-painting, that she was elected a member of the Royal Academy at London. After her marriage, she practised her art solely for amusement. She died in 1819.

LOGAN, MARTHA,

A great florist, was the daughter of Robert Daniel, of South Carolina. In her fifteenth year she married George Logan, and died in 1779, aged seventy-seven. At the age of seventy, she wrote a treatise "On Gardening."

LOGES, MARIE BRUNEAU,

Was one of the most illustrious women in France in the seventeenth century. She was zealous for the reformed religion, and was highly esteemed by Malherbe and Balzac, and all the greatest wits and princes of her time. She died in 1641, and left nine children by her husband, Charles de Rechignèvoisen, Lord des Loges, at one time gentleman in ordinary of the king's bed-chamber.

LOHMAN, JOHANNA FREDERICA,

Was born in 1749, at Wittemburg. She was the daughter of the Professor of Law, J. D. Richter. She married the auditor Lohman in Schoenbeck, by Magdeburg. She lived at first in Leipzic, then in Magdeburg, and after the death of her husband again in Leipzic, where she died, in 1811. Most of her works were published anonymously. She wrote "The Jacobin," in 1794; "Clara of Wahburg," in 1796; "Carelessness and its Consequences," in 1805.

LOHMAN, EMELIE F. SOPHIE,

Daughter of the above-mentioned lady, was born in 1784, at Schoenbeck, and died, in 1830, at Leipzic. She was a very prolific writer. Some of her best works are, "Winter Evenings," 1811; "Life and Poetry," 1820; and "New Tales," 1823.

LONGUEVILLE, DUCHESS DE,

Sister of the great Condé, was the daughter of Henry, prince de Condé, and of Marguerite de Montmorenci. She married Henry d'Orleans, duke de Longueville, who, though brave, intelligent, and virtuous, preferred a quiet and retired life; and soon withdrew from the wars of the Fronde, in which his wife had induced him to take an active part, to his own estate. The duchess, whose character was very different, embraced with warm ardour the views of that party, whose heroine she soon, from her high birth, beauty and intrepidity, became. Her influence and charms were of great use to the Frondeurs, by inducing the celebrated Turenne and the duke de la Rochefoucauld to join them. Turenne, however, soon returned to his allegiance to the king; but the duke remained faithful to the last, "*à ses beaux yeux.*"

After the amicable termination of the civil war, the duchess was received into the favour of Louis XIII., and from that time devoted herself to literature, and united with her illustrious brothers, the great Condé, and the prince de Condé, in encouraging rising genius. On the death of the duke de Longueville, she left the court, and consecrated the remainder of her days to the most austere penitence. She had a house built at Port-Royal aux Champs, where, although she renounced "the pomps and vanities of the world," she still retained her love for society, and the conversation of intelligent persons. The recluses at Port-Royal were all people who had acquired a high reputation while they lived in the world. Human glory followed them to their hermitage, all the more because they disdained it.

The duchess de Longueville died April 15th, 1679, at the age of sixty-one. She left no children.

LOUIS, MADAME,

THE wife of an architect of celebrity, was distinguished for her abilities in music. She composed an opera called "Fleur d'Epine," which was performed at the Italian opera at Paris in 1776, and received much commendation from the musical critics. At the revolution, her husband being banished, she emigrated with him, and passed the remainder of her life in obscurity. She published several sonatas, ariettes, and some works of a scientific class upon music.

LOUISA AUGUSTA WILHELMINA AMALIA,

QUEEN of Prussia, daughter of Charles, duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, was born at Hanover, where her father was commandant, March 10th, 1776. In 1793, she and her sister were presented at Frankfort to the king of Prussia. The prince-royal was struck with her beauty, and married her, December 24th, 1793. It was the union of mutual affection. Her husband became king, November 16th, 1797; and she fulfilled all the duties of this high station so admirably, as well as those of wife and mother, that she was almost worshipped by the people, as well as by her husband and those immediately around her. In 1806, when Prussia was suffering severely from the burdens of war, this good queen, by her solicitude for others, even while oppressed with heavy cares and sorrows of her own, was the theme of general praise. Her beauty, her grace, her benevolent and lofty character, attracted the hearts of all, and her goodness won the confidence of the nation. She died in 1810.

LOUVENCOURT, MARIE DE,

WAS born at Paris in 1680. Graceful and intellectual, she was the ornament of both gay and literary society. She had a fine voice, and sang and played exquisitely. Several of her songs have been set to music by the most celebrated composers of her time. She lived unmarried, and died in 1712.

LUCAR, ELIZABETH,

DAUGHTER of Paul Witterpool, was born in London in 1510. She was liberally educated, and excelled in all kinds of needle-work, writing, music, mathematics, and the languages. She was a religious woman, and died in 1537.

LUCCHESINI, GUIDICCIONI LAURA,

LIVED at Sienna in 1601, and was of the same family as John Guidiccioni, one of the first Italian poets of the time. She was distinguished for her poetical taste and talents. Her writings were principally lyrics; but she also composed three pastorals to be set to music.

LUMLEY, JOANNA, LADY,

ELDEST daughter of Henry Fitz-Allan, Earl Arundel, married Lord John Lumley. She was very learned, and translated from the Greek, three of the orations of Isocrates, of which the MS. is still preserved in the Westminster Library. She also translated the Iphigenia of Euripides. Her death occurred in 1620.

LUSSAN, MARGARET DE,

A WRITER very much admired in France for a number of romances which she produced, was the daughter of a coachman belonging to Cardinal Fleury, and was born about 1682. The celebrated Huet observed her early talents, assisted her in her education, and advised her to the style of writing in which she afterwards excelled. She had no personal beauty, but possessed many noble and generous qualities of mind and heart. She supported herself chiefly by her pen; and her works would probably have been more perfect, if she had not been obliged to write so much. Her best productions are "Histoire de la Comtesse de Gondez;" "Anecdotes de la Cour de Philippe Auguste;" "Les Viellées de Thessalie;" "Memoirs Secret et Intrigues de la Cour de France, sous Charles VIII.;" "Anecdotes de la Cour de François I.;" &c. Some works were published under her name, which are now known to have been written by other persons, with whom she shared the profits.

M.

MACAULAY, CATHARINE,

A CELEBRATED female historian and politician, was the youngest daughter of John Sawbridge, Esq., of Ollantigh, in Kent. Catharine was born about the year 1733. During her infancy her mother died, and left her and an elder sister to be brought up by a governess, who, it appears, was very unfit for such a responsible task. The two sisters seem to have been left almost wholly to the guidance of their own feelings and instincts. Catharine, at an early age, found constant access to her father's large library, and rummaged and read whatever she fancied. Her first favourites were the periodicals, the Spectator, Rambler, Guardian, &c.; next, history attracted her mind; and at length Rollin's spirited account of the Roman republic struck on the master chord of her noble nature, and made her a republican and a writer of history.

She took the name by which she is best known from her first husband, Dr. George Macaulay, a London physician, to whom she was married in 1760. It was soon after this date that she commenced authoress, by the publication of her "History of England from the accession of James I. to the elevation of the House of Hanover," the first volume of which, in 4to., appeared in 1763, and the fifth and last, which however only brought the narrative down to the Restoration, in 1771. The work also went through more than one edition in 8vo. On its first publication it attracted considerable attention, principally from the double piquancy of the sex and the avowed republicanism of the writer; but, notwithstanding some occa-

sional liveliness of remark, and its notice of a good many facts omitted by most of our other historians; yet, as its spirit was purely republican, its advancement to a s andard work was rendered impossible in England. The style is nervous and animated, although sometimes loose and inaccurate, and the reflections of the author are often acute and sagacious, always noble and benevolent. The five volumes of the History were followed, in 1778, by another, entitled "The History of England from the Revolution to the present time, in a series of Letters to the Reverend Dr. Wilson, rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, and prebendary of Westminster," 4to., Bath. The six letters of which this volume consists come down to the termination of the administration of Sir Robert Walpole, in 1742.

A female historian, by its singularity, would not fail to excite curiosity; and as Mrs. Macaulay had ventured to step beyond the province of her sex, as it was then considered, she was more severely criticised for her political opinions than a man would have been. As her talents could not be denied, her adversaries resorted to petty, personal scurrilities against her. They said she was "deformed," "ugly," "disagreeable;" and that her ambition to become distinguished had, therefore, taken this course, most absurd for a woman —attempting to encroach on the province of man. Mrs. Arnold, a lady who subsequently became the warm friend of Mrs. Macaulay, remarks, that these notions had prejudiced her, and adds: "Judge then of my surprise, when I saw a woman elegant in her manners, delicate in her person, and with features, if not perfectly beautiful, so fascinating in their expression, as deservedly to rank her face among the higher order of human countenances. Her height was above the middle size, inclining to tall; her shape slender and elegant; the contour of her face, neck, and shoulders, graceful. The form of her face was oval, her complexion delicate, and her skin fine; her hair was of a mild brown, long and profuse; her nose between the Roman and the Grecian; her mouth small, her chin round, as was the lower part of her face, which made it appear to more advantage in front than in profile. Her eyes were as beautiful as imagination can conceive; full of penetration and fire; but their fire softened by the mildest beams of benevolence; their colour was a fine dark hazel, and their expression the indication of a superior soul. Infirm health, too often the attendant on an active and highly cultivated understanding, gave to her countenance an extreme delicacy, which was peculiarly interesting. To this delicacy of constitution was added a most amiable sensibility of temper, which rendered her feelingly alive to whatever concerned those with whom she was connected either by nature or by friendship."

In her friendships, we are told by this lady, she was fervent, disinterested, and sincere; zealous for the prosperity, and for the moral improvement, of those whom she distinguished and loved.

In 1785, Mrs. Macaulay visited the United States, and travelled through the greater part of the country, where she was very kindly received. She terminated her journey by a visit to General Washington, with whom she corresponded for the remainder of her life. She resided after her return principally at Binfield, in Berkshire.

In 1778, or according to another account, in 1785, Mrs. Macaulay, having lost her first husband, married a Mr. Graham, of whom all that is told is that he was so many years her junior as to expose the lady to much irreverent remark. She also wrote several pamphlets, both during the progress of her great work, and after its completion. Of these the catalogue-makers have preserved the following titles: "Remarks on Hobbe's Rudiments of Government and Society," 1767; enlarged and republished in 1769, with the more striking title of "Loose Remarks on some of Mr. Hobbes' Positions;" "Observations on a pamphlet (Burke's) entitled Thoughts on the Causes of the present Discontents," 1770; "An Address to the People of England, Scotland, and Ireland, on the present Important Crisis of Affairs," 1775; "A Treatise on the Immutability of Moral Truth," called in a second much enlarged edition, "Letters on Education," 1790; and "Observations on the Reflections of the Right Hon. E. Burke on the Revolution in France, in a Letter to the Right Hon. the Earl of Stanhope," 1791.

This excellent woman died June 23d, 1791. Her friend Mrs. Arnold, in her account of the private character of Mrs. Macaulay, says: "As a wife, a mother, a friend, neighbour, and the mistress of a family, she was irreproachable and exemplary. My sentiments of this amiable woman are derived from a long and intimate acquaintance with her various excellencies; and I have observed her in different points of view. I have seen her exalted on the dangerous pinnacle of worldly prosperity, surrounded by flattering friends, and an admiring world; I have seen her marked out by party prejudice as an object of dislike and ridicule; I have seen her bowed down by bodily pain and weakness; but never did I see her forget the urbanity of a gentlewoman, her conscious dignity as a rational creature, or a fervent aspiration after the highest degree of attainable perfection. I have seen her humble herself in the presence of her Almighty Father; and, with a contrite heart, acknowledging her sins and imploring his forgiveness; I have seen her languishing on the bed of sickness, enduring pain with the patience of a Christian, and with the firm belief, that the light afflictions of this life are but for a moment, and that the fashion of the world will pass away, and give place to a system of durable happiness."

Dr. Wilson, prebendary of Westminster, was an enthusiastic admirer of hers, and erected a statue to her, as a patroness of liberty, in the church at Walbrook; but on the death of Dr. Wilson, this mark of homage was removed by his successor.

MACDONALD, FLORA,

Was the daughter of Mr. Macdonald, of Milton, in South Uist, one of the Hebrides. She was born in 1720, and, after her father's death, resided in the Isle of Skye, with her mother and stepfather, Hugh Macdonel, of Arnadale. After the disas-

trous defeat of Culloden, when prince Charles Edward, a hunted fugitive, was seeking concealment in the Western Isles, Flora was on a visit to her brother, in South Uist, where, as it happened, the prince lay hid. The circumstances which induced this young and beautiful girl to become the companion of the prince's wanderings, and the sharer of his dangers and almost unexampled hardships, have never been clearly explained. The most probable account, and no doubt the true one, is, that her stepfather, Hugh Macdonel, though in command of a company of royal militia, was in secret so well disposed towards the cause of the Stuarts, that he was induced to allow his stepdaughter to aid in the prince's escape, and to write privately to him by a trusty messenger, making him the offer. Flora was conducted to the prince at midnight, where in a lonely hut they concerted measures for his escape. The isles were overrun with soldiers; the prince's pursuers had traced him to South Uist, and thirty thousand pounds were offered for his apprehension. It was therefore necessary to be prompt, wary, and courageous, in the attempt, all of which qualities Flora brought to the undertaking. After passing through numerous adventures, concealed in rocks and caves, and exposed to imminent danger, they succeeded in leaving the isle; the prince dressed as a female, and personating the character of Betty Burke, an Irish woman in attendance upon Miss Macdonald. On approaching Skye, the boat was fired upon by the soldiers on shore, and Flora, though the bullets fell thick around her, positively refused the prince's request to lie down in the boat for shelter, unless he would consent to do so also, and he was obliged to yield to her importunities to ensure her safety. They succeeded in effecting a landing in Skye. Here, Flora was called upon to exercise all her skill, fortitude, and courage, in behalf of the prince; and many interesting anecdotes of the romantic incidents connected with her efforts to conceal and aid him in his escape, are on record. She conducted him in safety to Portaree, whose arrangements were made to convey him to a neighbouring island, and parted from him after receiving his warmest assurances of gratitude and regard. Twenty days after they parted the prince escaped to France, but before half that period had elapsed Flora was arrested, and carried on board a vessel of war, where she was confined five months. She was then conveyed to London, and detained under surveillance for eight months. In July, 1747, she was finally set at liberty, by the provisions of the Act of Indemnity. While in London, Flora was visited by people of the highest distinction, and on her departure she was presented with fifteen hundred pounds, which had been subscribed by the Jacobite ladies of the metropolis. In 1750, Flora became the wife of Alexander Macdonald, of Kingsburgh. A few years after, in consequence of the embarrassment of their affairs, they were compelled to emigrate to America, where they settled upon an estate which they purchased in North Carolina. On the breaking out of the revolutionary war, Macdonald sided with the royalist party, and after the independence was secured, they returned to Skye. Here Flora died, at the advanced age of seventy. By her particular request her body was enclosed and buried in one of the sheets that had been used by the unfortunate prince during the night he rested at Kingsburgh, and which she had preserved, unwashed, for that purpose. Flora Macdonald was the mother of seven children, all of whom were an honour to her name. Dr. Johnson's interview with her is recorded in his "Tour to the Hebrides."

MADISON, MRS.,

Was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Payne, of Virginia, members of the society of Friends, who manumitted their slaves soon after their marriage, and removed to Pennsylvania. Miss Dolly Payne was educated in Philadelphia, and, when very young, married Mr. Todd, a lawyer in that city, who soon left her a widow, with one son. In 1794, Mrs. Todd became the wife of Mr. James Madison, and went to live on his estates in Virginia, till he was appointed secretary of state, in 1801, when they removed to Washington, where Mrs. Madison won the admiration of all by the charms of her elegant hospitality. Mrs. Madison also presided at the White House, in the absence of Mr. Jefferson's daughters, and her frank and cordial manners gave a peculiar charm to the frequent parties there assembled. But there were individuals who never visited at the president's, nor met at the other ministerial houses, whom Mrs. Madison won, by the sweet influence of her conciliatory disposition, to join her evening circle, and sit at her husband's table—always covered with the profusion of Virginia hospitality, but not always in the style of European elegance. The wife of a foreign minister ridiculed the enormous size and number of the dishes, observing that "it was more like a harvest-home supper, than the entertainment of a secretary of state." Mrs. Madison heard of this and similar remarks, and only answered with a smile, "that she thought abundance was preferable to elegance; that circumstances formed customs, and customs formed taste; and as the profusion, so repugnant to fo-

reign customs, arose from the happy circumstance of the superabundance and prosperity of our country, she did not hesitate to sacrifice the delicacy of European taste, for the less elegant, but more liberal fashion of Virginia." Her house was very plainly furnished, her dress never extravagant; it was only in hospitality and in charity that she was profuse. The many families daily supplied from that profusely-spread table testified to the *real hospitality* of the hostess.

In 1809 Mr. Madison was elected president of the United States, which high office he administered for eight years. During all this period, which included the most stormy times of our republic, when the war with Great Britain and other important questions, arrayed a most violent opposition to the government, and party animosity was bitter and vindictive; yet always in the presence of Mrs. Madison, the spirit of discord was hushed; the leaders of opposite parties would stand around her, smiling and courteous to each other, as though in the sunshine of her benevolence all were friends. Mr. Madison was, in manner, cold, reserved, and lofty; his integrity of character was respected by all; but the popularity he enjoyed was won by the mildness and gentle virtues of his wife; she ruled over the hearts of all who knew her. It is said that she never forgot a name she had once heard, nor a face she had once seen, nor the personal circumstances connected with every individual of her acquaintance. Hence her quick recognition of persons; her recurrence to the peculiar interests of each left the gratifying impression that each one was an object of especial regard.

In 1817, Mr. Madison's second term of office having expired, he retired to his paternal estate, in Virginia. Montpelier, as this place was called, had a large and commodious mansion, designed more for comfort and hospitality than show, where the mother of Mr. Madison had always resided. One wing of the house was appropriated to her, and she had there her separate establishment and her old servants, and maintained all the old customs of the last century. By only opening a door the observer passed from the elegancies, refinements, and gayeties of modern life, into all that was venerable, respectable, and dignified in bygone days. It was considered a high favour and distinction by the great and the gay who thronged to visit Mr. and Mrs. Madison at Montpelier, if they were permitted to pay the homage of their respects to his reverend mother. A lady who was admitted to visit her when she was in her ninety-seventh year, thus describes the scene: "She—Mrs. Madison, the elder—still retained all her faculties, though not free from the bodily infirmities of age. She was sitting, or rather reclining on a couch; beside her was a small table filled with large, dark, and worn quartos and folios, of most venerable appearance. She closed one as we entered, and took up her knitting, which lay beside her. Among other inquiries, I asked her how she passed her time.

"I am never at a loss," she replied; "this and these"—touching her knitting and her books—"keep me always busy; look at my fingers, and you will perceive I have not been idle." In truth her delicate fingers were polished by her knitting-needles. "And my eyes, thanks be to God, have not failed me yet, and I read most part of the day. But in other respects I am feeble and helpless, and owe everything to *her*"—pointing to Mrs. Madison, who sat by us. "She is my mother *now*, and tenderly cares for all my wants!" My eyes were filled with tears as I looked from the one to the other of these excellent women. Never, in the midst of her splendid drawing-room, surrounded by the courtly and brilliant, the admired and respected—herself the centre of attraction, the object of admiration—never was Mrs. Madison so interesting, so lovely, so estimable, as in her attendance on her venerable mother-in-law, whom she loved and honoured with grateful affection."

In 1836 Mr. Madison died. He had lived twenty years in retirement, and had found, in the society of his wife, and in her unremitting attentions to him, when enfeebled by age and infirmity, that she was the best gift of God; or, as he expressed it, "his connexion with her was the happiest event of his life."

After his decease, Mrs. Madison removed to the city of Washington, where she continued to be held in the highest respect till her death, which occurred July 22d, 1849. Her funeral was attended by a very large concourse; the highest officers of the government united with the people in this testimonial of regard to the honoured and beloved Mrs. Madison.

MAILLARD, MADEMOISELLE,

A BEAUTIFUL French actress and dancer, who made herself conspicuous in the revolution in France, by representing, in 1793, in public, the part of the Goddess of Reason, and receiving in that character the homage of the phrenzied people.

MAINE, ANNE, LOUISE, BENEDICTE DE BOURBON, DUCHESS DE,

GRAND-DAUGHTER of the great Condé, was born in 1676; and was married, in 1692, to Louis Augustus de Bourbon, duke de Maine, son of Louis XIV., and Madame de Montespan. Through the influence of Madame de Maintenon, the children of Madame de Montespan were legitimized; and she wrung from the old king, on his death-bed, a testament in favour of the duke du Maine. This having been revealed to the duke of Orleans, he took steps, before the opening of the will, to have his claim to the regency, as first prince of the blood, acknowledged, and the will was set aside. A strong and dangerous party, opposed to the power of the regent, immediately sprung up, of which the duchess du Maine was the acknowledged chief. Her rank, talents, and ambition, rendered her influence formidable; and had she only been able to impart her own active and energetic spirit to her husband, the duke of Orleans would not have obtained the regency without a struggle. She held her little court at Sceaux, and, under the mask of pleasure and devotion to literature, she carried on political intrigues.

Madame du Maine had received an excellent classical education. Her wit was light and brilliant, and her conversation singularly felicitous. She was bold, active, and vehement, but deficient in moral courage. Her temper was fickle, selfish, and violent; and, small as she was in person, she had the reputation of beating her husband, who, grave, learned, and deformed in person, had no latent energies to arouse. The weakness of du Maine encouraged the princes of the blood to protest against the edicts by which the legitimized children of Louis XIV. had been rendered their equals in rank. Madame du Maine answered this attack by a long and learned memorial, in which the rights of these princes were set forth; but without avail. The legitimized princes were deprived of their right of succession to the crown. Bent upon revenge, Madame du Maine's projects were favoured by the state of the country. She carried on intrigues with Spain and with the disaffected Bretons, and moved every engine within her reach to bring the regent into disrepute and overturn his power. A plot was formed, having many ramifications, its chief objects being the deposition of the regent, and the aggrandizement of the duke du Maine. The plot, however, was prematurely discovered. The duke and duchess were arrested, and the duchess was imprisoned in the castle of Dijon, where, after a tedious confinement, she became so heartily weary as to make her submission to the regent. She was liberated, and her husband was released at the same time. They resumed their former mode of existence, and the little court at Sceaux was soon as gay as ever, though it was never again so brilliant as formerly. The political part of Madame du Maine ended with her captivity. Her literary influence, though circumstances caused it to decline, was more real and lasting than her political power. If she gave no new impulse to genius, she assisted its developement, and had enough taste to feel the superiority of Voltaire. Her most extraordinary quality appears to have been her conversational style.

MAINTENON, MADAME DE,

An extraordinary woman, who, from a low condition, was elevated to the honour of becoming the wife of Louis XIV., was descended from the ancient family of d'Aubigné, her proper name being Frances d'Aubigné. M. d'Aubigné, her grandfather, was a Protestant, and a man of great merit and high standing; but his son, Constante d'Aubigné, the father of Madame de Maintenon, was a man of most infamous character, and actually murdered his first wife. He married afterwards the daughter of Peter de Cardillac, lord of Lane, at Bordeaux, December 27th, 1627. Going to Paris soon after his second marriage, he was, for some very great offence, thrown into prison. Madame d'Aubigné in vain solicited his pardon. Cardinal Richelieu told her, that "to take such a husband from her, was to do her a friendly office." Madame d'Aubigné shut herself up in prison with him, and there her two oldest sons were born. She then obtained leave to have her husband removed to the prison at Niort, that they might be near their relations. In that prison her only daughter, Madame de Maintenon, was born, November 27th, 1635. Her aunt, Madame Villette, took compassion on the poor infant, and gave it to the care of her daughter's nurse. M. d'Aubigné was at length released on condition that he should become a Roman Catholic; and, in 1639, he embarked for America with his family. He died at

Martinico in 1646, leaving his wife in the greatest poverty. She returned to France, leaving her daughter in the hands of the principal creditor, as a pledge for the payment of her debts; but he soon sent her to France after her mother, who, being unable to support her, her aunt Villette offered her a home, which she thankfully accepted. But Madame Villette was a Protestant, and instructed her niece in the peculiar tenets of that faith. This alarmed another relation of Frances d'Aubigné's, Madame de Neuillaut, a Catholic, who solicited and obtained an order from the court to take her out of the hands of Madame Villette; and, by means of threats, artifices, and hardships, she at length made a convert of her.

In 1651, Madame de Neuillaut took her to Paris, where, meeting the famous wit, the abbé Scarron, she married him, notwithstanding his being infirm and deformed; preferring this to the dependent state she was in. She lived with him many years; and Voltaire says that these were undoubtedly the happiest part of her life. Her beauty, but still more her wit, though her modesty and good sense preserved her from all frivolity, caused her society to be eagerly sought by all the best company in Paris, and she became highly distinguished. Her husband's death in 1660 reduced her to the same indigent state as before; and her friends used every effort to prevail on the court to continue to her the pension which Scarron had enjoyed. So many petitions were sent in, beginning "The widow Scarron most humbly prays," that the king exclaimed with irritation, "Must I always be tormented with the widow Scarron?" At last, however, he settled a much larger pension on her, as a mark of esteem for her talents.

In 1671, the birth of the duke of Maine, the

son of Louis XIV. and Madame de Montespan, who was then a year old, had not yet been made public. The child had a lame foot, and the physician advised that he should be sent to the waters of Barége. This trust was committed to Madame Scarron, as a safe person; and from this time she had the charge of the duke of Maine's education. The letters she wrote to the king on this subject charmed him, and were the origin of her fortune. Louis gave her the lands and name of Maintenon in 1679, which was the only estate she ever had, though afterwards in a position that afforded her an opportunity of acquiring an immense property.

Her elevation, however, was to her only a retreat. Shut up in her rooms, which were on the same floor with the king, she confined herself to the society of two or three ladies, whom she saw but seldom. The king came to her apartment every day, and continued there till after midnight. Here he did business with his ministers, while Madame de Maintenon employed herself with reading or needle-work, carefully avoiding all interference in state affairs, but studying more how to please him who governed, than to govern. She made but little use of her influence over the king, either to enable her to confer benefits or do injuries.

About the end of 1685, Louis married Madame de Maintenon. She was then fifty years of age, and the king forty-eight. This union was kept a profound secret, and she enjoyed very little public distinction in consequence of her elevation. But after the king began to lead this retired life with Madame de Maintenon, the court grew every day more serious; and the monotony of her life was so great, that she once exclaimed to her brother, "I can bear this no longer; I wish I were dead!"

The convent of St. Cyr was built by her at the end of the park of Versailles, in 1686. She gave the form to this establishment, assisted in making the rules, and was herself superior of the convent, where she often went to dissipate her ennui and melancholy.

The king died, September 2d, 1715; after which event, Madame de Maintenon retired wholly to St. Cyr, and spent the remainder of her days in acts of devotion. Louis XIV. made no certain provision for her, but recommended her to the duke of Orleans, who bestowed on her a pension of 80,000 livres, which was all she would accept. She died, April 15th, 1719.

In 1756, the letters of Madame de Maintenon were published in nine volumes, at Amsterdam; but with many arbitrary changes. Another, and more complete edition, was published in 1812. In 1848, "A History of Madame de Maintenon, &c., by M. le Duc de Noailles," appeared in Paris. This last work gives a highly favourable portrait of the character of Madame de Maintenon. Her talents no one ever questioned; and none, save the enemies of virtue, have doubted hers. The following morceaux are from her published letters:

LETTRE À M. D'AUBIGNÉ, SON FRÈRE.

On n'est malheureux que par sa faute. Ce cera toujours mon texte et ma réponse à vos lamentations. Songez, mon cher frère, au voyage d'Amérique, aux malheurs de notre père, aux malheurs de notre enfance, à ceux de notre jeunesse, et vous bénirez la providence, au lieu de murmurer contre la fortune. Il y a dix ans que nous étions bien éloignés l'un et l'autre du point où nous sommes aujourd'hui. Nos espérances étaient si peu de chose, que nous bornions nos vues à trois mille livres de rente. Nous en avons à présent quatre fois plus, et nos souhaits ne seraient pas encore remplis! Nous jouissons de cette heureuse médiocrité que vous vantiez si fort. Soyons contens. Si les biens nous viennent, recevons-les de la main de Dieu; mais n'ayons pas de vues trop vastes. Nous avons le nécessaire et le commode; tout le reste n'est que cupidité. Tous ces désirs de grandeur partent du vide d'un cœur inquiet. Toutes vos dettes sont payées; vous pouvez vivre délicieusement, sans en faire de nouvelles. Que désirez-vous de plus? Faut-il que des projets de richesse et d'ambition vous coûtent la perte de votre repos et de votre santé? Lisez la vie de Saint Louis, vous verrez combien les grandeurs de ce monde sont au-dessous des désirs du cœur de l'homme. Il n'y a que Dieu qui puisse le rassasier. Je vous le répète, vous n'êtes malheureux que par votre faute. Vos inquiétudes détruisent votre santé, que vous devriez conserver, quand ce ne serait que parce que je vous aime. Travaillez sur votre humeur; si vous pouvez la rendre moins bilieuse et moins sombre, ce sera un grand point de gagné. Ce n'est point l'ouvrage des réflexions seules; il y faut de l'exercice, de la dissipation, une vie unie et réglée. Vous ne penserez pas bien, tant que vous vous porterez mal; dès que le corps est dans l'abattement, l'âme est sans vigueur. Adieu. Ecrivez-moi plus souvent, et sur un ton moins lugubre.

A MADAME DE ST. GÉRAN.

Vous voulez savior, Madame, ce qui m'a attiré un si beau présent. La chose du monde la plus simple. On croit dans le monde que je le dois à Madame de Montespan, on se trompe: je le dois au petit duc. Le roi s'amusant avec lui, et content de la manière dont il répondit à ses questions, lui dit: "Vous êtes bien raisonnable."—"Il faut que je le sois, répondit l'enfant; j'ai une gouvernante qui est la raison même."—"Allez lui dire, reprit le roi, que vous lui donnerez ce soir cent mille francs pour vos dragées." La mère me brouille avec le roi; son fils me réconcilie avec lui; je ne suis pas deux jours de suite dans la même situation: je ne me fais point à cette vie, moi qui me croyais capable de me faire à tout. On ne m'envierait pas ma condition, si l'on savait de combien de peines elle est environnée, combien de chagrin elle me coûte. C'est un assujettissement qui n'a point d'exemple; je n'ai ni le temps d'écrire, ni de faire mes prières; c'est un véritable esclavage. Tous mes amis s'adressent à moi, et ne voient pas que je ne puis rien, même pour mes parens. On ne m'accordera point le régiment que je demande depuis quinze jours: on ne m'écoute que quand on n'a personne à écouter. J'ai parlé trois fois à M. Colbert; je lui ai répré-

senté la justice de vos prétentions: il a fait mille difficultés, et m'a dit que le roi seul pouvait les résoudre. J'intéresserai Madame de Montespan, mais il faut un moment favorable, et qui sait s'il se présentera? S'il ne s'offre point, je chargerai notre ami de votre affaire, et il parlera au roi; je compte beaucoup sur lui.

AU ROI.

Sire,—La reine n'est pas à plaindre: elle a vécu, elle est morte comme une sainte: c'est une grande consolation que l'assurance de son salut. Vous avez, Sire, dans le ciel, une amie qui demandera à Dieu le pardon de vos péchés et les grâces des justes. Que votre majesté se nourrisse de ces sentimens: Madame la dauphine se porte mieux. Soyez, Sire, aussi bon chrétien que vous êtes grand roi.

A MADAME DE LA MAISON-FORT.

Il ne vous est pas mauvais de vous trouver dans des troubles d'esprit: vous en serez plus humble, et vous sentirez par votre expérience, que nous ne trouvons nulle ressource en nous, quelque esprit que nous ayons. Vous ne serez jamais contente, ma chère fille, que lorsque vous aimerez Dieu de tout votre cœur: ce que je ne dis pas, par rapport à la profession où vous vous êtes engagée. Salomon vous a dit il y a longtemps, qu'après avoir cherché, trouvé et goûté de tous les plaisirs, il confessait que tout n'est que vanité et affliction d'esprit, hors aimer Dieu et le servir. Que ne puis-je vous donner toute mon expérience! Que ne puis-je vous faire voir l'ennui qui dévore les grands, et la peine qu'ils ont à remplir leurs journées! Ne voyez-vous pas que je meurs de tristesse dans une fortune qu'on aurait eu peine à imaginer, et qu'il n'y a que le secours de Dieu qui m'empêche d'y succomber? J'ai été jeune et jolie, j'ai goûté des plaisirs, j'ai été aimée partout; dans un âge un peu avancé, j'ai passé des années dans le commerce de l'esprit, je suis venue à la faveur; et je vous proteste, ma chère fille, que tous les états laissent un-vide affreux, une inquiétude, une lassitude, une envie de connaître autre chose, parce qu'en tout cela rien ne satisfait entièrement. On n'est en repos que lorsqu'on s'est donné à Dieu, mais avec cette volonté déterminée dont je vous parle quelquefois: alors on sent qu'il n'y a plus rien à chercher, qu'on est arrivé à ce qui seul est bon sur la terre: on a des chagrins, mais on a aussi une solide consolation, et la paix au fond du cœur au milieu des plus grandes peines.

MALEGUZZI-VALERI, VERONICA,

A LEARNED lady, born at Reggio. She supported in public, in a very satisfactory manner, two theses on the liberal arts, which have been publighed; besides "Innocence Recognised," a drama. She died, 1690, in the convent of Modena, where she had retired.

MALEPIERRA, OLYMPIA,

A VENETIAN lady of noble birth, who wrote poems of some merit, published at Naples, and died in 1559.

MALESCOTTE, MARGHERITA,

OF Sienna, has left some poems in the collection of Bergalli. She enjoyed considerable reputation among the learned of her day, and died in 1720.

MALIBRAN, MARIA FELICITE,

DAUGHTER of a singer and composer of music of some celebrity, of the name of Garcia, was born at Paris, March 24th, 1808. When scarcely five, she commenced her musical education at Naples, under the best masters. She sang in public, for the first time, in 1824, and so successfully as to give promise of attaining a very high order of excellence in her art. In 1825, she accompanied her father to England, when a sudden indisposition of Madame Pasta led to her performance, at a short notice, of the part of Rosina, in the Barber of Seville. The highly satisfactory manner in which she acquitted herself, secured to her an engagement for the season in London; and she sang afterwards in Manchester, York, and Liverpool. Her father, having been induced to come to the United States, brought his daughter with him, as the prima donna of his operatic corps. Here her success was unbounded, and she qualified herself by the most assiduous study, for competing, on her return to Europe, with the most celebrated singers of the time.

In March, 1826, she married, at New York, a French merchant of the name of Malibran, of more than double her own age, but who was thought very wealthy. Soon after the marriage, he became a bankrupt; and the cold and selfish reliance he placed on her musical powers, as a means of re-establishing his ruined fortunes, so offended the feelings of his wife, that she left him, and went to France in September, 1827.

After two years of a most brilliant career in Paris and the departments, she accompanied Lablache on a professional tour through Italy. Her winters were afterwards passed in Paris, and her summers in excursions in different directions. In 1835, the French court pronounced her marriage with M. Malibran to have been *ab initio* null and void, not having been contracted before an authority regarded as competent by the French law. In 1836, she married M. de Bériot, the celebrated violinist, and went with him to Brussels to reside. In consequence of an injury received by a fall from a horse a few weeks after her marriage, her health began to decline; and, having gone to England during the summer, she was suddenly attacked by a nervous fever, after singing at a musical festival at Manchester, contrary to the advice of her physicians. Her enfeebled constitution was unable to resist the progress of the disease, and she died, September 23d, 1836, at the age of twenty-eight.

MANLEY, MRS.,

THE author of "The Atalantis," was the daughter of Sir Roger Manley, and born in Guernsey, of which her father was governor. She became an orphan early, and was deceived into a false marriage by a relation of the same name, to whose

care Sir Roger had bequeathed her. He brought her to London, but soon deserted her, and she passed three years in solitude. Then the duchess of Cleveland, mistress of Charles II., took her under her protection; but, being a very fickle woman, she grew tired of Mrs. Manley in a few months, who returned again to her solitary mode of life.

Her first tragedy, called "The Royal Mischief," was acted in 1696, and brought her great applause and admiration, which proved fatal to her virtue. She then wrote "The New Atalantis," in which she spoke freely of many exalted persons; several of the characters in the book being only satires on those who brought about the revolution which placed William and Mary on the throne of Great Britain.

To shield the printer and publisher of these volumes, against whom a warrant was issued, Mrs. Manley voluntarily presented herself before the court of King's-bench as the unassisted author of the "Atalantis." She was confined for a short time, but afterwards admitted to bail, and finally discharged. She lived for some time after in high reputation as a wit, and in great gayety. She wrote several dramas, and was also employed in writing for Queen Anne's ministry, under the direction, it is supposed, of Dean Swift. She died, July 11th, 1724.

MANSON, MARIE FRANÇAISE CLAIRISSE,

Remarkable from the manner in which she became implicated with murderers and robbers in a criminal trial, was born in 1785, at Rhodes, a manufacturing town in the south of France. She was the daughter of President Enjalran, and the wife of Antoine Manson, an officer, whom she had married in obedience to her father, but from whom she was separated. She is represented as a woman of amiable disposition, somewhat enthusiastic and independent in character, but of fair reputation.

M. Faulides was a highly esteemed and wealthy inhabitant of Rhodes, who dealt in money transactions with all the rich and respectable inhabitants of the place; among them were the brothers Jausion and Bastide Grammont, who were his relations and daily visitors, and deeply in his debt. Fualdes, having sold his real estate with the intention of removing from Rhodes, insisted upon settling his affairs with the Grammonts. On the morning of the 19th of March, 1817, they had some altercation about it, and a meeting for the evening of the same day was agreed upon, to conclude the business. With this view, Fualdes set out at eight o'clock P. M., to proceed to the place of meeting. In the Rue des Hebdomadiers, he was set upon by several men, who at a concerted signal were joined by numerous others. He was dragged into a suspicious house, belonging to one Bancal, where, after having been forced to sign several bills of exchange, he was murdered in the most revolting manner. The children of Bancal, a woman in masculine attire, and another covered with a veil, witnessed the whole scene in an adjoining room. The dead body was packed like a bale of merchandise, carried through the streets, and thrown into the river near the town, where it was found the next morning. The officers of justice immediately began a search; traces of murder were discovered in the house of Bancal, whose little daughter had already betrayed some circumstances of importance. The brothers Grammont, Bancal, and several others, were arrested and thrown into prison, where Bancal committed suicide.

On the trial, witnesses were wanted; but Madame Manson, having spoken in conversation of circumstances connected with the deed which led to the suspicion that she had witnessed it, was examined, and confessed to her father and the prefect, that on the evening of the 19th she had been in disguise in the street when the attack was made, and had taken refuge in the first house open, which proved to be Bancal's. She was forced into a closet, and a scream of horror, accompanied by a fainting fit, betrayed her presence to the murderers. One of them was about to kill her, but was prevented by the rest; they then swore her to silence upon the dead body. As soon as the report of this confession was spread through the town, Madame Manson received several letters threatening her life, and that of her little daughter. Overwhelmed with terror when she appeared at court and beheld the murderers, she fainted; and, on being questioned, recalled her confession, and denied having been in the house of Bancal. The murderers were convicted, but appealed to a higher court. Madame Manson was arrested for giving false evidence. On the second trial, upon being spoken to by Bastide in an insulting manner, she confessed her duplicity, and gave a true account of the transaction. Bastide and his accomplices were condemned to death. Madame Manson wrote her memoirs while in prison. In Paris four thousand copies were sold in a few hours; and it went through seven editions in the course of the year. The whole trial was full of dramatic interest, and attracted so much attention that Madame Manson was offered a hundred and twenty thousand francs to come to Paris to gratify the curiosity of the Parisian world.

MANZONI, GIUSTI FRANCESCA.

This erudite lady was as highly esteemed for her virtue and prudence as for her extraordinary intellect and the fertility of her imagination. Her death, which happened in 1743, was universally lamented. She was a member of the academy of the Filodossi of Milan. The subjoined is a list of her works:—"An Epistle in Verse to the Empress Maria Theresa;" "Ester," a tragedy; "Abigalle," a sacred drama; "Debora," an oratorio; "Gedeone," an oratorio; "Sagrifizio d'Abramo;" "Translation of Ovid's Tristitia."

MARA, GERTRUDE ELIZABETH,

Daughter of Mr. Schmäling, city musician in Cassel, was born about 1749. When she was seven, she played very well on the violin, and when she was fourteen, she appeared as a singer. Frederic the Great of Prussia, notwithstanding his preju-

dice against German performers, invited her to Potsdam, in 1770, and gave her an appointment immediately. In 1774, she married Mara, a violoncello player, a very extravagant man, and he involved her so much in debt, that, in 1786, Frederic withdrew her appointment from her, and she went to Vienna, Paris, and London, where she was received with great enthusiasm. In 1808 she went to Russia, and while at Moscow she married Florio, her companion since her separation from Mara. By the burning of Moscow she lost most of her property. She passed the latter part of her life, which was very long, at Reval, where she died, in 1833. She possessed extraordinary compass of voice, extending with great ease over three octaves.

MARATTI, ZAPPI FAUSTINA,

Of Rome. Her poems appear to have contributed to the improvement of style which took place in the Italian poetry when she wrote. They are filled with the tender affection of a devoted wife and mother. She was the daughter of the famous painter Maratti. She died in 1740.

MARGARET, DUCHESS OF PARMA,

Was the natural daughter of Charles V. of Germany and Margaret of Gest. She was born in 1522, and married, first, Alexander de Medici, and afterwards Octavio Farnese, duke of Parma and Piacenza. Her half-brother, Philip II. of Spain, appointed her, in 1559, to the government of the Netherlands, where she endeavoured to restore tranquillity; and she might have succeeded, if the duke of Alva had not been sent with such great power that nothing was left to her but the title. Indignant at this, Margaret returned to her husband in Italy, and died at Ortona, 1586. She left one son, Alexander Farnese, duke of Parma.

MARGARET OF FRANCE,

Queen of Navarre, daughter of Henry II. of France and Catharine de Medicis, was born in 1552. Brantôme says, "If ever there was a perfect beauty born, it was the queen of Navarre, who eclipsed the women who were thought charming in her absence." She walked extremely well, and was considered the most graceful dancer in Europe. She gave early proofs of genius, and was a brilliant assemblage of talents and faults, of virtues and vices. This may, in a great measure, be attributed to her education in the most polished, yet most corrupt court in Europe. Margaret was demanded in marriage, both by the emperor of Germany and the king of Portugal; but, in 1572, she was married to Henry, prince of Bearn, afterwards Henry IV. of France. Nothing could equal the magnificence of this marriage; which was succeeded by the horrors of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Though Margaret was a strict Roman Catholic, she was not entrusted with the secrets of that horrible day. She was alarmed with suspicions, which her mother would not explain to her, and terrified by a gentleman, who, covered with wounds, and pursued by four archers, burst into her chamber before she had risen in the morning. She saved his life, and by her prayers and tears, obtained from her mother grace for two of her husband's suite. Henry himself escaped the fate prepared for him, and Margaret refused to suffer her marriage to be cancelled.

In 1573, when the Polish ambassadors came to create her brother, the duke of Anjou, king of that country, Margaret, as a daughter of France, received them. The bishop of Cracow made his harangue in Latin, which she answered so eloquently, that they heard her with astonishment. She accompanied the duke d'Anjou as far as Blamont, and during this journey she discovered a plot of her husband and her next brother, who was become duke d'Anjou, to revenge the massacre, which she revealed to her mother, on condition that no one should be executed. The princes were imprisoned; but the death of Charles IX., in 1577, set them at liberty.

The king of Navarre, continually occupied by new beauties, cared little for the reputation of his wife; yet, when he stole from the court, he commended his interests to her, in a letter he left for her. But Margaret was then confined to her apartments, and her confidants were treated with the greatest severity. Catharine, however, prevented her brother from pushing matters to extremity with her, and by her assistance she obtained a short peace. Margaret then demanded permission to retire to her husband in Guienne; but Henry III. refused to allow his sister to live with a heretic.

At length open war was commenced against the Protestants, and Margaret withdrew into the Low Countries, to prepare the people in favour of her brother, the duke d'Alençon, who meditated the conquest of them by the Spaniards. There are curious details of this journey in her memoirs. On her return, she stopped at La Fere, in Picardy, which belonged to her, where she learned that, for the sixth time, peace was made in 1577. The duke d'Alençon came to Picardy, and was delighted with the pleasures that reigned in the little court of Margaret. She soon returned to France, and lived with her husband at Pau, in Bearn, where religious toleration was almost denied her by the Protestants; and Henry showed her little kindness; yet the tenderness with which she nursed him during an illness, re-established friendship between them, from 1577 to 1580, when the war again broke out. She wished to effect another reconciliation, but could only obtain the neutrality of Nerac, where she resided.

After the war, Henry III., wishing to draw the king of Navarre, and Margaret's favourite brother, the duke d'Anjou, to court, wrote to Margaret to come to him. Discontented with the conduct of her husband, she gladly complied, and went in 1582; yet so much was her brother irritated by her affection for the duke d'Anjou, that he treated her very unkindly. Some time after, a courier, whom he had sent to Rome with important dispatches, being murdered and robbed by four cavaliers, he suspected his sister of being concerned in the plot, and publicly reproached her for her

irregularities, saying everything that was bitter and taunting. Margaret kept a profound silence, but left Paris the next morning, saying, that there never had been two princesses as unfortunate as herself and Mary of Scotland. On the journey she was stopped by an insolent captain of the guards, who obliged her to unmask, and interrogated the ladies who were with her. Her husband received her at Nerac, and resented the cruel treatment she had experienced from her brother; but her conduct, and the new intrigues in which she was constantly engaged, widened the breach between them. When her husband was excommunicated, she left him, and went to Agen, and thence from place to place, experiencing many dangers and difficulties.

Her charms made a conquest of the marquis de Carnillac, who had taken her prisoner; but though he insured her a place of refuge in the castle of Usson, she had the misery of seeing her friends cut to pieces in the plains below; and though the fortress was impregnable, it was assailed by famine, and she was forced to sell her jewels, and but for her sister-in-law, Eleanor of Austria, she must have perished. The duke d'Anjou, who would have protected her, was dead; and though, on the accession of her husband to the throne of France, in 1589, she might have returned to court, on condition of consenting to a divorce, she never would do so during the life of Gabrielle d'Estrées.

After the death of the mistress, Margaret herself solicited Clément VIII. to forward the divorce, and, in 1600, Henry was married to Marie de Medicis. Margaret, in the mean time, did some acts of kindness for the king, and was permitted to return to court after an absence of twenty-two years. She even assisted at the coronation of Marie de Medicis, where etiquette obliged her to walk after Henry's sister. She consoled herself by pleasures for the loss of honours; and though Henry IV. begged her to be more prudent, and not to turn night into day and day into night, she paid but little attention to his advice.

Margaret passed her last years in devotion, study, and pleasure. She gave the tenth of her revenues to the poor, but she did not pay her debts. The memoirs she has left, which finish at the time of her re-appearance at court, prove the elegant facility of her pen; and her poetry, some of which has been preserved, equals that of the best poets of her time. She was very fond of the society of learned men.

"Margaret," said Catharine de Medicis, "is a living proof of the injustice of the Salic law; with her talents, she might have equalled the greatest kings."

"The last of the house of Valois," says Mezeray, "she inherited their spirit; she never gave to any one, without apologising for the smallness of the gift. She was the refuge of men of letters, had always some of them at her table, and improved so much by their conversation, that she spoke and wrote better than any woman of her time." She appears to have been good-natured and benevolent; wanting in fidelity, not in complaisance to her husband; as, at his request, she rose early one morning, to attend to one of his mistresses who was ill. How could Henry reproach her for infidelities, while living himself a life of the most scandalous licentiousness! If Margaret had had a more affectionate and faithful husband, she would doubtless have been a true and affectionate wife. This does not justify her errors, but it accounts for them. She died in 1615, aged sixty-three.

MARGARET,

Daughter of Francis I. of France, married Emmanuel Philibert, duke of Savoy, and died highly respected, September 14th, 1574, aged fifty-one.

MARGARET LOUISA OF LORRAINE,

Daughter of Henry, duke of Guise, married, in 1605, at the instance of Henry IV., who was in love with her, and wished to fix her at court, Francis de Bourbon, prince of Conti. They however left the court immediately on marrying. The prince died in 1617, and Louisa devoted herself to the belles-lettres. She was one of Cardinal Richelieu's enemies, and he banished her to Eu, where she died in 1531. She was suspected of having married the marshal of Bassompierre for her second husband. She wrote the amours of Henry IV., under the title of "Les Amours du Gr. Alexandre."

MARQUETS, ANNE DE,

Was born of noble and rich parents, and was carefully instructed in belles-lettres, and in her religious duties. She became a nun in a convent of the order of St. Dominic, at Poissy, where she devoted the poetic talents for which she was distinguished, to the service of religion. Her poems show great but enlightened zeal. Ronsard, and other celebrated contemporary poets, have spoken very highly of her. She reached an advanced age, but lost her sight some time before her death, which took place in 1558. She bequeathed to Sister Marie de Fortia, a nun in the same convent, three hundred and eighty sonnets of a religious nature.

MARIA THERESA,

Archduchess of Austria, queen of Hungary and Bohemia, and empress of Germany, born in 1717, was the eldest daughter of Charles VI. of Austria, emperor of Germany. In 1724, Charles, by his will, known as the Pragmatic Sanction, regulated the order of succession in the house of Austria, declaring that in default of male issue, his eldest daughter should be heiress of all the Austrian dominions, and her children after her. The Pragmatic Sanction was guaranteed by the diet of the empire, and by all the German princes, and by several powers of Europe, but not by the Bourbons. In 1736, Maria Theresa married Francis of Lorraine, who, in 1737, became grand-duke of Tuscany; and in 1739, Francis, with his consort, repaired to Florence.

Upon the death of Charles VI. in 1740, the ruling powers of Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, France, Spain, and Sardinia, agreed to dismember the Aus-

trian monarchy, to portions of which each laid claim. Maria Theresa, however, went immediately to Vienna, and took possession of Austria, Bohemia, and her other German states; she then repaired to Presburg, took the oaths to the constitution of Hungary, and was solemnly proclaimed queen of that kingdom in 1741. Frederic of Prussia offered the young queen his friendship on condition of her giving up to him Silesia, which

she resolutely refused, and he then invaded that province. The Elector of Bavaria, assisted by the French, also invaded Austria, and pushed his troops as far as Vienna. Maria Theresa took refuge in Presburg, where she convoked the Hungarian diet; and appearing in the midst of them with her infant son in her arms, she made a heart-stirring appeal to their loyalty. The Hungarian nobles, drawing their swords, unanimously exclaimed, "Moriamur pro Rege nostro, Maria Theresa!" "We will die for our queen, Maria Theresa." And they raised an army and drove the French and Bavarians out of the hereditary states. What would have been their reflections could those brave loyal Hungarians have foreseen that, in a little over a century, a descendant of this idolized queen would trample on their rights, overthrow their constitution, massacre the nobles and patriots, and ravage and lay waste their beautiful land! Well would it be for men to keep always in mind the warning of the royal psalmist, "Put not your trust in princes."

In the mean time, Charles Albert, Elector of Bavaria, was chosen Emperor of Germany, by the diet assembled at Frankfort, under the name of Charles VII.

Frederic of Prussia soon made peace with Maria Theresa, who was obliged to surrender Silesia to him. In 1745, Charles VII. died, and Francis, Maria Theresa's husband, was elected emperor. In 1748, the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle terminated the war of the Austrian succession, and Maria Theresa was left in possession of all her hereditary dominions, except Silesia. In 1756 began the Seven Years' war between France, Austria, and Russia, on one side, and Prussia on the other. It ended in 1763, leaving Austria and Prussia with the same boundaries as before. In 1765, Maria Theresa lost her husband, for whom she wore mourning till her death. Her son Joseph was elected emperor. She however retained the administration of the government.

The only act of her political life with which she can be reproached is her participation in the first partition of Poland; and this she did very unwillingly, only when she was told that Russia and Prussia would not regard her disapproval, and that her refusal would endanger her own dominions.

The improvements Maria Theresa made in her dominions were many and important. She abolished torture, also the rural and personal services the peasants of Bohemia owed to their feudal superiors. She founded or enlarged in different parts of her extensive dominions several academies for the improvement of the arts and sciences; instituted numerous seminaries for the education of all ranks of people; reformed the public schools, and ordered prizes to be distributed among the students who made the greatest progress in learning, or were distinguished for propriety of behaviour, or purity of morals. She established prizes for those who excelled in different branches of manufacture, in geometry, mining, smelting metals, and even spinning. She particularly turned her attention to agriculture, which, on a medal struck by her order, was entitled the "Art which nourishes all other arts;" and founded a society of agriculture at Milan, with bounties to the peasants who obtained the best crops. She took away the pernicious rights which the convents and churches enjoyed of affording sanctuary to all criminals without distinction, and in many other ways evinced her regard for the welfare of the people. She was a pious and sincere Roman Catholic, but not a blind devotee, and could discriminate between the temporal and spiritual jurisdiction. She put a check on the power of the Inquisition, which was finally abolished during the reign of her sons. She possessed the strong affections of her Belgian subjects; and never was Lombardy so prosperous or tranquil as under her reign. The population increased from 900,000 to 1,130,000. During her forty years' reign she showed an undeviating love of justice, truth, and clemency; and her whole conduct was characterized by a regard for propriety and self-respect.

Maria Theresa was, in her youth, exceedingly beautiful; and she retained the majesty, grace, and elegance of queenly attractiveness to the close of her life. She was strictly religious, sincere in her affection for her husband, and never marred the power of her loveliness by artifice or coquetry. She used her gifts and graces not for the gratification of her own vanity, to win lovers, but as a wise sovereign to gain over refractory subjects; and she succeeded, thus showing how potent is the moral strength with which woman is endowed. This queen has been censured for what was styled "neglect of her children."

Maria Theresa was the mother of sixteen children, all born within twenty years. There is every

reason to suppose that her naturally warm affection, and her strong sense, would have rendered her, in a private station, an admirable, an exemplary parent; and it was not her fault, but rather her misfortune, that she was placed in a situation where the most sacred duties and feelings of her sex became merely secondary. While her numerous family were in their infancy, the empress was constantly and exclusively occupied in the public duties and cares of her high station; the affairs of government demanded almost every moment of her time. The court physician, Von Swietar, waited on her each morning at her *levée*, and brought her a minute report of the health of the princes and princesses. If one of them was indisposed, the mother, laying aside all other cares, immediately hastened to their apartment. They all spoke and wrote Italian with elegance and facility. Her children were brought up with extreme simplicity. They were not allowed to indulge in personal pride or caprice; their benevolent feelings were cultivated both by precept and example. They were sedulously instructed in the "Lives of the Saints," and all the tedious forms of unmeaning devotion, in which, according to the sincere conviction of their mother, all true piety consisted. A high sense of family pride, an unbounded devotion to the house of Austria, and to their mother, the empress, as the head of that house, was early impressed upon their minds, and became a ruling passion, as well as a principle of conduct with all of them.

We have only to glance back upon the history of the last fifty years to see the result of this mode of education. We find that the children of Maria Theresa, transplanted into different countries of Europe, carried with them their national and family prejudices; that some of them, in later years, supplied the defects of their early education, and became remarkable for talent and for virtue. That all of them, even those who were least distinguished and estimable, displayed occasionally both goodness of heart and elevation of character; and that their filial devotion to their mother and what they considered *her* interests, was carried to an excess, which in one or two instances proved fatal to themselves. Thus it is apparent that her maternal duties were not neglected; had this been the case she could never have acquired such unbounded influence over her children.

Maria Theresa had long been accustomed to look death in the face; and when the hour of trial came, her resignation, her fortitude, and her humble trust in heaven, never failed her. Her agonies during the last ten days of her life, were terrible, but never drew from her a single expression of complaint or impatience. She was only apprehensive that her reason and her physical strength might fail her together. She was once heard to say, "God grant that these sufferings may soon terminate, for otherwise, I know not if I can much longer endure them."

After receiving the last sacraments, she summoned all her family to her presence, and solemnly recommended them to the care of the emperor Joseph, her eldest son. "My son," said she, "as you are the heir to all my worldly possessions, I cannot dispose of them; but my children are still, as they have ever been, my *own*. I bequeath them to you; be to them a father. I shall die contented if you promise to take that office upon you." She then turned to her son Maximilian and her daughters, blessed them individually, in the tenderest terms, and exhorted them to obey and honour their elder brother as their father and sovereign. After repeated fits of agony and suffocation, endured, to the last, with the same invariable serenity and patience, death, at length, released her, and she expired on the 29th of November, 1780, in her sixty-fourth year. She was undoubtedly the greatest and best ruler who ever swayed the imperial sceptre of Austria; while, as a woman, she was one of the most amiable and exemplary who lived in the eighteenth century.

MARIA ANTOINETTA AMELIA,

Duchess of Saxe Gotha, daughter of Ulric of Saxe Meinungen, was born in 1572. Her talents as a performer on the piano, and as a composer, would have been creditable to a professed artist. Several of her canzoni, and also variations for the piano, have been published; but her most important work is a symphony in ten parts. She died towards the beginning of this century.

MARIE ANTOINETTE JOSEPHE JEANNE DE LORRAINE,

Archduchess of Austria and queen of France, daughter of the emperor Francis I. and Maria Therese, was born at Vienna, November 2d, 1755. She was carefully educated, and possessed an uncommon share of grace and beauty. Her hand was demanded by Louis XV. for his grandson, the dauphin, afterwards Louis XVI., to whom she was married in 1770, before she had attained her fifteenth year. A lamentable accident, which occurred during the festivities given by the city of Paris to celebrate the marriage, was looked upon as a sinister omen, which subsequent events having confirmed, has acquired undue importance.

Owing to the injudicious arrangements for the exhibition of fireworks, a great number of people were thrown down and trodden to death, more than three hundred persons having been killed or wounded. In 1774 Louis XVI. ascended the throne; in 1778 the queen became, for the first time, a mother. During the first years of her residence in France, Marie Antoinette was the idol of the people. After the birth of her second son, when, according to usage, she went to church to return thanks, the populace wished to remove the horses from her carriage, and draw her through the streets; and when she alighted and walked, to gratify them, they flung themselves upon their knees, and rent the air with acclamations. Four years from this period, all was changed. The acts of kindness and benevolence which the queen had exhibited; her grace, beauty, and claims upon the nation as a woman and a foreigner, were all forgotten. Circumstances remote in their origin had brought about, in France, a state of feeling fast ripening to a fearful issue. The queen could no longer do with impunity what had been done by her predecessors. The extravagance and thoughtlessness of youth, and a neglect of the strict formality of court etiquette, injured her reputation. She became a mark for censure, and finally an object of hatred to the people, who accused her of the most improbable crimes. An extraordinary occurrence added fuel to the flame of calumny. The countess de la Motte, a clever but corrupt woman, by a vile intrigue in which she made the cardinal de Rohan her tool, purchased, in the queen's name, a magnificent diamond necklace, valued at an enormous sum. She imposed upon the cardinal by a feigned correspondence with the queen, and forged her signature to certain bills; obtained possession of the necklace, and sold it in England. The plot exploded. The queen, indignant at the cardinal, demanded a public investigation. The affair produced the greatest scandal throughout France, connecting as it did the name of the queen with such disgraceful proceedings; and though obviously the victim of an intrigue, she received as much censure as if she had been guilty. Accused of being an Austrian at heart, and an enemy to France, every evil in the state was now attributed to her, and the Parisians soon exhibited their hatred in acts of open violence. In May, 1789, the States-General met. In October the populace proceeded with violence to Versailles, broke into the castle, murdered several of the body-guard, and forced themselves into the queen's apartments. When questioned by the officers of justice as to what she had seen on that memorable day, she replied, "I have seen all, I have heard all, I have forgotten all."

She accompanied the king in his flight to Varennes, in 1791, and endured with him with unexampled fortitude and magnanimity the insults which now followed in quick succession. In April, 1792, she accompanied the king from the Tuilleries, where they had been for some time detained close prisoners, to the Legislative Assembly, where he was arraigned. Transferred to the Temple, she endured, with the members of the royal family, every variety of privation and indignity. On the 21st of January, 1793, the king perished on the scaffold; the dauphin was forcibly torn from her, and given in charge to a miserable wretch, a cobbler called Simon, who designedly did everything in his power to degrade and brutalize the innocent child. On the 2d of August, Marie Antoinette was removed to the Conciergerie, to await her trial in a damp and squalid cell. On the 14th of October, she appeared before the revolutionary tribunal. During the trial, which lasted seventy-three hours, she preserved all her dignity and composure. Her replies to the infamous charges which were preferred against her were simple, noble, and laconic. When all the accusations had been heard, she was asked if she had anything to say. She replied, "I was a queen, and you took away my crown; a wife, and you killed my husband; a mother, and you deprived me of my children. My blood alone remains: take it, but do not make me suffer long." At four o'clock, on the morning of the 16th, she was condemned to death by an unanimous vote. She heard her sentence with admirable dignity and self-possession. At half-past twelve, on the same day, she ascended the scaffold. Scarcely any traces remained of the dazzling loveliness which had once charmed all hearts; her hair had long since become blanched by grief, and her eyes were almost sightless from continued weeping. She knelt and prayed for a few minutes in a low tone, then rose and calmly delivered herself to the executioner. Thus perished, in her thirty-seventh year, the wife of the greatest monarch in Europe, the daughter of the heroic Maria Theresa, a victim to the circumstances of birth and position. No fouler crime ever stained the annals of savage life, than the murder of this unfortunate queen, by a people calling themselves the most civilized nation in the world.

Marie Antoinette had four children. Marie Therese Charlotte, the companion of her parents in captivity, born 1778. In 1795 she was exchanged for the deputies whom Dumouriez had surrendered to Austria, and resided in Vienna till 1799, when she was married by Louis XVIII. to his nephew, oldest son of Charles X. Napoleon said of her that "she was the only man of her family." The dauphin, Louis, born in 1781, and died in 1789. Charles Louis, born in 1785; the unfortunate prince who shared his parents' imprisonment for a time, and died in 1795, a victim to the ill-treatment of the ferocious Simon; and a daughter who died in infancy.

MARIA LOUISA LEOPOLDINE CAROLINE,

Archduchess of Austria, duchess of Parma, was the eldest daughter of Francis I., emperor of Austria, by his second marriage, with Maria Theresa, daughter of the king of Naples. She was born in 1791, and April 1st, 1810, married Napoleon. Her son was born March 20, 1811. When Napoleon left Paris to meet the allied army, he made her regent of the empire. On the 29th of March, 1814, she was obliged to leave Paris; Napoleon abdicated his authority April 11th, and

Maria Louisa went to meet her father at Rambouillet, who would not allow her to follow her husband, but sent her, with her son, to Schönbrunn. When Napoleon returned from Elba, he wrote to his wife to join him, but his letters remained unanswered. In 1816 she entered upon the administration of the duchies of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla, secured to her by the treaty of Fontainebleau. While there she privately married her master of the horse, Colonel Neipperg, by whom she had several children. She was apparently amiable, but weak, self-indulgent, and surrounded by artful advisers, who kept her in the thraldom of sensuous pleasures till she lost the moral dignity of woman. What signified her royal blood and high station! She lived unhonoured, and died unwept.

MARINA, DOÑA,

Celebrated for her faithfulness to the Spaniards, and for the assistance which she afforded them in the conquest of Mexico, was born at Painalla, in the province of Coatzacualco, on the south-eastern borders of the Mexican empire. Her father, a rich and powerful Cacique, died when she was very young. Her mother married again; and, wishing to give her daughter's inheritance to her son by the second marriage, she cruelly sold her to some travelling merchants, and announcing her death, performed a mock-funeral to deceive those around her. These merchants sold the Indian maiden to the Cacique of Tabasco; and when the Tabascans surrendered to Cortés, she was one of twenty female slaves who were sent to him as propitiatory offerings. Speaking two of the Mexican dialects, Marina was a valuable acquisition to Cortés as interpreter, which value increased tenfold, when with remarkable rapidity she acquired the Spanish language. Cortés knew how to value her services; he made her his secretary, and, finally won by her charms, his mistress. She had a son by him, Don Martin Cortés, commendador of the military order of St. James, who afterwards rose to high consideration; but finally falling under suspicion of treasonable practices against the government, was, in 1568, shamefully subjected to the torture in the very capital which his father had acquired for the Castilian crown!

Prescott, to whose admirable work, "The Conquest of Mexico," we are chiefly indebted for this memoir, describes Marina as follows: — "She is said to have possessed uncommon personal attractions; and her open, expressive features, indicated her generous temper. She always remained faithful to the countrymen of her adoption; and her knowledge of the language and customs of the Mexicans, and often of their designs, enabled her to extricate the Spaniards, more than once, from the most embarrassing and perilous situations. She had her errors, as we have seen; but they should be rather charged to the defects of her early education, and to the evil influence of him to whom, in the darkness of her spirit, she looked with simple confidence for the light to guide her. All agree that she was full of excellent qualities; and the important services which she rendered the Spaniards have made her memory deservedly dear to them; while the name of Malinche — the name by which she is still known in Mexico — was pronounced with kindness by the conquered races, with whose misfortunes she showed an invariable sympathy."

Cortés finally gave Marina away in marriage to a Spanish knight, Don Juan Xamarillo. She had estates assigned her, where she probably passed the remainder of her life. Marina is represented as having met and recognised her mother after a long lapse of time, when passing through her native province. Her mother was greatly terrified, fearing that Cortés would severely punish her; but Marina embraced her, and allayed her fears, saying, "that she was sure she knew not what she did when she sold her to the traders, and that she forgave her." She gave her mother all the jewels and ornaments about her person, and assured her of her happiness since she had adopted the Christian faith.

MARINELLI, LUCREZIA,

Of Venice, was born in 1571. Her talents were surprisingly versatile. She was learned in church history, understood and practised the art of sculpture, was skilled in music, and besides left many literary productions, lives of several saints, a treatise entitled "The Excellence of Women and the Defects of Men;" an epic poem; several epistles to the duchess d'Este; and many other pieces of poetry, both sacred and profane. She died in 1653.

MARINELLA, LUCRETIA,

A Venetian lady, who lived in the seventeenth century, in 1601, published a book at Venice with this title—"La nobilita é la eccellenza della donne, con difetti é marcamenti degli uomini;" in which she attempted to prove the superiority of women to men. Marinella published some other works; among these, one called "La Colomba Sacra;" and "The Life of the Holy Virgin, and that of St. Francis."

MARLBOROUGH, SARAH, DUCHESS OF,

Was the daughter of Mr. Jennings, a country gentleman of respectable lineage and good estate. She was born on the 26th of May, 1660, at Holywell, a suburb of St. Albans. Her elder sister, Frances, afterwards duchess of Tyrconnel, was maid of honour to the duchess of York; and Sarah, when quite a child, was introduced at court, and became the playfellow of the princess Anne, who was several years younger than herself. Sarah succeeded her sister as maid of honour to the duchess of York; which, however, did not prevent her having constant intercourse with the princess, who lived under the same roof with her father, and who at that early age showed the greatest preference for her.

In 1677, Sarah Jennings married, clandestinely, the handsome colonel Churchill, favourite gentleman of the duke of York. Both parties being poor, it was an imprudent match; but the duchess of York, whom they made the confidant of their

attachment, stood their friend, and offered her powerful assistance. She gave her attendant a handsome donation, and appointed her to a place of trust about her person. The young couple followed the fortunes of the duke of York for some years, while he was a sort of honourable exile from the court; but when the establishment of the princess Anne was formed, she being now

married, Mrs. Churchill, secretly mistrusting the durability of the fortunes of her early benefactress, expressed an ardent wish to become one of the ladies of the princess Anne, who requested her father's permission to that effect, and received his consent. The early regard evinced by the princess Anne for Mrs. Churchill, soon ripened into a romantic attachment; she lost sight of the difference in their rank, and treated her as an equal, desiring a like return. When apart, they corresponded constantly under the names, chosen by the princess, of Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman.

No two persons could be less alike than the princess and Sarah Churchill; the former was quiet, somewhat phlegmatic, easy and gentle, extremely well bred, fond of ceremony, and averse to mental exertion; the latter, resolute, bold, inclined to violence, prompt, unwearied and haughty. Swift, who was, however, her bitter enemy, describes her as the victim of "three furies which reigned in her breast, sordid avarice, disdainful pride, and ungovernable rage." The duchess of Marlborough's strongest characteristic appears to have been a most powerful will. Much is said of the ascendancy which a strong mind acquires over a weak one; but in many instances where this is thought to be the case, the influence arises from strength of will, and not from mental superiority. In the present instance, this was not altogether so; for the duchess of Marlborough was undoubtedly greatly superior to queen Anne in mind, but if her sense and discretion had been properly exercised, in controlling that indomitable will, which foamed and raged at everything which obstructed her path or interfered with her opinions, her influence might have been as lasting as it was once powerful.

On the accession of James II., Churchill was created a baron; but, attaching himself to the Protestant cause, when the prince of Orange landed, he deserted his old master and joined the prince; lady Churchill, meanwhile, aiding the princess Anne in her flight and abandonment of the king her father. On the accession of William and Mary, in 1692, to the English throne, Churchill was rewarded for his zeal by the earldom of Marlborough, and the appointment of commander-in-chief of the English army in the Low Country. Afterwards, falling into disgrace with the king and queen, lord and lady Marlborough were dismissed the court. Princess Anne espoused the cause of her favourite, and retired also; but, upon the death of queen Mary, they were restored to favour. The accession of Anne to the throne on the death of William, placed lady Marlborough in the position which her ambitious spirit coveted; she knew her own value and that of her gallant husband. She knew that Anne not only loved but feared her; that she would require her aid, and have recourse to her on all occasions of difficulty; and she felt equal to every emergency. A perusal of the letters of the queen to lady Marlborough at this period, is sufficient evidence of the subjection in which she (the queen) was held by her imperious favourite; the humility which they express are unworthy of her as a sovereign and as a woman. That Anne was already beginning to writhe under this intolerable yoke, there can be no doubt. From the commencement of her reign, a difference in politics between herself and her favourite was manifested. Lady Marlborough had a strong leaning to the whig side, while the queen was always attached to the tory party; and dissensions soon arose as to the ministers who were to surround the throne. Since the advancement of lord Marlborough, his lady had lost much of the caressing devotion which she had hitherto manifested for the queen; and exhibited to her some of that overbearing arrogance with which she treated the rest of her contemporaries. It is not astonishing that the queen, under these circumstances, should have sought for sympathy in one near her person who had suffered from the same overbearing temper. Abigail Hill, a poor relation of lady Marlborough's, whom she had placed about the queen as bed-chamber woman, was the prudent and careful recipient of her mistress's vexations, and gradually acquired such influence with her as eventually to supersede her powerful relative as favourite. Much has been said of the ingratitude of Mrs. Masham to her early benefactress. As there is no evidence that she had recourse to improper or dishonourable means to ingratiate herself with the queen, this charge cannot be substantiated. The queen's favour was a voluntary gift. Lady Marlborough alienated her mistress by her own arbitrary temper; and the queen only exercised the privilege which every gentlewoman should possess, of selecting her own friends and servants. Meanwhile, the brilliant successes of lord Marlborough obliged the queen to suppress her estranged feelings towards his wife, and bound her more closely to the

interests of his family. In 1702, lord Marlborough was created a duke; and in 1705, after the battle of Blenheim, the royal manors of Woodstock and Wootton were bestowed upon him, and the palace of Blenheim was erected by the nation at an enormous cost.

The duchess of Marlborough's favour waned rapidly. She began to suspect Mrs. Hill, and remonstrated angrily with the queen on the subject, as if regard and affection were ever won back by reproaches! The secret marriage of Abigail Hill to Mr. Masham, a page of the court, which the queen attended privately, finally produced an open rupture. After a protracted attempt to regain her influence, during which period the queen had to listen to much "plain speaking" from the angry duchess, she was forced to resign her posts at court, and with her, the different members of her family, who filled nearly all the situations of dignity and emolument about the queen.

The duchess followed her husband abroad soon after her dismissal, where they remained till the death of queen Anne. George I. restored the duke of Marlborough at once to his station of captain-general of the land forces, and gave him other appointments; but he never regained his former political importance. The duchess of Marlborough was the mother of five children; her only son died at the age of seventeen, of that then fatal disease, the small-pox. Her four daughters, who inherited their mother's beauty, married men of distinction, two of whom only survived her. Lady Godolphin, the oldest, succeeded to the title of the duchess of Marlborough.

The duchess survived her husband twenty-three years. Her great wealth brought her many suitors, to one of whom, the duke of Somerset, she made the celebrated reply, "that she could not permit an emperor to succeed in that heart which had been devoted to John duke of Marlborough."

In her eighty-second year she published her vindication against all the attacks that in the course of her long life had been made against her. She also left voluminous papers to serve for the memoirs of her husband, as well as many documents since used in compiling her own life. Much of her latter life was spent in wrangling and quarrelling with her descendants; with some of whom she was at open war. She is said to have revenged herself upon her grand-daughter, lady Anne Egerton, by painting the face of her portrait black, and inscribing beneath it, "She is blacker within."

The duchess of Marlborough, in a corrupt age, and possessed of singular beauty, was of unblemished reputation. She had many high and noble qualities. She was truthful and honourable, and esteemed those qualities in others. Her attachment to her husband was worthy of its object, and of the love he bore her. A touching anecdote of the duke's unfading love for her is upon record, as related by herself. "She had very beautiful hair, and none of her charms were so highly prized by the duke as these tresses. One day, upon his offending her, she cropped them short, and laid them in an ante-chamber through which he must pass to her room. To her great disappointment, he passed, and repassed, calmly enough to provoke a saint, without appearing conscious of the deed. When she sought her hair, however, where she had laid it, it had vanished. Nothing more ever transpired upon the subject till the duke's death, when she found her beautiful ringlets carefully laid by in a cabinet where he kept whatever he held most precious. At this part of the story the duchess always fell a crying." The duchess of Marlborough died in October, 1774, at the age of eighty-four, leaving an enormous fortune.

MARLEY, LOUISE FRANÇOISE DE, MARCHIONESS DE VIELBOURG,

Was a French lady of eminence for her extensive learning and great virtues. She lived about 1615.

MARON, THERESA DE,

A sister of the celebrated Raphael Mengs, was born at Auszig, in Bohemia. From her earliest youth she excelled in enamel, miniature, and crayon paintings; and she retained her talents in full vigour till her death, at the age of eighty, in 1806. She married the Cavalier Maron, an Italian artist of merit.

MARS, MADEMOISELLE HYPPOLITE BOUTET,

An eminent French actress, daughter of Monvel, a celebrated French actor, was born in 1778. She appeared in public in 1793, and was soon engaged at the Théatre Français.

Her father, Monvel, who was an actor of great celebrity, in giving her instructions had the good taste and judgment not to make her a mere creature of art. On the contrary, he taught her that much ought to be left to the inspiration of natural feelings, and that art ought only to second, not to supersede nature. Her original cast of parts consisted of those which the French term *ingénues*—parts in which youthful innocence and simplicity are represented. These she performed for many years with extraordinary applause. At length she resolved to shine in a diametrically opposite

kind of acting—that of the higher class of coquettes. In accomplishing this, she had to encounter a violent opposition from Mademoiselle Leverd, who was already in possession of this department; for, in France, each actor has exclusive right to a certain species of character. Mademoiselle Mars succeeded, however, in breaking through this rule, a great triumph for her; and in the coquette she was fully as charming and successful as in personating the child of nature. She pleased foreigners as well as her own countrymen. Mr. Alison, the son of the historian, spoke of her as being "probably as perfect an actress in comedy as ever appeared on any stage. She has (he continues) united every advantage of countenance, and voice, and figure, which it is possible to conceive." Mademoiselle Mars was very beautiful, and retained her charms till a late period in life. This beauty gave, no doubt, additional power to her genius, and assisted her in establishing her sway over the theatrical world. At Lyons she was crowned publicly in the theatre with a garland of flowers, and a *fête* was celebrated in honour of her by the public bodies and authorities of the city. Her last performance at the theatre was at Paris, in April, 1841; and she died in that city in 1848, aged seventy years.

MARTHA, SISTER, (ANNA BIGET,)

Was born on the 26th of October, 1748, at Thoraise, a pleasant village situated on the Doub, near Besançon. Her parents were poor, hard-working country folks. From infancy she showed an uncommonly tender and kind disposition; always wishing to aid those who were in any distress; ever willing to share her dinner with the beggar or the wayfarer. At the age to be placed in some service, she petitioned, and obtained the situation of *tourière* sister in the convent of the Visitation. This monastic establishment had been founded by the baroness of Chartal; it was chiefly intended as an asylum for young ladies of high birth, who needed a protecting refuge, or whose piety urged them to withdraw from the world; but as the delicate education and habits of such ladies would render them inadequate to many rough duties essential to every household, the convent received poor girls from the families of peasants and petty artizans, who had been used from childhood to labour and fatigue. In this capacity Anne Biget was received. Upon pronouncing her vows, she took the name of Sister Martha, a name ever to be remembered among the benefactors of misery. The archbishop of Besançon gave her permission to visit the prisons, and she devoted herself to the wretched tenants with enthusiasm, when the breaking out of the revolution filled them with a different and still more miserable order of inhabitants. During the reign of terror, Sister Martha, her convent destroyed, her companions dispersed, remained faithful to her vocation. She still comforted the prisoners, now prisoners of war; she dressed their wounds, applied to the charitable throughout the town, for the means of affording them necessary comforts; they were as her children, so active, so devoted was her zeal in their behalf during a series of years. Spaniards, Englishmen, Italians, all in turn experienced her tender cares. When the French soldiers who were accustomed to her care were wounded, and away from home, they would exclaim, "Oh, where is Sister Martha? If she were here, we should suffer less." When the allied sovereigns were in Paris, they sent for Sister Martha, and bestowed valuable gifts upon her. Medals were sent her, at different times, from the emperor of Russia and from the emperor of Austria. Nor was her benevolence confined to the soldiers alone; the poor, the suffering of every description, resorted to Sister Martha, and never in vain. In 1816 she visited Paris, to obtain succours for her poor countrymen suffering from a scanty harvest, and consequent scarcity of food. She was very graciously received by Louis XVIII., and the giddy butterflies of the court vied with each other in attentions and caresses to the poor nun. Sister Martha finished a life employed in good works in 1824, at the age of seventy-six.

MARTIN, ELIZABETH AND GRACE,

The wives of the two eldest sons of Abram Martin, of South Carolina, who were engaged in active service in their country's cause during the war of the revolution, distinguished themselves by a daring exploit. Being left at home alone with their mother-in-law, Elizabeth Martin, during their husbands' absence, and hearing that two British officers, with important despatches, were to pass that night along the road near their dwelling, the two young women disguised themselves in their husbands' apparel, and taking fire-arms, concealed themselves by the road, till the courier appeared with his attendant guards, when springing from the bushes, they demanded the despatches. Taken by surprise, the men yielded, gave up the papers, and were put on their parole. The despatches were immediately sent to General Greene.

MARTIN, SARAH,

Who has won for herself the fame most desirable for a woman, that of Christian benevolence, unsurpassed in the annals of her sex, was born in 1791. Her father was a poor mechanic in Caister, a village three miles from Yarmouth, England. Sarah was the only child of her parents, who both died when she was very young; she had then to depend on her grandmother, a poor old widow, whose name was Bonnett, and who deserves to have it recorded for the kind care she took of her granddaughter.

Sarah Martin's education was merely such as the village school afforded. At the age of fourteen, she passed a year in learning the business of dress-making; and then gained her livelihood by going out and working at her trade by the day, among the families of the village. In the town of Yarmouth was the county prison, where criminals were confined; their condition is thus set forth in the work* from which we gather our sketch:

* Edinburg Review, 1847.

"Their time was given to gaming, swearing, playing, fighting, and bad language; and their visitors were admitted from without with little restrictions. There was no divine worship in the jail on Sundays, nor any respect paid to that holy day. There were underground cells, (these continued even down to 1836,) quite dark, and deficient in proper ventilation. The prisoners describe their heat in summer as almost suffocating, but they prefer them for their warmth in winter; their situation is such as to defy inspection, and they are altogether unfit for the confinement of any human being."

No person in Yarmouth took thought for these poor, miserable prisoners; no human eye looked with pity on their dreadful condition; and had their reformation been proposed, it would, no doubt, have been scouted as an impossibility.

In August, 1819, a woman was committed to the jail for a most unnatural crime. She was a mother who had "forgotten her sucking child." She had not "had compassion upon the son of her womb," but had cruelly beaten and ill-used it. The consideration of her offence was calculated to produce a great effect upon a female mind; and there was one person in the neighbourhood of Yarmouth who was deeply moved by it. Sarah Martin was a little woman of gentle, quiet manners, possessing no beauty of person, nor, as it seemed, any peculiar endowment of mind. She was then just eight-and-twenty years of age, and had, for thirteen years past, earned her livelihood by going out to the houses of various families in the town as a day-labourer in her business of dress-making. Her residence was at Caister, a village three miles from Yarmouth, where she lived with an aged grandmother, and whence she walked to Yarmouth and back again in the prosecution of her daily toil. This poor girl had long mourned over the condition of the inmates of the jail. Even as long back as in 1810, "whilst frequently passing the jail," she says, "I felt a strong desire to obtain admission to the prisoners to read the Scriptures to them; for I thought much of their condition, and of their sin before God; how they were shut out from society, whose rights they had violated, and how destitute they were of the scriptural instruction which alone could meet their unhappy circumstances." The case of the unnatural mother stimulated her to make the attempt, but "I did not," she says, "make known my purpose of seeking admission to the jail until the object was attained, even to my beloved grandmother; so sensitive was my fear lest any obstacle should thereby arise in my way, and the project seem a visionary one. God led me, and I consulted none but Him." She ascertained the culprit's name, and went to the jail. She passed into the dark porch which overhung the entrance, fit emblem of the state of things within; and no doubt with bounding heart, and in a timid modest form of application, uttered with that clear and gentle voice, the sweet tones of which are yet well remembered, solicited permission to see the cruel parent. There was some difficulty—there is always "a lion in the way" of doing good—and she was not at first permitted to enter. To a wavering mind, such a check would have appeared of evil omen; but Sarah Martin was too well assured of her own purposes and powers to hesitate. Upon a second application she was admitted.

The manner of her reception in the jail is told by herself with admirable simplicity. The unnatural mother stood before her. She "was surprised at the sight of a stranger." "When I told her," says Sarah Martin, "the motive of my visit, her guilt, her need of God's mercy, she burst into tears, and thanked me!"

Her reception at once proved the necessity for such a missionary, and her own personal fitness for the task; and her visit was repeated again and again, during such short intervals of leisure as she could spare from her daily labours. At first she contented herself with merely reading to the prisoners; but familiarity with their wants and with her own powers soon enlarged the sphere of her tuition, and she began to instruct them in reading and writing. This extension of her labour interfered with her ordinary occupations. It became necessary to sacrifice a portion of her time, and consequently of her means, to these new duties. She did not hesitate. "I thought it right," she says, "to give up a day in the week from dress-making, to serve the prisoners. This regularly given, with many an additional one, was not felt as a pecuniary loss, but was ever followed with abundant satisfaction, for the blessing of God was upon me."

In the year 1826, Sarah Martin's grandmother died, and she came into possession of an annual income of ten or twelve pounds, derived from the investment of "between two and three hundred pounds." She then removed from Caister to Yarmouth, where she occupied two rooms in a house situated in a row in an obscure part of the town; and, from that time devoted herself with increased energy to her philanthropic labours. A benevolent lady, resident in Yarmouth, had for some years, with a view to securing her a little rest for her health's sake, given her one day in a week, by compensating her for that day in the same way as if she had been engaged in dress-making. With that assistance, and with a few quarterly subscriptions, "chiefly 2*s.* 6*d.* each, for bibles, testaments, tracts, and other books for distribution," she went on devoting every available moment of her life to her great purpose. But dressmaking, like other professions, is a jealous mistress; customers fell off, and, eventually, almost entirely disappeared. A question of anxious moment now presented itself, the determination of which is one of the most characteristic and memorable incidents of her life. Was she to pursue her benevolent labours, even although they led to utter poverty? Her little income was not more than enough to pay her lodging, and the expenses consequent upon the exercise of her charitable functions: and was actual destitution of ordinary necessaries to be submitted to? She never doubted; but her reasoning upon the subject presents so clear an illustration of the exalted character of her thoughts and purposes, and ex-

hibits so eminent an example of Christian devotedness and heroism, that it would be an injustice to her memory not to quote it in her own words: — "In the full occupation of dressmaking, I had care with it, and anxiety for the future; but as that disappeared, care fled also. God, who had called me into the vineyard, had said, 'Whatsoever is right I will give you.' I had learned from the Scriptures of truth that I should be supported; God was my master, and would not forsake his servant; He was my father, and could not forget his child. I knew also that it sometimes seemed good in his sight to try the faith and patience of his servants, by bestowing upon them very limited means of support; as in the case of Naomi and Ruth; of the widow of Zarephath and Elijah; and my mind, in the contemplation of such trials, seemed exalted by more than human energy; for I had counted the cost; and my mind was made up. If, whilst imparting truth to others, I became exposed to temporal want, the privation so momentary to an individual, would not admit of comparison with following the Lord, in thus administering to others."

Her next object was to secure the observance of Sunday; and, after long urging and recommendation, she prevailed upon the prisoners "to form a Sunday service, by one reading to the rest; .... but aware," she continues, "of the instability of a practice in itself good, without any corresponding principle of preservation, and thinking that my presence might exert a beneficial tendency, I joined their Sunday morning worship as a regular hearer."

After three years' perseverance in this "happy and quiet course," she made her next advance, which was to introduce employment, first for the women prisoners, and afterwards for the men. In 1823, "one gentleman," she says, "presented me with ten shillings, and another, in the same week, with a pound, for prison charity. It then occurred to me that it would be well to expend it in material for baby-clothes; and having borrowed patterns, cut out the articles, fixed prices of payment for making them, and ascertained the cost of a set, that they might be disposed of at a certain price, the plan was carried into effect. The prisoners also made shirts, coats, &c. * * * By means of this plan, many young women who were not able to sew, learned this art, and, in satisfactory instances, had a little money to take at the end of the term of imprisonment. .... The fund of £1 10s. for this purpose, as a foundation and perpetual stock, (for whilst desiring its preservation, I did not require its increase,) soon rose to seven guineas, and since its establishment, above £408 worth of various articles have been sold for charity."

The men were thus employed:—

"They made straw hats, and, at a later period, bone spoons and seals; others made mens' and boys' caps, cut in eight quarters — the material, old cloth or moreen, or whatever my friends could find up to give me for them. In some instances, young men, and more frequently boys, have learned to sew grey cotton shirts, or even patch-work, with a view of shutting out idleness and making themselves useful. On one occasion I showed to the prisoners an etching of the chess-player, by Retzsch, which two men, one a shoemaker and the other a bricklayer, desired much to copy; they were allowed to do so, and being furnished with pencil, pen, paper, &c., they succeeded remarkably well. The chess-player presented a pointed and striking lesson, which could well be applied to any kind of gaming, and was, on this account, suitable to my pupils, who had generally descended from the love of marbles and pitch-halfpenny in children, to cards, dice, &c., in men. The business of copying it had the advantage of requiring all thought and attention at the time. The attention of other prisoners was attracted to it, and for a year or two afterwards many continued to copy it."

After another interval she proceeded to the formation of a fund which she applied to the furnishing of work for prisoners upon their discharge; "affording me," she adds, "the advantage of observing their conduct at the same time."

She had thus, in the course of a few years — during which her mind had gradually expanded to the requirements of the subject before her — provided for all the most important objects of prison discipline; moral and intellectual tuition, occupation during imprisonment, and employment after discharge. Whilst great and good men, unknown to her, were inquiring and disputing as to the way and the order in which these very results were to be attained — inquiries and disputes which have not yet come to an end — here was a poor woman who was actually herself personally accomplishing them all! It matters not whether all her measures were the very wisest that could have been imagined. She had to contend with many difficulties that are now unknown; prison discipline was then in its infancy; everything she did was conceived in the best spirit; and, considering the time, and the means at her command, could scarcely have been improved.

The full extent to which she was personally engaged in carrying out these objects, has yet to be explained. The Sunday service in the jail was adopted, as we have seen, upon her recommendation, and she joined the prisoners, as a fellow-worshipper, on Sunday morning. Their evening service, which was to be read in her absence, was soon abandoned; but, finding that to be the case, she attended on that part of the day also, and the service was then resumed. "After several changes of readers, the office," she says, "devolved on me. That happy privilege thus graciously opened to me, and embraced from necessity, and in much fear, was acceptable to the prisoners, for God made it so; and also an unspeakable advantage and comfort to myself." These modest sentences convey but a very faint notion of the nature of these singular services. Fortunately, in a report of captain Williams, one of the inspectors of prisons, we have a far more adequate account of the matter. It stands thus:—

"Sunday, November 29, 1835.—Attended divine service in the morning at the prison. The male prisoners only were assembled; a female, resident

in the town, officiated; her voice was exceedingly melodious, her delivery emphatic, and her enunciation extremely distinct. The service was the liturgy of the church of England; two psalms were sung by the whole of the prisoners, and extremely well — much better than I have frequently heard in our best-appointed churches. A written discourse, of her own composition, was read by her; it was of a purely moral tendency, involving no doctrinal points, and admirably suited to the hearers. During the performance of the service, the prisoners paid the profoundest attention, and the most marked respect; and, as far as it is possible to judge, appeared to take a devout interest. Evening service was read by her afterwards to the female prisoners."

We believe that there are gentlemen in the world who stand so stiffly upon the virtue of certain forms of ministerial ordination, as to set their faces against all lay, and especially against all female, religious teaching. We will not dispute as to what may, or may not, be the precise value of those forms. They ought to confer powers of inestimable worth, considering how stubbornly they are defended — and perhaps they do so; but every one amongst us knows and feels that the power of writing or preaching good sermons is not amongst the number. The cold, laboured eloquence which boy-bachelors are authorized by custom and constituted authority to inflict upon us — the dry husks and chips of divinity which they bring forth from the dark recesses of the theology (as it is called) of the fathers, or of the middle ages, sink into utter worthlessness by the side of the jail addresses of this poor, uneducated seamstress. From her own registers of the prisoners who came under her notice, it is easy to describe the ordinary members of her congregation: — pert London pickpockets, whom a cheap steamboat brought to reap a harvest at some country festival; boors, whom ignorance and distress led into theft; depraved boys, who picked up a precarious livelihood amongst the chances of a seaport town; sailors, who had committed assaults in the boisterous hilarity consequent upon a discharge with a paid-up arrear of wages; servants, of both sexes, seduced by bad company into the commission of crimes against their masters; profligate women, who had added assault or theft to the ordinary vices of a licentious life; smugglers; a few game-law criminals; and paupers transferred from a work-house, where they had been initiated into crime, to a jail, where their knowledge was perfected. Such were some of the usual classes of persons who assembled around this singular teacher of righteousness.

Noble woman! A faith so firm, and so disinterested, might have removed mountains; a self-sacrifice founded upon such principles is amongst the most heroic of human achievements.

This appears to have been the busiest period of Sarah Martin's life. Her system, if we may so term it, of superintendence over the prisoners, was now complete. For six or seven hours daily she took her station amongst them; converting that which, without her, would have been, at best, a scene of dissolute idleness, into a hive of industry and order. We have already explained the nature of the employment which she provided for them; the manner of their instruction is described as follows: "Any one who could not read, I encouraged to learn, whilst others in my absence assisted them. They were taught to write also; whilst such as could write already, copied extracts from books lent to them. Prisoners, who were able to read, committed verses from the Holy Scriptures to memory every day according to their ability or inclination. I, as an example, also committed a few verses to memory to repeat to them every day; and the effect was remarkable; always silencing excuse when the pride of some prisoners would have prevented their doing it. Many said at first, 'It would be of no use;' and my reply was, 'It is of use to me, and why should it not be so to you? You have not tried it, but I have.' Tracts and children's books, and large books, four or five in number, of which they were very fond, were exchanged in every room daily, whilst any who could read more were supplied with larger books."

There does not appear to have been any instance of a prisoner long refusing to take advantage of this mode of instruction. Men entered the prison saucy, shallow, self-conceited, full of cavils and objections, which Sarah Martin was singularly clever in meeting; but in a few days the most stubborn, and those who had refused the most peremptorily, either to be employed or to be instructed, would beg to be allowed to take their part in the general course. Once within the circle of her influence, the effect was curious. Men old in years, as well as in crime, might be seen striving for the first time in their lives to hold a pen, or bending hoary heads over primers and spelling-books, or studying to commit to memory some precept taken from the Holy Scriptures. Young rascals, as impudent as they were ignorant, beginning with one verse, went on to long passages; and even the dullest were enabled by perseverance to furnish their minds and memories with "from two to five verses every day." All these operations, it must be borne in mind, were carried on under no authority save what was derived from the teacher's innate force of character. Aware of that circumstance, and that any rebellion would be fatal to her usefulness, she so contrived every exercise of her power as to "make a favour of it," knowing well that "to depart from this course, would only be followed by the prisoners' doing less, and not doing it well." The ascendency she thus acquired was very singular. A general persuasion of the sincerity with which "she watched, and wept, and prayed, and felt for all," rendered her the general depository of the little confidences, the tales of weakness, treachery, and sorrow, in the midst of which she stood! and thus she was enabled to fan the rising desire for emancipation, to succour the tempted, to encourage the timid, and put the erring in the way.

After the close of her labours at the jail, she proceeded, at one time of her life, to a large school which she superintended at the work-house; and

afterwards, when that school was turned over to proper teachers, she devoted two nights in the week to a school for factory girls, which was held in the capacious chancel of the old church of St. Nicholas. There, or elsewhere, she was everything. Other teachers would send their classes to stand by and listen, whilst Sarah Martin, in her striking and effective way, imparted instruction to the forty or fifty young women who were fortunate enough to be more especially her pupils. Every countenance was upon her; and, as the questions went round, she would explain them by a piece of poetry, or an anecdote, which she had always ready at command, and, more especially, by Scripture illustration. The Bible was, indeed, the great fountain of her knowledge and her power. For many years she read it through four times every year, and had formed a most exact reference book to its contents. Her intimate familiarity with its striking imagery and lofty diction, impressed a poetical character upon her own style, and filled her mind with exalted thoughts. After her class duties were over, there remained to be performed many offices of kindness, which with her were consequent upon the relation of teacher and pupil; there was personal communication with this scholar and with that; some inquiry here, some tale to listen to there; for she was never a mere schoolmistress, but always the friend and counsellor, as well as the instructor.

The evenings on which there was no tuition were devoted by her to visiting the sick, either in the work-house, or through the town generally; and occasionally an evening was passed with some of those worthy people in Yarmouth by whom her labours were regarded with interest. Her appearance in any of their houses was the signal for a busy evening. Her benevolent smile, and quick, active manner, communicated her own cheerfulness and energy to every one around her. She never failed to bring work with her, and, if young people were present, was sure to employ them all. Something was to be made ready for the occupation of the prisoners, or for their instruction; patterns or copies were to be prepared, or old materials to be adjusted to some new use, in which last employment her ingenuity was pre-eminent. Odd pieces of woollen or cotton, scraps of paper, mere litters, things which other people threw away, it mattered not what, she always begged that such things might be kept for her, and was sure to turn them to some account. If, on such occasions, whilst everybody else was occupied, some one would read aloud, Sarah Martin's satisfaction was complete; and at intervals, if there were no strangers present, or if such communication were desired, she would dilate upon the sorrows and sufferings of her guilty flock, and her own hopes and disappointments in connexion with them, in the language of simple, animated truth.

Her day was closed by no "return to a cheerful fireside prepared by the cares of another," but to her solitary apartments, which she had left locked up during her absence, and where "most of the domestic offices of life were performed by her own hands." There she kept a copious record of her proceedings in reference to the prisoners; notes of their circumstances and conduct during such time as they were under her observation, which generally extended long beyond the period of their imprisonment; with most exact accounts of the expenditure of the little subscriptions before mentioned, and also of a small annual payment from the British Ladies' Society, established by Mrs. Fry, and of all other money committed to her in aid of any branch of her charitable labours. These books of record and account have been very properly preserved, and have been presented to a public library in Yarmouth.

In scenes like these Sarah Martin passed her time, never appearing to think of herself; indeed her own scanty fare was hardly better than that of the poorest prisoner. Yet her soul was triumphant, and the joy of her heart found expression in sacred songs. Nothing could restrain the energy of her mind. In the seclusion of a lonely chamber, "apart from all that could disturb, and in a universe of calm repose, and peace, and love;" when speaking of herself and her condition, she remarked, in words of singular beauty,

> ——"I seem to lie
> So near the heavenly portals bright,
> I catch the streaming rays that fly
> From eternity's own light."

Thus she cheered her solitary room with strains of Christian praise and gratitude, and entered the dark valley of the shadow of death with hymns of victory and triumph. She died on the 15th of October, 1843, aged fifty-two years.

Sarah Martin is one of the noblest of the Christian heroines the nineteenth century has produced. The two predominant qualities of her soul were love, or "the charity which hopeth all things," and moral courage; both eminently feminine endowments. She performed her wonderful works with true womanly discretion. She is, therefore, an example of excellence of whom her sex should be—more than proud—they should be thankful for this light of moral loveliness enshrined in a female form. "Her gentle disposition," says one of her biographers, "never irritated by disappointment, nor her charity straitened by ingratitude, present a combination of qualities which imagination sometimes portrays as the ideal of what is pure and beautiful, but which are rarely found embodied with humanity. She was no titular Sister of Charity, but was silently felt and acknowledged to be one, by the many outcast and destitute persons who received encouragement from her lips, and relief from her hands, and by the few who were witnesses of her good works.

It is the business of literature to make such a life stand out from the masses of ordinary existences, with something of the distinctness with which a lofty building uprears itself in the confusion of a distant view. It should be made to attract all eyes, to excite the hearts of all persons who think the welfare of their fellow-mortals an object of interest or duty; it should be included in collections of biography, and chronicled in the high places of history; men should be taught to estimate it as that of one whose philanthropy has

entitled her to renown, and children to associate the name of Sarah Martin with those of Howard, Buxton, Fry—the most benevolent of mankind."

MARTINEZ, MARIANNE,

Was the daughter of a gardener of Vienna. One day the poet Metastasio met her in the street, when she was a very little child; she was singing some popular air. Her voice, and her vivacity pleased the poet, and he offered her parents to educate her. They accepted his proposals, and he kept his promises. Nothing was neglected to make the young girl an artist. She had the good fortune to receive lessons in music, and on the harpsichord, from Haydn, whose genius was not yet famous; and Porpora taught her the art of singing, and the science of composition. Her progress was rapid; she played with neatness and grace; she sang beautifully, and her compositions showed a vigour of conception together with extensive learning. She reunited the qualities of many distinguished artists. Dr. Burney, who knew her at Venice, in 1772, speaks of her with admiration. Metastasio bequeathed to her all his property. In 1796 she lived at Vienna, in affluence, and gave weekly concerts at her house, where she received all the musical celebrities. Dr. Burney cites with high eulogy many of her sonatas, and her cantatas on words of Metastasio. She composed a miserere, with orchestral accompaniment. Gerbert had a mass and an oratorio written by her.

MARTINOZZI, LAURA.

Francesco I., duke of Modena, became possessed of the sovereignty, in 1629, by the resignation of his father, Alphonso III., who entered a convent of Capuchins, and, under the name of brother Giambattesta, renounced all worldly pomps and vanities. Overtures had been made to the young prince, by cardinal Mazarin, for an alliance with his niece, Laura Martinozzi. These had been rather evaded; when an autograph letter, from Louis, king of France, urgently pressing the marriage, determined the affair; and, in 1655, attended by the most magnificent pomp, Laura was received at Modena as the wife of its sovereign. At the end of six years of conjugal happiness, Alfonso died, appointing his widow regent, and guardian of his son and daughter. The duchess held the reins of empire, for thirteen years, with a firm hand, and appears to have governed with more ability than her predecessor or her successor. In 1676 she retired to Rome, where she lived in comparative seclusion till 1687, when she died. Her daughter, Mary Beatrice, was the wife of the unfortunate James II., of England, whose reverses and exile she shared.

MARY THERESA OF AUSTRIA,

Daughter of Philip IV. of Spain, married, in 1660, Louis XIV. of France, and died 1683, aged forty-five. Her life was embittered by his infidelities.

MARY OF CLEVES

Married Henry I., prince of Condé. She was loved so ardently by the duke of Anjou, afterwards Henry III., that when called to the throne of Poland, he wrote to her, signing his name with his blood. When raised to the French throne, he determined to annul Mary's marriage; but his mother, Catharine de Medicis, opposed it, and Mary died suddenly, in 1574, at the age of eighteen, as was supposed, by poison.

MARY I., QUEEN OF ENGLAND,

Eldest daughter of Henry VIII., by his first wife, Catharine of Spain, was born at Greenwich, in February, 1517. Her mother was very careful of her education, and provided her with proper tutors. Her first preceptor was the famous Linacre; and after his death, Lewis Vires, a learned Spaniard, became her tutor. She acquired, under these learned men, a thorough knowledge of the Latin; so that Erasmus commends her epistles in that language.

Towards the end of her father's reign, at the earnest request of queen Catharine Parr, she undertook to translate Erasmus' Paraphrase on the Gospel of St. John; but, being taken ill soon after she commenced it, she left it to be finished by her chaplain. It was published; but, on Mary's accession to the throne, she issued a proclamation suppressing it; and it is supposed that the sickness that seized her while translating this work was affected.

Edward VI., her brother, dying July 6th, 1553, she was proclaimed queen the same month, and crowned in October. Upon her accession, she declared in her speech to the council that she would not persecute her Protestant subjects; but, in the following month, she prohibited preaching without a special license, and in less than three months the Protestant bishops were excluded the house of Lords, and all the statutes of Edward VI. respecting the Protestant religion were repealed.

In July, 1554, she was married to prince Philip of Spain, who was eleven years younger than herself, and by temper little disposed to act the lover.

His ruling passion was ambition, which his fond consort was resolved to gratify. She was, however, less successful in this point, than in her favourite wish of reconciling the kingdom to the pope, which was effected in form, by the legate, cardinal Pole. The sanguinary laws against heretics were renewed, and put into execution. The shocking scenes which followed this determination have indelibly fixed upon the sovereign the epithet of "bloody queen Mary." A disappointment in a supposed pregnancy, her husband's coldness and unkindness, and the discontent of her subjects, aggravated her natural fretfulness. Although Pole disapproved of the severity of persecution, the arguments of Gardiner and others in its favour suited the queen's disposition so well, that in three or four years two hundred and seventy-seven persons were committed to the flames, including prelates, gentlemen, laymen, women, and even children. The sincerity of Mary's zeal could not be doubted, for she sacrificed the revenues of the crown in restitution of the goods of the church; and to remonstrances on this head, she replied, "that she preferred the salvation of her soul to ten such kingdoms as England." She had, indeed, no scruple in indemnifying herself by arbitrary exactions on the property of her subjects; and her whole reign showed a marked tendency to despotism.

Some have supposed that the queen was compassionate, and that most of these barbarities were committed by her bishops without her knowledge. But among numberless proofs of the falsity of this opinion, we need only mention her treatment of the archbishop Cranmer, who had saved her life, when her father, Henry VIII., irritated by her firm adherence to her mother, and her obstinacy in refusing to submit to him, had resolved to put her openly to death. Cranmer alone ventured to urge king Henry against such an act; and, by his argument, succeeded in saving her. In return for this, he was condemned and burnt by Mary for heresy. She died, November 7th, 1558, at the age of forty-three, of an epidemic fever. The loss of Calais, just before her death, so affected her, that she remarked to her attendants that they would find Calais written on her heart.

Strype preserved three pieces of her writing; a prayer against the assaults of vice; a meditation touching adversity; and a prayer to be read at the hour of death. In "Fox's Acts and Monuments" are printed eight of her letters to king Edward and the lords of council; and in the "Syllogæ Epistolorum" are several more of her letters.

Miss Strickland, in her history of the "Queens of England," has collected many facts which serve to soften the dark picture of Mary's reign, heretofore exhibited. We will quote a portion of these remarks:

"Although every generous feeling is naturally roused against the horrid cruelties perpetrated in Mary's name, yet it is unjust and ungrateful to mention her maiden reign with unqualified abhorrence; for if the tyrannical laws instituted by her father had remained a few years more in force, the representative government of England would gradually have withered under the terrors of imprisonments and executions without impartial trial, and regal despotism would have been as successfully established here, as it was in France and Spain, by the descendants of Henry VIII.'s associates, Francis I. and Charles V. This change arose from the queen's own ideas of rectitude; for the majority of her privy-councillors, judges, and aristocracy, had as strong a tendency to corrupt and slavish principles as the worst enemy to national freedom could wish.

"Many wholesome laws were made or revived by her; among others, justices of the peace were enjoined to take the examination of felons in writing, at the same time binding witnesses over to prosecute: without these regulations, a moment's reflection will show, that much malignant accusation might take place in a justice-room, unless witnesses were bound to prove their words. All landholders and householders were made proportionably chargeable to the repairs of roads. The jails were in a respectable state; since Fox allows that the persons imprisoned for conscience' sake were treated humanely in the prisons under royal authority, while the persecuting bishops made noisome confinement part of the tortures of the unhappy Protestants.

"Queen Mary is commended for the merciful provision she made for the poor; there is, however, no trace of poor-rates, levied from the community at large, like those established by her sister Elizabeth, at the close of the sixteenth century. But that the poor were relieved by Mary is evident, by the entire cessation of those insurrections, on account of utter destitution, which took place in her father's and brother's reigns; and now and then under the sway of Elizabeth. This is more singular, since corn was at famine price, throughout the chief part of Mary's reign, owing to a series of inclement years and wet harvests. It seems likely that part of the church lands she restored were devoted to the relief of the destitute, since very few monasteries were refounded. In her reign was altered that mysterious law, called benefit of clergy. It had originated in the earliest dawn of civilization, when the church snatched, from the tyranny of barbarous and ignorant chiefs, all prisoners or victims who could read, and claiming them as her own, asserted the privilege of bringing them to trial. Thus were the learned judged by the learned, and the ignorant left to the mercies of those savage as themselves. This law tended to the encouragement of learning in times when not more than one person out of two thousand laymen knew a letter in the book. Since the comparative cessation from civil war, after the accession of queen Mary's grandfather, general knowledge had surged forward in such mighty waves, that the law of benefit of clergy, with many others of high utility five centuries before, were left without an object, their actual purposes having ebbed away in the transitions of the times."

Queen Mary, having overcome the repugnance of the English to be governed by a sovereign lady, was disposed to place her own sex in stations of

authority, of which there had been few examples before or since. She made lady Berkley a justice of the peace for Gloucestershire; and lady Rous she appointed of the quorum, for Suffolk, "who did usually sit on the bench at assizes and sessions, among the other judges, *cincta gladio*, girt with the sword."

MARY II., QUEEN OF ENGLAND,

And wife of William III., with whom she reigned jointly, was born at St. James' palace, Westminster, on the 30th of April, 1662. She was the daughter of James II. by Anne Hyde, his first wife. She married, November 4th, 1677, at the age of fifteen, William, Prince of Orange, and sailed two weeks after for the Hague. Here she lived, fulfilling all her duties as a wife and princess, to the admiration of all who knew her, till February 12th, 1689; when, accepting a solemn invitation from the states of England, she followed her husband, who had arrived the preceding November, to London.

The throne was declared vacant by the flight of James II., and William and Mary were crowned as next heirs, April 11th, 1689.

Though Mary was declared joint possessor of the throne with her husband, king William, yet the administration of the government was left entirely to him. This arrangement cost Mary no sacrifice; indeed she desired it should be made, that all rule and authority should be vested in him, remarking — "There is but one command which I wish him to obey; and that is, '*Husbands, love your wives.*' For myself, I shall follow the injunction, '*Wives, be obedient to your husbands in all things.*'" She kept the promise voluntarily made; and all her efforts were directed to promote her husband's happiness, and make him beloved by the English people. He had great confidence in her abilities; and when, during his absence in Ireland and on the continent, she was left regent of the kingdom, she managed parties at home with much prudence, and governed with a discretion not inferior to his own.

Mary was strongly attached to the Protestant religion and the Church of England, and was evidently led to consider its preservation a paramount duty, even when opposed to the claims of filial obedience. The unfriendly terms on which she lived with her sister, afterwards queen Anne have been alluded to as a blemish in the character of Mary; but political jealousies, and the foolish attachment of Anne to overbearing favourites, may sufficiently account for this coolness. Mary was, in truth, an amiable and excellent queen, and by her example made industry and domestic virtue fashionable. Her letter to lady Russell, in which she deplores the bustle and pomp of royalty, because it separated her so much from her husband, is a beautiful proof how the best feelings of the woman were always prominent in her heart.

Mary died of the small-pox, at Kensington, in the year 1675, being in her thirty-third year. The people were sincere mourners; but to her husband the blow was almost overwhelming. For several weeks he was incapable of attending to business. To archbishop Tennison, who was striving to console him, William said — "I cannot do otherwise than grieve, since I have lost a wife who, during the seventeen years I have lived with her, never committed an indiscretion."

MARY, OF HUNGARY,

Daughter of Philip, king of Spain, married, in 1521, Louis, king of Hungary, who was killed in battle five years after. She was made governess of the Netherlands by her brother, Charles V., where she behaved with great courage, and opposed, successfully, Henry II. of France. She was a friend to the Protestants, and a patroness of literature. Her fondness for field-sports procured her the name of Diana; and from her military prowess, she was called the mother of the camp.

Her sagacity and penetration were of singular service to her brother, by whom she was consulted on all affairs of government. She conducted several wars with glory and success, frequently mingling on horseback with the troops. While Charles V. was besieging *Mentz*, Mary made a diversion in Picardy, to prevent the king of France from succouring the besieged; she caused, on this occasion, great havoc, ruining seven or eight hundred villages, and burning Folembrai, a royal palace, built by Francis I. Henry II. of France, in retaliation, burned several of the populous towns of the Netherlands, and the royal palace of Bains, the wonder of the age. When Mary heard of this, she swore that all France should repent the outrage; and she carried out her threat, even to cruelty, as far as she could. Henry ardently desired to take Mary prisoner, to see whether she would retain in captivity the same courageous and lofty spirit.

Her person was majestic and handsome, and her manners agreeable; her court was celebrated for the magnificence of its feasts, its tournaments, and its spectacles. She was also fond of study, particularly of the Latin authors. In 1555, she left her government of the Netherlands and returned to Spain, where she died, in 1558.

MARY LECZINSKA,

Daughter of Stanislaus, of Poland, married Louis XV. of France, in 1725. She was an amiable and virtuous princess. She bore to Louis XV. two sons and eight daughters; and died, universally regretted, in 1768, aged sixty-five.

MARY BEATRICE D'ESTE,

Was the daughter of Alphonso, duke of Modena. She was born, October 5th, 1658. Educated in a convent, she was desirous of becoming a nun; but before she reached her fifteenth year, she was married, against her will, to the duke of York, afterwards James II., who was more than twenty-five years older than herself. Her early repugnance to her husband soon wore off; she became fondly attached to him, and her whole future life marked her devotion to him. James, though a kind and indulgent husband, was an unfaithful one; and it was not till the moral dignity of her character became developed by the force of circumstances, that he learned to admire and respect her as she deserved. The beauty and purity of life of this princess, singular in a court so corrupt as that of Charles II., won for her in the early part of her married life, universal regard; but the unpopularity of her husband, whose open profession of the Catholic faith rendered him obnoxious to the English people, was transferred to her. Even before the accession of James to the throne, symptoms of an intention to throw a doubt upon the title of any son borne by Mary, were evident; and when, in 1688, after she became queen, she gave birth to a son, she was openly charged with having imposed a spurious heir upon the nation. As Mary had already been the mother of four children, it is difficult to understand how any people could entertain so absurd a belief, particularly with the powerful evidence to the contrary before them. In this year the rebellion broke out; the Prince of Orange landed in England, and Mary was obliged, to ensure her safety, and that of the young prince, who was then only six months old, to escape with him at midnight, and embark for France. King James soon followed her, and they were received by Louis XIV. in a spirit of noble sympathy and generosity that he never failed to exhibit to the unfortunate exiles during life.

It was in adversity that the virtues of queen Mary shone in their brightest lustre. Louis XIV., who appeared greatly struck with her conjugal tenderness, said of her, "She was always a queen in her prosperity, but in her adversity she is an angel."

James himself frankly acknowledged that he had never known what true happiness was, till rendered wise by many sorrows he had learned fully to appreciate the virtues and self-devotion of his queen; and was accustomed to say that, "Like Jacob, he counted his sufferings for nothing, having such a support and companion in them." Four years after the birth of her son, Mary of Modena became the mother of a daughter. She was the solace and comfort of her parents in their sorrows, but was cut off at the early age of nineteen by that grievous scourge, the small-pox. James II. died at St. Germain's in 1701. Henceforward his sorrowing widow devoted herself to religion; her sole remaining tie to earth being the hope of one day seeing her son—commonly called the Pretender—restored to his birthright. She lived to witness his failure in 1715, and died on the 7th of May, 1718, in the sixtieth year of her age, and the thirtieth of her exile. The political events connected with the life of Mary of Modena must be sought for in history. Her personal life is related in a narrative of uncommon interest, in Miss Strickland's "Lives of the English Queens." Mary of Modena played an important, rather than a conspicuous part, in the historic drama of the stirring times in which her lot was cast. She evinced, when called upon, a remarkable aptitude for business; but it is in her domestic character, as a devoted wife and mother, and as a practical Christian, that she chiefly recommends herself to our judgment and sympathies.

MARY DE MEDICI,

Daughter of Francis I., grand-duke of Tuscany, and of the archduchess Joan of Austria, was born at Florence, in 1573, and was married, in 1600, to Henry IV. of France. She was handsome, and Henry was, for a time, really attached to her; but she was violent, jealous, and obstinate, and often quarrelled with her husband, so that his affections were soon alienated. But the best historians acquit her of any more serious misconduct, especially of the insinuation thrown out by some writers, that she was privy to the murder of her husband. Maria was weak rather than wicked, and ambitious without corresponding mental powers. After her husband's death, and during the minority of Louis XIII., she became regent and guardian of her son. Dismissing the great Sully, she allowed herself to be guided by Italian and Spanish favourites. The state lost its respect abroad, and was torn by the dissensions of the nobles at home. A treaty was concluded in 1614, granting to the disaffected all they had required; but this did not bring quiet.

Mary's conduct caused universal dissatisfaction, as she permitted the marshal d'Ancre and his wife to manage the affairs of the kingdom. Louis XIII. was at length persuaded to favour, if not to order, the murder of d'Ancre, the shameless favourite, and Mary was banished for a time; but cardinal Richelieu, in 1619, reconciled the mother and son. Mary grew dissatisfied, because the terms of the treaty were not fulfilled; another civil war was kindled, but, fortunately for the people, soon subdued. The death of de Euynes, the *connétable*, who was the enemy of Mary, gave her the ascendency, and she took her place at the head of the council of state. In order to strengthen her authority, she introduced Richelieu into the council; but he proved ungrateful the moment he felt his power secure, and Mary then sought to effect his downfall. This was no easy task. Richelieu had obtained complete ascendency over the weak-minded king, who resisted all the efforts of his mother to draw him to her party. This contest for the mastery over the king was at length decided in favour of Richelieu, who succeeded in making Louis believe his crown would be lost without the support of the prime-minister. The cardinal roused the apprehensions of the king, and excited him against his mother the queen, by representing that she intended to place her second son, Gaston, on the throne. Mary was therefore ordered, in 1634, to retire to the castle of Compiegne, and all her adherents were either banished or confined in the Bastile. Richelieu was now all-powerful in the kingdom, and Mary soon felt she was a prisoner at Compiegne; she therefore escaped, went to Belgium, England, and Germany, wandering about from place to place in much sorrow, and even want. Repeatedly she demanded justice from the parliament; but she was a weak woman, and who would dare listen to her complaints against the vindictive cardinal, who was the real sovereign of the state? After leading this miserable wandering life for about ten years, the poor exiled queen died at Cologne, 1642, in great poverty and sorrow. Mary was unfortunate, but there is no stain of vice or cruelty on her character. She did much to embellish Paris, built the superb palace of Luxembourg, the fine aqueducts and public walks, called *Cours-la-Reine*. She was jealous, and suffered deeply in her affections from the licentiousness of her husband, which was, probably, the first cause of her violent temper, so often censured. His was the fault. Had Henry IV. been a faithful husband, Mary would, no doubt, have been a devoted wife. "She was," says one of her biographers, "ambitious from vanity, confiding from want of intelligence, and more avaricious of distinction than power." The defects of character thus enumerated are such as a bad or neglected education induces, rather than the emanations of a bad heart.

MARY STUART, QUEEN OF SCOTS,

Celebrated for her beauty, her wit, her learning, and her misfortunes, was born December 3d, 1542, and was the daughter and sole heiress of James V. of Scotland, by Marie of Lorraine, his second queen, a French princess of the family of Guise. Mary was eight days old when her father died; after many disturbances, it was agreed, that the earl of Arran, the next heir to the crown, should be made governor of the kingdom, and guardian to the infant queen, who remained, with her mother, in the royal palace of Linlithgow.

Henry VIII. wished to obtain the hand of this princess for his son Edward, and it was at first promised to him; but being afterwards refused by the earl of Arran, the famous battle of Musselburgh was fought in consequence. Upon the defeat of the Scots in this battle, Mary was carried by her mother to the island of Inchemahon, where she laid the foundation of her knowledge in the Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian tongues, which Mary afterwards carried to such perfection that few were found to equal her in any of them.

When the young queen was six years old, she was taken by her mother to France, where she was sent to a convent, in which the daughters of the nobility of the kingdom were educated. She wrote and spoke Latin with great ease and elegance, and had a taste for poetry; many of her compositions were highly esteemed by Ronsard. She played well on several instruments, danced gracefully, and managed a horse with ease and dexterity: she also spent much time in needlework.

On the 20th of April, 1558, Mary was married to the dauphin, afterwards Francis II. of France, who died December 5th, 1560, about six months after his accession to the throne. Mary was very much attached to him, and mourned his loss with sincere sorrow. She soon after left France, with great reluctance, to return to her own kingdom. She is said to have remained on the deck of the vessel that bore her from her beloved France, gazing on the shores of that country till they had completely disappeared from her view; then retiring below, she wrote some verses on the occasion, full of beauty and pathos.

She was welcomed with joy by her subjects, and soon after her return, Charles, archduke of Austria, was proposed to her as a husband, by the

cardinal of Lorraine. But Elizabeth of England interposed, and desired she would not marry with any foreign prince. She recommended to her either the earl of Leicester, or the lord Darnley; giving her to understand, that her succession to the crown of England would be very precarious if she did not comply. Overawed by Elizabeth, and pleased by the beauty of Darnley, she consented to marry him; and creating him earl of Ross and duke of Rothsay, July 28th, 1565, he was the same day proclaimed king, at Edinburgh, and married to the queen the day after: thus uniting the two nearest heirs to the throne of England. She had one son by Darnley, born at Edinburgh, June 19th, 1566; afterwards James VI. of Scotland, and I. of England.

David Rizzio, son of a musician at Turin, had accompanied the Piedmontese ambassador to Scotland, and gained admission into the queen's family by his musical talents. His manners were insinuating, and he crept into Mary's favour, and she made him her French secretary. He afterwards acquired so much consequence, that he was applied to by all the court suitors for his recommendation and interest. When Darnley first became a candidate for the queen's affection, he contracted an intimacy with Rizzio, who assisted him, in hopes of confirming his own influence. Not long after the nuptials, Darnley displayed such a total want of every estimable quality, and behaved with such inattention and disrespect to his royal consort, that her hasty love was succeeded by dislike and disgust. The king disregarded the remonstrances of Rizzio against his misconduct, and looking with jealousy on the increasing familiarity between him and the queen, resolved to get rid of him by violence. Several men of high rank, resenting the insolence and arrogance of the favourite, concurred in this plan. A conspiracy was formed, and one evening in March, 1566, a band of armed men took possession of the gates of Holyrood house, while the king, with some accomplices, and Lord Ruthven, in complete armour, entered the room where Mary was at supper with the countess of Argyle and Rizzio. The unhappy victim saw his danger, and clung to the queen for protection. Her tears, entreaties, and menaces, were unavailing; he was dragged from her presence, and murdered in the next apartment, within her hearing. This savage and unmanly deed, aggravated by the queen's situation, could never be forgiven. The conspirators took possession of her person, but she had still so much influence over the weak king, that she contrived to detach him from his associates, and persuaded him to escape with her.

She retired to Dunbar, where she was soon joined by some nobles with their vassals, with whom she advanced towards Edinburgh. The earl of Murray, her half-brother, the illegitimate son of James V. and the countess of Douglas, with the other exiled lords, returned to Scotland; but Mary had the address to separate them from the conspirators, and the latter, destitute of every resource, fled to England. Mary, now triumphant, was at no pains to conceal her hatred of her husband, whom she treated with every mark of aversion and contempt; nor did the birth of her son produce any reconciliation.

At this time, a new favourite had obtained an influence over her susceptible heart. This was Hepburn, earl of Bothwell, a powerful nobleman, who had always shown an attachment to her cause, and had been a principal instrument in rescuing her from the power of the conspirators. The influence he obtained over her seems at first to have been of a political kind; but it cannot be doubted that sentiments of a more tender nature succeeded. The king, unable to endure his degradation, formed a design of quitting Scotland, and residing on the continent; and, when this was prevented, he continued to live apart from the queen in solitude and neglect. On removing from Stirling to Glasgow in the beginning of 1567, he was seized with a disorder which endangered his life, and was by some attributed to poison. When he was in a state of convalescence, Mary visited him at Glasgow, and, by her apparent kindness and affection, so won his confidence that he consented to accompany her to Edinburgh, that he might have the benefit of her attentions, and of the advice of the best physicians.

At Edinburgh he was lodged in a solitary house, called Kirk of Field, at some distance from the city. Mary attended to him tenderly, and slept at night in the room under his apartment. On February 9th, she left him at about eleven at night, in order to be present at a masque in the palace on the next day; and, at two o'clock, the house was blown up with gun-powder, and the king's dead body found in an adjacent field.

Public opinion accused the earl of Bothwell of this murder; and the queen was suspected of being an accessory. After the king's father, Lennox, had publicly accused Bothwell of the murder, and had him brought to trial, Mary continued to admit him to her intimacy, and even conferred on him the command of Edinburgh castle. His trial was hurried on, without regard to the requisition of Lennox for delay; and no person appearing as his accuser on the day appointed, he was necessarily acquitted. Within a week after, Bothwell invited all the nobles to an entertainment, when he declared his intention of marrying the queen; and so much was the assembly swayed by dread of his power, or desire of his favour, that they unanimously subscribed a paper expressing their full conviction of his innocence of the murder, and recommending him as a husband to the queen. But the sentiments of the nation at large by no means corresponded with the declaration of these mean-spirited nobles; and the projected marriage was generally looked upon with detestation. Bothwell, therefore, resolved to effect it in a manner suited to his daring and violent character. As Mary was proceeding from Edinburgh to Stirling, on a visit to her infant son, Bothwell suddenly appeared on the road with a large body of horse, dispersed without resistance her slender train, and seizing the queen, with a few of her courtiers, carried them to Dunbar. The queen showed neither terror nor indignation; and her attendants

were informed that everything was done with her consent. Bothwell unfortunately had a wife already; but he obtained a speedy divorce from her, on the double ground of their being cousins within the prohibited degrees, and of his own unfaithfulness. Mary was then taken to Edinburgh castle, where she appeared at the court of session and declared herself at full liberty; and, on May 15th, little more than three months from her husband's murder, this scandalous union was consummated. Bothwell, without the title of king, possessed the whole power of the crown; no access was permitted to the queen except by his creatures; and he made an unsuccessful attempt to obtain possession of the person of the young prince.

From this time a series of misfortunes attended the queen. The different views and interests of the nobility, clergy, and gentry, in regard to religion and politics, had so disturbed the peace of the kingdom, that all things appeared in the greatest confusion. Bothwell, defeated in a battle, was forced to fly to Denmark; and the queen was taken prisoner to Lochleven, and committed to the care of Murray's mother, who, having been the mistress of James V., insulted the unfortunate queen, by pretending that she was the lawful wife of James V., and that Murray was his legitimate child. When queen Elizabeth heard of this treatment of Mary, she seemed very indignant at it, and sent Sir Nicholas Throgmorton into Scotland, to expostulate with the conspirators, and to consult about restoring her to liberty. But Elizabeth was by no means in earnest; and, if not the contriver of these troubles, as some have supposed her to have been, she secretly rejoiced at them. When Elizabeth was crowned, Mary, then in France, had been persuaded by the Roman Catholics to assume the arms and title of the kingdom of England; thereby declaring Elizabeth illegitimate, and her title null and void. This indignity Elizabeth never forgave.

Having been detained prisoner at Lochleven eleven months, and most inhumanly forced to comply with demands highly detrimental to her honour and interest, she escaped, May 2d, 1568, and went to Hamilton castle. Here, in an assembly of many of the nobility, was drawn a sentence, declaring that the grants extorted from her majesty in prison, among which was a resignation of the crown, were void from the beginning; upon which, in two or three days, more than six thousand people assembled to her assistance.

Murray, who had been declared regent of the kingdom, made all possible preparations; and when the two parties joined battle, the queen's army, consisting of raw soldiers, were entirely defeated; and she was obliged to save herself by flight, travelling sixty miles in one day, to the house of Maxwell, lord Herries. Thence she despatched a messenger to queen Elizabeth, with a diamond which she had formerly received from her, signifying that she would come into England, and asking her assistance. Elizabeth returned a kind answer, with large promises; but before the messenger returned, Mary, rejecting the advice of her friends, hastened into England, and landing, May 17th, at Workington, in Cumberland, she wrote a long letter in French with her own hand to Elizabeth, detailing her misfortunes, and asking her aid. Elizabeth affected to comfort her, gave her dubious promises, and commanded, under pretence of greater security, that she should be carried to Carlisle.

Mary immediately perceived her error. Denied access to Elizabeth, she was kept wandering for nineteen years from one prison to another, and was at length tried, condemned, and beheaded, for being engaged in Babington's conspiracy against queen Elizabeth. She professed to die for the Roman Catholic religion, and has been considered a saint by that church. She was executed at Fotheringay castle, February 8th, 1587, and met her death with dignity and composure. Her remains were interred by her son, in Westminster Abbey, after his accession to the English throne.

Authors have differed about the moral character of this queen; there has been but one opinion as to her charms as a woman, or the variety of her accomplishments. She wrote poems in the Latin, Italian, French, and Scotch languages; "Royal Advice" to her son, during her imprisonment; and a great number of letters, many of which are now in the library at Paris. Some of them have been printed.

Such were her fascinations of person and mind that few could be placed under their influence without becoming convinced of her innocence of all the charges against her, and devoted to her service. She also possessed keen powers of irony and sarcasm, which she sometimes used with too little discretion. Though at all times strongly attached to her own faith, she is free from the charges of bigotry and persecution. A melancholy interest attaches every heart to the memory of Mary of Scotland. It is painfully felt that fate or providence had designed her for suffering. Her charms of beauty and genius, that made her such a fascinating woman, unfitted her for the throne of a rude nation, in the most stormy period of its history. She had the misfortune to live among enemies paid to slander her; and few dared defend, while her proud and powerful rival queen was watching for an opportunity to crush her. "No inquiry," says Sir Walter Scott, in his history of Scotland, "has been able to bring us to that clear opinion upon the guilt of Mary which is expressed by many authors, or to guide us to that triumphant conclusion in favour of her innocence of all accession, direct or tacit, to the death of her husband, which others have maintained with the same obstinacy. The great error of marrying Bothwell, stained as he was by universal suspicion of Darnley's murder, is a spot upon her character for which we in vain seek for an apology. What excuse she is to derive from the brutal ingratitude of Darnley; what from the perfidy and cruelty of the fiercest set of nobles who existed in any age; what from the manners of a time in which assassination was often esteemed a virtue, and revenge the discharge of a debt of honour, must be left to the charity of the reader."

The misfortunes of Mary have furnished a sub-

ject for the tragic muse of Schiller and Alfieri; but these are not so expressive of her feelings as the two following, written by Mary during her imprisonment in Fotheringay castle. The French being the tongue she had used from infancy, she preferred when writing; the hymn was in Latin, as that was the language of her devotions; this was her last production, "composed and repeated" by her, the day before her execution.

SONNET.

Que suis-je, helas! et de quoi sert la vie?
J'en suis fors qu'un corps privé de cueur;
Un ombre vayn, un object de malheur,
Qui n'a plus rien que de mourir en vie.
Plus ne me portez, O enemys, d'envie,
Qui n'a plus l'esprit a la grandeur:
J'ai consomme d'excessive douleur,
Voitre ire en bref de voir assouvie,
Et vous amys qui m'avez tenu chere,
Souvenez-vous que sans cueur, et sans santey,
Je ne scaurois auqun bon œuvre faire.
Et que sus bas etant assez punie,
J'aie ma part en la joie infinie.

Translation by a Scotch Lady.

Alas! what am I? and in what estate?
A wretched corse bereaved of its heart;
An empty shadow, lost unfortunate,
To die is now in life my only part.
Foes to my greatness! let your envy rest,
In me no taste for grandeur now is found;
Consumed by grief, with heavy ills oppressed,
Your wishes and desires will soon be crowned.
And you, my friends, who still have held me dear,
Bethink you, that when health and heart are fled,
And every hope of earthly good is dead,
'T is time to wish our sorrow ended here;
And that this punishment on earth is given
That my pure soul may rise to endless bliss in heaven.

HYMN.

O Domine Deus! speravi in te
O care mi Jesu! nunc libera me.
In dura catenâ, in misera pœnâ, desidero te;
Languendo, gemendo, et genu-flectendo,
Adoro, imploro, ut liberes me!

Translation by Rev. Geo. W. Bethune.

My God, O Jehovah, I have trusted in thee;
O Jesus, my Saviour, now rescue thou me;
Like fetters in iron deep griefs me environ, — thy smile let me see!
With sighing and crying, at thy feet lowly lying,
I adore thee, implore thee, now rescue thou me!

MASQUIÉRES, FRANÇOISE,

Was the daughter of a steward of the king, and was born at Paris, where she died in 1728. She had a great taste for poetry, and wrote it with facility. Among her poetical works are a "Description of the Gallery of St. Cloud," and "The Origin of the Lute."

MASHAM, LADY DAMARIS,

Was the daughter of Dr. Ralph Cudworth, and born at Cambridge on the 18th of January, 1658. She was the second wife of Sir Francis Masham, of Oates, in the county of Essex, by whom she had only one son. Her father took great pains in her education; and she was skilled in philosophy and divinity. Much of her improvement was undoubtedly owing to her intimacy with the famous Locke, who lived many years in her family, and died in her house at Oates. She wrote "A Discourse concerning the Love of God;" and "Occasional Thoughts in reference to a Virtuous and Christian Life;" and several other pamphlets which she published anonymously. She died in 1708, and was interred in the cathedral church at Bath, where a monument is erected to her memory.

MASHAM, ABIGAIL,

Was the daughter of Mr. Hill, a wealthy merchant of London, who married the sister of Mr. Jennings, the father of the duchess of Marlborough. The bankruptcy of her father obliged her to become the attendant of lady Rivers, a baronet's lady, whence she removed into the service of her relative, then lady Churchill, who procured her the place of waiting-maid to the princess Anne. The maid retained her situation after her mistress ascended the throne, and gradually acquired considerable influence over her. Abigail Hill was not a woman of superior mind or attainments; but there were many points of sympathy between the queen and herself, which may account for the ascendency of this favourite. She possessed great powers of mimicry, and considerable taste in music, of which latter accomplishment the queen was very fond. She also favoured the tories, to which party the queen was secretly attached. Subjected for years to the violent and domineering temper of the duchess of Marlborough, the queen turned naturally to the milder and more conciliating disposition of her maid in waiting for sympathy and repose; and she gradually superseded the duchess as favourite. In 1707, Abigail Hill married Mr. Masham, a man of ancient family, one of the pages of the court. This marriage was performed secretly, and in the presence of the queen. The duchess of Marlborough, on learning these facts, gave way to such violence, that it severed finally the tie between herself and the queen; and in a short time she was deprived of all her offices and dignities at court. One of her situations, that of keeper of the privy-seal, was given to Mrs. Masham.

Mrs. Masham leagued herself with Harley and Bolingbroke, who were intriguing to remove the duke of Marlborough and his adherents, and became an instrument in their hands. In 1711, a change of ministry took place, and Mr. Masham was raised to the peerage. Henceforward lady Masham became involved in all the intrigues of the court, especially in those of the tories in favour of the exiled house of Stuart, which she warmly advocated. Attached to the cause of the Pretender, she was the medium of communication between the queen and her unfortunate young brother, in the latter part of her reign, when the succession was still uncertain, and when in her moments of vacillation and remorse she clung to the hope that her brother, by renouncing his religion, might succeed her.

Mrs. Masham's name occupies a prominent place in the political writings of those times, connected as she was with Swift, Arbuthnot, Bolingbroke,

and other eminent men. Mrs. Masham was plain in appearance, and delicate in health. One of her personal traits was a remarkably red nose, furnishing the wits of the day with a constant subject at which to level their shafts. After the death of the queen she lived in great retirement, and died at an advanced age. Her husband's title became extinct upon the death of her only son in 1776.

MATRAINI, CLARA CANTARINI,

Was of a noble family of Lucca, and one of the best poets of her time. She was living in 1562. Her style is said to be pure, correct, and full of force and elegance; her ideas clear, noble, and ingenious; and she particularly excels as a lyrist. Many of her pieces were printed at Venice, in 1560. Many others were subjoined to her letters, which were printed at Lucca in 1595. In these she appears well instructed in sacred history, and in theology in general; one, to her son, contains many useful maxims of manners and conduct. Her "Christian Meditations," mixed with very beautiful scraps of poetry, and concluded by a female's ode to the Almighty, were printed there. She also wrote a life of the Virgin Mary, in which are many pieces of poetry; others are found in different collections. She was well skilled in the Platonic philosophy, was generally esteemed by the literati of that age, and corresponded with many of them.

MAUPIN, N. AUBIGNY,

A celebrated singer at the Paris opera. She possessed great personal courage; and, on some occasions, assumed a man's dress to avenge insults offered to her. She left the stage in 1705, and died in 1707, aged thirty-three.

MAYO, SARAH C. EDGARTON,

Was born in Shirley, Massachusetts, in 1819. She began to write when very young, and for nine years edited an annual called "The Rose of Sharon." She also edited "The Ladies' Repository," published in Boston; and wrote several works, both in prose and verse; "The Palfreys;" "Ellen Clifford;" "The Poetry of Women;" and "Memoir and Poems of Mrs. Julia H. Scott," &c. Her maiden name was Edgarton. She married, in 1846, the Rev. A. D. Mayo, of Gloucester, Massachusetts, and continued her literary pursuits with increased advantages. Had her life been prolonged, she gave promise of being one of our most distinguished female writers; but death suddenly destroyed these bright hopes of earthly usefulness. She died, July 9th, 1848. The following poems have a tenderness in their tone, and a delicate sensibility in the feelings expressed, which were characteristics of the writer.

TYPES OF HEAVEN.

Why love I the lily-bell
Swinging in the scented dell?
Why love I the wood-notes wild,
Where the sun hath faintly *smiled*?
Daisies in their beds secure,
Gazing out so meek and pure?

Why love I the evening dew
In the violet's bell of blue?
Why love I the vesper star,
Trembling in its shrine afar?
Why love I the summer night
Softly weeping drops of light?

Why to me do woodland springs
Whisper sweet and holy things?
Why does every bed of moss
Tell me of my Saviour's cross?
Why in every dimpled wave
Smiles the *light* from o'er the *grave*?

Why do rainbows, seen at even,
Seem the glorious paths to heaven?
Why are gushing streamlets fraught
With the notes from angels caught?
Can ye tell me why the wind
Bringeth seraphs to my mind?

Is it not that faith hath bound
Beauties of all form and sound
To the dreams that have been given
Of the holy things of heaven?
Are they not bright links that bind
Sinful souls to Sinless Mind?

From the lowly violet sod,
Links are lengthened unto God.
All of holy — stainless — sweet —
That on earth we hear or meet,
Are but types of that pure love
Brightly realized above.

THE SHADOW-CHILD.

Whence came this little phantom
That flits about my room—
That 's here from early morning
Until the twilight gloom?
For ever dancing, dancing,
She haunts the wall and floor,
And frolics in the sunshine
Around the open door.

The ceiling by the table
She makes her choice retreat,
For there a little human *girl*
Is wont to have her seat.
They take a dance together—
A crazy little jig;
And sure two baby witches
Ne'er ran so wild a *rig*!

They pat their hands together
With frantic jumps and springs,
Until you almost fancy
You catch the gleam of wings.
Shrill shrieks the human baby
In the madness of delight,
And back return loud echoes
From the little shadow sprite.

At morning by my bedside
When first the birdies sing,
Up starts the little phantom
With a merry laugh and spring.
She woos me from my pillow
With her little coaxing arms;
I go where'er she beckons—
A victim to her charms.

At night I still am haunted
By glimpses of her face;
Her features on my pillow
By moonlight I can trace.
Whence came this shadow-baby
That haunts my heart and home?
What kindly hand hath sent her,
And wherefore hath she come?

Long be her dancing image
Our guest by night and day,
For lonely were our dwelling
If she were now away.
Far happier hath our home been,
More blest than e'er before,
Since first that little shadow
Came gliding through our door.

MAZARIN, HORTENSE MANCINI, DUCHESS OF,

Was the daughter of Lorenzo Mancini, a nobleman of Rome, and Jeronina Mazarin, sister of the celebrated cardinal. She was born in 1647, and in 1653 was sent to France, to be educated under the care of her uncle. She was distinguished for her beauty, her reckless vivacity, and her great wealth. In his misfortunes, Charles II. of England, was a rejected suitor for her hand. In 1660, Hortense married Armand Charles de la Porte, duke de Meilleraye and Mayenne, who, on his marriage, took the name, title, and arms of Mazarin. Mazarin died the next year, leaving his niece the sum of 1,625,000 pounds sterling. The husband of Hortense was very unsuited to her, but she lived quietly with him for six years, when she suddenly left him, and attempted to obtain a separation from him. Finding that she was likely to be unsuccessful, she determined on flight, and disguising herself and her maid in male attire, she left Paris, June, 1667, for Switzerland, and from thence rambled over most of the countries of Europe. In 1678, she arrived at London, and commenced an attack on the heart of Charles II., in which she soon succeeded. She became one of his favourites, and he gave her apartments in St. James'; and a pension of £4000 a year. This was afterwards withdrawn, in consequence of a partiality she openly displayed for the prince de Monaco, but Charles soon restored it to her. She resided during the latter part of her life at Chelsea, where her house was the resort of the gay, beautiful, and intellectual. The duchess of Mazarin died at Chelsea, June 2d, 1699, in her fifty-third year. She was so much in debt at the time that her body was seized by her creditors.

MELLON, HARRIET, DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS,

Was born in Westminster, England, about 1775. Her father was a gentleman in the service of the East India Company, but died before the birth of his daughter. Her mother afterwards married Mr. Entwistle, a professor of music, and leader of the band at the York theatre. Miss Mellon was educated for the stage, and made her debût at Drury-Lane, London, in 1793; she was considered at the head of the second-rate actresses, and was often intrusted with first-rate comic characters. In 1815, Miss Mellon married Mr. Coutts, a wealthy banker, who had long been attached to her; and, at his death, in 1822, he left her his immense fortune. Mrs. Coutts afterwards married the duke of St. Albans, a man much younger than herself. On her death, she left most of the property to Miss Burdett, daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, on the condition that the young lady should bear, in addition to Burdett, the surname and arms of Coutts.

MERCER, MARGARET,

Deserving a place among the most distinguished of her sex, for her noble philanthropy, and efforts in the cause of female education, was born at Annapolis, Maryland, in 1791. The family of Mercer descended from an ancient English stock, transplanted to this country soon after its colonization;

the race has, in its new location, done honour to the source from whence it was derived. The father of Margaret was, at the time of her birth, governor of Maryland, a man of excellent education, refined taste, and large wealth. Retiring from public life, governor Mercer withdrew to his estate at Cedar Fork, and devoted himself to agricultural pursuits, and the training of his children. Margaret was his only daughter, and her education was conducted under his immediate care, with little assistance from other teachers: she often remarked, that she had been "brought up at her father's feet." Margaret Mercer is another example, added to the list our "Record" furnishes, of the beneficial influence which thorough mental training exercises on woman's character, by enabling her to make her moral power more respected and more effective. Scarcely an instance can be found where a father has aided and encouraged the mental improvement of his daughter, but that she has done honour to his care and kindness, and been the brightest jewel in his intellectual crown. Such was Margaret Mercer; proud as the family might well be of the name they bore, she has added its holiest lustre. "Her character," says her biographer,* in his excellent "Memoir" of this noble woman, "comprised elements apparently very diverse, and yet all combined into a perfect whole, as the varied colours of a ray of light. Gentle, and full of affection for all, and ready to sympathize with sorrow wherever met with; feelings, the evidence of which will be found scattered everywhere around these traces

* Caspar Morris, M. D.

of her path through life, she yet possessed an energy and firmness rarely found in this connexion."

If Dr. Morris had reflected farther on the subject, how few girls are trained as Margaret Mercer was—her mental powers developed, and directed to guide and strengthen rightly those delicate moral sensibilities and tender affections peculiar to her sex, he would have found the reason of her superiority; and also he would have understood why *learning*—we use the term in its widest sense—is of great advantage to woman as well as to man.

In another place, after giving a sketch of her studies in botany, and love of gardening, &c., Dr. Morris says:

"But it was not upon these sportive fancies alone that her mind exerted its powers. Graver subjects occupied her attention, and performed their part in giving increased vigour to her reasoning faculties, whilst the others were adding to the already abounding stores of her fertile imagination. It has been mentioned that she had access to a choice collection of works on history and general literature: these were her familiar companions, and her mind was thoroughly stored with their contents; whilst we find her sometimes deep in mathematics, allowing herself but four hours' rest in the twenty-four, that she might bring her mind under the wholesome discipline of this parent of careful thought; at others, theological discussions asserted an unrivalled empire over her mind, and in order to drink, as she supposed, more purely from the fountain itself, with less intervention of human teaching, she devoted herself with almost undivided attention to the study of Hebrew; and a short time after, we find her carefully threading the intricate mysteries of medical science, that by the acquisition of correct knowledge on the nature of diseases and remedies, she might enlarge the sphere of her benevolent usefulness. The deep abstractions of metaphysics did not deter her from trying to fathom those abysses into which the mind plunges its line in vain, growing old in drawing up no certain token of reaching the solid foundation over which its deep waters roll so proudly. She remarks to a friend: 'I do not come on very well with metaphysics; I dislike anything so inconclusive, and should be tired of following an angel, if he talked so in a ring.' A paper of 'Thoughts on the Magnet' proves her to have given attention to natural philosophy, and at an early period to have attempted to solve some of those mysterious truths which are now but dawning upon the horizon of human knowledge. But whilst on all these subjects she could express herself with ease and eloquence, there was a simplicity and delicacy about her character which separated her as widely as can be conceived from that class of 'women of masculine understanding,' whose assumption of claims to superiority over their own sex leads them to despise the refinements and delicacy which communicate an appropriate and attractive grace to the female character. These can never be laid aside, no matter how great the positive acquirement, without a violation of the laws of nature, and a consequent shock to that unity of action which constitutes the beauty of the works of Him, who gave to each an appropriate part in the sublime harmony of the universe, which attests His wisdom and power. Never was feminine grace more beautifully illustrated than in her whole career. She never forgot that it is the peculiar province of woman to minister to the comfort, and promote the happiness, first, of those most nearly allied to her, and then of those, who by the providence of God are placed in a state of dependence upon her. To discharge these duties was her unceasing object, to the accomplishing which she devoted herself with entire singleness of purpose. Thus she writes to a friend: 'I, like every little mole toiling in his own dark passage, have been given to murmuring, and my great complaint for some time past has been, that I was cut off from every means of usefulness, and could not find anything on earth to do that might not as well remain undone; and while I am fretting at having nothing to do, you find equal discomfort in having too much. Somebody, no matter who, has said the secret of happiness was that the busy find leisure, and the idle find business, and it would seem so between us. And yet I doubt whether happiness is not a principle which belongs exclusively to God, and whether we can ever be satisfied till we wake up in his likeness. Whenever you can find that spot, sacred to religious peace and true friendship, send for me to your paradise, but remember this is the reward promised to those who *have gone through* the struggle of our great spiritual warfare.'

At this time her pencil, her pen, and her needle, were all put in requisition in aid of the Greeks, in their struggle for liberty.

When Margaret Mercer was about two-and-twenty, she made a public profession of religion; in a letter to a friend, she thus commemorates this important event:

"I was confirmed, and had the pious blessing of our venerable old bishop, the day before I came from home. You cannot think how humble, how penitent, how happy I feel. It seems as though I still feel the pressure of his hand on my head. He has promised to come to see me next spring. . . . I do not think I was ever made for a married woman; I feel as if I was not intended to take so great a share in worldly things. If I did, I should forget my God, perhaps; and may Providence load me with every human misery, and deprive me of every earthly good, rather than that."

And now that her fine talents had been cultivated by a liberal education and an extensive course of reading, and her naturally amiable disposition warmed and purified by true piety, she was ready for her work. Yet who that then looked upon her would have dreamed what that work was to be! Her biographer thus describes her at this period:

"In personal appearance, Miss Mercer was peculiarly attractive; her stature was originally tall, her carriage graceful, her eye beaming with intelligence, and her whole countenance expressive of the loveliest traits of female character. Disease

and care set their marks upon her face in after life, and caused her form to lose its symmetry, but never quenched the beaming of the eye, nor darkened the radiance of her soul, which shone on every feature to the very last. Her appearance was indeed the embodiment of the *ideal* of female loveliness and worth; and it may be asserted with safety, that none ever approached her without receiving the impression of the presence of one elevated above the common grade of mortal life. There was a combination of the attractive graces with the impressiveness of superior power which is rarely met with; and while her manner was often sportive, and she could adorn the most common subjects of conversation by the most graceful turns of thought and purity of language, there was frequently an elevation of thought and force of expression, which carried those thrown into association with her, into a higher sphere than that of common every-day existence. Even those who could not sympathize with and appreciate her character, were still struck with this feature in it, and its influence was acknowledged in the fact, that none would dare to express before her sentiments or opinions which would have been uttered in conversation with other persons without restraint."

This is the true moral influence which woman, when her education is properly conducted, and her position rightly understood, will exercise over men, over society. That this moral power was held by woman, Miss Mercer felt to be true; and hence arose her distaste for the "chatter" of the vain, frivolous, *accomplished* young ladies, whom she met in society. Thus she writes of her visit at Washington:

"I acknowledge that there are many persons around me vastly better than I am; but I am speaking of society, not people; and I confess that the 'unidea-ed chatter of females' is past my endurance; they are very capable of better things, but what of that? Is it not yet more annoying, that they will do nothing better? And besides all this, I have more painful feelings of embarrassment in company than I had at sixteen. I am *old*, too; and, when I go into gay scenes, the illusion is gone, and I fancy the illuminated hall to resemble the castle of enchantment, where Armida kept all who were capable of virtue bound in the lap of pleasure. I think how a M. Fellenberg has devoted a noble spirit to a grand system of education, and given them the model. All admire, all talk of it, and no one on the wide globe follows the example. Mrs. Fry opens the prison gates—looses the bonds of the captive — carries healing into broken hearts, or plants virtue where vice was the only growth — what are all these chattering women about, that they cannot wear a simple garb, and follow her to jails and hospitals and poor-houses? No — if I cannot do good where there is so much to do, I never was and never will be a votary of folly."

She was now engaged in founding a Sunday school. Writing to a friend, she says — "When my head turns to this subject, it seems to me I want forty heads, well stored with strong sense; forty frames supported by vigorous strength and health; and a hundred hands as organs of execution for the plans and projects of my head."

Miss Mercer was to have a wider sphere for the office of teacher, which seemed her peculiar mission. Her mother died when Margaret was young. Her father's death, which took place at Philadelphia, whither she had accompanied him for his health, proved the crisis of her life. She had been accustomed to all the indulgences love and wealth can bestow. From this time, she was to prove what those endure who have only their faith in God and their own energies on which to rely. Much of her property consisted in slaves — these she liberated, provided for, and sent to Liberia. Thus Dr. Morris gives the summary:

"This emancipation of her slaves was one of a chain of acts inseparably linked together, by which she reduced herself from *affluence* to absolute dependence on her own exertions for maintenance; and that not ignorantly and gradually, but instantly, and with full knowledge of the inevitable result. She therefore apologizes to Mr. Gurley for doing so little for them, and remarks: 'Should any think I have not done my part by these poor creatures, I can but bear the blame *silently*. A formal remonstrance against my making such a disposition of my property has been addressed to me by —— and ——. Had it been anything but human flesh and blood, souls belonging to the God that made them, I should have yielded. But I have determined to abide the consequences.' These consequences were anxiety, toil, and poverty, endured without a murmur or regret, during twenty-five years of life enfeebled by constant disease. These sacrifices for Africa, and her efforts in behalf of the negro race, were alone sufficient to place her name high on the roll of female philanthropists."

Yes, the name of Margaret Mercer should be placed among the highest. Elizabeth Fry made few, if any, pecuniary sacrifices. Sarah Martin never descended from a high social position to aid the poor; but Margaret Mercer performed both of these self-denying deeds of heroic virtue.

And now she was to begin the world; she chose the arduous post of teacher in a school for young girls in Virginia; but her plans of charity were not given up. Thus she writes to a friend:

"I have been desiring a day or two of repose that I might devote to you and your dearest mother. But, indeed, you have very little idea of the life I lead. Saturday is as laboriously spent in working for the Liberian Society, as any other day in the week; and on Sunday we have a Sunday-school, in which I have my part, and so make out to employ every day fully. Drawing keeps me on my feet for six hours every other day; and at first it was truly bewildering to teach twenty-three children who did not know how to make a straight line. You are anxious to know all about me, and you see I am free in my communication: there are many encouraging circumstances in the mode of life I have adopted; *for those very things that are most painful prove how much there is to do;* and where there is much to do, steady laborious efforts

to do good will doubtless be blessed, although we may in mercy be denied the luxury of seeing our work under the sun prosper. Mrs. G. is sometimes very much dispirited, at times without cause; for every little painful occurrence of misconduct in the children affords opportunity of more strenuously enforcing good principles. I never knew how to be thankful to my parents, above all to my God, for a good education, until I came to look into the state of young ladies generally."

The desire to be made instrumental in training souls for eternity was the ruling motive by which she was influenced; and, from the very first, her chief efforts were devoted to this great end, which was pursued without deviation throughout her whole career, though by no means to the neglect of those subsidiary acquirements which she esteemed as highly as any one could do, and laboured most unremittingly to communicate to her pupils.

She continued in this, her chosen profession, for about twenty-five years; established a school of her own; and her example and influence have had a most salutary and wide-spread effect on the community where she resided. This admirable woman died in the autumn of 1846, aged fifty-five years. She prepared two works for her pupils, "Studies for Bible Classes," and a volume entitled "Ethics;" in the form of lectures to young ladies, which she employed as a text-book in teaching moral philosophy. It is admirably adapted to its purpose, conveying in chaste, yet glowing language, the feelings of a sanctified heart. She adopts the word of God as the only source of knowledge, as well of the practical duties of life, as of our relations to the Author of our being; and endeavours to explain and enforce the principles there laid down for the formation of character, and the government of life. It is a work well worthy of the diligent study of every woman who desires to attain to a high degree of moral worth. We give one extract.

CONVERSATION.

"If you are conscious that the sin of idle talking prevails among you; if you are sensible of so offending individually; or, if the sad effect of this low, disgraceful, and corrupting vice disturbs the peace and serenity of your little circle, let me entreat you, as the most certain corrective of the evil, to form some common plan for promoting the perfection and happiness of your fellow-creatures. Imbue your hearts with the spirit of active charity, and the gossip of the worldly-minded will indeed sound on your ears like *idle words*. No conversation will then appear to you worthy of notice, but such as has some evident bearing upon the improvement or happiness of the human race. When this has once become the main object of your hopes, your fears, your labours, and your prayers, it will become the most interesting subject of your thoughts, and the favourite theme of your conversations. Imagine Mr. Howard, or Mrs. Fry, to return home at evening, with souls filled with images of the poor prisoners they had visited, hand-cuffed and chained, lying on a pile of filthy straw, perishing with cold and hunger; or, worse, in the horrid bondage of sin, blaspheming, drinking and fighting in their subterrene hole. Do you think they would be agreeably amused, if, when their efforts were directed to 'stir up the pure minds fervently,' of the young around them, to aid in their noble labours, they were called upon to join in the childish prattle of girls discussing the ribands on their hair, or the rings on their fingers; or, in the equally contemptible jargon of young men of fashion, of their hat-rims, or coat-capes, or shoe-ties, or, still worse, the cruel, wicked custom, usual with both sexes, of dissecting characters, and speaking evil of others, merely to excite some interest in their vapid conversation? *Conversation is to works what the flower is to the fruit.* A godly conversation shelters and cherishes the new-born spirit of virtue, as the flower does the fruit from the cold, chill atmosphere, of a heartless world; and the beauty of holiness expanding in conversation, gives rational anticipation of noble-minded principles ripening into the richest fruits of good works. You know the tree as well by the flower as the fruit, and never need you hope to see the fig follow the thistle flower, or grapes the wild bloom of the thorn tree. Honour God, then, with your bodies and spirits, in your lives and conversations; show forth *holiness* out of a good conversation; for the king's daughter is *all glorious within.*"

As we prefer giving the opinions of men respecting the distinguished of our sex, rather than expressing our own, we will end this sketch with another extract from Dr. Morris's interesting work, which should be read by every American woman.

"Miss Mercer was a patriot woman, and lived and suffered, and virtually bled and died, in the service of her country. Serving it in a sphere of action the most important, yet too commonly the least esteemed. Standing at the very fountain of influence, and casting in there the healing branch which shall cause pure waters to flow over the wide domain. It is to the mothers of her sons that our country looks for the impress that is to make them her great and her good men, her trusted and her honoured servants. To such women as Margaret Mercer would we trust the forming of the character of those who are thus to give character to our country when our part in the drama is performed, and we pass for ever from an interest in its actings. May her example stir others up to the like consecration of their powers. It is the female pass of Thermopylæ. The Salamis of a woman's ambition."

MERIAN, MARIA SIBYLLA,

A GERMAN artist, was born at Frankfort in 1647. She was the daughter of Matthew Merian, a celebrated engraver and topographer. Miss Merian became a pupil of Abraham Mingon, from whom she learned great neatness of handling, and delicacy of colour. She painted from nature, reptiles, flowers, and insects, which she studied with the most curious and minute observation. She frequently painted her subjects in water-colours on vellum, and finished an astonishing number of

designs. She drew flies and caterpillars in all the variety of changes and forms in which they successively appear. She even undertook a voyage to Surinam to paint those insects and reptiles which were peculiar to that climate; and, on her return, published two volumes of engravings after her designs. Her works are still referred to by writers on etymology. She died at Amsterdam, in 1717.

METRANA, ANNA,

An Italian lady, lived in 1718, and is mentioned by Orlandi as an eminent *portrait*-painter.

MICHIEL, RENIER GIUSTINA,

Was born 1755, in Venice. Her father, Andrea Renier, was son of the last doge, save one, and her mother, Cecilia Manin, was sister of the last; her godfather, Foscarini, had been doge himself, and was one of the principal literati of his day. The princely rank and affluence of her family, offered every possible advantage of education: from the earliest childhood she displayed a fondness for study, and a dislike for needlework, and such lady-like business. She was passionately fond of music, and devoted a great portion of time to the cultivation of that art, as well as to literary pursuits. At the age of twenty, she married Marco Michiel, a gentleman of high rank. She accompanied him to Rome, where his father resided as ambassador, and there she became acquainted with all the most distinguished geniuses of Italy. In conversing with foreigners, she felt her deficiency in the French and English languages: to these she immediately applied herself. Intimacy with professors of the university, turned her attention to natural science: she became well acquainted with geometry, physics, chemistry. She studied botany, and wrote some excellent works upon it; but her most elaborate and considerable production, is the "Feste Veniziane," a work of no little research and learning. She lived in an extended circle of society, to all of whom she was endeared by her amiable qualities and superior abilities. Albrizzi, who particularly describes her, represents her conversation and social qualities in a very charming light. She was fond of simplicity in dress, and detested affectation in manner; beyond every thing she avoided the society of tiresome and insipid persons. "For me," said she, "ennui is among the worst evils—I can bear pain better." Speaking of a person whom she had reason to condemn, "Now he is unfortunate; justice and humanity can ask no more—*I forget his faults.*" In one of her letters she writes, "It belongs to my character to think well of people as long as it is possible."

In her latter years she became deaf, and had recourse to an ear-trumpet. Her constitutional cheerfulness turned this into an advantage. Writing to a friend, she says, "My deafness is an inestimable advantage in company; for with the stupid and gossiping I shun all communication; their nonsense passes unheeded—but I can employ my trumpet with sensible people, and often gain in that way valuable knowledge." Another of her opinions was, "The world improves people according to the dispositions they bring into it." "Time is a better comforter than reflection."

In 1808, the French government sent to the municipality of Venice a writing of the engineer Cabot, entitled "Statistic questions concerning the city of Venice." The municipality imposed the charge of answering this work to two of the most distinguished men then living, the celebrated bibliopole Morelli, and the erudite Jacopo Filiasi. These applied to Madame Michiel to aid their labour; and it was while immersed in the studies this task involved, that the idea of her "Feste Veniziane," so happily executed, was planned. She died in 1832, aged seventy-seven years. A monument was erected to her memory, with an inscription, which, though eulogistic, considering her life, character, and learning, was not superior to her merits.

MILLER, LADY,

Resided at Bath-Easton, near Bath, in England. She published "Letters from Italy," and also a volume of poems. She was well known as a literary lady, and a patroness of literature. Her death occurred in 1781.

MILTON, MARY,

The first wife of the poet Milton, was the oldest daughter of Richard Powell, Esq., a magistrate of Oxfordshire. In 1643, at a very early age, she became the wife of John Milton, a connexion, for many reasons, very unsuitable. Mr. Powell was a zealous royalist, who practised the jovial hospitality of the country gentlemen of that period; and the transition from the unrestrained freedom of such a home, to the sombre restraint of Milton's dull residence, in a close and confined street of London—a constraint no doubt increased by his naturally reserved and abstracted nature, and the puritanic influences which surrounded him—so wearied the young creature, that she sought an invitation from her father, and in less than a month from her marriage, returned home on a visit. Here, as the summer passed on, she received repeated messages and letters from her husband, summoning her home, all of which were disre-

garded. Milton, incensed at her disobedience, viewed her conduct as a deliberate desertion, which broke the marriage contract, and determined to punish it by repudiation. This matrimonial disagreement gave rise to his treatises on the "Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce; the Judgment of Martin Bucer concerning Divorce;" and "Tetrachordon, or Expositions upon four chief Places in Scripture which treat of Marriage." Convinced by his own arguments, Milton began to pay his addresses to a lady of great accomplishments, which alarmed the parents of his wife, and, no doubt, awoke her to a sense of the impropriety of her conduct. While on a visit to a neighbour and kinsman, he was surprised by the sudden entrance of his wife, who threw herself at his feet, and expressed her penitence. After a short struggle of resentment, he again received her, and sealed the reconciliation by opening his house to her father and brothers, who had been driven from their home by the triumph of the republican arms.

Mrs. Milton died young, leaving three daughters, who severally filled the office of amanuensis and reader to their father, in his darkened old age. Milton's ill luck in his first essay, did not prevent his venturing twice, subsequently, into the marriage state; though it has obviously left its impress upon his mind, the proper subjection of woman unto man, being a subject to which he never fails to give due weight. In his Paradise Lost—which, strange to say, seems to have furnished the popular conception of Adam and Eve, to readers of the Anglo-Saxon race, rather than their true history in the Bible—he gives Eve an undue share in the "fall," investing the fact with circumstances that weigh heavily and unjustly upon her. The Scripture says, "She took of the fruit thereof, and did eat; and gave also unto her husband *with her*, and he did eat." Man's superiority to woman is but poorly illustrated in following blindly her lead. A modern husband who stood beside his wife in a moment of imminent peril, would ill perform his duty if he did not extend to her a restraining hand, or at least warn her of her peril.

MINGOTTI, CATHARINE,

A CELEBRATED Italian singer, was born at Naples, in 1728. After the death of her father, who was a German, Catharine entered a convent, where she was instructed in music. When she was fourteen she left the convent, and some time after married Mingotti, director of the opera at Dresden. Here she was very much admired, and sang at the theatre, before the king. Her reputation soon extended through Europe, and under the direction of the celebrated Farinelli, she visited most of the principal cities on the continent, and also went to London. She died at Munich, in 1807. She was a highly educated and intellectual woman.

MINUTOLI, LIVIA,

DAUGHTER to Andrea and Lucretia de Vulcano, was married to Don Louis de Silva, of the dukes of Pastrano, knight of the order of St. James, and commander of the castle of Capuano. When she became a widow, Charles V., emperor of Germany, chose her, on account of her virtue and good sense, to conduct the education of Margaret of Austria, his daughter. She lived in the sixteenth century.

MNISZECH, MARINA,

CZARINA of Muscovy, was the daughter of a Polish nobleman, George Mniszech, palatine of Sandomir. He was ambitious, but without the ability to conduct his ambition, and he deserves the appellation of an intriguer rather than a politician. It

has been often seen how trivial incidents sway the destinies of individuals; and a long train of events, romantic and horrible, which form the destiny of Marina, may be traced to the circumstance of a pardon granted by the palatine to an old woman condemned to death, who held the social position of a *witch*. This personage being introduced into the palace for the exercise of her profession, casting her eyes upon the extraordinary beauty and grace of the daughter of George, boldly predicted that she would one day occupy a throne. This prediction was taken seriously; the child was educated for her future elevation, to which she looked forward with confidence. A noble youth called Zarucki, with whom she had been educated, conceived for her a most violent passion; but her thoughts were bent upon ambitious elevation, and she received his sentiments with indifference. He will appear at another period of her life.

To enter with understanding into the incidents of her career, it is necessary to give a glance at the history of Russia. Ivan IV. was the son of the first monarch who took the title of Czar. He ascended the throne in 1555. He was a remarkable man, and had he lived at a later period, he might have acted the part of Peter: like him, he presented a strange mixture of talent and brutality. His military and political abilities were considerable; but he was savage and unsparing, and acknowledged no law but his own inclinations. Ivan IV. left two sons, Fedor and Demetrius. The first was a sickly, weak-minded young man; and the sagacity of his father, aware that he was unfit to govern, led him to establish a regency, and place at

the head of it a man but too able, the boyard Bosis Godonuff. Demetrius, who was of tender years, was placed with his mother, Irene, in the city of Uglitz, on the Volga. Bosis found it an easy matter to constitute himself the efficient head of the state; but he had uneasy moments in thinking of the growing advantages of Demetrius, who was beautiful, intelligent, and adored by the people. Bosis adopted the usual expedient under barbarous and despotic administrations; after several attempts, rendered ineffectual by the vigilance of Irene, he procured assassins, who stabbed the young prince to the heart. Fedor dying *naturally* a few months after this, Bosis became undisputed czar of the country. Years rolled on, when rumours were heard that the young Demetrius was living—the murdered child, it was said, was a substituted victim—and that the heir had been brought up under the name of Gregory Otrepieff, protected by the family of Romanoff. For greater safety, he had entered a monastery. Hearing that Bosis had given orders for his apprehension, Gregory fled from his monastery, and after various adventures, arrived in Poland, and sought an asylum with the palatine of Sandomir.

At this period the Jesuits were extending their power, by every means, throughout the world; and a member of this society, adroit, vigilant, unscrupulous, was not wanting in Poland. Father Gaspar Sawicki was in attendance upon the prince Adam Wisniowiecki, when the pretender to the crown of Muscovy entered the palace of George Mniszech. This was a conjuncture in which the spirit of intrigue could not lie dormant. The young man happening to fall sick, demanded a priest. Sawicki had a conference with him, and communicated to the Polish grandees that this was veritably the son of Ivan. Here was the way to a throne, so long aspired to by Marina, plainly discovered. The pretender had, by numerous channels, constant communications with an extensive party who secretly intrigued for him in Russia. Matters were often and freely discussed; proofs of his identity were offered by Gregory, and accepted by the easy faith of the palatine and his daughter. A real affection between the young people appears to have cemented the political union the Jesuit and the palatine were so anxious to effect. A regular treaty was signed; Marina was to espouse the prince, in the event of his success; he was to cede to the palatine the duchy of Novogrod; and the Romish religion was to be introduced *into* Muscovy, *at whatever cost*. This last article was the origin of Demetrius' ruin.

A large army was soon organized; the king of Poland, by the powerful intercession of Mniszech, entered into secret negotiations, by which he pledged himself to support the pretender, whose bands were increased by recruits from every part of the continent. The fame of Ivan was not forgotten, his memory was dear to his subjects. The usurper, like others who have dared

> "To wade through slaughter to a throne,
> And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,"

was odious to the people, and Demetrius entered Russia not without expectations of being successful in the contest; but every thing was changed by the death of Bosis, who, like an every-day person, simply died in his bed. When Demetrius presented himself, no opposition of any consequence was offered; and his partizans, with added enthusiasm, bore him triumphantly to the throne. His success was tarnished by the brutal treatment of the widow and family of Bosis, who were consigned to the executioner—the family of Godunoff became thus extinct.

As soon as Demetrius had arrived at his elevation, he sent for his affianced bride. Marina arrived after a triumphal progress, and was solemnly crowned Czarina. The empress Irene had recognized the young monarch, and declared him her son. To this day the case is problematical. The extreme indifference of Bosis when he first heard of the claims of the pretended Demetrius, and when it would have been so easy to gain possession of his person, seems to argue an entire certainty of his insignificance. On the other hand, the tenderness manifested by Irene, who could have no object, not even that of vengeance, since the race of Bosis had perished, for supporting an impostor, is no unimportant argument in favour of the new czar. Demetrius had lived too long in more civilized regions to accommodate himself to the prejudices of the Muscovites; daily discontents arose, even from the most futile causes. He would eat veal, which to the superstitions of the country was an odious crime; he would wear the Polish garb, another heinous offence. But the most serious of his errors, the one which no doubt mainly contributed to his downfall, was the furthering the schemes of the Jesuits, and departing from the national religion. A revolution was quietly organized; on the 16th of May, 1607, the palace was entered by a mob of soldiers, and of the populace under the Boyard Tzwiscky. Demetrius fell, pierced by a thousand weapons; and Marina with difficulty escaped, accompanied by her father. Basilio Tzwiski placed himself on the throne of his nation; but, unwilling to incur the enmity of Sigismond, permitted all the Poles to depart uninjured. Marina, who had come to Moscow guided by love, joy, ambition, left it like a mendicant, poor, exiled, despised. She was, however, not destined to revisit her native country. Before she left the confines of Russia, she was met by an adventurer whom she perfectly well knew to be a Jew named Jankéli, a man in every way repulsive, morally and physically; but she had quaffed the draught of ambition, and, to regain the vain title of queen, she entered into a miserable plot with this man, every way and doubly an impostor. He was to present himself as Demetrius, escaped from the blows of the assassins; already he had soldiers, had followers; it remained for her to confirm his identity, which she culpably did. The country now became a prey to civil discords, carried on by armies composed of ferocious semi-savages, and conducted by no one of talents or name to moderate or terminate such terrible contests. At length Sigismond III. determined to interfere: he assembled his forces, easily routed the disorderly parti-

zans of Tzwiski, and as easily purchased the renunciation of the false Demetrius. He brought his son Ladislaus, and seated him on the throne of Moscow.

But though the other claimants were set aside, the ambitious Marina would not give up so readily the aim of her life; she dressed herself in the garb of a general, mounted on horseback, put herself at the head of all the forces she could collect, and manfully opposed herself to Ladislaus. A powerful unwearying will, sustained by such wonderful courage, obtained many adherents. She made herself allies of the wandering Tartars and Cossacs; but the treachery of her pseudo-husband turned these into enemies, and after incredible efforts, she found herself at last in a dungeon, in the power of her opponents. Disdaining to supplicate compassion, she resigned herself to her fate. She said she did not wish to live, if she could not reign. But she had not come to the end of her adventures. One day, the quiet of her prison was broken by a noise of combatants; the doors flew open. Oh Providence! It was Zarucki, the lover of her childhood; he had become a chief of the Cossacs. After liberating her, he offered to conduct her into Poland to her father. This offer she refused. Intoxicated with the ambition of royalty, she exerted her influence over this devoted champion to incite new and fruitless attempts at recovering a sovereignty to which she had no claim. She united herself to Zarucki, over whose mind she obtained complete dominion; his Cossacs followed her with impetuosity, and like a devastating torrent poured upon the east of Russia. It was at this epoch that the patriots Kosmo, Minin, and the prince Pojarski, formed a confederacy to free their country from the foreigners, who rendered it a scene of carnage. The first to be encountered was Zarucki; their superior forces completely overpowered him; and he was forced to flee with Marina and their infant son among the snows and wildernesses. It would be difficult to describe the sufferings they encountered; for it was in the depth of winter that their wanderings began. Their fate was inevitable; they were taken by a detachment of the Russian army. Zarucki fell at the feet of his wife, staining the snow with his blood. Marina was considered by these men as the firebrand which had brought destruction upon their country. With revengeful brutality they broke the ice of the river Jaick with axes, and plunged the unfortunate creature into its cold waters!

MOMORO, SOPHIE,

Grand-daughter of the engraver Fournier, was married, or rather united, to the celebrated Momoro. She was chosen for her beauty to enact the part of the Goddess of Reason, and appeared on the altar of one of the Parisian churches, in a costume entirely transparent, and surrounded by two hundred young girls, to receive the homage of the people, as the representative of that deity to whom alone they had declared their allegiance. Her husband was executed in 1793, and she was imprisoned, but afterwards liberated. The time of her death is not known.

MONK, THE HON. MRS.,

Was the daughter of lord Molesworth, an Irish nobleman, and wife of George Monk, Esq. By her own unassisted efforts she learned the Spanish, Italian, and Latin languages, and the art of poetry. Her poems were not published till after her death, when they were printed under the title of "Marinda; Poems and Translations on several occasions." These writings are said to show the true spirit of poetry, and much delicacy and correctness of thought and expression. They were all written while occupied with the care of a large family, and without any assistance, excepting that of a good library. The following is an impromptu epitaph on a "Lady of Pleasure."

O'er this marble drop a tear,
Here lies fair Rosalind;
All mankind were pleased with her,
And she with all mankind."

Mrs. Monk was a lady of exemplary character, and greatly beloved by all who knew her. She died at Bath, in 1715.

MOHALBI, GARAFILIA,

A Greek girl, was born in the island of Ipsara, in 1817. Her parents were rich and respectable, and among the first people in Ipsara. When Garafilia was about seven years of age, the place of her nativity was totally destroyed by the Turks, under the usual circumstances of horror. Saved by almost a miracle from violent death, she fell into the hands of the enemy, was separated from her grandmother and sister, taken to Smyrna, and there was ransomed by an American merchant, to whose knees she clung for protection in the street. This gentleman took her home with him, and became so much engaged by her intelligence and amiableness, that he determined to send her to his relations in Boston, in order that she might receive, at his expense, an accomplished education in a free and undistracted land.

Garafilia arrived in Boston in the year 1827, was immediately domesticated in the family of her liberator's father, and very soon found her way into all their hearts. She won affections as by

magic. Her protector knew no distinction, in his feelings, between her and his own daughters — he was her father — they were her sisters. She was so mild and gentle, so free from selfishness, so attentive to the wants of others, so ready to prefer their wishes to her own, so submissive and tractable, and withal so bright and cheerful; the beauty of her mind and morals harmonized so completely with the grace and truly Grecian loveliness of her person, that it was impossible to know and not become strongly attached to her. Her manners were much older than her years, and so considerate in every respect, that, so far from being a burthen, she could hardly be said to have been a care to her adopted father. Without stepping over the strictest bounds of truth, it may be asserted, that the first grief which she brought into his house, was when she sickened and died.

Her constitution had never been a strong one. Toward the close of the winter of 1830, she exhibited symptoms of a rapid decline. During her illness, the singular submissiveness of her character was remarkably developed. She uttered no complaint, was grateful for the least attention, and her only anxiety seemed to be to avoid giving trouble to any one. Her mental faculties remained clear to the last; and, till within a few days of her death, she read daily in her Bible, which she always kept close by her side or under her pillow. She died, March 17th, 1830, without a struggle, and apparently without a pang.

She was only thirteen years old at the time of her decease, yet few of her sex have ever experienced such changes or such thrilling incidents as had marked her short span. But it is not as a heroine or a martyr that she finds her place in our record. We give her history as an example for young girls. Her amiable disposition, the lovely qualities of her mind and heart, make her distinguished. Like the rose of her own island home, the beauty of the blossom was brief; but the virtues of her soul, her patience and piety, like the fragrance of the flower, give a lasting charm to her character, and make her memory a sweet blessing to the young.

MOLSA, TARQUINIA,

Daughter of Camillus Molsa, knight of the order of St. James of Spain, and granddaughter of Francis Maria Molsa, a celebrated Italian poet, was one of the most accomplished ladies in the world, uniting in an extraordinary degree, wit, learning, and beauty. Her father, observing her genius, had her educated with her brothers, and by the best masters, in every branch of literature and science. Some of the most distinguished scientific men of the time were her instructors and eulogists. She was perfect mistress of Latin, Greek, and the ethics of Aristotle, Plato, and Plutarch. She also understood Hebrew and natural philosophy, and wrote her own language, the Tuscan, with ease and spirit. She played on the lute and violin, and sang exquisitely.

Tarquinia Molsa was highly esteemed by Alphonsus II., duke of Ferrara, and his whole court; and the city of Rome, by a decree of the senate, in which all her excellencies were set forth, honoured her with the title of Singular, and bestowed on her, and the whole family of Molsa, the rights of a Roman citizen, a very unusual honour to be conferred on a woman. This decree was passed December 8th, 1600. The following is a translation of the grant or patent: "As Fabius Matheus Franciscus Soricius, knight, and Dominicus Coccia, consul, have proposed to the senate to grant the freedom of the city of Rome to Tarquinia Molsa of Modena, the daughter of Camillus, the senate and people of Rome have thus decreed: Though it be new and uncommon for the senate to admit into the number of citizens women, whose merits and fame, being confined within the limits of domestic virtues, can seldom be of public utility to the commonwealth: yet if there be among them one, who surpasses not merely her own sex, but even men, in almost all the virtues, it is just and reasonable that, by a new example, new and unusual honours should be paid to new and unusual merit. Since, therefore, Tarquinia Molsa, a native of Modena, a most ancient and flourishing colony of the people of Rome, and daughter of Camillus (who, for his merits and nobility, was made knight of the order of St. James, &c.), imitates, and by her virtues resembles, those famous Roman heroines, wanting to complete her glory but the honour of a citizen of Rome; we, the senate and people of Rome, have decreed to present her with the freedom," &c.

Molsa was married to Paulus Porrinus, but losing her husband while still very young, she would never consent to be married again. She grieved so much for his death, as to be called another Artemisia.

She retained her personal charms to an advanced period of her life, confirming the opinion of Euripides, "That the autumn of beauty is not less pleasing than its spring." Although so courted and extolled, she avoided notice and distinction, and retained to the last her fondness for a quiet and retired life.

MONTAGU, ELIZABETH,

Daughter of Matthew Robinson, of Horton, Kent, in England, was a lady of great natural abilities, which were much improved under the tuition of Dr. Conyers Middleton. About 1742, she married Edward Montagu, of Allesthorpe, Yorkshire, son of Charles, fifth son of the first earl of Sandwich. By him she had one son, who died in his infancy. She devoted herself to literature, and formed a literary club, called the Blue Stocking Club, from a little incident that occurred there, and is thus explained by Madame D'Arblay:

"These parties were originally instituted at Bath, and owed their name to an apology made by Mr. Stillingfleet, in declining to accept an invitation to a literary meeting at Mrs. Vesey's. from not being, he said, in the habit of displaying a proper equipment for an evening assembly. 'Pho!' cried she, with her well-known, yet always original simplicity, while she looked inquisitively at him and his accoutrements, 'Don't mind dress! come in your blue stockings!' With which words,

humourously repeating them as he entered the apartment of the chosen coterie, Mr. Stillingfleet claimed permission to appear, and these words, ever after, were fixed in playful stigma upon Mrs. Vesey's associations.

"While to Mrs. Vesey, the Bas Bleu Society owed its origin and its epithet, the meetings that took place at Mrs. Montagu's were soon more popularly known by that denomination, for though they could not be more fashionable, they were far more splendid.

"Mrs. Montagu had built a superb new house, which was magnificently fitted up, and appeared to be rather appropriate for princes, nobles, and courtiers, than for poets, philosophers, and blue-stocking votaries. And here, in fact, rank and talents were so frequently brought together, that what the satirist uttered scoffingly, the author pronounced proudly, in setting aside the original claimant, to dub Mrs. Montagu Queen of the Blues.

"But, while the same *bas bleu* appellation was given to these two houses of rendezvous, neither that, nor even the same associates, could render them similar. Their grandeur or their simplicity, their magnitude or their diminutiveness, were by no means the principal cause of this difference; it was far more attributable to the lady presidents than to their abodes; for though they instilled not their characters into their visitors, their characters bore so large a share in their visitors' reception and accommodation, as to influence materially the turn of the discourse, and the humour of the parties at their houses.

"At Mrs. Montagu's, the semicircle that faced the fire retained, during the whole evening, its unbroken form, with a precision that made it seem described by a Brobdignagian compass. The lady of the castle commonly placed herself at the upper end of the room, near the commencement of the curve, so as to be courteously visible to all her guests; having the person of the highest rank or consequence, properly, on one side, and the person the most eminent for talents, sagaciously, on the other, or as near to her chair and her converse as her favouring eye, and a complacent bow of the head, could invite him to that distinction.

"Her conversational powers were of a truly superior order; strong, just, clear, and often eloquent. Her process in argument, notwithstanding an earnest solicitude for pre-eminence, was uniformly polite and candid. But her reputation for wit seemed always in her thoughts, marring their natural flow and untutored expression. No sudden start of talent urged forth any precarious opinion; no vivacious new idea varied her logical course of ratiocination. Her smile, though most generally benignant, was rarely gay; and her liveliest sallies had a something of anxiety rather than of hilarity, till their success was ascertained by applause.

"Her form was stately, and her manners were dignified; her face retained strong remains of beauty throughout life; and though its native cast was evidently that of severity, its expression was softened off in discourse by an almost constant desire to please.

"Taken for all in all, Mrs. Montagu was rare in her attainments, splendid in her conduct, open to the calls of charity, forward to provide for those of indigent genius, and unchangeably just and firm in the application of her interest, her principles, and her fortune, to the encouragement of loyalty and the support of virtue."

In 1775, the death of Mr. Montagu left Mrs. Montagu a widow with an immense property; and among the earliest acts of her munificence was the settling £100 per annum on her less affluent friend Mrs. Carter, with whom she was on terms of affectionate intimacy. Herself and her style of living at this period are described by another of her friends, who was only then beginning her subsequent career of brilliancy and utility. Hannah More, at the age of thirty, thus writes of Mrs. Montagu, who was then about fifty-five years of age:

"Mrs. Montagu received me with the most encouraging kindness; she is not only the finest genius, but the finest lady I ever saw; she lives in the highest style of magnificence; her apartments and table are in the most splendid taste: but what baubles are these when speaking of a Montagu! Her form (for she has no *body*) is delicate even to fragility; her countenance the most animated in the world; the sprightly vivacity of fifteen with the judgment and experience of a Nestor. But I fear she is hastening to decay very fast; her spirits are so active, that they must soon wear out the little frail receptacle that holds them."

Fortunately, in this, Hannah More did not evince herself a true prophetess, for Mrs. Montagu's life was prolonged for nearly thirty years after the date of this prediction.

In 1781, she built her magnificent house in Portman Square, and also continued her building and planting at her country residence, Sandleford. Here Mrs. Hannah More was a frequent visiter, and has given some spirited sketches of their mode of living, in her correspondence. Subsequently, Hannah More writes as follows:—

"1784, Sandleford.

"I write from the delightful abode of our delightful friend. There is an irregular beauty and greatness in the new buildings, and in the cathedral aisles which open to the great gothic window, which is exceedingly agreeable to the imagination. It is solemn without being sad, and gothic without being gloomy. Last night, by a bright moonlight, I enjoyed this singular scenery most feelingly. It shone in all its glory, but I was at a loss with what beings to people it; it was too awful for fairies, and not dismal enough for ghosts. There is a great propriety in its belonging to the champion of Shakspeare, for, like him, it is not only beautiful without the rules, but almost in defiance of them.

"The fortnight spent with our friend Mrs. Montagu, I need not say to you, was passed profitably and pleasantly, as one may say of her, what Johnson said of some one else, 'that she never opens her mouth but to say *something*.'"

Mrs. Montagu published an "Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakspeare," which deserved and acquired great celebrity. She was an intimate friend of Lord Lyttleton, and is said to have assisted him in some of his writings. She lost the use of her sight several years before her decease, but retained her mental faculties to the last. She died August 25th, 1802, in her eighty-second year, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. The body of her infant son, who had been dead nearly sixty years, was, by her own desire, removed out of Yorkshire, and placed in her tomb; a circumstance displaying the maternal tenderness of her heart in a touching manner.

Mrs. Montagu was a woman of great talents, yet notwithstanding her high attainments in literature, benevolence was the most striking feature in her character. She was the rewarder of merit, the friend of her own sex, and the poor always found in her a liberal benefactress. For some years before her death, she had been in the habit of giving a yearly entertainment, on May-day, to the chimney-sweeps of London, who mourned her loss with great grief. Her published works are, "Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakspeare," 1799; "Four Volumes of Letters," 1809 and 1813; "Dialogues of the Dead, in part," 1760.

MONTAGU, LADY MARY WORTLEY,

Was the oldest daughter of Evelyn, duke of Kingston, and Lady Mary Fielding, daughter of the earl of Denbigh. She was born at Thoresby, in Nottinghamshire, about the year 1690. She early gave such evidence of genius, that her father placed her under the same preceptors as her brother, and she acquired a singular proficiency in classical studies. Brought up in great seclusion, she was enabled to cultivate her mind to a degree rarely seen in women of that period. In 1712 she became the wife of Edward Wortley Montagu, and continued to live in retirement until her husband's appointment, on the accession of George I., to a seat in the treasury, which brought her to London. Introduced at court, her wit and beauty called forth universal admiration, and she became familiarly acquainted with Pope, Addison, and other distinguished writers. In 1716, Mr. Wortley was appointed ambassador to the Porte, and Lady Mary accompanied him. Here began that correspondence which has procured her such widespread celebrity, and placed her among the first of female writers in our tongue; and here, too, her bold, unprejudiced mind, led her to that important step which has made her one of the greatest benefactors of mankind. While dwelling at Belgrade, during the summer months, Lady Mary observed a singular custom prevalent among the Turks—that of engrafting, or as it is now called, inoculating, with variolous matter, to produce a mild form of small-pox, and stay the ravages of that loathsome disease. She examined the process with philosophical curiosity, and becoming convinced of its efficacy, did not hesitate to apply it to her own son, a child of three years old. On her return home, she introduced the art into England, by means of the medical attendant of the embassy; but its expediency being questioned among scientific men, an experiment, by order of the government, was made upon five persons under sentence of death, which proved highly successful. What an arduous and thankless enterprise Lady Mary's was, no one, at the present day, can form an idea. She lived in an age obstinately opposed to all innovations and improvements, and she says herself, "That if she had foreseen the vexation, the persecution, and even the obloquy which it brought upon her, she would never have attempted it." The clamours raised against it were beyond belief. The medical faculty rose up in arms, to a man; the clergy descanted from their pulpits on the impiety of seeking to take events out of the hands of Providence; thus exhibiting more narrowness than the Turks, whose obstinate faith in predestination would have naturally led them to this conclusion. Lady Mary, however, soon gained many supporters among the enlightened classes, headed by the princess of Wales, afterwards queen of George II.; and truth, as it always does, finally prevailed. She gave much of her time to advice and superintendence in the families where inoculation was adopted, constantly carrying her little daughter with her into the sick room, to prove her security from infection.

The present age, which has benefited so widely by this art and its improvements, can form but a faint estimate of the ravages of that fearful scourge, before the introduction of inoculation, when either a loathsome disease, a painful death, or disfigured features, awaited nearly every being born. This may account, in some measure, for the absence of that active gratitude which services such as hers should have called forth. Had Lady Mary Wortley lived in the days of heathen Greece or Rome, her name would have been enrolled among the deities who have benefited mankind. But in Christian England, her native land, on which she bestowed so dear a blessing, and through it, to all the nations of the earth, what has been her recompense? We read of colossal endowments by the British government, upon great generals; of titles conferred and pensions granted, through several generations, to those who have served their coun-

try; of monuments erected by the British people to statesmen, and warriors, and even to weak and vicious princes; but where is the monument to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu? Where is recorded the pension, the dignity, bestowed upon her line, as a sign to future generations that she was a benefactor to the human race, and that her country acknowledged it? In the page of history, and in the annals of medicine, her name must find its place; but there alone is the deed recorded, which beneath every roof in Christendom, from the palace to the pauper's hut, has carried a blessing!

On her return to England, Lady Mary Wortley took up her residence, at the solicitation of Pope, at Twickenham; but their friendship did not continue long after. Pope, it is asserted, made a violent declaration of love to her, which she treating with ridicule, so offended him that he never forgave her. A paper war ensued between them, little creditable to either party. Lady Mary continued to exercise considerable influence in society till 1739, when her health declining, she resolved to pass the remainder of her days in the milder climate of Italy. She was not accompanied by her husband, which has given rise to many surmises; but as he always corresponded with her, and gave repeated proofs of his confidence in her, there is no ground for believing that there was any objectionable reason for her conduct. Lady Mary's correspondence during this period of her life, is marked by the same wit, vivacity, and talents, as that of her earlier years, and is published with her collected writings. The following extract from one of her letters to her daughter will serve to show how she passed her time:

"I generally rise at six, and as soon as I have breakfasted, put myself at the head of my needlewomen, and work till nine. I then inspect my dairy, and take a turn among my poultry, which is a very large inquiry. I have at present two hundred chickens, besides turkeys, geese, ducks, and peacocks. All things have hitherto prospered under my care: my bees and silkworms are doubled. At eleven o'clock I retire to my books. I dare not indulge myself in that pleasure above an hour. At twelve, I constantly dine, and sleep after dinner till about three. I then send for some of my old priests, and either play at picquet or whist, till it is time to go out. One evening I walk in my wood, where I often sup, take the air on horseback the next, and go on the water the third. The fishing of this part of the river belongs to me; and my fisherman's little boat (to which I have a green lutestring awning) serves me for a barge." She adds, "I confess I sometimes long for a little conversation;" though, as she observes, "Quiet is all the hope that can reasonably be expected at my age, for my health is so often impaired that I begin to be as weary of it as mending old lace: when it is patched in one place, it breaks out in another."

This once brilliant court beauty was now become so indifferent to her personal appearance, that, speaking of her looks, she says, "I know nothing of the matter, as it is now eleven years since I have seen my figure in a glass, and the last reflection I saw there was so disagreeable, that I resolved to spare myself the mortification for the future."

After an absence of twenty-two years, Lady Mary returned to England, but she did not long survive the removal; she died in less than a year after, at the age of seventy-two. Of her two children, both of whom survived her, one was the eccentric and profligate Edward Wortley Montagu, who was a source of continual unhappiness to her through life; the other became the wife of the marquis of Bute, a distinguished nobleman, and was the mother of a large family.

Lady Montagu's letters were first printed, surreptitiously, in 1763. A more complete edition of her works was published, in five volumes, in 1803; and another, edited by her great-grandson, Lord Wharncliffe, with additional letters and information, in 1837. The letters from Constantinople and France have been often reprinted. An eminent British critic* thus graphically describes her works:

"The wit and talent of Lady Mary are visible throughout the whole of her correspondence, but there is often a want of feminine softness and delicacy. Her desire to convey scandal, or to paint graphically, leads her into offensive details, which the more decorous taste of the present age can hardly tolerate. She described what she saw and heard without being scrupulous; and her strong masculine understanding, and carelessness as to refinement in habits or expressions, render her sometimes apparently unamiable and unfeeling. As models of the epistolary style, easy, familiar, and elegant, no less than as pictures of foreign scenery and manners, and fashionable gossip, the letters of Lady Mary must, however, ever maintain a high place in our national literature. They are truly *letters*, not critical or didactic essays, enlivened by formal compliment and elaborate wit, like the correspondence of Pope."

EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS.

To E. W. Montagu, Esq.—In prospect of Marriage.

One part of my character is not so good, nor t'other so bad, as you fancy it. Should we ever live together, you would be disappointed both ways; you would find an easy equality of temper you do not expect, and a thousand faults you do not imagine. You think if you married me I should be passionately fond of you one month, and of somebody else the next. Neither would happen. I can esteem, I can be a friend; but I don't know whether I can love. Expect all that is complaisant and easy, but never what is fond, in me. You judge very wrong of my heart, when you suppose me capable of views of interest, and that anything could oblige me to flatter anybody. Were I the most indigent creature in the world, I should answer you as I do now, without adding or diminishing. I am incapable of art, and 'tis because I will not be capable of it. Could I deceive one minute, I should never regain my own

* Robert Chambers.

good opinion; and who could bear to live with one they despised!

If you can resolve to live with a companion that will have all the deference due to your superiority of good sense, and that your proposals can be agreeable to those on whom I depend, I have nothing to say against them.

As to travelling, 'tis what I should do with great pleasure, and could easily quit London upon your account; but a retirement in the country is not so disagreeable to me, as I know a few months would make it tiresome to you. Where people are tied for life, 'tis their mutual interest not to grow weary of one another. If I had all the personal charms that I want, a face is too slight a foundation for happiness. You would be soon tired with seeing every day the same thing. Where you saw nothing else, you would have leisure to remark all the defects; which would increase in proportion as the novelty lessened, which is always a great charm. I should have the displeasure of seeing a coldness, which, though I could not reasonably blame you for, being involuntary, yet it would render me uneasy; and the more, because I know a love may be revived, which absence, inconstancy, or even infidelity, has extinguished; but there is no returning from a degoût given by satiety.

To the Same—On Matrimonial Happiness.

If we marry, our happiness must consist in loving one another: 'tis principally my concern to think of the most probable method of making that love eternal. You object against living in London; I am not fond of it myself, and readily give it up to you, though I am assured there needs more art to keep a fondness alive in solitude, where it generally preys upon itself. There is one article absolutely necessary — to be ever beloved, one must be ever agreeable. There is no such thing as being agreeable without a thorough good humour, a natural sweetness of temper, enlivened by cheerfulness. Whatever natural funds of gaiety one is born with, 'tis necessary to be entertained with agreeable objects. Anybody capable of tasting pleasure, when they confine themselves to one place, should take care 'tis the place in the world the most agreeable. Whatever you may now think (now, perhaps, you have some fondness for me), though your love should continue in its full force, there are hours when the most beloved mistress would be troublesome. People are not for ever (nor is it in human nature that they should be) disposed to be fond; you would be glad to find in me the friend and the companion. To be agreeably the last, it is necessary to be gay and entertaining. A perpetual solitude, in a place where you see nothing to raise your spirits, at length wears them out, and conversation insensibly falls into dull and insipid. When I have no more to say to you, you will like me no longer. How dreadful is that view! You will reflect, for my sake you have abandoned the conversation of a friend that you liked, and your situation in a country where all things would have contributed to make your life pass in (the true *volupté*) a smooth tranquillity. *I* shall lose the vivacity which should entertain you, and *you* will have nothing to recompense you for what you have lost. Very few people that have settled entirely in the country, but have grown at length weary of one another. The lady's conversation generally falls into a thousand impertinent effects of idleness; and the gentleman falls *in* love with his dogs and his horses, and *out* of love with everything else. I am not now arguing in favour of the town; you have answered me as to that point. In respect of your health, 'tis the first thing to be considered, and I shall never ask you to do anything injurious to that. But 'tis my opinion, 'tis necessary, to be happy, that we neither of us think any place more agreeable than that where we are.

To Mr. Pope—Eastern Manners and Language.

ADRIANOPLE, April 1, O. S., 1717.

I no longer look upon Theocritus as a romantic writer; he has only given a plain image of the way of life amongst the peasants of his country, who, before oppression had reduced them to want, were, I suppose, all employed as the better sort of them are now. I don't doubt, had he been born a Briton, but his *Idylliums* had been filled with descriptions of thrashing and churning, both which are unknown here, the corn being all trodden out by oxen; the butter (I speak it with sorrow) unheard of.

I read over your Homer here with an infinite pleasure, and find several little passages explained that I did not before entirely comprehend the beauty of; many of the customs, and much of the dress then in fashion, being yet retained. I don't wonder to find more remains here of an age so distant, than is to be found in any other country; the Turks not taking that pains to introduce their own manners, as has been generally practised by other nations, that imagine themselves more polite. It would be too tedious to you to point out all the passages that relate to present customs. But I can assure you that the princesses and great ladies pass their time at their looms, embroidering veils and robes, surrounded by their maids, which are always very numerous, in the same manner as we find Andromache and Helen described. The description of the belt of Menelaus exactly resembles those that are now worn by the great men, fastened before with broad golden clasps, and embroidered round with rich work. The snowy veil that Helen throws over her face is still fashionable; and I never see half-a-dozen of old bashaws (as I do very often) with their reverend beards, sitting basking in the sun, but I recollect good king Priam and his counsellors. Their manner of dancing is certainly the same that Diana is *sung* to have danced on the banks of Eurotas. The great lady still leads the dance, and is followed by a troop of young girls, who imitate her steps, and, if she sings, make up the chorus. The tunes are extremely gay and lively, yet with something in them wonderfully soft. The steps are varied according to the pleasure of her that leads the dance, but always in exact time, and infinitely more agreeable than any of our dances, at least in my opinion.

I sometimes make one in the train, but am not skilful enough to lead; these are the Grecian dances, the Turkish being very different.

I should have told you, in the first place, that the eastern manners give a great light into many Scripture passages that appear odd to us, their phrases being commonly what we should call Scripture language. The vulgar Turk is very different from what is spoken at court, or amongst the people of figure, who always mix so much Arabic and Persian in their discourse, that it may very well be called another language. And 'tis as ridiculous to make use of the expressions commonly used, in speaking to a great man or lady, as it would be to speak broad Yorkshire or Somersetshire in the drawing-room. Besides this distinction, they have what they call the *sublime*, that is, a style proper for poetry, and which is the exact Scripture style. I believe you will be pleased to see a genuine example of this; and I am very glad I have it in my power to satisfy your curiosity, by sending you a faithful copy of the verses that Ibrahim Pasha, the reigning favourite, has made for the young princess, his contracted wife, whom he is not yet permitted to visit without witnesses, though she is gone home to his house. He is a man of wit and learning; and whether or no he is capable of writing good verse, you may be sure that on such an occasion he would not want the assistance of the best poets in the empire. Thus the verses may be looked upon as a sample of their finest poetry; and I don't doubt you 'll be of my mind, that it is most wonderfully resembling the *Song of Solomon*, which was also addressed to a royal bride.

The nightingale now wanders in the vines:
Her passion is to seek roses.

I went down to admire the beauty of the vines:
The sweetness of your charms has ravished my soul.

Your eyes are black and lovely,
But wild and disdainful as those of a stag.*

The wished possession is delayed from day to day;
The cruel sultan Achmet will not permit me
To see those cheeks, more vermilion than roses.

I dare not snatch one of your kisses;
The sweetness of your charms has ravished my soul.

Your eyes are black and lovely,
But wild and disdainful as those of a stag.

The wretched Ibrahim sighs in these verses:
One dart from your eyes has pierced through my heart.

Ah! when will the hour of possession arrive?
Must I yet wait a long time?
The sweetness of your charms has ravished my soul.

Ah, sultana! stag-eyed — an angel amongst angels!
I desire, and my desire remains unsatisfied.
Can you take delight to prey upon my heart

My cries pierce the heavens!
My eyes are without sleep!
Turn to me, sultana — let me gaze on thy beauty.

Adieu — I go down to the grave.
If you call me, I return.
My heart is — hot as sulphur; sigh, and it will flame.

Crown of my life! — fair light of my eyes!
My sultana! — my princess!
I rub my face against the earth — I am drowned in scalding tears — I rave!
Have you no compassion? Will you not turn to look upon me?

I have taken abundance of pains to get these verses in a literal translation; and if you were acquainted with my interpreters, I might spare myself the trouble of assuring you, that they have received no poetical touches from their hands.

To Mrs. S. C. — Inoculation for the Small-pox.

ADRIANOPLE, April 1, O. S., 1717.

Apropos of distempers, I am going to tell you a thing that will make you wish yourself here. The small-pox, so fatal and so general amongst us, is here entirely harmless, by the invention of *ingrafting*, which is the term they give it. There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the great heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the small-pox; they make parties for this purpose, and when they are met (commonly fifteen or sixteen together), the old woman comes with a nut-shell full of the matter of the best sort of small-pox, and asks what vein you please to have opened. She immediately rips open that you offer to her with a large needle (which gives you no more pain than a common scratch), and puts into the vein as much matter as can lie upon the head of her needle, and after that binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of shell; and in this manner opens four or five veins. The Grecians have commonly the superstition of opening one in the middle of the forehead, one in each arm, and one on the breast, to mark the sign of the cross; but this has a very ill effect, all these wounds leaving little scars, and is not done by those that are not superstitious, who choose to have them in the legs, or that part of the arm that is concealed. The children or young patients play together all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health to the eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days, very seldom three. They have very rarely above twenty or thirty in their faces, which never mark; and in eight days' time, they are as well as before their illness. Where they are wounded, there remain running sores during the distemper, which I don't doubt is a great relief to it. Every year thousands undergo this operation; and the French ambassador says pleasantly, that they take the small-pox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of any one that has died in it; and you may believe I am well satisfied of the safety of this experiment, since I intend to try it on my dear little son.

I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion in England; and I should not fail to write to some of our doctors very particularly about it, if I knew any one of them that I thought had virtue enough to destroy such a considerable branch of their revenue for

* Sir W. Jones, in the Preface to his Persian Grammar, objects to this translation. The expression is merely analogous to the *Boopis* of Homer.

the good of mankind. But that distemper is too beneficial to them, not to expose to all their resentment the hardy wight that should undertake to put an end to it. Perhaps, if I live to return, I may, however, have courage to war with them. Upon this occasion, admire the heroism in the heart of your friend, &c.

To the Same—Consoling her in Affliction.

LOUVERE, August 20, 1752.

My dear Child—'Tis impossible to tell you to what degree I share with you in the misfortune that has happened. I do not doubt your own reason will suggest to you all the alleviations that can serve on so sad an occasion, and will not trouble you with the commonplace topics that are used, generally to no purpose, in letters of consolation. Disappointments ought to be less sensibly felt at my age than yours; yet I own I am so far affected by this, that I have need of all my philosophy to support it. However, let me beg of you not to indulge a useless grief, to the prejudice of your health, which is so necessary to your family. Everything may turn out better than you expect. We see so darkly into futurity, we never know when we have real cause to rejoice or lament. The worst appearances have often happy consequences, as the best lead many times into the greatest misfortunes. Human prudence is very straitly bounded. What is most in our power, though little so, is the disposition of our own minds. Do not give way to melancholy; seek amusements; be willing to be diverted, and insensibly you will become so. Weak people only place a merit in affliction. A grateful remembrance, and whatever honour we can pay to their memory, is all that is owing to the dead. Tears and sorrow are no duties to them, and make us incapable of those we owe to the living.

I give you thanks for your care of my books. I yet retain, and carefully cherish, my taste for reading. If relays of eyes were to be hired like post-horses, I would never admit any but silent companions; they afford a constant variety of entertainment, which is almost the only one pleasing in the enjoyment, and inoffensive in the consequence. I am sorry your sight will not permit you a great use of it: the prattle of your little ones, and friendship of Lord Bute, will supply the place of it. My dear child, endeavour to raise your spirits, and believe this advice comes from the tenderness of your most affectionate mother.

To the Same—On Female Education.

LOUVERE, Jan. 28, N. S., 1753.

Dear Child—You have given me a great deal of satisfaction by your account of your eldest daughter. I am particularly pleased to hear she is a good arithmetician; it is the best proof of understanding: the knowledge of numbers is one of the chief distinctions between us and brutes. If there is anything in blood, you may reasonably expect your children should be endowed with an uncommon share of good sense. Mr. Wortley's family and mine have both produced some of the greatest men that have been born in England; I mean Admiral Sandwich, and my grandfather, who was distinguished by the name of Wise William. I have heard Lord Bute's father mentioned as an extraordinary genius, though he had not many opportunities of showing it; and his uncle, the present Duke of Argyll, has one of the best heads I ever knew. I will therefore speak to you as supposing Lady Mary not only capable, but desirous of learning; in that case by all means let her be indulged in it. You will tell me I did not make it a part of your education; your prospect was very different from hers. As you had much in your circumstances to attract the highest offers, it seemed your business to learn how to live in the world, as it is hers to know how to be easy out of it. It is the common error of builders and parents to follow some plan they think beautiful (and perhaps is so), without considering that nothing is beautiful which is displaced. Hence we see so many edifices raised, that the raisers can never inhabit, being too large for their fortunes. Vistas are laid open over barren heaths, and apartments contrived for a coolness very agreeable in Italy, but killing in the north of Britain: thus every woman endeavours to breed her daughter a fine lady, qualifying her for a station in which she will never appear, and at the same time incapacitating her for that retirement to which she is destined. Learning, if she has a real taste for it, will not only make her contented, but happy in it. No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting. She will not want new fashions, nor regret the loss of expensive diversions, or variety of company, if she can be amused with an author in her closet. To render this amusement complete, she should be permitted to learn the languages. I have heard it lamented that boys lose so many years in mere learning of words: this is no objection to a girl, whose time is not so precious: she cannot advance herself in any profession, and has therefore more hours to spare; and as you say her memory is good, she will be very agreeably employed this way. There are two cautions to be given on this subject: first, not to think herself learned when she can read Latin, or even Greek. Languages are more properly to be called vehicles of learning than learning itself, as may be observed in many schoolmasters, who, though perhaps critics in grammar, are the most ignorant fellows upon earth. True knowledge consists in knowing things, not words. I would no further wish her a linguist than to enable her to read books in their originals, that are often corrupted, and are always injured, by translations. Two hours' application every morning will bring this about much sooner than you can imagine, and she will have leisure enough besides to run over the English poetry, which is a more important part of a woman's education than it is generally supposed. Many a young damsel has been ruined by a fine copy of verses, which she would have laughed at if she had known it had been stolen from Mr. Waller. I remember, when I was a girl, I saved one of my companions from destruction, who communicated to me an epistle she was quite charmed with. As she had naturally a good taste,

she observed the lines were not so smooth as Prior's or Pope's, but had more thought and spirit than any of theirs. She was wonderfully delighted with such a demonstration of her lover's sense and passion, and not a little pleased with her own charms, that had force enough to inspire such elegancies. In the midst of this triumph, I showed her that they were taken from Randolph's poems, and the unfortunate transcriber was dismissed with the scorn he deserved. To say truth, the poor plagiary was very unlucky to fall into my hands; that author being no longer in fashion, would have escaped any one of less universal reading than myself. You should encourage your daughter to talk over with you what she reads; and as you are very capable of distinguishing, take care she does not mistake pert folly for wit and humour, or rhyme for poetry, which are the common errors of young people, and have a train of ill consequences. The second caution to be given her (and which is most absolutely necessary), is to conceal whatever learning she attains, with as much solicitude as she would hide crookedness or lameness: the parade of it can only serve to draw on her the envy, and consequently the most inveterate hatred, of all he and she fools, which will certainly be at least three parts in four of her acquaintance. The use of knowledge in our sex, beside the amusement of solitude, is to moderate the passions, and learn to be contented with a small expense, which are the certain effects of a studious life; and it may be preferable even to that fame which men have engrossed to themselves, and will not suffer us to share. You will tell me I have not observed this rule myself; but you are mistaken: it is only inevitable accident that has given me any reputation that way. I have always carefully avoided it, and ever thought it a misfortune. The explanation of this paragraph would occasion a long digression, which I will not trouble you with, it being my present design only to say what I think useful for the instruction of my grand-daughter, which I have much at heart. If she has the same inclination (I should say passion) for learning that I was born with, history, geography, and philosophy will furnish her with materials to pass away cheerfully a longer life than is allotted to mortals. I believe there are few heads capable of making Sir Isaac Newton's calculations, but the result of them is not difficult to be understood by a moderate capacity. Do not fear this should make her affect the character of Lady ——, or Lady ——, or Mrs. ——; those women are ridiculous, not because they have learning, but because they have it not. One thinks herself a complete historian, after reading Echard's Roman History; another a profound philosopher, having got by heart some of Pope's *unintelligible* essays; and a third an able divine, on the strength of Whitfield's sermons; thus you hear them screaming politics and controversy.

It is a saying of Thucydides, that ignorance is bold, and knowledge reserved. Indeed it is impossible to be far advanced in it without being more humbled by a conviction of human ignorance than elated by learning. At the same time I recommend books, I neither exclude work nor drawing. I think it is as scandalous for a woman not to know how to use a needle, as for a man not to know how to use a sword. I was once extremely fond of my pencil, and it was a great mortification to me when my father turned off my master, having made a considerable progress for the short time I learned. My over-eagerness in the pursuit of it had brought a weakness in my eyes, that made it necessary to leave off; and all the advantage I got was the improvement of my hand. I see by hers that practice will make her a ready writer: she may attain it by serving you for a secretary, when your health or affairs make it troublesome to you to write yourself; and custom will make it an agreeable amusement to her. She cannot have too many for that station of life which will probably be her fate. The ultimate end of your education was to make you a good wife (and I have the comfort to hear that you are one); hers ought to be to make her happy in a virgin state. I will not say it is happier, but it is undoubtedly safer, than any marriage. In a lottery, where there is (at the lowest computation) ten thousand blanks to a prize, it is the most prudent choice not to venture. I have always been so thoroughly persuaded of this truth, that, notwithstanding the flattering views I had for you (as I never intended you a sacrifice to my vanity), I thought I owed you the justice to lay before you all the hazards attending matrimony: you may recollect I did so in the strongest manner. Perhaps you may have more success in the instructing your daughter; she has so much company at home, she will not need seeking it abroad, and will more readily take the notions you think fit to give her. As you were alone in my family, it would have been thought a great cruelty to suffer you no companions of your own age, especially having so many near relations, and I do not wonder their opinions influenced yours. I was not sorry to see you not determined on a single life, knowing it was not your father's intention; and contented myself with endeavouring to make your home so easy, that you might not be in haste to leave it.

I am afraid you will think this a very long insignificant letter. I hope the kindness of the design will excuse it, being willing to give you every proof in my power that I am your most affectionate mother.

From the Poems of Lady Montagu.

LINES WRITTEN SHORTLY AFTER HER MARRIAGE.

While thirst of praise, and vain desire of fame
In every age is every woman's aim;
With courtship pleased, of silly *trifles* proud,
Fond of a train and happy in a crowd;
On each proud fop bestowing some kind glance,
Each conquest owing to some loose advance;
While vain coquets affect to be pursued,
And think they 're virtuous, if not grossly lewd:
Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide:
In part she is to blame who has been tried,
He comes too near who comes to be denied.

REPLY TO POPE'S IMITATION OF THE FIRST SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

* * * * *
Thine is just such an image of *his* pen,
As thou thyself art of the sons of men:
Where our own species in burlesque we trace,
A sign-post likeness of the human race;
That is at once resemblance and disgrace.
* * * * *
If *he* has thorns, they all on roses grow,
Thine like rude thistles and mean brambles show;
With this exception, that, though rank the soil,
Weeds as they are, they seem produced by toil.
Satire should, like a polished razor keen,
Wound with a touch that 's scarcely felt or seen;
Thine is an oyster-knife, that hacks and hews;
* * * * *
'T is the gross *lust* of hate, that still annoys
Without distinction as gross lust enjoys:
Neither to folly nor to vice confined,
The object of thy spleen is human kind:
It preys on all who yield, or who resist,
To thee 't is provocation to exist.
* * * * *
Not even youth and beauty can control
The universal rancour of thy soul;
Charms that might soften superstition's rage,
Might humble pride, and thaw the ice of age.
But how should'st thou by beauty's force be moved,
No more for loving made than to be loved?
It was the equity of righteous Heaven
That such a soul to such a form was given;
And shows the *uniformity* of fate,
That one so odious should be born to hate.
—When God created thee, one would believe
He said the same as to the snake of Eve:
"To human race antipathy declare,
'Twixt them and thee be everlasting war."
But oh! the sequel of the sentence dread,
And while you *bruise their heel*, beware your *head*.
Nor think thy weakness shall be thy defence,
The female scold's protection in offence.
Sure 't is as fair to beat who cannot fight
As 't is to libel those who cannot write;
And if thou draw'st thy pen against the law,
Others a cudgel or a rod may draw.
If none with vengeance yet thy crimes pursue,
Or give thy manifold affronts their due;
If limbs unbroken, skin without a stain,
Unwhipt, unblanketed, unkicked, unslain,
That wretched little carcase you retain,
The reason is, not that the world wants eyes,
But thou 'rt so mean, they see and they despise
When fretted porcupine, *with rancorous will*
From mounted back shoots many a harmless quill,
Cool the spectators stand, and all the while
Upon the angry little monster smile:
Thus 't is with thee;—while, impotently safe,
You strike unwounding, we unhurt can laugh.
Who but must laugh, this bully when he sees,
A puny insect shivering at a breeze?
Or over-match'd by every blast of wind,
Insulting and provoking all mankind.
* * * * *
Like the first, bold assassin's, be thy lot,
Ne'er be thy guilt forgiven or forgot;
But as thou hat'st, be hated by mankind,
And with the emblem of thy crooked mind
Marked on thy back, like Cain, by God's own hand,
Wander like him accurs'd through the land.

EXPERIENCE LATE.

Wisdom, slow product of laborious years,
The only fruit that life's cold winter bears;
Thy sacred seeds in vain in youth we lay,
By the fierce storm of passion torn away:

Should some remain in a rich generous soil,
They long lie hid, and must be rais'd with toil;
Faintly they struggle with inclement skies,
No sooner born than the poor planter dies.

MONTANCLOS, MARIE EMILIE MAYON, MADAME DE,

Was born at Aix, in 1736. Her first husband was Baron de Princeu, and her second, Charlemagne Cuvelier Grandin de Montanclos. Being left a widow a second time, she devoted herself to literature. She wrote comedies in one act, vaudevilles, and operas, and a periodical work called "The Ladies' Magazine." She died in 1812, aged seventy-six.

MONTÉGUT, JEANNE DE SEGLA, MADAME DE,

Was born at Toulouse, in 1709. She was married, at sixteen, to M. de Montégut, treasurer-general of the district of Toulouse. This lady obtained three times the prize at the floral games of Toulouse, composed odes, letters, poems, and translated almost all the odes of Horace, in verse. She understood Latin, Italian, and English. Her works were published in Paris, in 1768.

MONTENAY, GEORGETTE I

Was still young when her father, her mother, and six servants in their house, died of the plague. She had the good fortune to escape, and Jeanne d'Albret, queen of Navarre, took her in her service as maid of honour. The reading the emblems of Alciat gave this young lady the idea of composing a hundred emblems on Christian or moral subjects, illustrated by verses of her own, which she dedicated to Jeanne d'Albert, and which were printed in 1574.

MONTMORENCY, CHARLOTTE MARGARET,

The wife of Condé, was famous for her beauty, which captivated Henry IV. of France. To escape the importunities of this powerful lover, her husband carried her off, on their wedding night, to Brussels, where she remained till Henry's assassination, in 1610. She died in 1650, aged fifty-seven. *Her son was the great Condé.*

MONTESPAN, ATHENAIS MORTIMER, MADAME DE,

Was wife of the Marquis de Montespan, and mistress of Louis XIV. Her husband resisted the

intrigue with indignation, but banishment from Paris, and fear of despotic power, soon reconciled him to his disgrace, and 100,000 crowns purchased his wife and his silence. From 1669 to 1675 this woman exercised uncontrolled authority, by her wit and beauty, over the monarch and people of France; till satiety, and the love of Madame de Maintenon, alienated the king's regard. Still, however, Madame Montespan continued for some time at court, deprived of her influence, but treated with respect; and she passed her time between her devotions, and drawing up memoirs of whatever passed at court. She had by the king a son, the duke of Maine, and two daughters, one of whom married the grandson of the great Condé, and the other the duke de Chartres. The last years of her life were spent away from court, on a pension of a thousand louis a month. She died at Bourbon, 1717, at the age of sixty-six. Her reign was so intolerable and fatal, that the French regarded it as a judgment from heaven.

Madame de Genlis says concerning her, "Her character was false and her understanding genuine. Without sensibility, but an enthusiast, she was either passionate or indifferent; splendour seemed greatness to her; she had deep designs and trivial motives; at once insatiable and frivolous in her wishes, she desired to govern, not from ambition, but from love of display." The latter part of her life was spent in expiating the sins of her youth and middle age. She wore bracelets, garters, and a belt with iron points; her table was frugal, and her linen coarse. She dreaded death so much, that she always slept with lights burning, and surrounded by women, whom she urged constantly to talk, so that if she awoke in the night, she would have no time for reflection. She never would consent to relinquish the appearance and state of a queen, which she had once enjoyed.

MONTPENSIER, ANNE MARIE LOUISE D'ORLEANS, DUCHESS DE,

Daughter of Gaston, duke d'Orleans, brother to Louis XIII., was born 1627. She inherited boldness, intrigue, and impetuosity from her father; and during the civil wars of the Fronde, she not only embraced the party of the duke de Condé, but she made her adherents fire the cannon of the Bastile on the troops of Louis XIV. This rash step against the authority of her king and cousin, ruined her hopes, and after in vain aspiring to the hand of a sovereign prince, she, in 1669, married the count de Lauzun, a man much younger than herself. The king, though he had permitted the union, threw obstacles in the way of the lovers, and Lauzun was kept in prison for ten years; but after the cession of Dombes and Eu, of which the duchess de Montpensier was the sovereign, she was allowed to see her husband. But she was violent and jealous, and Lauzun ungrateful and faithless; and she at last forbade him to appear in her presence, and retired to a convent. She wrote two romances, and some devotional books. There is also a collection of letters to Madame de Motteville, written by Mademoiselle Montpensier, and her most important work, the "Memoirs," a farrago of curious anecdotes, valuable from the sincerity, good faith, and vivacity with which they are written. These "Memoirs" have been and will be sought for among the literary curiosities of the seventeenth century, though they contain much that is trifling, or rather, mere gossip. She was known by the name of Mademoiselle.

MONTPENSIER, JACQUELIN LONGVIC, DUCHESS DE,

Was the youngest daughter of John de Longvic, lord of Guny, and was married, in 1538, to Louis de Bourbon, the second of the name, duke de Montpensier. She was a lady of great merit, and a favourite of Catharine de Medicis; and had she lived, she might have, by her counsels, prevented many of the cruel deeds of this princess; but she died in 1561. She openly avowed, in her last illness, what her husband had long suspected, that she was a Protestant; and two of her daughters professed the same faith.

Thuanus praises this lady for her talents, prudence, and masculine understanding. She was intelligent and skilful in the affairs of government, and always solicitous for the public tranquillity. It was to her that the archbishop of Vienna addressed himself, when, foreseeing the ruin of the princes of the blood, during the reign of Francis II., he told her that if she kept not her promise of opposing the house of Guise, all was lost. It was by her influence with Catharine de Medicis, that Michael de l'Hôpital was made chancellor of France. "Had this been the only meritorious action of her life," says Bayle, "it ought to have consecrated her memory. No other person could have afforded, in so dangerous a conjuncture, an equal support to the monarchy. The duchess also contributed to the preservation of the life of the prince de Condé.

MORATA, OLYMPIA FULVIA,

Was born at Ferrara, in 1526. Her father, preceptor to the young princes of Ferrara, sons of Alphonsus I., observing her genius, took great pains in cultivating it. Olympia was called to

court for the purpose of studying belles-lettres with the princess of Ferrara, where she astonished the Italians by declaiming in Latin and Greek, explaining the paradoxes of Cicero, and answering any question that was put to her. Her father's death, and the ill health of her mother, withdrew her from court, and she devoted herself to household affairs, and the education of her three sisters and a brother. A young German, named Andrew Grunthler, who had studied medicine, and taken his doctor's degree at Ferrara, married her, and took her, with her little brother, to Germany.

They went to Schweinfurt, in Franconia, which was soon after besieged and burnt, and they barely escaped with their lives. The hardships they suffered in consequence, caused Morata's death in the course of a few months. She died in 1555, in the Protestant faith, which she had embraced on her coming to Germany. Several of her works were burnt at Schweinfurt, but the remainder were collected and published at Basil, 1558, by Cœluis Secundus Curio. They consist of orations, dialogues, letters, and translations.

MORELLA, JULIANA,

A NATIVE of Barcelona, was born in 1595. Her father being obliged to leave Spain for a homicide, fled to Lyons, where he taught his daughter so well, that at the age of twelve, she publicly maintained theses in philosophy. In her tenth year, she is said to have held a public disputation in the Jesuits' College at Lyons. She was profoundly skilled in philosophy, divinity, music, jurisprudence, and philology. She entered into the convent of St. Praxedia, at Avignon.

MORE, HANNAH,

DISTINGUISHED for her talents, and the noble manner in which she exerted them, was the fourth daughter of Mr. Jacob More; she was born February 2d, 1745, at Stapleton, Gloucestershire. Mr. More was a schoolmaster, and gave his daughters the rudiments of a classical education; but he was a narrow-minded man, and so fearful they would become learned women, that he tried by precepts to counteract the effect of his lessons. The elder daughters opened, at Bristol, a boarding-school for girls, which was for a long time very flourishing, and at this school Hannah obtained the best advantages of education she ever enjoyed. How small these were compared with the opportunities of young men! And yet what man of her nation and time was so influential for good, or has left such a rich legacy of moral lessons for the improvement of the world as Hannah More has done? Her influence has been wonderful in this our new world, as well as in her own country; our mothers were aided by her in teaching us in our infancy. "We have felt the effect of her writings ever since we began to reason; in the nursery, in the school-room, and even in college halls," says an enthusiastic American* writer. "Her looks, her cottage, her air and manner, were all enquired after by every youth who read her works; and for ourselves, we can recollect, that a favourite, pious, kind, and affectionate maiden friend of our childhood, was in the exuberance of our admiration and gratitude, compared in some infant attempts at verse, to Hannah More; we could go no higher."

In 1761 Hannah More wrote a pastoral drama, "The Search after Happiness." She was then sixteen; and though this production was not published till many years afterwards, yet she may be said to have then commenced her literary career, which till 1824, when her last work, "Spirit of Prayer," was issued, was steadily pursued for sixty-three years. The next important event of her life is thus related by Mrs. Elwood:

"When about twenty-two years of age, she received and accepted an offer of marriage from a Mr. Turner, a gentleman of large fortune, but considerably her senior. Their acquaintance had commenced in consequence of some young relations of Mr. Turner's being at the Misses More's school, who generally spent their holidays at their cousin's beautiful residence at Belmont, near Bristol, whither they were permitted to invite some of their young friends; and Hannah and Patty More, being near their own age, were generally among those invited. The affair was so far advanced that the wedding-day was actually fixed, and Hannah, having given up her share in her sister's establishment, had gone to considerable expense in making her preparations,—when Mr. Turner, who appears to have been of eccentric temper, was induced to postpone the completion of his engagement; and as this was done more than once, her friends at length interfered, and prevailed on her to relinquish the marriage altogether, though this was against the wishes of the capricious gentleman.

To make some amends for his thus trifling with her affections, Mr. Turner insisted upon being allowed to settle an annuity upon her, which she at first rejected, but subsequently, through the medium of her friend, Dr. Stonehouse, who consented to be the agent and trustee, she was at length prevailed on to allow a sum to be settled

* Samuel L. Knapp, in his "Female Biography."

upon her, which should enable her hereafter to devote herself to the pursuits of literature.

She had soon after another opportunity of marrying, which was declined, and from this time she seems to have formed the resolution, to which she ever afterwards adhered, of remaining single."

In 1774 she became acquainted with the great tragedian, David Garrick; he and his wife soon formed a warm attachment for the young authoress, invited her to their house in London, and introduced her to the literary and fashionable world. She was there presented to Sir Joshua Reynolds, Edmund Burke, and Dr. Johnson; how highly she prized the privilege of such acquaintances may be gathered from her letters. She constantly wrote to her sisters at Bristol, describing in a style of easy elegance whatever interested her in London.

Speaking of letter-writing, she used to say, "When I want wisdom, sentiment, or information, I can find them much better in books. What I want in a letter is the picture of my friend's mind, and the common-sense of his life. I want to know what he is saying and doing." She added, "that letters among near relations were family newspapers, meant to convey paragraphs of intelligence, and advertisements of projects, and not sentimental essays."

Her first acquaintance with that much-abused class, the publishers, is thus narrated by Mrs. Elwood:

"Hannah More again visited London, in 1775, and in the course of this year the eulogiums and attentions she had received induced her, as she observed to her sisters, to try her real value, by writing a small poem and offering it to Cadell. The legendary tale of 'Sir Eldred of the Bower' was, accordingly, composed in a fortnight's time, to which she added 'The Bleeding Rock,' which had been written some years previously. Cadell offered her a handsome sum for these poems, telling her if he could discover what Goldsmith received for the 'Deserted Village,' he would make up the deficiency, whatever it might be.

Thus commenced Hannah More's acquaintance with Mr. Cadell, who was, by a singular coincidence, a native of the same village with herself; and her connexion with his establishment was carried on for forty years."

In 1782 Hannah More's "Sacred Dramas" were published, with a poem, entitled "Sensibility." As we prefer to present the opinions of acknowledged critics in literature, respecting the works of the celebrated female writers, rather than our own, whenever we think the former give a correct and impartial estimate of character and talents, we will here insert an extract from the notice of Hannah More in a late and excellent publication:*

"All her works were successful, and Johnson said he thought her the best of female versifiers. The poetry of Hannah More is now forgotten, but 'Percy' is a good play, and it is clear that the authoress might have excelled as a dramatic writer, had she devoted herself to that difficult species of composition. In 1786 she published another volume of verse, 'Florio, a Tale for Fine Gentlemen and Fine Ladies,' and 'The Bas Bleu, or Conversation.' The latter (which Johnson complimented as a great performance) was an elaborate eulogy on the *Bas Bleu Club*,* a literary assembly that met at Mrs. Montagu's."

The following couplets have been quoted as terse and pointed:

> "In men this blunder still you find,
> All think their little set mankind."

> "Small habits well pursued betimes,
> May reach the dignity of crimes."

Such lines mark the good sense and keen observation of the writer, and these qualities Hannah now resolved to devote exclusively to high objects. The gay life of the fashionable world had lost its charms, and having published her 'Bas Bleu,' she retired to a small cottage and garden near Bristol, where her sisters kept a flourishing boarding-school. Her first prose publication was 'Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great to General Society,' produced in 1788. This was followed, in 1791, by an 'Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World.' As a means of counteracting the political tracts and exertions of the Jacobins and levellers, Hannah More, in 1794, wrote a number of tales, published monthly, under the title of 'The Cheap Repository,' which attained to a sale of about a million each number. Some of the little stories (as the 'Shepherd of Salisbury Plain') are well told, and contain striking moral and religious lessons. With the same object, our authoress published a volume called 'Village Politics.' Her other principal works are—'Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education,' 1799; 'Hints towards Forming the Character of a Young Princess,' 1805; 'Cœlebs in Search of a Wife, comprehending Observations on Domestic Habits and Manners, Religion and Morals,' two volumes, 1809; 'Practical Piety, or the Influence of the Religion of the Heart on the Conduct of Life,' two volumes, 1811; 'Christian Morals,' two volumes, 1812; 'Essay on the Character and Writings of St. Paul,' two volumes, 1815; and 'Moral Sketches of Prevailing Opinions and Manners, Foreign and Domestic, with Reflections on Prayer,' 1819. The collection of her works is comprised in eleven volumes octavo. The work entitled 'Hints towards Forming the Character of a Young Princess,' was written with a view to the education of the princess Charlotte, on which subject the advice and assistance of Hannah More had been requested by queen Charlotte. Of 'Cœlebs,' we are told that ten editions were sold in one year—a remarkable proof of the popularity of the work. The tale is admirably written, with a fine vein of delicate irony and sarcasm, and some of the characters are well depicted, but, from the nature of the story, it presents few incidents or embellishments to attract ordinary novel-readers. It has not inaptly been styled 'a dramatic sermon.' Of the other publications of the authoress, we may say, with one of

* Chambers' Cyclopædia of English Literature.

* See sketch of Elizabeth Montagu, page 432.

her critics, 'it would be idle in us to dwell on works so well known as the "Thoughts on the Manners of the Great," the "Essay on the Religion of the Fashionable World," and so on, which finally established Miss More's name as a great moral writer, possessing a masterly command over the resources of our language, and devoting a keen wit and lively fancy to the best and noblest of purposes.' In her latter days there was perhaps a tincture of unnecessary gloom or severity in her religious views; yet, when we recollect her unfeigned sincerity and practical benevolence—her exertions to instruct the poor miners and cottagers—and the untiring zeal with which she laboured, even amidst severe bodily infirmities, to inculcate sound principles and intellectual cultivation, from the palace to the cottage, it is impossible not to rank her among the best benefactors of mankind.

The great success of the different works of our authoress enabled her to live in ease, and to dispense charities around her. Her sisters also secured a competency, and they all lived together at Barley Grove, a property of some extent, which they purchased and improved. 'From the day that the school was given up, the existence of the whole sisterhood appears to have flowed on in one uniform current of peace and contentment, diversified only by new appearances of Hannah as an authoress, and the ups and downs which she and the others met with in the prosecution of a most brave and humane experiment—namely, their zealous effort to extend the blessings of education and religion among the inhabitants of certain villages situated in a wild country some eight or ten miles from their abode, who, from a concurrence of unhappy local and temporary circumstances, had been left in a state of ignorance hardly conceivable at the present day.' These exertions were ultimately so successful, that the sisterhood had the gratification of witnessing a yearly festival celebrated on the hills of Cheddar, where above a thousand children, with the members of female clubs of industry (also established by them), after attending church service, were regaled at the expense of their benefactors.

Hannah More died on the 7th of September, 1833, aged eighty-eight. She had made about £30,000 by her writings, and she left, by her will, legacies to charitable and religious institutions amounting to £10,000."

In 1834, "Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of Mrs. Hannah More," by William Roberts, Esq., were published in four volumes. In these we have a full account by Hannah herself of her London life, and many interesting anecdotes."

From this memoir we select the estimate of Hannah More's moral character:

"Her love of her country, and her love of her species, were without any alloy of party feelings or prejudices. To her sound and correct understanding, liberty presented itself as including among its essential constituents loyalty, allegiance, security, and duty. Patriotism, in this view of it, should be placed in the front of her character, since it really took the lead of every other *temporal* object. All the powers of her mind were devoted to the solid improvement of society. Her aims were all practical; and it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to name a writer who has laid before the public so copious a variety of original thoughts and reasonings, without any admixture of speculation or hypothesis. To keep within this tangible barrier, without contracting the range of her imagination, or denying to truth any advantage to which it is fairly entitled, of illustration or entertainment, is a secret in the art of composition with which few, if any, have been so well acquainted. Her indefatigable pen was ever at work; kept in motion by a principle of incessant activity, never to stop but with her pulse; never to need the refreshment of change; and never to be weary in well-doing. Thus to do good and to distribute was no less the work of her head than of her hand, and the rich and the great were among the objects of her charity. The specific relief of which they stood in need she was ever forward to supply; and as she had passed so many of her earliest years among them, she knew well their wants, and how to administer to them. She was a woman of business in all the concerns of humanity, refined or common, special or general, and had a sort of righteous cunning in dealing with different cases; exposing without irritating, reproving without discouraging, probing without wounding; always placing duty upon its right motives, and showing the perversity of error by bringing it into close comparison with the loveliest forms of truth and godliness."

As the writings of this excellent woman are widely known, and probably more read in America than England, we shall give few extracts from her prose works; but there was one event of her life which should never be forgotten; we allude to the persecution she met with when she attempted to instruct the poor. The brutal ignorance and degradation which then, fifty years ago, (is it much changed now?) characterized the peasantry of England were shocking; but even these do not appear so utterly inhuman as the conduct of the rich farmers, and particularly that of the clergymen, in opposing all reforms. Miss More says, in a letter, writing of one of her schools, "It is a parish, the largest in our county or diocess, in a state of great depravity and ignorance. The opposition I have met with in endeavouring to establish an institution for the religious instruction of these people would excite your astonishment. The principal adversary is a farmer of £1000 a-year, who says, the lower class are *fated* to be wicked and ignorant, and that as wise as I am I cannot alter what is *decreed*."

She surmounted this opposition; but then began the persecutions instituted against her by the clergy. These were so vindictive that Miss More appealed to the bishop of Bath and Wells, in whose diocese she was labouring in this mission of charity. We insert a portion of her letter, which, for its masterly exposition of the subject, and firm, yet gentle tone of remonstrance against injustice to the poor, as well as to herself, deserves to be studied. We are compelled to omit the greater part.

* * * * *

"When I settled in this country thirteen years ago, I found the poor in many of the villages sunk in a deplorable state of ignorance and vice. There were, I think, no Sunday-schools in the whole district, except one in my own parish, which had been established by our respectable rector, and another in the adjoining parish of Churchill. This drew me to the more neglected villages, which, being distant, made it very laborious. Not one school here did I ever attempt to establish without the hearty concurrence of the clergyman of the parish. My plan of instruction is extremely simple and limited. They learn, on week days, such coarse works as may fit them for servants. I allow of no writing for the poor. My object is not to make fanatics, but to train up the lower classes in habits of industry and piety. I knew no way of teaching morals but by teaching principles; nor of inculcating Christian principles without a good knowledge of Scripture. I own I have laboured this point diligently. My sisters and I always teach them ourselves every Sunday, except during our absence in winter. By being out about thirteen hours, we have generally contrived to visit two schools the same day, and carry them to their respective churches. When we had more schools, we commonly visited them on a Sunday. The only books we use in teaching are two little tracts called 'Questions for the Mendip Schools' (to be had of Hatchard). 'The Church Catechism' (these are framed, and half a dozen hung up in the room). The Catechism, broken into short questions, spelling-books, psalter, common prayer, testament, bible. The little ones repeat 'Watts's Hymns.' The Collect is learned every Sunday. They generally learn the Sermon on the Mount, with many other chapters and psalms. Finding that what the children learned at school they commonly lost at home by the profaneness and ignorance of their parents, it occurred to me in some of the larger parishes to invite the latter to come at six on the Sunday evening, for an hour, to the school, together with the elder scholars. A plain printed sermon and a printed prayer is read to them, and a psalm is sung. I am not bribed by my taste, for, unluckily, I do not delight in music, but observing that singing is a help to devotion in others, I thought it right to allow the practice.

"For many years I have given away, annually, nearly two hundred bibles, common prayer books, and testaments. To teach the poor to read without providing them with *safe* books, has always appeared to me an improper measure, and this consideration induced me to enter upon the laborious undertaking of the Cheap Repository Tracts.

"In some parishes, where the poor are numerous, such as Cheddar and the distressed mining villages of Shipham and Rowbarrow, I have instituted, with considerable expense to myself, friendly benefit societies for poor women, which have proved a great relief to the sick and lying-in, especially in the late seasons of scarcity. We have in one parish *only*, a saving of between two and three hundred pounds (the others in proportion); this I have placed out in the funds. The late Lady of the Manor at Cheddar, in addition to her kindness to my institutions there during her life, left, at her death, a legacy for the club, and another for the school, as a testimony to her opinion of the utility of both. We have two little annual festivities for the children and poor women of these clubs, which are always attended by a large concourse of gentry and clergy.

"At one of these public meetings, Mr. Bere declared, that since the institution of the schools he could now dine in peace; for that where he used to issue ten warrants, he was not now called on for two.

* * * * *

"My schools were always honoured with the full sanction of the late bishop; of which I have even recent testimonials. It does not appear that any one person who has written against them, except Mr. Bere, ever saw them.

* * * * *

"I need not inform your lordship why the illiterate, when they become religious, are more liable to enthusiasm than the better informed. They have also a coarse way of expressing their religious sentiments, which often appears to be enthusiasm, when it is only vulgarity or quaintness. But I am persuaded your lordship will allow that this does not furnish a reason why the poor should be left destitute of religious instruction. That the knowledge of the bible should lay men more open to the delusions of fanaticism on the one hand, or of jacobinism on the other, appears so unlikely, that I should have thought the probability lay all on the other side.

"I do not vindicate enthusiasm; I dread it. But can the possibility that a few should become enthusiasts be justly pleaded as an argument for giving them *all* up to actual vice and barbarism?

"In one of the principal pamphlets against me, it is asserted that my writings *ought to be burned by the hands of the common hangman.* In most of them it is affirmed that my principles and actions are corrupt and mischievous in no common degree. If the grosser crimes alleged against me be true, I am not only unfit to be allowed to teach poor children to read, but I am unfit to be tolerated in any class of society. If, on the contrary, the heavier charges should prove not to be true, may it not furnish a presumption that the less are equally unfounded? There is scarcely any motive so pernicious, nor any hypocrisy so deep, to which my plans have not been attributed; yet I have neither improved my interest nor my fortune by them. I am not of a sex to expect preferment, nor of a temper to court favour; nor was I so ignorant of mankind as to look for praise by a means so little calculated to obtain it; though, perhaps, I did not reckon on such a degree of obloquy. If vanity were my motive, it has been properly punished. If hypocrisy, I am hastening fast to answer for it at a tribunal, compared with which all human opinion weighs very light indeed; in view of which the sacrifice which I have been called to make of health, peace, and reputation, shrinks into nothing.

"And now, my lord, I come to what has been

the ultimate object of this too tedious letter — a request to know what is your lordship's pleasure? I have too high an opinion of your wisdom and candour to suspect the equity of your determination. I know too well what I owe to the station you fill, to dispute your authority or to oppose your commands. If it be your will that my remaining schools should be abolished, I may lament your decision, but I will obey it. My deep reverence for the laws and institutions of my country inspires me with a proportionate veneration for all constituted authorities, whether in church or state. If I be not permitted to employ the short remnant of my life (which has been nearly destroyed by these prolonged attacks) in being, in any small measure and degree, actively useful, I will at least set my accusers an example of obedience to those superiors whom the providence of God has set over me, and whom, next to Him, I am bound to obey.*

EXTRACTS FROM "HINTS FOR FORMING THE CHARACTER OF A YOUNG PRINCESS."

One of the first lessons that should be inculcated on the great, is, that God has not sent us into this world to give us consummate happiness, but to train us to those habits which lead to it. High rank lays the mind open to strong temptations; the *highest* rank to the *strongest*. The seducing images of luxury and pleasure, of splendour and of homage, of power and independence, are only to be counteracted by a religious education. The world is too generally entered upon as a scene of pleasure instead of trial. The high-born are taught to enjoy the world at an age when they should be learning to know it; and to grasp the prize when they should be exercising themselves for the combat. They look for the sweets of victory when they should be enduring the hardness of the conflict. The exalted station of the young princess, by separating her from miscellaneous society, becomes her protection from many of its maxims and practices. From the dangers of her own peculiar situation she should be guarded; by being early taught to consider power and influence, not as exempting her from the difficulties of life, or ensuring to her a larger portion of its pleasures, but as engaging her in a peculiarly extended sphere of duties, and infinitely increasing the demands on her fortitude and vigilance.

FROM "FLORIO."

Exhausted Florio, at the age
When youth should rush on glory's stage,
When life should open fresh and new,
And ardent hope her schemes pursue:
Of youthful gayety bereft,
Had scarce an unbroach'd pleasure left;
He found already to his cost
The shining gloss of life was lost,
And pleasure was so coy a prude,
She fled the more, the more pursued;
Or if o'ertaken and caress'd,
He loath'd and left her when possess'd.
But Florio knew the world; that science
Sets sense and learning at defiance;
He thought the world to him was known,
Whereas he only knew the *town*.
In men this blunder still you find,
All think their little set — mankind.
Though high renown the youth had gain'd,
No flagrant crimes his life had stain'd;
Though known among *a certain set*,
He did not like to be in debt;
He shudder'd at the dicer's box,
Nor thought it very heterodox
That tradesmen should be sometimes paid,
And bargains kept as well as made.
His growing credit, as a sinner,
Was that he liked to spoil a dinner;
Made pleasure and made business wait,
And still by system came too late;
Yet 'twas a hopeful indication
On which to found a reputation:
Small habits, well pursued, betimes
May reach the dignity of crimes;
And who a juster claim preferr'd
Than one who always broke his word?

FROM "SENSIBILITY."

* * * * *

Sweet Sensibility! thou keen delight!
Unprompted moral! sudden sense of right!
Perception exquisite! fair Virtue's seed!
Thou quick precursor of the liberal deed!
Thou hasty conscience! reason's blushing morn!
Instinctive kindness ere reflection 's born!
Prompt sense of equity! to thee belongs
The swift redress of unexamined wrongs!
Eager to serve, the cause perhaps untried,
But always apt to choose the suffering side!
To those who know thee not, no words can paint,
And those who know thee, know all words are faint

She does not feel thy power who boasts thy flame,
And rounds her every period with thy name;
Nor she who vents her disproportioned sighs
With pining *Lesbia* when her sparrow dies;
Nor she who melts when hapless *Shore* expires,
While real misery unrelieved retires!
Who thinks feigned sorrows all her tears deserve,
And weeps o'er *Werter* while her children starve.

As words are but the external marks to tell
The fair ideas in the mind that dwell,
And only are of things the outward sign,
And not the things themselves they but define;
So exclamations, tender tones, fond tears,
And all the graceful drapery Feeling wears,
These are her garb, not her, they but express
Her form, her semblance, her appropriate dress;
And these fair marks, reluctant I relate,
These lovely symbols may be counterfeit.

* * * * * * *

O Love divine! sole source of charity!
More dear one genuine deed performed for thee,
Than all the periods Feeling e'er could turn,
Than all thy touching page, perverted Sterne!
Not that by deeds alone this love 's expressed—
If so, the affluent only were the blessed;
One silent wish, one prayer, one soothing word,
The page of mercy shall, well-pleased, record;
One soul-felt sigh by powerless pity given,
Accepted incense! shall ascend to heaven!

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And though but few can serve, yet all may please;
O let the ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offence.
To spread large bounties though we wish in vain,
Yet all *may* shun the guilt of giving pain:
To bless mankind with tides of flowing wealth,
With rank to grace them, or to crown with health,
Our little lot denies; yet liberal still,
Heaven gives its counterpoise to every ill,

* Notwithstanding this Christian appeal, Hannah More was compelled to give up her schools.

Nor let us murmur at our stinted powers,
When kindness, love, and concord may be ours.
The gift of minist'ring to other's ease,
To all her sons impartial she decrees;
The gentle offices of patient love,
Beyond all flattery, and all price above;
The mild forbearance at a brother's fault,
The angry word suppressed, the taunting thought;
Subduing and subdued, the petty strife
Which clouds the colour of domestic life;
The sober comfort, all the peace which springs
From the large aggregate of little things;
On these small cares of *daughter*, *wife*, or *friend*,
The utmost sacred joys of HOME depend:
There, Sensibility, thou best may'st reign,
HOME is thy true, legitimate domain.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

——A TENDER mother lives
In many lives; through many a nerve she feels;
From child to child the quick affections spread,
For ever wandering, yet for ever fixed.
Nor does division weaken, nor the force
Of constant operation e'er exhaust
Parental love. All other passions change
With changing circumstance; rise or fall,
Dependent on their object; claim returns;
Live on reciprocation, and expire
Unfed by hope. A mother's fondness reigns
Without a rival, and without an end.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

The ostentatious virtues which still press
For notice and for praise; the brilliant deeds
Which live but in the eye of observation,
These have their meed at once. But there's a joy,
To the fond votaries of Fame unknown—
To hear the still small voice of Conscience speak
Its whispered plaudit to the silent soul!

FAVOUR IS FLEETING.

——Dost thou not know
That of all fickle Fortune's transient gifts,
Favour is most deceitful? 'T is a beam,
Which darts uncertain brightness for a moment!
The faint, precarious, fickle shine of power,
Given without merit, by caprice withdrawn.
No trifle is so small as what obtains,
Save that which loses favour; 't is a breath,
Which hangs upon a smile! A look, a word,
A frown, the air-built tower of Fortune shakes,
And down the unsubstantial fabric falls!

FAITH.

O Faith! thou wonder-working principle—
Eternal substance of our present hope,
Thou evidence of things invisible!
What cannot man sustain, by thee sustained!

WISDOM.

Wisdom, whose fruits are purity and peace!
Wisdom! that bright intelligence, which sat
Supreme, when with his golden compasses
Th' Eternal planned the fabric of the world,
Produced his fair idea into light,
And said that all was good! Wisdom, blest beam!
The brightness of the everlasting light!
The spotless mirror of the power of God!
The reflex image of the all-perfect Mind!
A stream translucent, flowing from the source
Of glory infinite—a cloudless light!—
Defilement cannot touch, nor sin pollute
Her unstained purity. Not Ophir's gold,
Nor Ethiopia's gems can match her price!
The ruby of the mine is pale before her;
And like the oil Elisha's bounty blessed,
She is a treasure which doth grow by use,
And multiply by spending. She contains,
Within herself, the sum of excellence.
If riches are desired, wisdom is wealth;
If prudence, where shall keen Invention find
Artificer more cunning? If renown,
In her right hand it comes! If piety,
Are not her labours virtues? If the lore
Which sage Experience teaches, lo! she scans
Antiquity's dark truths; the past she knows,
Anticipates the future; not by arts
Forbidden, of Chaldean sorcery,
But from the piercing ken of deep Foreknowledge.
From her sure science of the human heart,
She weighs effects with causes, ends with means,
Resolving all into the sovereign will.

TRUST IN GOD.

Know, God is everywhere:—
Through all the vast infinitude of space;
At his command the furious tempests rise—
He tells the world of waters where to soar;
And at his bidding winds and waves are calm.
In Him, not in an arm of flesh, I trust;
In Him, whose promise never yet has failed,
I place my confidence.

MOTHER ANNA, or ANN OF SAXONY,

WAS the daughter of Christian III., king of Denmark. She was born in the year 1531, and as the only daughter of her mother, Dorothea, became the idol of her heart. But the queen, convinced that the best interest of her child must be promoted by a course of education, which was calculated to make her not only fit to be called a princess, but also a housewife and a Christian, confided her religious training to the worthy chaplain, and caused her to be instructed in all domestic duties, even such as are now called menial in some circles of society.

In 1548 she married the elector August of Saxony, and became the mother of fifteen children, eleven of whom she buried before they had attained a mature age. Soon after her marriage, she devoted herself with all her energy to the mental and moral improvement of her subjects. On all occasions she set them an example of Christian faith, resignation, and patience, often sacrificing her own pleasures and comforts to the welfare and happiness of the people; and so fully were

they aware of it, that they called her only *the mother of the country.*

But while she, unitedly with her husband, endeavoured to raise the standard of education, by multiplying schools, and that of morals, by increasing the number of the churches, she neglected not the principal condition of the people. Waste lands were cultivated by her directions, and on one occasion she headed the pioneers, with a spade in her hand, in order to encourage them in a task which was new, and apparently unpromising to them.

She devoted much of her time to the study of chemistry, natural philosophy, and botany; and endeavoured, on all occasions, to make her knowledge contribute to the happiness of her people, and the improvement of their lands. She aided her husband in welcoming and supporting the Dutch exiled cloth and cotton weavers, who had been driven from their homes by religious persecution; and they, in their turn, contributed to perfect her own manufacturers.

She accompanied her husband upon his travels, and then they were always provided with the best seed for raising fruit, which they distributed among the people. She induced her husband to pass a law, that every new-married couple must plant and graft two fruit trees during the first year of their marriage. Everywhere she established schools, apothecaries, and botanical gardens. She was also an exemplary housewife, who did not consider it beneath her to attend to the smallest matters in housekeeping. As a specimen, an anecdote is related which illustrates the feelings with which servants too often regard a mistress who "looks well to the ways of her household." The elector August arrived, one hot summer's day, at a seat where he knew his wife to be. Thirsty and weary, he asked one of the girls, who knew him not, to give him a cup of milk. The girl gave him a cup of skimmed milk, and when he complained of the inferior quality of the article, she replied, "Our old curmudgeon compels us to save the best article for herself, and so you must be satisfied." August related this to his wife, who, after she had sent for the girl, reproved her for thus speaking to a stranger: but the girl replied, "Had I known that the fellow would be such a scamp as to tell on me, after I gave him my milk, I would have held my tongue." August, who stood behind a screen, stepped forward and said laughingly,

> "Then let us bear, without a grudge,
> Both, the scamp and the curmudge."

She fell a victim to her benevolence and Christian duties, during the prevalence of the plague, and died on the 1st of October, 1585. The lower classes of Saxony still speak of her only by the name of *Mother Anna.*

MOTTE, REBECCA,

Daughter of Robert Brewton, an English gentleman, who had emigrated to South Carolina, was born in 1738, in Charleston. When about twenty, she married Mr. Jacob Motte, who died soon after the commencement of the revolutionary war. Captain McPherson, of the British army, who was in command of the garrison at Fort Motte, had taken possession of the large new house of Mrs. Motte, and fortified it, so that it was almost impregnable. Mrs. Motte herself had been obliged to remove to an old farm-house in

the vicinity. In order to dislodge the garrison before succours could arrive, generals Marion and Lee, who were commanding the American forces there, could devise no means but burning the mansion. This they were very reluctant to do, but Mrs. Motte willingly assented to the proposal, and presented, herself, a bow and its apparatus, which had been imported from India, and was prepared to carry combustible matter. We will conclude this scene from the eloquent description of Mrs. Ellet, to whose admirable work* we are indebted for the portrait of Mrs. Motte, and the materials for this sketch.

"Everything was now prepared for the concluding scene. The lines were manned, and an additional force stationed at the battery, to meet a desperate assault, if such should be made. The American entrenchments being within arrow-shot, McPherson was once more summoned, and again more confidently—for help was at hand—asserted his determination to resist to the last.

The scorching rays of the noon-day sun had prepared the shingle roof for the conflagration. The return of the flag was immediately followed by the shooting of the arrows, to which balls of blazing rosin and brimstone were attached. Simms tells us the bow was put into the hands of Nathan Savage, a private in Marion's brigade. The first struck, and set fire; also the second and third, in different quarters of the roof. McPherson immediately ordered men to repair to the loft of the house, and check the flames by knocking off the shingles; but they were soon driven down by the fire of the six-pounder; and no other effort to stop the burning being practicable, the commandant hung out the white flag, and surrendered the garrison at discretion.

* "Women of the American Revolution."

If ever a situation in real life afforded a fit subject for poetry, by filling the mind with a sense of moral grandeur, it was that of Mrs. Motte contemplating the spectacle of her home in flames, and rejoicing in the triumph secured to her countrymen—the benefit to her native land, by her surrender of her own interest to the public service. I have stood upon the spot, and felt that it was indeed classic ground, and consecrated by memories which should thrill the heart of every American. But the beauty of such memories would be marred by the least attempt at ornament; and the simple narrative of that memorable occurrence has more effect to stir the feelings than could a tale artistically framed and glowing with the richest hues of imagination.

After the captors had taken possession, McPherson and his officers accompanied them to Mrs. Motte's dwelling, where they sat down together to a sumptuous dinner. Again, in the softened picture, our heroine is the principal figure. She showed herself prepared, not only to give up her splendid mansion to ensure victory to the American arms, but to do her part towards soothing the agitation of the conflict just ended. Her dignified, courteous, and affable deportment adorned the hospitality of her table; she did the honours with that unaffected politeness which wins esteem as well as admiration; and by her conversation, marked with ease, vivacity and good sense, and the engaging kindness of her manners, endeavoured to obliterate the recollection of the loss she had been called upon to sustain, and at the same time to remove from the minds of the prisoners the sense of their misfortunes."

Another portion of her history is important, as illustrating her high sense of honour, her energy, and patient, self-denying perseverance. Her husband, in consequence of the difficulties and distresses growing out of our war for independence, became embarrassed in his business; and after his death, and termination of the war, it was found impossible to satisfy these claims.

"The widow, however, considered the honour of her deceased husband involved in the responsibilities he had assumed. She determined to devote the remainder of her life to the honourable task of paying the debts. Her friends and connexions, whose acquaintance with her affairs gave weight to their judgment, warned her of the apparent hopelessness of such an effort. But, steadfast in the principles that governed all her conduct, she persevered. Living in an humble dwelling, and relinquishing many of her habitual comforts, she devoted herself with such zeal, untiring industry, and indomitable resolution, to the attainment of her object, that her success triumphed over every difficulty, and exceeded the expectations of all who had discouraged her. She not only paid her husband's debts to the full, but secured for her children and descendants a handsome and unencumbered estate. Such an example of perseverance under adverse circumstances, for the accomplishment of a high and noble purpose, exhibits in yet brighter colours the heroism that shone in her country's days of peril!"

Mrs. Motte died in 1815, at her plantation on the Santee.

MOTTEVILLE, FRANCES BERTRAND DE,

Was born in Normandy, in 1615. Her wit and agreeable manners recommended her to Anne of Austria, regent of France, who kept her constantly near her. The jealousy of cardinal Richelieu, however, caused her disgrace, and she retired, with her mother, to Normandy, where she married Nicolas Langlois, lord de Motteville, an old man, who died two years after. On the death of Richelieu, Anne of Austria recalled her to court. Here she employed herself in writing memoirs of Anne of Austria, giving an apparently correct account of the minority of Louis XIV., and the interior of a court. She died at Paris, in 1689, aged seventy-five.

MURATORI, TERESA,

Was born at Bologna, in 1662. She early evinced a taste for the fine arts, particularly music and drawing. She was the daughter of a physician, and successively the scholar of Emilio Taruffi, Lorenzo Pasinelli, and Giovanni Guiseppe dal Sole. She composed many works for the churches at Bologna, the most admirable of which are, A Dead Child restored to life, The Disbelief of St. Thomas, and the Annunciation. She died in 1708.

MUSSASA,

A warlike princess, who succeeded her father Dongy, as sovereign of Congo. She dressed herself as a man, and often led her soldiers to battle and victory, and extended the bounds of her empire. She flourished in the seventeenth century.

N.

NEALE, ELIZABETH,

An artist mentioned only in De Bie's Golden Cabinet, published in 1662. He speaks of her as painting so well as almost to rival the famous Zeghers; but he does not mention any of her works, nor whether she painted in oil or water colours.

NECKER, SUZANNE,

Was descended, on the maternal side, from an ancient family in Provence, who had taken refuge in Switzerland on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. She was born at Grassy, her father, M. Curchod, being the evangelical minister in that little village. He was a very learned man, and trained his daughter with great care, even giving her the severe and classical education usually bestowed only on men. The young Suzanne Curchod was renowned throughout the whole province for her wit, beauty, and intellectual attainments.

Gibbon, the future historian, but then an unknown youth studying in Lausanne, met Mademoiselle Curchod, fell in love with her, and succeeded in rendering his attachment acceptable to

both the object of his affections and her parents. When he returned, however, to England, his father indignantly refused to hear of the proposed marriage between him and the Swiss minister's portionless daughter. Gibbon yielded to parental authority, and philosophically forgot his learned

mistress. After her father's death, which left her wholly unprovided for, Suzanne Curchod retired with her mother to Geneva. She there earned a precarious subsistence by teaching persons of her own sex. When her mother died, a lady named Madame de Vermenoux induced Mademoiselle Curchod to come to Paris, in order to teach Latin to her son. It was in this lady's house that she met Necker. He was then in the employment of Thélusson, the banker, and occasionally visited Madame de Vermenoux. Struck with the noble character and grave beauty of the young governess, Necker cultivated her acquaintance, and ultimately made her his wife. Mutual poverty had delayed their marriage for several years; but it was not long ere Necker rose from his obscurity. Madame Necker had an ardent love of honourable distinction, which she imparted to her husband, and which greatly served to quicken his efforts; his high talents in financial matters were at length recognised: he became a wealthy and respected man. Shortly after her marriage, Madame Necker expressed the desire of devoting herself to literature. Her husband, however, delicately hinted to her that he should regret seeing her adopt such a course. This sufficed to induce her to relinquish her intention: she loved him so entirely, that, without effort or repining, she could make his least wish her law.

As Necker rose in the world, Madame Necker's influence increased; but it never was an individual power, like that of Madame du Deffand, or of the Maréchale de Luxembourg. Over her husband, she always possessed great influence. Her virtues and noble character had inspired him with a feeling akin to veneration. He was not wholly guided by her counsels, but he respected her opinions as those of a high-minded being, whom all the surrounding folly and corruption could not draw down from her sphere of holy purity. If Madame Necker was loved and esteemed by her husband, she may be said to have almost idolized him; and her passionate attachment probably increased the feelings of vanity and self-importance of which Necker has often been accused. This exclusive devotedness caused some wonder amongst the friends of the minister and his wife; for seldom had these sceptical philosophers witnessed a conjugal union so strict and uncompromising, and yet so touching in its very severity.

When Necker became, in 1776, Director-General of the Finances, his wife resolved that the influence her husband's official position gave her should not be employed in procuring unmerited favours for flatterers or parasites. She placed before herself the far more noble object of alleviating misfortune, and pointing out to her reforming husband some of the innumerable abuses which then existed in every department of the state. One of her first attempts was to overthrow the lottery. She pressed the point on Necker's attention; but, though he shared her convictions, he had not the power of destroying this great evil: he did, however, all he could to moderate its excesses. The prisons and hospitals of Paris greatly occupied the attention of Madame Necker during the five years of her husband's power. Her devotedness to the cause of humanity was admirable, and shone with double lustre amidst the heartless selfishness of the surrounding world. She once happened to learn that a certain Count of Lautrec had been imprisoned in a dungeon of the fortress of Ham for twenty-eight years! and that the unhappy captive now scarcely seemed to belong to human kind. A feeling of deep compassion seized her heart. To liberate a state prisoner was more than her influence could command, but she resolved to lighten, if possible, his load of misery. She set out for Ham, and succeeded in obtaining a sight of M. de Lautrec. She found a miserable-looking man, lying listlessly on the straw of his dungeon, scarcely clothed with a few tattered rags, and surrounded by rats and reptiles. Madame Necker soothed his fixed and sullen despair with promises of speedy relief; nor did she depart until she had kept her word, and seen M. de Lautrec removed to an abode where, if still a prisoner, he might at least spend in peace the few days left him by the tyranny of his oppressors.

Acts of individual benevolence were not, however, the only object of the minister's wife. Notwithstanding the munificence of her private charities, she aimed none the less to effect general good. Considerable ameliorations were introduced by her in the condition of the hospitals of Paris. She entered, with unwearied patience, into the most minute details of their actual administration, and, with admirable ingenuity, rectified errors or suggested improvements. Her aim was to effect a greater amount of good with the same capital, which she now saw grossly squandered and misapplied. The reforms which she thus introduced were both important and severe. She sacrificed almost the whole of her time to this praiseworthy task, and ultimately devoted a considerable sum

to found the hospital which still bears her name. Beyond this, Madame Necker sought to exercise no power over her husband, or through his means. She loved him far too truly and too well to aim at an influence which might have degraded him in the eyes of the world. Necker was, however, proud of his noble-hearted wife, and never hesitated to confess how much he was indebted to her advice. When he retired from office, in 1781, and published his famous "Compte Rendu," he seized this opportunity of paying a high and heartfelt homage to the virtues of his wife. "Whilst retracing," he observes at the conclusion of his work, "a portion of the charitable tasks prescribed by your majesty, let me be permitted, sire, to allude, without naming her, to a person gifted with singular virtues, and who has materially assisted me in accomplishing the designs of your majesty. Although her name was never uttered to you, in all the vanities of high office, it is right, sire, that you should be aware that it is known and frequently invoked in the most obscure asylums of suffering humanity. It is no doubt most fortunate for a minister of finances to find, in the companion of his life, the assistance he needs for so many details of beneficence and charity, which might otherwise prove too much for his strength and attention. Carried away by the tumults of general affairs,—often obliged to sacrifice the feelings of the private man to the duties of the citizen, he may well esteem himself happy, when the complaints of poverty and misery can be confided to an enlightened person who shares the sentiment of his duties."

If Madame Necker has not left so remarkable a name as many women of her time; if her contemporaries, justly, perhaps, found her too cold and formal; yet she shines, at least in that dark age, a noble example of woman's virtues — devoted love, truth and purity. She died in 1794, calm and resigned through the most acute sufferings; her piety sustained her. The literary works she left, are chiefly connected with her charities, or were called forth by the events around her. Among these works are the following: — "Hasty Interments," "Memorial on the Establishment of Hospitals," "Reflections on Divorce," and her "Miscellanies." Her only child was the celebrated Madame de Stael.

NELLI, SUOR PLAUTILLA,

A Florentine lady of noble extraction. A natural genius led her to copy the works of Bartolomeo di St. Marco, and she became, in consequence, an excellent painter. After taking the veil of St. Catharine at Florence, she composed the "Descent from the Cross," and her pictures possess great merit. She died in 1588, aged sixty-five.

NEMOURS, MARIE D' ORLEANS, DUCHESS DE,

Daughter of the duke de Longueville, was born in 1625. She wrote some very agreeable "Memoirs of the War of the Fronde," in which she delineates in a masterly manner the principal persons concerned — describes transactions with great fidelity, and adds many anecdotes. She married, when very young, the duke de Nemours, and died in 1707. By her virtues, her prudence, and her sagacity in those trying and difficult times, her endowment and taste for polite literature, she reflected lustre on her rank and station. By her address and influence, she recalled her father, who had espoused the cause of the princes of the blood, to his allegiance, and rescued him from his dangerous position. Through all the civil contentions that raged around her, the duchess preserved her independence and neutrality.

NEUBER, CAROLINE,

Was born in the year 1692, the daughter of a German lawyer, Weissenborn. Her father was very strict with her, and in her fifteenth year she ran away with a student, a Mr. Neuber, whom she afterwards married. They soon after organized a strolling troop of actors, with which they performed at first in Weissenfels.

Madame Neuber felt her calling to become the regenerator of the German stage; she placed herself at the head of her troop, made laws for it, and introduced better morals among its members. In 1726, she obtained a royal privilege to perform in Dresden and in Leipzig; she erected her stage in the latter place, and performed the old-fashioned tragedies of the German stage, such as King Octavius, Courtship, Fate and Death, The Golden Apple, Nero, &c. After the death of king Augustus, 1733, Madame Neuber went to Hamburg. In 1737, she returned to Leipzig, and assumed the reform of the stage, in conjunction with the celebrated author Gottsched.

The German harlequin was, after a long struggle, banished from the stage, and the victory celebrated by a piece called The Victory of Reason. Her fame spread all over the continent. In 1740, she was invited by Duke Biron, the favourite of Anne of Austria, to come to Courland, and from thence to Petersburg. On her return to Leipzig, she quarrelled with her benefactor, Gottsched, and constant and bitter recrimination was the result; she even went so far as to burlesque the person of the professor on the stage. From that time, fortune forsook her; she was compelled to disband her troop, and died in great poverty, near Dresden, in 1760.

NEWCASTLE, MARGARET CAVENDISH, DUCHESS OF,

Youngest daughter of Sir Charles Lucas, was born at St. John's, near Colchester, in Essex, towards the latter end of the reign of James I. of England. She lost her father in infancy, but her mother gave her daughters a careful education. Margaret early displayed a taste for literature, to which she devoted most of her time. In 1643, she was chosen maid of honour to Henrietta Maria, wife to Charles I. The family of Lucases being loyal, Margaret accompanied her royal mistress when driven from England to her native country. At Paris, she married, in 1645, the

marquis of Newcastle, then a widower, and went with him to Rotterdam, and afterwards to Antwerp, where they continued during the remainder of the exile; through which time they were often in great distress, from the failure of the rents due her husband.

On the accession of Charles II., the marquis, after sixteen years' absence, returned to England. The marchioness remained at Antwerp to settle their affairs; and having done this successfully, she rejoined her husband, and the remainder of her life was spent in tranquillity, and the cultivation of literature. She kept a number of young ladies in her house, and some of them slept near her room, that they might be ready to rise at the sound of her bell, and commit to paper any idea that occurred to her. She produced no less than thirteen folios, ten of which are in print. She says of herself, "That it pleased God to command his servant, Nature, to endow her with a poetic and philosophical genius even from her birth, for she did write some books even in that kind before she was twelve years of age."

Her speculations must at least have had the merit of originality, since she was nearly forty, she tells us, before she had read any philosophical authors. One of her maxims was, never to revise her own works, "lest it should disturb her following conceptions."

Her writings, though now almost forgotten, were received with the most extravagant encomiums, from learned bodies and men of eminent erudition. Whatever may be the foundation of this lady's pretension to philosophy, she certainly added to acuteness of mind, great imagination and powers of invention; but she was deficient in judgment, correctness, and cultivation. She composed plays, poems, orations, and philosophical discourses. Among these were, "The World's Olio," "Nature's Picture, drawn by Fancy's Pencil to the Life," "Orations of divers sorts, accommodated to divers places," "Plays," "Philosophical and Physical Opinions," "Observations upon Experimental Philosophy;" to which is added, "The Description of a New World," "Philosophical Letters," "Poems and Phancies," "CCXI Sociable Letters," "The Life of the thrice noble, high, and puissant prince, William Cavendish, duke, marquis, and earl of Newcastle; earl of Ogle, viscount Mansfield, and baron of Bolsover, of Ogle, Bothal, and Hepple; gentleman of his majesty's bed-chamber; one of his majesty's most honourable privy-council; knight of the most noble order of the Garter; his majesty's lieutenant in Ayre Trent North; who had the honour to be governor to our most glorious king and gracious sovereign in his youth, when he was prince of Wales; and soon after was made captain-general of all the provinces beyond the river of Trent, and other parts of the kingdom of England, with power, by a special commission, to make knights. Written by the thrice noble and excellent princess, Margaret, duchess of Newcastle, his wife."

This work, styled "the crown of her labours," was translated into Latin, and printed in 1667. She also wrote a great number of plays. The duchess died in 1673, and was buried, January 7th, 1674, in Westminster Abbey. She was graceful in her person, and humane, generous, pious, and industrious, as the multitude of her works prove. She says of herself, in one of her last works, "I imagine all those who have read my former books will say I have writ enough, unless they were better; but say what you will, it pleaseth me, and, since my delights are harmless, *I will satisfy my humour.*

> "For had my brain as many fancies in't
> To fill the world, I'd put them all in print;
> No matter whether they be well or ill exprest,
> My *will* is done, and that please woman best."

Her prose writings are too diffuse for extracts; we might give pages to find an idea worth transcribing. Her merits and peculiarities as a poetical writer may be seen in the following selections; the first from "The Pastime and Recreation of the Queen of Fairies in Fairy-land, the centre of the earth."

QUEEN MAB.

Queen Mab and all her company
Dance on a pleasant mole hill high,
To small straw pipes wherein great pleasure
They take and keep time, just time and measure;
All hand in hand, around, around,
They dance upon the fairy-ground;
And when she leaves her dancing hall,
She doth for her attendants call,
To wait upon her to a bower,
Where she doth sit under a flower,
To shade her from the moonshine bright,
Where gnats do sing for her delight:
The whilst the bat doth fly about
To keep in order all the rout.
A dewy waving leaf's made fit
For the queen's bath, where she doth sit,
And her white limbs in beauty show,
Like a new fallen flake of snow;
Her maids do put her garments on,
Made of the pure light from the sun,
Which do so many colours take,
As various objects shadows make.

MIRTH AND MELANCHOLY

Is another of these fanciful personifications. The former woos the poetess to dwell with her, promising sport and pleasure, and drawing a

gloomy but forcible and poetical sketch of her rival, Melancholy:—

Her voice is low, and gives a hollow sound;
She hates the light, and is in darkness found;
Or sits with blinking lamps, or tapers small,
Which various shadows make against the wall.
She loves nought else but noise which discord makes,
As croaking frogs whose dwelling is in lakes;
The raven's hoarse, the mandrake's hollow groan,
And shrieking owls which fly i' the night alone;
The tolling bell, which for the dead rings out;
A mill, where rushing waters run about;
The roaring winds, which shake the cedars tall,
Plough up the seas, and beat the rocks withal.
She loves to walk in the still moonshine night,
And in a thick dark grove she takes delight:
In hollow caves, thatch'd houses, and low cells,
She loves to live, and there alone she dwells.

Melancholy thus describes her own dwelling:—

I dwell in groves that gilt are with the sun;
Sit on the banks by which clear waters run;
In summers hot down in a shade I lie;
My music is the buzzing of a fly;
I walk in meadows, where grows fresh green grass;
In fields, where corn is high, I often pass;
Walk up the hills, where round I prospects see,
Some brushy woods, and some all champaigns be;
Returning back, I in fresh pastures go,
To hear how sheep do bleat, and cows do low;
In winter cold, when nipping frosts come on,
Then I do live in a small house alone;
Although 'tis plain, yet cleanly 'tis within,
Like to a soul that's pure, and clear from sin;
And there I dwell in quiet and still peace,
Not filled with cares how riches to increase;
I wish nor seek for vain and fruitless pleasures;
No riches are, but what the mind in treasures.
Thus am I solitary, live alone,
Yet better lov'd, the more that I am known;
And though my face ill-favour'd at first sight,
After acquaintance, it will give delight.
Refuse me not, for I shall constant be;
Maintain your credit and your dignity.

NEWELL, HARRIET,

The first American heroine of the missionary enterprise, was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, October 10th, 1793. Her maiden name was Atwood. In 1806, while at school at Bradford, she became deeply impressed with the importance of religion; and, at the age of sixteen, she joined the church. On the 9th of February, 1812, Harriet Atwood married the Rev. Samuel Newell, missionary to the Burman empire; and in the same month, Mr. and Mrs. Newell embarked with their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Judson, for India. On the arrival of the missionaries at Calcutta, they were ordered to leave by the East India company; and accordingly Mr. and Mrs. Newell embarked for the Isle of France. Three weeks before reaching the island she became the mother of a child, which died in five days. On the 30th of November, seven weeks and four days after her confinement, Mrs. Harriet Newell, at the age of twenty, expired, far from her home and friends. She was one of the first females who ever went from this country as a missionary; and she was the first who died a martyr to the cause of missions. That there is a time, even in the season of youth and the flush of hope, when it is "better to die than to live," even to attain our wish for this world, Harriet Newell is an example. Her most earnest wish was to do good for the cause of Christ, and be of service in teaching his gospel to the heathen. Her early death has, apparently, done this, better and more effectually, than the longest life and most arduous labours of any one of the noble band of American women who have gone forth on this errand of love and hope. In the language of a recent writer on this subject, "Heroines of the Missionary Enterprise," Harriet Newell was the great proto-martyr of American missions. She fell, wounded by death, in the very vestibule of the sacred cause. Her memory belongs, not to the body of men who sent her forth, not to the denomination to whose creed she had subscribed, but to the church, to the cause of missions. With the torch of Truth in her hand, she led the way down into a valley of darkness, through which many have followed. Her work was short, her toil soon ended; but she fell, cheering by her dying words and her high example, the missionaries of all coming time. She was the first, but not the only martyr. Heathen lands are dotted over with the graves of fallen Christians; missionary women sleep on almost every shore, and the bones of some are whitening in the fathomless depths of the ocean.

Never will the influence of the devoted woman whose life and death are here pourtrayed, be estimated properly, until the light of an eternal day shall shine on all the actions of men. We are to measure her glory, not by what she suffered, for others have suffered more than she did. But we must remember that she went out when the missionary enterprise was in its infancy,—when even the best of men looked upon it with suspicion. The tide of opposition she dared to stem, and with no example, no predecessor from American shores, she went out to rend the veil of darkness which gathered over all the nations of the East.

Things have changed since then. Our missionaries go forth with the approval of all the good; and the odium which once attended such a life is swept away. It is to some extent a popular thing to be a missionary, although the work is still one of hardship and suffering. It is this fact which gathers such a splendour around the name of

Harriet Newell, and invests her short eventful life with such a charm. She went when no foot had trodden out the path, and was the first American missionary ever called to an eternal reward. While she slumbers in her grave, her name is mentioned with affection by a missionary church. And thus it should be. She has set us a glorious example; she has set an example to the church in every land and age, and her name will be mingled with the loved ones who are falling year by year; and if when the glad millennium comes, and the earth is converted to God, some crowns brighter than others shall be seen amid the throng of the ransomed, one of those crowns will be found upon the head of Harriet Newell."

"History is busy with us," said Marie Antoinette; and the hope that her heroic endurance of ignominy and suffering would be recorded, and ensure the pity and admiration of a future age, doubtless nerved her to sustain the dignity of a queen throughout the deep tragedy of her fate.

The noblest heroism of a woman is never thus self-conscious. The greatest souls, those who elevate humanity and leave a track of light—"as stars go down"—when passing away from earth, never look back for the brightness. A woman with such a soul is absorbed in her love for others, and in her duty towards God. She does what she can, feeling constantly how small is the mite she gives; and the worth which it is afterwards discovered to bear would, probably, astonish the giver far more than it does the world.

Harriet Newell died at the early age of twenty, leaving a journal and a few letters, the record of her religious feelings and the events of her short missionary life. These fragments have been published, making a little book. Such is her contribution to literature; yet this small work has been and is now of more importance to the intellectual progress of the world than all the works of Madame de Stael. The writings of Harriet Newell, translated into several tongues, and published in many editions, have reached the heart of society, and assisted to build up the throne of woman's power, even the moral influence of her sex over men; and their intellect can never reach its highest elevation but through the medium of moral cultivation.

NORDEN-FLEICHT, CHEDERIG CHARLOTTE DE,

A NATIVE of Stockholm, Sweden, celebrated among her countrymen for her poems. Besides an ingenious "Apology for Women," a poem, she wrote "The Passage of the Belts," two straits in the Baltic, over which, when frozen, king Charles Gustavus marched his army in 1658. She died, June 29th, 1793, aged forty-four.

NORTON, LADY FRANCES

WAS descended from the Frekes of Dorsetshire, England, and married Sir George Norton, of Somersetshire, by whom she had three children. On the death of her daughter, who had married Sir Richard Gethin, she wrote "The Applause of Virtue," and "Memento Mori, or Meditations on Death." She took for her second husband Colonel Ambrose Norton, and for her third Mr. Jones, and died in 1720, aged about seventy.

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OBERLIN, MADELINE SALOME,

DISTINGUISHED for her intelligence, piety, and the perfect unison of soul which she enjoyed with her husband, the good and great John Frederic Oberlin, was born at Strasburg, in France. Her father, M. Witter, a man of property, who had married a relative of the Oberlin family, gave his daughter an excellent education. John James Oberlin was the pastor of Waldbach, a small village in the Ban de la Roche, or Valley of Stones, a lonely, sterile place, in the north-eastern part of France. Here he devoted himself to the duties of his holy office, doing good to all around him. Under his care and instruction, the poor ignorant peasantry became pious, industrious, and happy. In all his actions he followed what he believed to be a divine influence, or the leadings of providence; and his courtship and marriage were guided by his religious feelings. Oberlin's sister resided with him at Waldbach, and managed his house. Madeleine Witter came to visit Sophia Oberlin. Miss Witter was amiable, and her mind had been highly cultivated; but she was fond of fashion and display. Twice had Frederic Oberlin declined to marry young ladies who had been commended to him, because he had felt an inward admonition that neither of these was for him. But now, when Madeleine came before him, the impression was different. Two days prior to her intended departure, a voice seemed to whisper distinctly, "Take her for thy partner!" "It is impossible," thought he; "our dispositions do not agree." Still the secret voice whispered, "Take her for thy partner!" He slept little that night; and in his morning prayer, he earnestly entreated God to give him a sign whether this event was in accordance with the Divine will; solemnly declaring that if Madeleine acceded to the proposition with great readiness, he should consider the voice he had heard as a leading of Providence.

He found his cousin in the garden, and immediately began the conversation by saying, "You are about to leave us, my dear friend. I have received an intimation that you are destined to be the partner of my life. Before you go, will you give me your candid opinion whether you can resolve upon this step?"

With blushing frankness, Madeleine placed her hand within his; and then he knew that she would be his wife.

They were married on the 6th of July, 1768. Miss Witter had always resolved not to marry a clergyman; but she was devotedly attached to her excellent husband, and cordially assisted in all his plans. No dissatisfaction at her humble lot, no complaints of the arduous duties belonging to their peculiar situation, marred their mutual happiness.

They were far removed from the vain excitements and tinsel splendour of the world; they were surrounded by the rude, illiterate peasantry; and every step in improvement was contested by ignorance and prejudice; but they were near each other, and both were near to God.

The following prayer, written soon after their union, shows what spirit pervaded their peaceful dwelling.

Prayer of Oberlin and his Wife, for the Blessing and Grace of God.

"Holy Spirit! descend into our hearts; assist us to pray with fervour from our inmost souls. Permit thy children, Oh, gracious Father, to present themselves before thee, in order to ask of thee what is necessary for them. May we love each other only in thee, and in our Saviour Jesus Christ, as being members of his body. Enable us at all times, to look solely to thee, to walk before thee, and to be united together in thee; that thus we may grow daily, in the spiritual life.

"Grant that we may be faithful in the exercise of our duties, that we may stimulate each other therein, warning each other of our faults, and seeking together for pardon in the blood of Jesus Christ. When we pray together, (and may we pray much and frequently,) be thou, O Lord Jesus, with us; kindle our fervour, O Heavenly Father, and grant us, for the sake of Jesus Christ, whatever thy Holy Spirit shall teach us to ask.

"Seeing that in this life, thou hast placed the members of our household under our authority, give us wisdom and strength to guide them in a manner conformable to thy will. May we always set them a good example, following that of Abraham, who commanded his children and his household after him, to keep the way of the Lord, in doing what is right. If thou givest us children, and preservest them to us, O grant us grace to bring them up to thy service, to teach them early to know, to fear, and to love thee, and to pray to that God who has made a covenant with them, that, conformably to the engagement which will be undertaken for them at their baptism, they may remain faithful from the cradle to the grave. O Heavenly Father, may we inculcate thy word, according to thy will, all our lives, with gentleness, love and patience, both at their rising up and lying down, at home and abroad, and under all circumstances; and do thou render it meet for the children to whom thou hast given life only as a means of coming to thee.

"And when we go together to the Holy Supper, O ever give us renewed grace, renewed strength, and renewed courage, for continuing to walk in the path to heaven; and, as we can only approach thy table four times in the year, grant that in faith we may much more frequently be there, yes, every day and every hour; that we may always keep death in view, and always be prepared for it; and if we may be permitted to solicit it of thee, O grant that we may not long be separated from each other, but that the death of the one may be speedily, and very speedily, followed by that of the other.

"Hear, O gracious Father, in the name of Jesus Christ, thy well-beloved son. And, O merciful Redeemer, may we both love thee with ardent devotion, always walking and holding communion with thee, not placing our confidence in our own righteousness and in our own works, but only in thy blood and in thy merits. Be with us; preserve us faithful; and grant, Lord Jesus, that we may soon see thee. Holy Spirit, dwell always in our hearts: teach us to lift our thoughts continually to our gracious Father; impart to us thy strength, or thy consolation, as our wants may be. And to thee, to the Father, and to the Son, be praise, honour, and glory, for ever and ever. Amen!"

For sixteen years Mrs. Oberlin was a beloved friend and useful assistant to her husband. In their tastes and pursuits, in their opinions and feelings, they became entirely one. She managed his household discreetly, educated their children judiciously, and entered into all his benevolent plans with earnestness and prudence.

She died suddenly, in January, 1784, a few weeks after the birth of her ninth and last child. Her death was deeply mourned in the Ban de la Roche, for her assistance and sympathy had always been freely offered to the poor and the afflicted.

Oberlin survived his wife forty-two years; but never separated himself from her memory. He devoted several hours every day to thoughts of her; and held, as he thought, communion with her soul. Thus holy and eternal may be the true love of husband and wife.

OLDFIELD, ANNE,

A celebrated English actress, was born in Pall-Mall in 1683. Her father, an officer in the army, left her poor; but the sweetness of her voice, and her inclination for the stage noticed by Farquhar, the comic writer, decided her destiny. She became the mistress of Mr. Maynwaring, and after his death, of General Churchill. But, notwithstanding these derelictions, she was humane and benevolent in the highest degree, and a real friend to the indigent Savage, on whom she bestowed an annuity, although he had not the most remote claim upon her beyond his poverty and his genius. She died in 1730, and was buried in Westminster Abbey with great pomp. She left two sons, one by each of the gentlemen with whom she lived, and to whom she behaved with the duty, fidelity, and attachment of a wife.

O'NEILL, MISS,

Was born in Ireland, about 1791. Her father was the stage-manager of the Drogheda theatre; and she was introduced on the boards at an early age. When quite young she went to Dublin, where her personation of Juliet, in Shakspeare's play of Romeo and Juliet, established her reputation. She was engaged at one of the principal London theatres; and she soon became one of the most popular actresses of the day. At the time of her leaving the stage, on her marriage with W. Becher, Esq., M. P., she was in the receipt of £12,000 a-year;

the whole profits of which she is said to have distributed among her numerous relations.

OPIE, AMELIA,

Was born in Norwich, England, in 1771. Her father was Dr. Alderson, a distinguished physician. She evinced her talents at a very early age, but published very little before her marriage, which took place in 1798, when she espoused Mr. Opie, the celebrated portrait-painter. In 1801, she wrote "The Father and Daughter," which went through many editions, and is still popular. In 1802, she wrote a volume of poems; and afterwards, "Adeline Mowbray, or the Mother and Daughter," "Simple Tales," "Dangers of Coquetry," and "Warrior's Return, and other Poems." Her husband died in 1808; after which, she published his lectures, with a memoir of his life, and a novel called "Temper, or Domestic Scenes." Mrs. Opie was a pleasing poetess; many of her songs attained great popularity, though now nearly forgotten. She joined the Quakers or Friends, and withdrew partially from society, after 1826; but visiting Paris, she was induced to fix her residence in that gay city. Miss Sedgwick, in her "Letters from Abroad," published in 1841, thus notices Mrs. Opie, whom she met in Paris:—

"I owed Mrs. Opie a grudge for having made me in my youth cry my eyes out over her stories; but her fair, cheerful face forced me to forget it. She long ago forswore the world and its vanities, and adopted the Quaker faith and costume; but I fancied that her elaborate simplicity, and the fashionable little train to her pretty satin gown, indicated how much easier it is to adopt a theory than to change one's habits."

In 1828, Mrs. Opie published a moral treatise, entitled "Detraction Displayed," in order to expose that "most common of all vices," which she says justly is found "in every class or rank in society, from the peer to the peasant, from the master to the valet, from the mistress to the maid, from the most learned to the most ignorant, from the man of genius to the meanest capacity." The tales of this lady have been thrown into the shade by the brilliant fictions of Scott, the stronger moral delineations of Miss Edgeworth, and the generally masculine character of our more modern literature. She is, like Mackenzie, too uniformly pathetic and tender. "She can do nothing well," says Jeffrey, "that requires to be done with formality, and therefore has not succeeded in copying either the concentrated force of weighty and deliberate reason, or the severe and solemn dignity of majestic virtue. To make amends, however, she represents admirably every thing that is amiable, generous, and gentle." Perhaps we should add to this the power of exciting and harrowing up the feelings in no ordinary degree. Some of her short tales are full of gloomy and terrific painting, alternately resembling those of Godwin and Mrs. Radcliffe. Mrs. Opie died in 1849.

The following extract from "A Wife's Duty," gives a good idea of her style and manner of story-telling, which is the true title of her prose productions. Seymour and Helen Pendarves had married for love.

TWO YEARS OF WEDDED LIFE.

The first twelve months of my wedded life (the wife tells the story) were halcyon days; and the first months of marriage are not often such—perhaps they never are—except where the wedded couple are so young that they are not trammelled in habits which are likely to interfere with a spirit of accommodation; nor even then, probably, unless the temper is good, and yielding on both sides. It usually takes some time for the husband and wife to know each other's humours and habits, and to find what surrender of their own they can make with the least reluctance for their mutual good. But we had youth, and (I speak it not as a boast) we had good temper, also. Seymour, you know, was proverbially good-natured; and I, though an only child, had not had my naturally happy temper ruined by injudicious indulgence.

You know that Seymour and I went to Paris, and thence to Marseilles, not very long after we married, and returned in six months to complete the alterations which we had ordered to be made in our house, under the superintendence of my mother.

We found the alterations really deserving the name of improvements, and Seymour enthusiastically exclaimed, "O, Helen! never, never will we leave this enchanting place. Here let us live, my beloved, and be the world to each other."

My heart readily assented to this delightful proposition, but even then my judgment revolted at it.

I felt, I *knew* that Pendarves *loved*, and was *formed for society*. I was sure, that by beginning our wedded life with total seclusion, we should only prepare the way for utter distaste to it; and, concealing my own inclinations, I told him I must stipulate for three months of London every spring. My husband started with surprise and mortification at this *un-romantic* reply to his sentimental proposal, nor could he at all accede to it; but he complained of my *passion* for London to my mother, while the country, with *me* for his companion, was quite sufficient for his happiness.

"*These are early times yet*," replied my mother, coldly; and Seymour was not satisfied with the mother or the daughter.

"Seymour," said I, one day, "since you have declared against keeping any more terms, and will therefore not read much law till you become a justice of the peace, tell me how you mean to employ your time?"

"Why, *in the first place*," said he, "I shall read or write. But my first employment shall be to teach you Spanish. I cannot endure to think that De Walden taught you Italian, Helen."

"But you taught me to love, you know; therefore you ought to forgive it."

"No; I cannot rest till I have helped to complete your education."

"Well, but I cannot be learning Spanish all day."

"No; so perhaps I shall set about writing a great work."

"The very thing I was going to propose, though not exactly a great work. What think you of a life of poor Chatterton, with critical remarks on his poems?"

"Excellent! I will do it."

And now having given him a pursuit, I ventured to indulge some reasonable hopes that home and the country might prove as delightful to him as he fancied they would be; and what with studying Spanish, with building a green-house, with occasional writing, with getting together materials for this life, and writing the preface, time fled on very rapid pinions; and after we had been married two years, and May arrived a second time, Seymour triumphantly exclaimed—.

"There, Helen! I believe that you distrusted my love for the country; but have I once expressed or felt a wish to go to London?"

"The Ides of March are come, but not gone," I replied; "and, surely, if I wish to go, you will not deny me."

"No, Helen, certainly not," said he, in a tone of mortification, "if I am no longer all-sufficient for your happiness."

Alas! in the ingenuousness of my nature, I gave way when he said this to the tenderness of my heart, and assured him that my happiness depended wholly on the enjoyment of his society; and I fear it is too true that men soon learn to slight what they are sure of possessing. Had I been an artful woman, and could I have condescended to make him doubtful of the extent of my love, by a few woman's subterfuges; could I have feigned a desire to return to the world, instead of owning, as I did, that all my enjoyment was comprised in home and him, I do think that I might have been, for a much longer period, the happiest of wives; but then I should have been, in my own eyes, despicable as a woman; and I was always tenacious of my own esteem.

May was *come*, but not *gone*, when I found my husband was continually reading to me, after having read to *himself*, the accounts in the papers of the gaieties of London.

(And so to London they went.)

From Mrs. Opie's Poems.

THE ORPHAN BOY'S TALE.

Stay, lady, stay, for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless orphan's tale;
Ah! sure my looks must pity wake,
'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale.
Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
And I am now an orphan boy.

Poor foolish child! how pleased was I,
When news of Nelson's victory came,
Along the crowded streets to fly,
And see the lighted windows flame!
To force me home, my mother sought,
She could not bear to see my joy;
For with my father's life 'twas bought,
And made me a poor orphan boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud,
My mother, shuddering, closed her ears;
"Rejoice! rejoice!" still cried the crowd;
My mother answered with her tears.
"Why are you crying thus," said I,
"While others laugh and shout with joy?"
She kissed me — and with such a sigh!
She called me her poor orphan boy.

"What is an orphan boy?" I cried,
As in her face I look'd, and smiled;
My mother through her tears replied,
"You 'll know too soon, ill-fated child!"
And now they 've toll'd my mother's knell,
And I 'm no more a parent's joy;
O, lady, I have learn'd too well
What 'tis to be an orphan boy!

Oh! were I by your bounty fed!
Nay, gentle lady, do not chide—
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread;
The sailor's orphan boy has pride.
Lady, you weep!—ha!—this to me?
You 'll give me clothing, food, employ?
Look down, dear parents! look, and see,
Your happy, happy orphan boy!

SONG.

Go, youth belov'd, in distant glades,
New friends, new hopes, new joys to find;
Yet sometimes deign, 'midst fairer maids,
To think on her thou leavest behind.
Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share,
Must never be my happy lot;
But thou mayest grant this humble prayer,
Forget me not, Forget me not!

Yet should the thought of my distress
Too painful to thy feelings be,
Heed not the wish I now express,
Nor ever deign to think of me.
But oh! if grief thy steps attend,
If want, or sickness be thy lot,
And thou require a soothing friend,
Forget me not, Forget me not!

SONG.

I know you false, I know you vain,
Yet still I cannot break my chain;
Though with those lips so sweetly smiling,
Those eyes so bright and so beguiling,
On every youth by turns you smile,
And every youth by turns beguile,
Yet still enchant and still deceive me,
Do all things, fatal fair, but leave me.

Still let me in those sparkling eyes
Trace all your feelings as they rise;
Still from those lips in crimson swelling,
Which seem of soft delights the dwelling,
Catch tones of sweetness which the soul
In fetters ever need control—
Nor let my starts of passion grieve thee,
'T were death to stay, 't were death to leave thee.

ORLANDINE, EMILIA OF SIENA,

Flourished in 1726. One of her sonnets is very celebrated — "Love is a Great Folly." It would seem that the poetess felt, in the depths of her soul, this bitter truth. She has left many poems, full of energy and sentiment, which are dispersed in various collections.

ORLEANS, ELIZABETH CHARLOTTE, DUCHESS OF,

Only daughter of the elector Charles Louis of the Palatinate, was born at Heidelberg, in 1652. She was a princess of distinguished talents and character, and lived for half a century in the court of Louis XIV. without changing her German habits or manners. She was carefully educated at the court of her aunt, afterwards the electress Sophia of

Hanover, and when nineteen, married duke Philip of Orleans, from reasons of state policy. She was without personal charms, but her understanding was strong, and she was celebrated for her wit. Madame de Maintenon was her implacable enemy; but Louis XIV. was attracted by her frankness, integrity, and vivacity. She often attended him to the chase. She has described herself and her situation with much life and humour in her "German Letters." The most valuable of these are contained in the "Life and Character of the Duchess Elizabeth Charlotte of Orleans," by Professor Schütze, published at Leipzic, in 1820. Her second son was made regent, after Louis XIV.'s death. Her own death occurred in 1722.

OSGOOD, FRANCES SARGENT,

One of the most gifted daughters of song America has produced, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, about the year 1812. Her father, Mr. Joseph Locke, was a merchant, and her mother a woman of cultivated taste; both parents encouraged and aided the education of their children. They were a talented family; but no other one had the genius with which Frances was endowed. Her poetical faculty was an endowment of nature, not an acquired art; nor in our research through the annals of female genius have we found another instance, among the Anglo-Saxon race, of the true improvisatrice, such as Mrs. Osgood certainly was.

Mrs. Hemans studied her art *passionately*, and profited greatly by her learning; Miss Landon had motives, encouragements and facilities, which carried her onward in her literary career. But Mrs. Osgood never required study or encouragement; she poured out her strains as the birds carol, because her heart was filled with song, and must have utterance. Her first specimens of poetry were almost as perfect, in what are called the rules of the art, as her later productions. Rhyme, and the harmonies of language, came to her as intuitively as the warm emotions of her heart, or the bright fancies of her imagination.

Her first printed productions appeared in the "Juvenile Miscellany," a little work, but an excellent one for the young, edited by Mrs. Maria L. Child. In 1831, Miss Locke, who had chosen "Florence" as her *nom de plume*, began to write for the "Ladies' Magazine,"* the first periodical established in America for ladies, and then under the care of Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, the present editor of the "Lady's Book."

In 1835, Miss Locke married Mr. S. S. Osgood, a painter by profession, who has since reached a high rank as an artist; he was also a man of literary taste, who appreciated the genius and lovely qualities of his gifted wife. The young couple went to London soon after their marriage, where Mr. Osgood succeeded well, and Mrs. Osgood made many friends, and her talents became known by her contributions to several of the English periodicals. While there, she published a small volume, "The Casket of Fate," which was much admired; and she was persuaded to collect her poems, under the title of "A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England." This volume was published in London, 1838, and was favourably noticed by several of the leading journals in that metropolis.

In 1840, after an absence of more than four years, Mr. Osgood returned to Boston with his wife and their little daughter Ellen, (the pet of many poems,) and opened a studio in that city. Mrs. Osgood devoted her leisure to literary pursuits, and prepared several works — "The Poetry of Flowers and Flowers of Poetry," and "The Floral Offering," besides contributing to nearly all the literary magazines and the annuals of every season. She often wrote in prose, because prose was required. Many of her sketches and stories are charming, from their playful vivacity and fanciful descriptions; yet the poetical spirit always predominating, shows that she would gladly have rhymed the article, had she been permitted. Poetry was, in truth, her native language; on the wing of versification she moved gracefully as a bird, and always in a region of light and love. This healthy, hopeful, happy spirit, is the distinguishing characteristic of her productions. Dark fancies never haunted her pure mind; misanthropy never laid its cold, withering hand on her heart; nor is there a single manifestation of bitter memories and disappointed feelings in her poems. This buoyancy of disposition was her American heritage; and we agree with a discriminating writer,† that,

"Of all American female authors, Mrs. Osgood is the most truly feminine in her delineation of the affections, Without rising ever to the dignity of passion, she portrays the more tender and delicate lights and shadows of woman's heart, with an instinctive fidelity. We might instance some charming improvisations in a peculiar vein of subdued and half-capricious gayety, which can hardly be surpassed. In all her social relations, the readiness with which her buoyant and vivacious nature ran into verse, was made a source of endless amusement and pleasure. Many of her most sprightly and graceful poems were produced in this manner, with no other object than the tem-

* In 1837 the "Ladies' Magazine" was united with the "Lady's Book," which is now the oldest literary periodical in the United States.

† In the New York Tribune.

porary gratification of her friends, and then thrown aside and forgotten."

That with such a cheerful, kind, affectionate genius, as well as heart, Mrs. Osgood should have been tenderly beloved by her own family and familiar friends, would be expected; but she had made thousands of friends who never looked on her pleasant face; and when the tidings of her death went forth, she was mourned as a light withdrawn from many a home where her rhymed lessons had added a charm to household affections, and made more beautiful the lot of woman. Mrs. Osgood had resided for several years in the city of New York, and there she died, May 12th, 1850, of pulmonary consumption, enduring her wasting disease with sweet patience, even playful cheerfulness. The last stanza she wrote, or rather rhymed, alluded to the near approach of her fate:

"I'm going through th' Eternal Gates
Ere June's sweet roses blow;
Death's lovely angel leads me there,
And it is sweet to go."

She died a few days after, being yet young for one who had written so much—hardly thirty-eight. Two of her three daughters survive her irreparable loss: her husband returned from California to watch over her last months of sickness, but he could not save her. She was a devoted wife and mother, as lovely in her daily life as in her poems. The paper we have already quoted gives this true summary of her literary character:

"As a writer, Mrs. Osgood enjoyed, while living, the full measure of her fame. The characteristic beauties of her poems were very generally appreciated, while the careless freedom of her words were so interwoven with subtle and exquisite cadences of sound, that the critical reader forgot her want of constructive power. We do not think that more severe study would have enabled her to accomplish better or more lasting things. Her nature found its appropriate expression, and any reaching after the higher forms of poetry would have checked that child-like spirit which was its greatest charm. Some of our present female writers may be awarded loftier honours, but no one, we think, will win a wider circle of friends, or leave behind a more cherished memory."

In 1849, the poems of Mrs. Osgood, superbly illustrated, in one volume, were published in Philadelphia.

In order to mark the progress of Mrs. Osgood's mind, we give, first, some poems of her girlhood, then of her motherhood, and last, a few of those which are more purely imaginative; the same grade of expression and delicacy of moral feeling pervades all she ever wrote.

First Part.

MAY-DAY IN NEW ENGLAND.

Can this be May? Can this be May?
We have not found a flower to-day!
We roamed the wood—we climbed the hill—
We rested by the rustling rill—
And lest they had forgot the day,
We told them it was May, dear May!

We called the sweet, wild blooms by name—
We shouted, and no answer came!
From smiling field, or solemn hill—
From rugged rock, or rushing rill—
We only bade the petty pets
Just breathe from out their hiding-places;
We told the little, light coquettes
They needn't show their bashful faces,—
"One sigh," we said, "one fragrant sigh,
We'll soon discover where you lie!"
The roguish things were still as death—
They wouldn't even breathe a breath.
Alas! there's none so deaf, I fear,
As those who do not choose to hear!
We wandered to an open place,
And sought the sunny buttercup,
That, so delighted, in your face
Just like a pleasant smile looks up.
We peeped into a shady spot,
To find the blue "Forget-me-not!"
At last a far-off voice we heard,
A voice as of a fountain-fall,
That softer than a singing-bird,
Did answer to our merry call!
So wildly sweet the breezes brought
That tone in every pause of ours,
That we, delighted, fondly thought
It must be talking of the flowers!
We knew the violets loved to hide
The cool and lulling wave beside:—
With song, and laugh, and bounding feet,
And wild hair wandering on the wind,
We swift pursued the murmurs sweet;
But not a blossom could we find;—
The cowslip, crocus, columbine,
The violet, and the snow-drop fine,
The orchis 'neath the hawthorn tree,
The blue-bell and anemone,
The wild-rose, eglantine, and daisy,
Where are they all?—they must be lazy!
Perhaps they're playing "Hide and seek"—
Oh, naughty flowers! why don't you speak?
We have not found a flower to-day,—
They surely cannot know 'tis May!

You have not found a flower to-day!—
What's that upon your cheek, I pray?
A blossom pure, and sweet, and wild,
And worth all Nature's blooming wealth;
Not all in vain your search, my child!—
You've found at least the rose of health!
The golden buttercup, you say,
That like a smile illumes the way,
Is nowhere to be seen to-day.
Fair child! upon that beaming face
A softer, lovelier smile I trace;
A treasure, as the sunshine bright,—
A glow of love and wild delight!
Then pine no more for Nature's toy—
You've found at least the flower of joy.
Yes! in a heart so young, and gay,
And kind as yours, 'tis always May!
For gentle feelings, love, are flowers
That bloom thro' life's most clouded hours!
Ah! cherish them, my happy child,
And check the weeds that wander wild!
And while their stainless wealth is given,
In incense sweet, to earth and heaven,
No longer will you need to say—
"Can this be May? Can this be May?"

STANZAS.

When the warm blessed spirit that lightens the sky
Hath darkened his glory, and furled up his wing,
And Nature forgets the sweet smile, that her eye
Was wont on that radiant spirit to fling,—

I turn from the world without, calm and content,
And find in my own heart a day-dream as bright;
And dearer, far dearer than that which is lent
To illumine creation with glory and light.

There 's a thought in that heart it can never forget—
  There 's a ray in that heart that will lighten my doom;
Through many a sorrow they linger there yet,
  And, holy and beautiful, smile through the gloom.

But they say that the garland Affection is wreathing,
  Will fade ere the morrow has wakened its bloom—
They say the wild blossoms where young Hope is breathing,
  Their beauty, their fragrance are all for the tomb.

They tell me the vision of Bliss that is "glinting,"
  My heart's star of promise in gloom will decline;
And the far scene that Fancy, the fairy, is tinting,
  Will lose all its sunny glow ere it is mine.

Oh! if Love and Life be but a fairy illusion,
  And the cold future bright but in Fancy's young eye,
Still, still let me live in the dreamy illusion,
  And, true and unchanging, hope on till I die!

LINES

On a picture of a young girl weighing Cupid and a butterfly:—the winged boy rises, as he should, and the motto beneath is, "Love is the lightest."

"LOVE THE LIGHTEST."

Silly maiden! weigh them not;
  Butterflies are *earthly* things:
Thou forget'st their lowly lot,
  Gazing on their glittering wings.

Find a star-beam from the sky—
  Find a glow-worm in the grass—
Will the earth-lamp rise on high?
  Will that heaven-ray downward pass?

Love—ethereal, holy love,
  Light, perchance, and proud, and free,
Maiden—see! it soars above
  Worldly pride and vanity!

Drooping to its native earth,
  Sinks the gilded insect-fly:
Love, of holier, heavenlier birth,
  Rises towards his home on high.

Maiden, throw the scales away!
  Never *weigh* poor Love again:
Even *the doubt* has dimmed the ray
  On his pinions with its stain!

See! he lifts his wondering eye,
  Half reproachfully to thee—
"*Measured with a butterfly!*"
  I'd try my wings, if I were he.

THE STAR OF PROMISE.

When kneeling sages saw of yore
  Their orb of promise rise for them,
How Learning's lamp grew dim, before
  The heaven-born Star of Bethlehem,—
How faltered Wisdom's haughty tone,
  When, led by God's exulting choir,
His radiant herald glided on,
  The darkling heathen's beacon-fire!

When sweet, from many an angel voice,
  While rung the viewless harps of heaven,
He heard the song of love—"Rejoice,
  For peace on earth and sins forgiven!"
The Chaldean flung his scroll aside,
  The Arab left his desert-tent—
Their hope, their trust—that silver guide—
  Till low at Mary's feet they bent.

Ay! Asia's wisest knelt around,
  Forgetting Fame's too earthly dream,
While, bright upon the hallowed ground,
  Their golden gifts—a mockery—gleam.
There vainly too, their censers breathed;
  Oh! what were incense—gems—to Him,
Around whose brow a glory wreathed,
  That made their sun-god's splendour dim!

To Him o'er whose blest spirit came
  The fragrance of celestial flowers,
And light from countless wings of flame
  That flashed thro' heaven's resplendent bowers!
To "kneeling Faith's" devoted eye,
  It shines—that "star of promise," *now*,
Fair, as when, far in Asia's sky,
  It lit her sage's lifted brow!

No sparkling treasure *we* may bring,
  No "gift of gold," nor jewel-stone:
The censer's sweets we may not fling,
  For incense round our Saviour's throne:
But when, o'er sorrow's clouded view,
  That planet rises to our prayer,
We, where *it* leads, may follow too,
  And lay *a contrite spirit* there!

Second Part.

THE BABY OF SIX MONTHS OLD BLOWING BACK THE WIND.

The breeze was high, and blew her sun-brown tresses
  About her snowy brow and violet eyes;
  And she—my Ellen—brave and sweetly wise,
In gay defiance of its rough caresses,
With rosy, pouting mouth, essayed at length
To blow the rude wind back, that mocked her baby-strength.

Ah! thus when Fortune's storms assail thy soul,
  Yield not, nor shrink! but bear thee bravely still
  Against their fury! With thine own sweet will
And childlike faith, oppose their fierce control,
So shalt thou bloom at last, my treasur'd flower,
Unharmed by tempest-shock, in Heaven's calm summer bower!

ELLEN'S FIRST TOOTH.

Your mouth is a rose-bud,
  And in it a pearl
Lies smiling and snowy,
  My own little girl!
Oh! pure pearl of promise!
  It is thy first tooth—
How closely thou shuttest
  The rose-bud, forsooth!
But let me peep in it,
  The fair thing to view—
Nay! only a minute—
  Dear Ellen! now do!
You won't? little miser,
  To hide the gem so!
Some day you 'll be wiser,
  And show them, I know!
How dear is the pleasure—
  My fears for thee past—
To know the white treasure
  Has budded at last!
Fair child! may each hour
  A rose-blossom be,
And hide in its flower
  Some jewel for thee!

THE LITTLE SLUMBERER.

The child was weary, and had flung herself
In beautiful abandonment, to rest,
Low on the gorgeous carpeting, whose hues
Contrasted richly with her snow-white robe:
One dimpled arm lay curving o'er the head,
Half buried in its glossy, golden curls,
Moist and disordered by her graceful play;
The other pressed beneath her cheek, did make
With small round fingers dimples in the rose,—
Where lashes soft as floss were darkly drooping,—
Her red lips parted slightly, while the breath,
Pure as a blossom's sigh, came sweet and still;
Loosely the robe from one white shoulder fell;
And so she lay, and slumbered 'mid the hues,
The orient richness of the downy carpet,—
Like a young flower, drooping its dewy head,
And shutting its soft petals on the breast
Of summer-mantled earth.

THE CHILD PEAYING WITH A WATCH.

Art thou playing with Time in thy sweet baby-glee?
Will he pause on his pinion's to frolic with thee?
Oh, show him those shadowless, innocent eyes,
That smile of bewildered and beaming surprise;
Let him look on that cheek where thy rich hair reposes,
Where dimples are playing "bopeep" with the roses:
His wrinkled brow press with light kisses and warm,
And clasp his rough neck with thy soft wreathing arm.
Perhaps thy bewitching and infantine sweetness
May win him, for once, to delay in his fleetness—
To pause, ere he rifle, relentless in flight,
A blossom so glowing of bloom and of light:
Then, then would I keep thee, my beautiful child,
With thy blue eyes unshadowed, thy blush undefiled—
With thy innocence only to guard thee from ill,
In life's sunny dawning, a lily-bud still!
Laugh on, my own Ellen! that voice, which to me
Gives a warning so solemn, makes music for thee;
And while I at those sounds feel the idler's annoy,
Thou hear'st but the tick of the pretty gold toy;
Thou seest but a smile on the brow of the churl—
May his frown never awe thee, my own baby-girl.
And oh, may his step, as he wanders with thee,
Light and soft as thine own little fairy-tread be!
While still in all seasons, in storms and fair weather,
May Time and my Ellen be playmates together.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

And yet we check and chide
The airy angels as they float about us,
With rules of so-called wisdom, till they grow
The same tame slaves to custom and the world.
And day by day the fresh frank soul that looked
Out of those wistful eyes, and smiling played
With the wild roses of that changing cheek,
And modulated all those earnest tones,
And danced in those light foot-falls to a tune
Heart-heard by them, inaudible to us,
Folds closer its pure wings, whereon the hues
They caught in heaven already pale and pine,
And shrinks amazed and scared back from our gaze.
And so the evil grows. The graceful flower
May have its own sweet way in bud and bloom—
May drink, and dare with upturned gaze the light,
Or nestle 'neath the guardian leaf, or wave
Its fragrant bells to every roving breeze,
Or wreathe with blushing grace the fragile spray
In bashful loveliness. The wild wood-bird
May plume at will his wings, and soar or sing;
The mountain brook may wind where'er it would,
Dash in wild music down the deep ravine,
Or, rippling drowsily in forest haunts,
Dream of the floating cloud, the waving flower,
And murmur to itself sweet lulling words
In broken tones so like the faltering speech
Of early childhood: but our human flowers,
Our soul-birds, caged and pining—they must sing
And grow, not as their own but our caprice
Suggests, and so the blossom and the lay
Are but half bloom and music at the best.
And if by chance some brave and buoyant soul,
More bold or less forgetful of the lessons
God taught them first, disdain the rule—the bar—
And, wildly beautiful, rebellious rise,
How the hard world, half startled from itself,
Frowns the bright wanderer down, or turns away
And leaves her lonely in her upward path.
Thank God! to such his smile is not denied.

Third Part.

TO MY PEN.

Dost know, my little vagrant pen,
That wanderest lightly down the paper,
Without a thought how critic men
May carp at every careless caper?

Dost know, twice twenty thousand eyes,
If publishers report them truly,
Each month may mark the sportive lies
That track, oh shame! thy steps unruly?

Now list to me, my fairy pen,
And con the lessons gravely over;
Be never wild or false again,
But "mind your Ps and Qs," you rover!

While tripping gayly to and fro,
Let not a thought escape you lightly,
But challenge all before they go,
And see them fairly robed and rightly.

You know that words but dress the frame,
And thought 's the soul of verse, my fairy!
So drape not spirits dull and tame,
In gorgeous robes or garments airy.

I would not have my pen pursue
The "beaten track"—a slave for ever;
No! roam as thou wert wont to do,
In author-land, by rock and river.

Be like the sunbeam's burning wing,
Be like the wand in Cinderella—
And if you touch a common thing,
Ah, change to gold the pumpkin yellow!

May grace come fluttering round your steps,
Whene'er, my bird, you light on paper,
And music murmur at your lips,
And truth restrain each truant caper.

Let hope paint pictures in your way,
And love his seraph-lesson teach you;
And rather calm with reason stray,
Than dance with folly—I beseech you!

In Faith's pure fountain lave your wing,
And quaff from feeling's glowing chalice;
But touch not falsehood's fatal spring,
And shun the poisoned weeds of malice.

Firm be the web you lightly spin,
From leaf to leaf, though frail in seeming,
While Fancy's fairy dew-gems win
The sunbeam Truth to keep them gleaming.

And shrink not thou when tyrant wrong
O'er humble suffering dares deride thee:
With lightning step and clarion song,
Go! take the field, with Heaven beside thee.

Be tuned to tenderest music, when
Of sin and shame thou'rt sadly singing;
But diamond be thy point, my pen,
When folly's bells are round thee ringing!

And so, where'er you stay your flight,
To plume your wing or dance your measure,
May gems and flowers your pathway light,
For those who track your tread, my treasure!

But what is this? you've tripped about,
While I the mentor grave was playing;
And here you've written boldly out
The very words that I was saying!

And here, as usual, on you've flown
From right to left—flown fast and faster,
Till even while you wrote it down,
You've missed the task you ought to master.

THE SOUL'S LAMENT FOR HOME.

As 'plains the homesick ocean-shell
Far from its own remembered sea,
Repeating, like a fairy spell
Of love, the charmed melody
It learned within that whispering wave,
Whose wondrous and mysterious tone
Still wildly haunts its winding cave
Of pearl, with softest music-moan—

So asks my homesick soul below,
For something loved, yet undefined;
So mourns to mingle with the flow
Of music, from the Eternal Mind;
So murmurs, with its childlike sigh,
The melody it learned above,
To which no echo may reply,
Save from thy voice, Celestial Love!

NEW ENGLAND'S MOUNTAIN CHILD.

Where foams the fall — a tameless storm—
Through Nature's wild and rich arcade,
Which forest trees, entwining, form,
There trips the mountain maid.

She binds not her luxuriant hair
With dazzling gem or costly plume,
But gayly wreathes a rosebud there,
To match her maiden bloom.

She clasps no golden zone of pride
Her fair and simple robe around;
By flowing riband, lightly tied,
Its graceful folds are bound.

And thus attired — a sportive thing,
Pure, loving, guileless, bright, and wild—
Proud Fashion! match me in your ring,
New England's mountain child!

She scorns to sell her rich, warm heart
For paltry gold or haughty rank,
But gives her love, untaught by art,
Confiding, free, and frank.

And, once bestowed, no fortune change
That high and generous faith can alter;
Through grief and pain, too pure to range,
She will not fly or falter.

Her foot will bound as light and free
In lowly hut as palace hall;
Her sunny smile as warm will be,
For love to her is all.

Hast seen where in our woodland gloom
The rich magnolia proudly smiled?—
So brightly doth she bud and bloom,
New England's mountain child!

MUSIC.

The Father spake! In grand reverberations
Through space rolled on the mighty music-tide,
While to its low, majestic modulations,
The clouds of chaos slowly swept aside.

The Father spake — a dream, that had been lying
Hushed from eternity in silence there,
Heard the pure melody and low replying,
Grew to that music in the wondering air—

Grew to that music — slowly, grandly waking,
Till bathed in beauty — it became a world!
Led by his voice, its spheric pathway taking,
While glorious clouds their wings around it furled.

Nor yet has ceased that sound—his love revealing,
Though, in response, a universe moves by!
Throughout eternity, its echo pealing—
World after world awakes in glad reply!

And wheresoever, in his rich creation,
Sweet music breathes—in wave, or bird, or soul—
'Tis but the faint and far reverberation
Of that great tune to which the planets roll!

GARDEN GOSSIP,

ACCOUNTING FOR THE COOLNESS BETWEEN THE LILY AND VIOLET.

"I will tell you a secret," the honeybee said,
To a violet drooping her dew-laden head;
"The lily 's in love! for she listened last night,
While her sisters all slept in the holy moonlight,
To a zephyr that just had been rocking the rose,
Where, hidden, I hearkened in seeming repose.

"I would not betray her to any but you;
But the secret is safe with a spirit so true—
It will rest in your bosom in silence profound."
The violet bent her blue eye to the ground:
A tear and a smile in her loving look lay,
While the light-winged gossip went whirring away.

"I will tell you a secret," the honeybee said,
And the young lily lifted her beautiful head—
"The violet thinks, with her timid blue eye,
To pass for a blossom enchantingly shy;
But for all her sweet manners, so modest and pure,
She gossips with every gay bird that sings to her.

"Now let me advise you, sweet flower, as a friend,
Oh, ne'er to such beings your confidence lend;
It grieves me to see one, all guileless like you,
Thus wronging a spirit so trustful and true:
But not for the world, love, my secret betray!"
And the little light gossip went buzzing away.

A blush in the lily's cheek trembled and fled:
"I'm sorry he told me," she tenderly said;
'If I may n't trust the violet, pure as she seems,
I must fold in my own heart my beautiful dreams.'"
Was the mischief well managed? fair lady is 't true?
Did the light garden gossip take lessons of *you!*

THE UNEXPECTED DECLARATION.

"Azure-eyed Eloise, beauty is thine,
Passion kneels to thee, and calls thee divine;
Minstrels awaken the lute with thy name;
Poets have gladdened the world with thy fame;
Painters, half holy, thy loved image keep;
Beautiful Eloise, why do you weep?"
Still bows the lady her light tresses low—
Fast the warm tears from her veiled eyes flow.

"Sunny-haired Eloise, wealth is thine own;
Rich is thy silken robe — bright is thy zone;
Proudly the jewel illumines thy way;
Clear rubies rival thy ruddy lip's play;
Diamonds like star-drops thy silken braids deck;
Pearls waste their snow on thy lovelier neck;
Luxury softens thy pillow for sleep;
Angels watch over it: why do you weep?"
Bows the fair lady her light tresses low—
Faster the tears from her veiled eyes flow

"Gifted and worshipped one, genius and grace
Play in each motion, and beam in thy face:
When from thy rosy lip rises the song,
Hearts that adore thee the echo prolong;
Ne'er in the festival shone an eye brighter,
Ne'er in the mazy dance fell a foot lighter.
One only spirit thou 'st failed to bring down
Exquisite Eloise, why do you frown?"
Swift o'er her forehead a dark shadow stole,
Sent from the tempest of pride in her soul.

"Touched by thy sweetness, in love with thy grace,
Charmed by the magic of mind in thy face,
Bewitched by thy beauty, e'en his haughty strength,
The strength of the stoic, is conquered at length:
Lo! at thy feet — see him kneeling the while—
Eloise, Eloise, why do you smile?"
The hand was withdrawn from her happy blue eyes,
She gazed on her lover with laughing surprise;
While the dimple and blush, stealing soft to her cheek,
Told the tale that her tongue was too timid to speak.

BEAUTY'S PRAYER.

Round great Jove his lightning shone,
Rolled the universe before him,
Stars, for gems, lit up his throne,
Clouds, for banners, floated o'er him.

With her tresses all untied,
Touched with gleams of golden glory,
Beauty came, and blushed, and sighed,
While she told her piteous story.

"Hear! oh, Jupiter! thy child:
Right my wrong, if thou dost love me!
Beast and bird, and savage wild,
All are placed in power above me.

"Each his weapon thou hast given,
Each the strength and skill to wield it.
Why bestow — Supreme in heaven!
Bloom on me with naught to shield it?

"Even the rose — the wild-wood rose,
Fair and frail as I, thy daughter,
Safely yields to soft repose,
With her lifeguard thorns about her."

As she spake in music wild,
Tears within her blue eyes glistened,
Yet her red lip dimpling smiled,
For the god benignly listened.

"Child of Heaven!" he kindly said,
"Try the weapons Nature gave thee;
And if danger near thee tread,
Proudly trust to them to save thee.

"Lance and talon, thorn and spear:
Thou art armed with triple power,
In that blush, and smile and tear!
Fearless go, my fragile flower.

"Yet dost thou, with all thy charms,
Still for something more beseech me?—
Skill to use thy magic arms?
Ask of Love — and Love will teach thee!"

SONG.

Should all who throng, with gift and song,
And for my favour bend the knee,
Forsake the shrine they deem divine,
I would not stoop my soul to thee!

The lips, that breathe the burning vow,
By falsehood base unstained must be;
The heart, to which mine own shall bow,
Must worship Honour more than me.

The monarch of a world wert thou,
And I a slave on bended knee,
Though tyrant chains my form might bow,
My soul should never stoop to thee!

Until its hour shall come, my heart
I will possess, serene and free;
Though snared to ruin by thine art,
'T would sooner break than bend to thee!

TO THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

Leave me not yet! Leave me not cold and lonely,
Thou dear idol of my pining heart!
Thou art the friend — the beautiful — the only,
Whom I would keep, though all the world depart.
Thou, that dost veil the frailest flower with glory,
Spirit of light, and loveliness, and truth!
Thou that didst tell me a sweet, fairy story,
Of the dim future, in my wistful youth;
Thou, who canst weave a halo round the spirit,
Through which naught mean or evil dare intrude,
Resume not yet the gift, which I inherit
From Heaven and thee, that dearest, holiest good
Leave me not now! Leave me not cold and lonely,
Thou starry prophet of my pining heart!
Thou art the friend — the tenderest — the only,
With whom, of all, 't would be despair to part.

Thou that cam'st to me in my dreaming childhood,
Shaping the changeful clouds to pageants rare,
Peopling the smiling vale and shaded wildwood
With airy beings, faint yet strangely fair;
Telling me all the seaborn breeze was saying,
While it went whispering thro' the willing leaves,
Bidding me listen to the light rain playing
Its pleasant tune about the household eaves;
Tuning the low, sweet ripple of the river,
Till its melodious murmur seemed a song,
A tender and sad chant, repeated ever,
A sweet, impassioned plaint of love and wrong—
Leave me not yet! Leave me not cold and lonely,
Thou star of promise o'er my clouded path!
Leave not the life that borrows from thee only
All of delight and beauty that it hath.

Thou, that when others knew not how to love me,
Nor cared to fathom half my yearning soul,
Didst wreathe thy flowers of light around, above me,
To woo and win me from my grief's control:
By all my dreams, the passionate and holy,
When thou hast sung love's lullaby to me,
By all the childlike worship, fond and lowly,
Which I have lavished upon thine and thee;
By all the lays my simple lute was learning,
To echo from thy voice, stay with me still!
Once flown — alas! for thee there 's no returning
The charm will die o'er valley, wood, and hill.
Tell me not Time, whose wing my brow has shaded,
Has wither'd spring's sweet bloom within my heart.
Ah, no! the rose of love is yet unfaded,
Though hope and joy, its sister flowers, depart.

Well do I know that I have wronged thine altar
With the light offerings of an idler's mind,
And thus, with shame, my pleading prayer I falter,
Leave me not, spirit! deaf, and dumb, and blind:
Deaf to the mystic harmony of Nature,
Blind to the beauty of her stars and flowers;
Leave me not, heavenly yet human teacher,
Lonely and lost in this cold world of ours.
Heaven knows I need thy music and thy beauty
Still to beguile me on my weary way,
To lighten to my soul the cares of duty,
And bless with radiant dreams the darkened day.
To charm my wild heart in the worldly revel,
Lest I, too, join the aimless, false, and vain;
Let me not lower to the soulless level
Of those whom now I pity and disdain.

A WEED.

When from our northern woods pale summer, flying,
Breathes her last fragrant sigh — her low farewell—
While her sad wild flowers' dewy eyes, in dying,
Plead for her stay, in every nook and dell,

A heart, that loved too tenderly and truly,
Will break at last — and in some dim, sweet, shade,
They 'll smooth the sod o'er her you prized unduly,
And leave her to the rest for which she prayed.

Ah! trustfully, not mournfully, they 'll leave her,
Assured that deep repose is welcomed well;
The pure, glad breeze can whisper naught to grieve her
The brook's low voice no wrongful tale can tell.

They 'll hide her where no false one's footstep, stealing,
Can mar the chastened meekness of her sleep:
Only to Love and Grief her grave revealing,
And they will hush their chiding then — to weep!

And some — for though too oft she erred, too blindly,
She was beloved, how fondly and how well!—
Some few, with faltering feet, will linger kindly,
And plant dear flowers within that silent dell.

I know whose fragile hand will bring the bloom
Best loved by both — the violet — to that bower;
And one will bid white lilies bless the gloom;
And one, perchance, will plant the passion-flower!

Then do thou come, when all the rest have parted—
Thou, who alone dost know her soul's deep gloom,
And wreathe above the lost, the broken-hearted,
Some idle weed — that knew not how to bloom.

SILENT LOVE.

Ah! let our love be still a folded flower,
A pure, moss rosebud, blushing to be seen,
Hoarding its balm and beauty for that hour
When souls may meet without the clay between!

Let not a breath of passion dare to blow
Its tender, timid, clinging leaves apart;
Let not the sunbeam, with too ardent glow,
Profane the dewy freshness at its heart!

Ah! keep it folded like a sacred thing—
With tears and smiles its bloom and fragrance nurse;
Still let the modest veil around it cling,
Nor with rude touch its pleading sweetness curse.

Be thou content, as I, to *know*, not *see*,
The glowing life, the treasured wealth within—
To feel our spirit flower still fresh and free,
And guard its blush, its smile, from shame and sin!

Ah, keep it holy! once the veil withdrawn—
Once the rose blooms—its balmy soul will fly,
As fled of old in sadness, yet in scorn,
Th' awakened god from Psyche's daring eye.

CAPRICE.

Reprove me not that still I change
With every changing hour,
For glorious Nature gives me leave
In wave, and cloud, and flower.

And you and all the world would do—
If all but dared—the same;
True to myself—if false to you,
Why should I reck your blame.

Then cease your carping, cousin mine,
Your vain reproaches cease;
I revel in my right divine—
I glory in caprice!

Yon soft, light cloud, at morning hour,
Looked dark and full of tears:
At noon it seemed a rosy flower—
Now, gorgeous gold appears.

So yield I to the deepening light
That dawns around my way:
Because you linger with the night,
Shall I my noon delay?

No! cease your carping, cousin mine—
Your cold reproaches cease;
The chariot of the cloud be mine—
Take thou the reins, Caprice!

'Tis true you played on Feeling's lyre
A pleasant tune or two,
And oft beneath your minstrel fire
The hours in music flew;

But when a hand more skilled to sweep
The harp, its soul allures,
Shall it in sullen silence sleep
Because not touched by yours?

Oh, there are rapturous tones in mine
That mutely pray release;
They wait the master-hand divine—
So tune the chords, Caprice!

Go—strive the sea-wave to control;
Or, wouldst thou keep me thine,
Be thou all being to my soul,
And fill each want divine:

Play every string in Love's sweet lyre—
Set all its music flowing;
Be air, and dew, and light, and fire,
To keep the soul-flower growing.

Be less—thou art no love of mine,
So leave my love in peace;
'Tis helpless woman's *right divine*—
Her *only right*—*caprice!*

And I will mount her opal car,
And draw the rainbow reins,
And gayly go from star to star,
Till not a ray remains;

And we will find all fairy flowers
That are to mortals given,
And wreathe the radiant, changing hours,
With those "sweet hints" of heaven.

Her humming-birds are harnessed there—
Oh! leave their wings in peace;
Like "flying gems" they glance in air—
We'll chase the light, Caprice!

ASPIRATIONS.

I waste no more in idle dreams
My life, my soul away;
I wake to know my better self—
I wake to watch and pray.
Thought, feeling, time, on idols vain,
I've lavished all too long:
Henceforth to holier purposes
I pledge myself, my song!

Oh! still within the inner veil,
Upon the spirit's shrine,
Still unprofaned by evil, burns
The one pure spark divine,
Which God has kindled in us all,
And be it mine to tend
Henceforth, with vestal thought and care,
The light that lamp may lend.

I shut mine eyes in grief and shame
Upon the dreary past—
My heart, my soul poured recklessly
On dreams that could not last:
My bark was drifted down the stream,
At will of wind or wave—
An idle, light, and fragile thing,
That few had cared to save.

Henceforth the tiller Truth shall hold,
And steer as Conscience tells,
And I will brave the storms of Fate,
Though wild the ocean swells.
I know my soul is strong and high,
If once I give it sway:
I feel a glorious power within,
Though light I seem and gay.

Oh, laggard Soul! unclose thine eyes—
No more in luxury soft
Of joy ideal waste thyself:
Awake, and soar aloft!
Unfurl this hour those falcon wings
Which thou dost fold too long;
Raise to the skies thy lightning gaze,
And sing thy loftiest song!

LABOUR.

Pause not to dream of the future before us.
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us,
Hark, how Creation's deep, musical chorus,
Unintermitting, goes up into Heaven!
Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the Rose-heart keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it *is* riven.

"Labour is worship!"—the robin is singing:
"Labour is worship!"—the wild bee is ringing:
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing,
Speaks to thy soul from out nature's great heart.

From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod blows the soft breathing flower;
From the small insect, the rich coral bower;
Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labour is life!—'T is the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth!
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labour is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens:
Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune!

Labour is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-syrens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Wo's weeping willow!
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labour is health—Lo! the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins goes the life-current leaping!
How his strong arm in its stalwart pride sweeping,
True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.
Labour is wealth—in the sea the pearl groweth;
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon flowéth;
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not though shame, sin and anguish are round thee!
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee!
Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee:
Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod!
Work—for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly:
Labour!—all labour is noble and holy:
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

OSTERWYK, MARIA VAN,

A Dutch artist, gave such early proofs of her genius, that her father was induced to place her under the direction of John David de Heem, at Utrecht. She studied nature attentively, and improved so much by her master's precepts, that, in a short time, her works rivalled his. Her favourite subjects were flowers and still-life, which she painted in a delicate manner, and with great freedom of hand. She had so much skill as to adapt her touch to the different objects she imitated. She grouped her flowers with taste, and imitated their freshness and bloom admirably. Louis XIV. was exceedingly pleased with her performances, and honoured one with a place in his cabinet; as also did the emperor and empress of Germany, who sent to this artist, their own miniatures set in diamonds, as a mark of their esteem. King William III. gave her nine hundred florins for one picture, and she was much more highly rewarded for another by the king of Poland. As she spent a great deal of time over her works, she could finish but few comparatively, which has rendered her paintings extremely scarce and valuable.

P.

PAKINGTON, LADY DOROTHY,

Daughter of Lord Coventry, and wife of Sir John Pakington, was eminent for her learning and piety, and ranked among her friends several celebrated divines. "The Whole Duty of Man" was ascribed to her at first, though the mistake has been discovered. Her acknowledged works are, "The Gentlemen's Calling," "The Ladies' Calling," "The Government of the Tongue," "The Christian's Birthright," and "The Causes of the Decay of Christian Piety." Her theological works are strictly orthodox, and evince ardent piety of feeling. She was, at the time of her decease, engaged in a work entitled "The Government of the Thoughts," which was praised, in high terms, by Dr. Fell; but this work she did not finish. Lady Pakington had received a learned education, which was not at that time uncommon to give to women of high rank; that she used her talents and learning wisely and well, we have this testimony in the writings of Dr. Fell. He says of her, "Lady Pakington was wise, humble, temperate, chaste, patient, charitable, and devout; she lived a whole age of great austerities, and maintained in the midst of them an undisturbed serenity." She died May 10th, 1679.

PALADINI, ARCHANGELA,

An Italian historical painter, was born at Pisa, in 1599, and died in 1622, aged twenty-three. She was the daughter of Filippo Paladini, an eminent artist of that city, who instructed her in the art. She attained great excellence in portrait-painting, and also excelled in embroidery and music, and sang exquisitely. These uncommon talents, united with an agreeable person, procured her the friendship of Maria Magdalena, archduchess of Austria, who lived at Florence, and in whose court this artist spent the last years of her life.

PANZACCHIA, MARIA ELENA,

Was born at Bologna, in 1668, of a noble family. She learned design under Emilio Taruffi, and in a few years acquired great readiness in composition, correctness of outline, and a lovely tint of colouring. Besides history, she also excelled in painting landscapes; and by the beauty of her situations and distances, allured and entertained the eye of every beholder. The figures which she inserted had abundance of grace; she designed them with becoming attitudes, and gave them a lively and natural expression. Her merit was incontestably acknowledged, and her works were so much prized as to be exceedingly scarce, few being found out of Bologna. She died in 1709.

PAOLINI, MASSIMI PETRONELLA,

Of Tagliacozzo, a province of Aquila, was born in 1663. She passed her life principally at Rome, and dedicated it to the cultivation of letters. She wrote in prose and in verse with equal facility and elegance. She has been eulogized by Crescembini, by Muratori, and by Salvini, and was a member of the Arcadia, under the name of Fidelma Partenide. She died 1726. Her remaining works are two dramas, "Tomici," and "La Donna Illustre." She produced beside many canzonetts and sonnets, and poems in various collections.

PARADIES, MARIA THERESA,

Born at Vienna, 1753, equally as remarkable for her life as for her distinguished musical talent. At the early age of four years and eight months, she was, by a rheumatic apoplexy, totally deprived of her eyesight. When seven years old, she was taught on the piano and in singing; and three years after, she sang the Stabat Mater of Pergalesi, in the church of St. Augustin, at Vienna, accompanying herself on the organ. The empress, Maria Theresa, who was present at the performance, gave her immediately an annuity of two hundred florins. Soon the young musician advanced so far, as to play sixty concertas with the greatest accuracy. In the year 1784, she set out on a musical journey, and wherever she appeared, but especially in London, (1785,) she excited, by her rare endowments, as well as by her misfortune, admiration and interest. She often moved her audience to tears by a cantate, the words of which were written by the blind poet Pfeffel, in which her own fate was depicted. Her memory was astonishing; she dictated all her compositions note by note. She was also well versed in other sciences, as geography, arithmetic. In company, she was cheerful, entertaining, witty, and highly interesting. During the latter part of her life she presided over an excellent musical institution in Vienna.

PARTHENAY, ANNE DE,

A lady of great genius and learning, who lived in the sixteenth century. She married Anthony de Pons, count of Marennes, and was one of the brightest ornaments of the court of Ferrara. She was a Calvinist.

Her mother was Michelli de Sorbonne, a lady of Bretagne, a woman of uncommon talents, lady of honour to Anne of Bretagne, wife to Louis XII., by whom she was appointed governess to her daughter, Renata, duchess of Ferrara. Anne, under the superintendence of her mother, received a learned education, and made great progress in the knowledge of the languages, and in theology, and was also skilled in music. She had so great an influence over her husband, that while she lived he was distinguished as a lover of truth and virtue, and instructed himself, his officers and subjects at Pons, in the Scriptures; but after her death, he married one of the pleasure-loving ladies of the court, and became, from that time, an enemy and persecutor of the truth.

PARTHENAY, CATHARINE DE,

Niece to Anne de Parthenay, and daughter and heiress of John de Parthenay, lord of Soubise, inherited her father's devotion to the cause of Calvinism. She published some poems in 1572, when she was only eighteen; and is thought to be the author of an "Apology for Henry IV.," a concealed but keen satire, which is considered an able production. She also wrote tragedies and comedies; her tragedy of "Holofernes" was acted in Rochelle, in 1574. In 1568, when only fourteen, she was married to Charles de Quellence, baron de Pont, in Brittany, who, upon this marriage, took the name of Soubise. He fell a sacrifice to his religion, in the general massacre of the Protestants, at Paris, on St. Bartholomew's day, 1571.

In 1575, his widow married Renatus, viscount Rohan; who dying in 1586, when she was only thirty-two, she resolved not to marry again, but to devote herself to her children. Her eldest son was the celebrated duke de Rohan, who maintained the Protestant cause with so much vigour during the civil wars in the reign of Louis XIII. Her second son was the duke de Soubise. She had also three daughters; Henriette, who died unmarried; and Catharine, who married a duke de Deux-ponts, 1605. It was this lady who made the memorable reply to Henry IV., when, attracted by her beauty, he declared a passion for her; "I am too poor, sire, to be your wife, and too nobly born to be your mistress." The third daughter was Anne, who never married, but lived with her mother, and bore with her all the calamities of the siege of Rochelle. The mother was then in her seventy-fifth year, and they were reduced, for three months, to living on horse-flesh and four ounces of bread a day; yet she wrote to her son, "not to let the consideration of their extremity, prevail on him to do anything to the injury of his party, how great soever their sufferings might be." She and her daughter refused to be included in the articles of capitulation, and were conveyed prisoners to the castle of Niort, where she died in 1631, aged seventy-seven.

PEARSON, MARGARET,

Was an English lady, daughter of Samuel Patterson, an eminent book-auctioneer. She discovered early a taste for the fine arts; and on marrying Mr. Pearson, a painter on glass, she devoted herself to that branch of the art, in which she attained peculiar excellence. Among other fine specimens of her skill were two sets of the cartoons of Raphael, one of which was purchased by the Marquis of Lansdowne, and the other by Sir Gregory Page Turner. She died in 1823.

PENNINGTON, LADY,

Wife of Sir Joseph Pennington, was separated, by family misunderstandings, from her children, for whose benefit she wrote "An Unfortunate Mother's Advice to her Absent Daughters," a work of great merit. She died in 1783.

PETIGNY, MARIA-LOUISE, ROSE LEVÈSQUE,

Was born at Paris in 1768. Her father, Charles Peter Levèsque, was a well-known French writer on history and general literature, and became a member of the National Institute. His daughter, educated by him, displayed a genius for poetry; her "Idylles" and fugitive pieces were highly praised by Palesot and Florian. Gessner called her his "*petite fille.*" She married M. Petigny, of Saint-Romain. The time of her death is not mentioned. The following piece is fanciful and pretty:—

LE PAPILLON.

Que ton sort est digne d'envie,
Papillon heureux et léger!
Le désir seul règle ta vie,
Et comme lui tu peux changer.

La fleur qui reçoit ton hommage
Te cède son plus doux trésor,
Et jamais un dur esclavage
N'arrête ton joyeux essor.

Je sais qu'une lueur trompeuse
T'attire souvent à la mort;
Que ton imprudence amoureuse
Dès le soir va finir ton sort.

Mais sans crainte, sans prévoyance,
Tu vis jusqu'au dernier soupir,
Et, dans ton heureuse ignorance,
Sans le savoir, tu vas mourir.

PERCY, ELIZABETH,

Was the only child and heir of Jocelyn Percy, last Earl of Northumberland. Her mother was Elizabeth Wriothesly, the sister of Lady Rachel Russel. Upon the death of her husband, she married Mr. Montague; and the young Elizabeth was given in charge to her paternal grandmother, but with the pledge that she was not to contract any marriage without the consent of her mother, who entered into a similar engagement with the grandmother. Notwithstanding these promises, at the age of eleven, Elizabeth Percy was, in 1679, made the wife of Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogle, only son of the last Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, without the knowledge of her mother. The youthful husband died the following year, leaving her again an object of intrigue and speculation. She had scarcely been a widow a twelvemonth, when she was again, through the management of her grandmother, married to Thomas Thynne, Esq., of Longleat, remarkable for his large fortune. Though still a child in the nursery, the little beauty had learned to have a will of her own; and while she was made the tool of others, conceived so violent a dislike to her future husband, that she made her escape to Holland. Young as she was, the fame of her beauty, as well as her great wealth, attracted universal attention. Admiration and cupidity combined, caused a plan to be laid to set her free from the trammels that bound her, and leave her at liberty to make a new choice. The celebrated Count Koningsmark, whose beauty and daring had made him the theme of conversation and scandal from one end of Europe to the other, cast his eyes on the fair Elizabeth, and marked her for his own. He hired three bravos, and to these he gave commission to assassinate Mr. Thynne. This audacious project they boldly carried into execution. While their victim was driving through Pall-Mall, they stopped his horses, and fired at him through the carriage-window. The first shot was fatal; five balls entered his body, and he expired in a few hours. The heiress, now a second time a widow, though still little more than fifteen, was again disposed of; her third husband being Charles Seymour, commonly called the proud Duke of Somerset, of whom the tale is told of his repressing the familiarity of his second wife, Lady Charlotte Finch, when she tapped him upon the shoulder with her fan, "Madam," he said, turning haughtily round to the presuming beauty, with a frowning brow, "my first wife was a Percy, and she never took such a liberty." The Duke of Somerset was, at the period of his marriage, just twenty, handsome, commanding in his person, and with many good qualities. Nothing appears to have interrupted this marriage, or its subsequent harmony. The period of the Duchess of Somerset's death is unrecorded. The Duke's marriage with his second wife took place in 1726. The Duchess of Somerset was Groom of the Stole to Queen Anne. She succeeded the Duchess of Marlborough in that office, and was henceforward an object of dislike and vituperation to that power-loving duchess, who possessed in an eminent degree the quality so commended by Doctor Johnson, being "a good hater."

PHILIPS, CATHARINE,

Was the daughter of Mr. Fowler, a merchant of London, and was born there in 1631. She was educated at a boarding-school in Hackney, where she distinguished herself by her poetical talents. She married James Philips, Esq., of the Priory of Cardigan; and afterwards went with the viscountess of Dungannon into Ireland. She translated from the French, Corneille's tragedy of Pompey, which was acted several times in 1663 and 1664. She died in London of the small-pox, in 1664, to the regret of all; "having not left," says Langbaine, "any of her sex her equal in poetry." Cowley wrote an ode on her death; and Dr. Jeremy Taylor addressed to her his "Measures and Offices of Friendship." She wrote under the name of Orinda; and, in 1667, her works were printed as "Poems by the most deservedly admired Mrs. Catharine Philips, the matchless Orinda. To which is added several translations from the French, with her portrait."

AGAINST PLEASURE — AN ODE.

There 's no such thing as pleasure here,
'Tis all a perfect cheat,
Which does but shine and disappear,
Whose charm is but deceit;
The empty bribe of yielding souls,
Which first betrays and then controls.

'T is true, it looks at distance fair;
But if we do approach,
The fruit of Sodom will impair,
And perish at a touch;
It being than in fancy less,
And we expect more than possess.

For by our pleasures we are cloyed
And so desire is done;
Or else, like rivers, they make wide
The channels where they run;
And either way true bliss destroys,
Making us narrow, or our joys.

We covet pleasure easily,
But ne'er true bliss possess;
For many things must make it be,
But one may make it less;
Nay, were our state as we could choose it,
'T would be consumed by fear to lose it.

What art thou, then, thou winged air,
More weak and swift than fame!
Whose next successor is despair,
And its attendant shame.
Th' experienced prince then reason had,
Who said of Pleasure—"It is mad."

A COUNTRY LIFE.

How sacred and how innocent
A country life appears,
How free from tumult, discontent,
From flattery or fears!

This was the first and happiest life,
When man enjoyed himself,
Till pride exchanged peace for strife,
And happiness for pelf.

'T was here the poets were inspired,
Here taught the multitude;
The brave they here with honour fired,
And civilized the rude.

That golden age did entertain
No passion but of love:
The thoughts of ruling and of gain
Did ne'er their fancies move.

Them that do covet only rest,
A cottage will suffice;
It is not brave to be possessed
Of earth, but to despise.

Opinion is the rate of things,
From hence our peace doth flow;
I have a better fate than kings,
Because I think it so.

When all the stormy world doth roar,
How unconcerned am I!
I cannot fear to tumble lower,
Who never could be high.

Secure in these unenvied walls,
I think not on the state,
And pity no man's ease that falls
From his ambition's height.

Silence and innocence are safe;
A heart that's *nobly* true,
At all these little arts can laugh,
That do the world subdue!

PICHLER, CAROLINE,

Was born in Vienna, in 1769. This very prolific and elegant writer has left an autobiography, under the title of "Review of my Life;" from this source have been gleaned the facts which form this sketch. As a specimen of her turn of thought, and style, the introductory remarks to her "Review," &c., are translated.

"A hundred times has life been compared to a journey, a pilgrimage, and the comparison sustained poetically, and sometimes unpoetically. Without pursuing this allegory in its details, I may be allowed to adopt the idea of man as a traveller, who often, from weariness, stops a day to recruit, or from the desire to pause on some beautiful spot, lingers an hour. At such stages he naturally turns back his thoughts to the places he has passed through; the persons he has encountered; the days of pleasure, and also the inconveniences, the storms, the difficulties, which have varied his route. Certain epochs arrive in life answering to these stages of the traveller, when it seems natural and salutary to throw a glance back upon the path we have traversed, and take an account of the schoolings of our minds, and the conduct we have pursued. The fiftieth year appears to be such an anniversary, when it is time to turn the thoughts backwards, and review the circumstances gone by. With heartfelt enjoyment the matron goes back to the days when she as a maiden, as a bride, as a young wife, has, with God's blessing, tasted so much good. With tender regret she reverently recalls many lost and distant affections, and thanks Providence even for those dark hours, which, like the shades in a picture, rather heighten the bright tints of her life's picture—clouds that have taught her to estimate the sunshine. What she has done and felt as a daughter, wife, and mother, can only interest the circle whose affection draws them close around her; but an account of the progress of her career as an author may be not uninteresting to the reading public, and may, without impropriety, be adjoined to this last collected edition of her works."

Her mother was the orphan of an officer who died in the service of the empress Maria Theresa, who took very gracious notice of the young lady, gave her a good education, and retained her near her person as a reader, until she was very respectably and happily married to an aulick counsellor. After their marriage, their tastes being congenial, they drew round them a circle of musical and literary celebrities; and their position at court being an elevated one, their house became the centre of the *best* society, in every sense of the word. Caroline, from her babyhood, breathed an atmosphere of literature; she was accustomed to hear the first men in science and in politics discuss interesting subjects, and converse upon elevated topics. Among many German professors and poets whose names are less familiar to the English reader, Maffei and Metastasio may be mentioned as intimates of this family. When it became time to give their son a Latin master, the parents of Caroline were assailed by the savants who visited their house, with the assurance that the little girl must share in this advantage—they had perceived

the intelligence of her mind, and were desirous of cultivating it. The discussion ended by these gentlemen offering to teach her themselves, and the most eminent men of Vienna vied with one another in awakening the intellect and training the understanding of this fortunate young lady. After studying the classic tongues, she acquired the French, Italian, and English. Even in ornamental accomplishments she enjoyed very extraordinary advantages; for the great Mozart, who visited them frequently, though he gave lessons to nobody, condescended, from friendship, to advise and improve Caroline. Her brother appears to have partaken of the family taste for literature, though his sister's superiority has alone redeemed him from oblivion. He associated himself in a literary club of young men, who amused themselves with producing a sort of miscellany, made up of political essays, poems, tales, or whatever was convenient. To this Caroline contributed anonymously, and derived great benefit from the exercise in composition which it demanded. It was through this association that she became acquainted with her husband, one of its members. She was married in 1796, and lived for forty years in the enjoyment of a happy union. It was her husband who induced her to come before the public as a writer: he was proud of her abilities, and argued with her that her productions might be of service to her own sex. In 1800, she appeared in the republic of letters, and was received with much applause. Klopstock and Lavater both wrote her complimentary and encouraging letters. She describes her celebrated novel "Agathocles" to have been written after her perusal of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," the sophistry and unfairness of which, with respect to Christianity, roused her indignation, and urged her to attempt a work in which a true picture of the early Christians should be pourtrayed according to really authentic accounts.

The disasters which attended the house of Austria at this period affected her powerfully. Animated with feelings of loyalty and patriotism, she determined to undertake a tragedy, which should breathe the German spirit of resistance to foreign invasion. "Heinrich von Hohenstaufen" appeared in 1812. It was received with warm enthusiasm, and procured for the author the acquaintance of several literary ladies—Madame von Baumberg, Madame Weisenthurn, and some others. Madame Pichler had but one child, a daughter, to whom she was tenderly devoted, and who rewarded her maternal cares by her goodness and filial piety. Caroline Pichler died in 1843.

As some of her best works we mention her "Agathocles," "The Siege of Vienna," "Dignity of Woman," and "The Rivals." Her works recommend themselves, by warm feeling, pure morals, and well-digested thoughts, as well as by a perfect style, and vivid descriptive powers. We would particularly mention "Agathocles," which is considered the most important on account of the matter, its subject being the struggles of newborn Christianity against the religion of Rome and Greece.

PIENNE, JOAN DE HALLUIN,

Maid of honour to Catharine de Medicis, was passionately beloved by Francis de Montmorenci, eldest son of the constable, Aun de Montmorenci. He engaged himself to her, but his parents opposed it, as they wished him to marry the widow of the duke de Castro, Henry's natural daughter. They sent to pope Paul IV., to obtain a dissolution of the engagement, which he would not grant, as he wished the duchess de Castro to marry a nephew of his. Henry II. then published an edict declaring clandestine marriages null and void, and ordered the lady de Pienne to be shut up in a monastery, and Francis de Montmorenci married the duchess. The lady de Pienne was married some time after, to a man inferior in rank to her first lover.

PILKINGTON, LETITIA,

Was the daughter of Dr. Van Lewen, a Dutch gentleman, who settled in Dublin, where she was born, in 1712. She wrote verses when very young, and this, with her vivacity, brought her many admirers. She married the Rev. Matthew Pilkington; but, she says, that soon after their marriage he became jealous of her abilities, and her poetical talents. However, it is said, that she gave him other and strong grounds for jealousy; so that, after her father's death, having no farther expectation of a fortune by her, Mr. Pilkington took advantage of her imprudence to obtain a separation from her.

She then came to London, where, through Colley Cibber's exertions, she was for some time supported by contributions from the great; but at length these succours failed, and she was thrown into prison. After remaining there nine weeks, she was released by Cibber, who had solicited charity for her; and, weary of dependence, she resolved to employ her remaining five guineas in trade; and, taking a shop in St. James' street, she furnished it with pamphlets and prints. She seems to have succeeded very well in this occupation; but she did not live long to enjoy her competence, for she went to Dublin, and died there, in her thirty-ninth year.

She wrote besides poems, her own memoirs, a comedy called "The Turkish Court, or London Apprentice," and a tragedy called "The Roman Father."

PINCKNEY, MARIA.

This *lady* (in every sense of the venerated title) was the eldest daughter of Gen. Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, of South Carolina; her mother, a sister of the Hon. Arthur Middleton, of Middleton Place, South Carolina, another of the signers of American independence. Education, together with excellent natural abilities, combined to form Miss Pinckney's very superior character; while the promptings of a truly benevolent heart always directed her hand to relieve the necessitous, and in every instance, to promote the comfort and welfare of others, making generous allowance for all human frailty. Warm were her friendships,

and never did a shadow of caprice disturb their harmony, or mar the happiness of domestic life. Religiously and morally, she was a bright example unto death. Miss Pinckney was peculiarly impressed with love of country, but more especially her native state; she therefore deeply felt and weighed every movement derogatory, in her opinion, to its interests; so that, when South Carolina exhibited nullification principles, she took a strong and leading stand in favour of those principles, presenting to the public a very energetic and well-written work upon the subject. Its point was so full of effect as to cause an eminent statesman at Washington to exclaim, "That the nullification party of South Carolina was consolidated *by the nib of a lady's pen.*"

Perhaps Miss Pinckney might have fairly taken for the motto of her publication—viewing the partial imposition of certain taxation in the light in which *the party* and herself beheld it—her father's never-to-be-forgotten, patriotic sentiment, in reply to the unjust demand made upon the United States by France—"Millions for defence, but not a cent for tribute." Miss Pinckney died a few years ago.

PINELLA, ANTONIA,

Was born at Bologna, and obtained the knowledge which she possessed of the art of painting from Lodovico Caracci, to whose style she adhered. Her principal works are in the different churches of her native city. She died there, in 1640.

PIOZZI, or THRALE, ESTHER LYNCH,

Distinguished for her intimacy with Dr. Johnson, was the daughter of John Salusbury, Esq., of Bodvel, in Carnarvonshire, England, where she was born, in 1739. In 1763, she married Henry Thrale, an opulent brewer in Southwark. Her beauty, vivacity and intelligence, made her house the resort of nearly all the literati of her time, and Dr. Samuel Johnson was almost domesticated with them. The following is Mrs. Thrale's own account of the manner in which they became acquainted with the author of the "Rambler:"

"The first time I ever saw this extraordinary man was in the year 1764, when Mr. Murphy, who had long been the friend and confidential intimate of Mr. Thrale, persuaded him to wish for Johnson's conversation, extolling it in terms which that of no other person could have deserved, till we were only in doubt how to obtain his company, and find an excuse for the invitation. The celebrity of Mr. Woodhouse, a shoemaker, whose verses were at that time the subject of common discourse, soon afforded a pretence, and Mr. Murphy brought Johnson to meet him, giving me general cautions not to be surprised at his figure, dress, or behaviour. What I recollect best of the day's talk was his earnestly recommending Addison's works to Mr. Woodhouse as a model for imitation. 'Give nights and days, sir,' said he, 'to the study of Addison, if you mean either to be a good writer, or, what is more worth, an honest man.' When I saw something like the same expression in his criticism on that author, lately published, I put him in mind of his past injunctions to the young poet, to which he replied, 'That he wished the shoemaker might have remembered them as well.' Mr. Johnson liked his new acquaintance so much, however, that, from that time, he dined with us on every Thursday through the winter, and, in the autumn of the next year, he followed us to Brighthelmstone, whence we were gone before his arrival; so that he was disappointed and enraged, and wrote us a letter expressive of anger, which we were desirous to pacify, and to obtain his company again if possible. Mr. Murphy brought him back to us again very kindly, and from that time his visits grew more frequent, till, in the year 1766, his health, which he had always complained of, grew so exceedingly bad, that he could not stir out of his room in the court he inhabited for many weeks together—I think *months*. * *

"Mr. Thrale's attentions and my own now became so acceptable to him, that he often lamented to us the horrible condition of his mind, which he said was nearly distracted. * * *

"Mr. Thrale went away soon after, leaving me with him, and bidding me prevail on him to quit his close habitation in the court, and come to us at Streatham, where I undertook the care of his health, and had the honour and happiness of contributing to its restoration."

Dr. Johnson appears to have enacted the mentor as well as the friend at Streatham, perhaps rather oftener than was quite agreeable to his lively hostess, who has, however, with perfect candour, mentioned some instances of his reproofs, in her amusing anecdotes of his life, even when the story told against herself. On one occasion, on her observing to a friend that she did not like goose,—"One smells it so while it is roasting," said she.

"But you, madam," replied the doctor, "have been at all times a fortunate woman, having always had your hunger so forestalled by indulgence, that you never experienced the delight of smelling your dinner beforehand."

On another occasion, during a very hot and dry summer, when she was naturally but thoughtlessly wishing for rain, to lay the dust, as they drove along the Surrey roads. "I cannot bear," replied he, with some asperity, and an altered look, "when I know how many poor families will perish next winter for want of that bread which the present drought will deny them, to hear ladies sighing for rain, only that their complexions may not suffer from the heat, or their clothes be incommoded by the dust. For shame! leave off such foppish lamentations, and study to relieve those whose distresses are real."

Mr. Thrale died in 1781, and his widow retired with her four daughters to Bath. In 1784, she married Gabriel Piozzi, an Italian music-master; and this caused a complete rupture between her and Johnson, who had tried in vain to dissuade her from this step. After Johnson's death, Mrs. Piozzi published, in 1786, a volume, entitled "Anecdotes of Dr. Samuel Johnson, during the last Twenty Years of his Life." Many things in this work gave great offence to Boswell and other

friends of Johnson. But Mrs. Piozzi, notwithstanding, soon published another work, called "Letters to and from Johnson."

But though seemingly devoted to literature and society, she never neglected her children. In a letter to Miss Burney she says, "I have read to them the Bible from beginning to end, the Roman and English histories, Milton, Shakspeare, Pope, and Young's works from head to heel; Warton and Johnson's Criticisms on the Poets; besides a complete system of dramatic writing; and classical —I mean the English classics—they are most perfectly acquainted with. Such works of Voltaire, too, as were not dangerous, we have worked at; Rollin des Belles Lettres, and a hundred more."

A friend, who, in an agreeable little work, called "Piozziana," has recorded several interesting anecdotes of the latter days of this celebrated lady, has given the following account of Mrs. Piozzi, quite late in life:

"She was short, and, though well-proportioned, broad, and deep-chested. Her hands were muscular and almost coarse, but her writing was, even in her eightieth year, exquisitely beautiful; and one day, while conversing with her on the subject of education, she observed that 'All misses now-a-days write so like each other, that it is provoking;' adding, 'I love to see individuality of character, and abhor sameness, especially in what is feeble and flimsy.' Then spreading her hand, she said, 'I believe I owe what you are pleased to call my good writing to the shape of this hand, for my uncle, Sir Robert Cotton, thought it too manly to be employed in writing like a boarding-school girl; and so I came by my vigorous, black manuscript.'"

From this "Pozziana" we will give a few anecdotes, which paint the character of Mrs. Piozzi better than would an elaborate description.

At Bath, she sat to Roche for her portrait, requiring him to make the painting in all respects a likeness; to take care to show her face deeply rouged, which it always was; and to introduce a trivial deformity of the lower jaw on the left side, where she had been severely hurt by her horse treading on her, as she lay prostrate, after being thrown in Hyde Park. This miniature her friend states to be, "in the essential of resemblance, perfect; as all who recollect the original, her very erect carriage, and most expressive face, could attest."

When looking at "her little self," as she called the picture, she would speak drolly of what she once was, as if talking of some one else. One day, turning to her friend, she said, "No; I never was handsome, I had always too many strong points in my face for beauty."

"I ventured to express a doubt of this," continues the narrative, "and said that Dr. Johnson was certainly an admirer of her personal charms. She replied, she believed his devotion was at least as warm towards the table and the table-talk at Streatham. I was tempted to observe that I thought, as I still do, that Johnson's anger on the event of her second marriage was excited by some feeling of disappointment, and that I suspected he had formed hopes of attaching her to himself. It would be disingenuous on my part to attempt to repeat her answer; I forget it; but the impression on my mind is, that she did not contradict me."

On her friend's telling her, he wondered she should so far sacrifice to fashion, as to take the trouble of wearing rouge, which she carefully put on her cheeks every day before she went out, and generally before she would admit a visitor, her answer was, "that her practice of painting did not proceed from any silly compliance with Bath fashion, or any fashion; still less, if possible, from the desire of appearing younger than she was; but from this circumstance, that in early life she had worn rouge, as other young persons did in her day, as a part of dress; and after continuing the habit for some years, she discovered that it had introduced a dead yellow into her complexion, quite unlike that of her natural skin, and that she wished to conceal the deformity."

In defiance of the prevailing weaknesses among old people, that of supposing every thing worse now than it was formerly, she always maintained that "nothing but ignorance or forgetfulness of what our grandfathers and grandmothers generally did and suffered, not politically, but in matters of dress, behaviour, &c., could incline any one to entertain a doubt as to the fact of modern improvement in most of the essentials of life. This," she would say, "was especially true with regard to our habiliments;" and she used to expatiate very agreeably, not only on the absurdities of the habits usually worn in her early days, but on the consequent embarrassment in which the artists of the age were involved.

"Mrs. Piozzi's nature was one of kindness," observes her friend; "she derived pleasure from endeavouring to please; and if she perceived a moderate good quality in another, she generally magnified it into an excellence; whilst she appeared blind to faults and foibles which could not have escaped the scrutiny of one possessing only half her penetration. But, as I have said, her disposition was friendly. It was so; and to such an extent, that during several years of familiar acquaintance with her, although I can recite many instances, I might say, hundreds, of her having spoken of the characters of others, I never heard one word of vituperation from her lips, of any person who was the subject of discussion, except once when Baretti's name was mentioned. Of him, she said that he was a bad man; but on my hinting a wish for particulars, after so heavy a charge, she seemed unwilling to explain herself, and spoke of him no more."

She preserved, unimpaired to the last, her strength and her faculties of body and mind. When past eighty, she would describe minute features in a distant landscape, or touches in a painting, which even short-sighted young persons failed to discover till pointed out to them.

When her friends were fearful of her over-exciting herself, she would say, "This sort of thing is greatly in the mind, and I am almost tempted

to say the same of growing old at all, especially as it regards those of the usual concomitants of age, viz., laziness, defective sight, and ill-temper: sluggishness of soul and acrimony of disposition, commonly begin before the encroachments of infirmity; they creep upon us insidiously, and it is the business of a rational being to watch these beginnings, and counteract them."

On the 27th of January, 1820, Mrs. Piozzi gave a sumptuous entertainment at the Town Assembly Rooms, Bath, to between seven and eight hundred friends, whom, assisted by Sir John and Lady Salusbury, she received with a degree of ease, cheerfulness, and polite hospitality, peculiarly her own. This fête, given upon the completion of her eightieth year, was opened by herself in person dancing with Sir John Salusbury, with extraordinary elasticity and dignity, and she subsequently presided at a sumptuous banquet, supported by a British Admiral of the highest rank on each side, "with her usual gracious and queen-like deportment."

A friend calling on her one day by appointment, she showed him a number of what are termed pocket-books, and said she was sorely embarrassed on a point on which she requested his advice.

"You see in this collection," said she, "a diary of mine of more than fifty years of my life: I have scarcely omitted any thing which occurred to me during the time I have mentioned; my books contain the conversation of every person of almost every class with whom I have held intercourse; my remarks on what was said; downright facts, and scandalous *on dits;* personal portraits, and anecdotes of the character concerned, criticisms on the publications and authors of the day, &c. Now I am approaching the grave, and agitated by doubts as to what I should do—whether burn my manuscripts, or leave them to posterity? Thus far, my decision is to *destroy* my papers; shall I, or shall I not?"

The advice given was by no means to do an act which, when done, could not be amended—to keep the papers from prying eyes, and to trust them to the discretion of survivors. Whereupon, she replaced the numerous volumes in her cabinet, observing, that "for the present they were rescued from destruction."

If this diary has not been destroyed, there would, doubtless, be found portions of it well worth publishing. Dr. Johnson said of Mrs. Piozzi, that "she was, if not the wisest woman in the world, undoubtedly one of the wittiest."

Mrs. Piozzi died May 2d, 1821, aged eighty-one years. Her last words were, "I die in the trust and in the fear of God." Her remains were conveyed to North Wales, and interred in the burial-place of the Salusbury family. The following are her published works:—"Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson's Life;" "Travels," two volumes; "Letters to and from the late Samuel Johnson, LL.D.," two volumes; "British Synonymy," two volumes; "Retrospection, or Review of the Most Striking and Important Events which the last Eighteen Hundred Years have Presented," &c., two volumes.

Her first printed piece has been considered by many critics her best. We subjoin it.

THE THREE WARNINGS.

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbour Dodson's wedding-day,
Death called aside the jocund groom
With him into another room,
And looking grave—"You must," says he,
"Quit your sweet bride, and come with me.'
"With you! and quit my Susan's side?
With you!" the hapless husband cried;
"Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared:
My thoughts on other matters go;
This is my wedding-day, you know."

What more he urged I have not heard,
His reasons could not well be stronger;
So death the poor delinquent spared,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—
"Neighbour," he said, "farewell! no more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour:
And farther, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have,
Before you're summoned to the grave;
Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve;
In hopes you'll have no more to say;
But, when I call again this way,
Well pleased the world will leave."
To these conditions both consented,
And parted *perfectly contented.*

What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he lived, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursued his course,
And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse,
The willing muse shall tell:
He chaffered, then he bought and sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near:
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He passed his hours in peace.
But while he viewed his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road,
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.
And now, one night, in musing mood,
As all alone he sate,
The unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood.

Half-killed with anger and surprise,
"So soon returned!" old Dodson cries.
"So soon d'ye call it?" Death replies:
"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest!
Since I was here before
'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,
And you are now fourscore."

"So much the worse," the clown rejoined;
"To spare the aged would be kind:
However, see your search be legal;
And your authority — is't regal?
Else you are come on a fool's errand,
With but a secretary's warrant.
Beside, you promised me Three Warnings,
Which I have looked for nights and mornings;
But for that loss of time and ease,
I can recover damages."

"I know," cries Death, "that at the best,
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don't be captious, friend, at least;
I little thought you 'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable:
Your years have run to a great length;
I wish you joy, though, of your strength!"

"Hold," says the farmer, "not so fast!
I have been lame these four years past."
"And no great wonder." Death replies:
"However, you still keep your eyes;
And sure to see one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms would make amends."
"Perhaps," says Dodson, "so it might,
But latterly I've lost my sight."
"This is a shocking tale, 'tis true;
But still there 's comfort left for you:
Each strives your sadness to amuse:
I warrant you hear all the news."
"There 's none," cries he; "and if there were,
I 'm grown so deaf, I could not hear."
"Nay, then," the spectre stern rejoined,
These are unjustifiable yearnings;
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
You 've had your Three sufficient Warnings;
So come along, no more we 'll part:"
He said, and touched him with his dart.
And now Old Dodson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate — so ends my tale.

PIPELET, CONSTANCE MARIE DE THÈIS,

Was born at Nantes in 1768, of a distinguished family. She married, in 1789, M. Pipelet, an eminent surgeon in Paris; and, after his death, she married, in 1802, the Prince de Salm-Dyck. Madame Pipelet devoted herself, when very young, to the study of literature and the arts; and her poems are quite numerous, and almost invariably excellent. She also wrote an opera, entitled "Sappho;" a drama, several romances, and other prose works; and belonged to several academies. Madame Pipelet maintained the theory of the original equality of the sexes; and one of her most elaborate poems is devoted to this subject. We give a few extracts from this.

EPÎTRE AUX FEMMES.

Si la nature a fait deux sexes différens,
Elle a changé la forme et non les élémens.
Même loi, même erreur, même ivresse les guide.
L'un et l'autre propose, exécute ou décide:
Les charges, les devoirs, entre *eux deux* divisés,
Par un ordre immuable y restent balancés.
Tous deux pensent régner, et tous deux obéissent:
Ensemble ils sont heureux; séparés, ils languissent:
Tour à tour l'un de l'autre, enfin, guide et soutien,
Même en se donnant tout, ils ne se doivent rien.

* * * * * *

Sciences, poésie, arts qu'ils nous interdisent,
Sources de voluptés qui les immortalisent,
Venez, et faites voir à la postérité
Qu'il est aussi pour nous une immortalité!
Mais déjà mille voix ont blâmé notre audace:
On s'étonne, on murmure, on s'agite, on menace,
On veut nous arracher la plume et les pinceaux;
Chacun a contre nous sa chanson, ses bons mots.
L'un, ignorant et sot, vient avec ironie
Nous citer de Molière un vers qu'il estropie;
L'autre, vain par système et jaloux par métier,
Dit d'un air dédaigneux: *Elle a son teinturier.*
Des jeunes gens, à peine échappés du collége,
Discutent hardiment nos droits, leur privilége;
Et leurs arrêts, dictés par la fatuité,
La mode, l'ignorance et la futilité,
Répétés en échos par ces juges imberbes,
Après deux ou trois jours sont passés en proverbes.
En vain l'homme de bien (car il en est toujours),
En vain l'homme de bien vient à notre secours,
Leur prouve de nos cœurs la force, le courage,
Leur montre nos lauriers conservés d'âge en âge,
Leur dit qu'on peut unir graces, talens, vertus,
Que Minerve étoit femme aussi bien que Vénus:
Rien ne peut ramener cette foule en délire:
L'honnête homme se tait, nous regarde et soupire.

PISCOPIA, CORNARO ELENE,

Was born at Venice, 1646. This lady was remarkable for her learning. Her erudition was very highly appreciated by the scholars of that age, and there are many records of great praise being offered her by distinguished men. She understood Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Spanish, French, and Arabic. She was a professor of philosophy, mathematics, theology, and astronomy. She was presented with the wreath and dignity of laureate, in the Duomo of Padua, in 1678. To these grave acquirements she added skill in music and poetry, with a talent for improvisation. Early in childhood she announced a determination against matrimony, in which she persevered, though greatly opposed by her parents, who were desirous and urgent that she should form some illustrious connexion; but the duties of the married life she thought would be incompatible with her engrossing love for study. She possessed sincere piety, a little too much tinctured with ascetic superstition as regarded herself, but drawing forth most benevolent and kindly dispositions towards her relations, dependants, and the indigent populace. For the most part of her life she was a patient martyr to acute disease, and died in 1684.

Her works which remain are, "Eulogiums on several illustrious Italians," written in Latin, Latin epistles, academical discourses in the vernacular tongue, a translation from the Spanish of Lanspergio, besides a volume of poems.

PIX, MARY,

By birth Mary Griffith, was the daughter of a clergyman, and was born in Yorkshire, in the reign of William III. of England. She was a contemporary of Mrs. Manley and Mrs. Cockburne, and was satirized with them in a little dramatic piece, called the "Female Wits." She was the author of a number of plays, published between 1696 and 1705.

PIZZOLI, MARIA LUIGIA,

Was born at Bologna, in 1817, the only offspring of Luigi Pizzoli, a gentleman of that city. Her parents perceiving early indications of uncommon abilities, gave her every means of instruction within their reach; these she improved to such advantage that she soon became quite noted

for the extent of her information, and the variety of her accomplishments. The most learned men in the society she frequented, would appeal to her in any "historic doubts," and so clear was her knowledge on such points, and so accurate her memory in dates, that she never was at fault in deciding the question. But far from assuming any unseemly arrogance, her manners were distinguished by an amiable simplicity. Her predominant passion was music; her father gave her as a master Pilotti, an excellent professor of counterpoint; he was, in a short time, so struck with the talents of his scholar, that drawing her father aside, "Sir," said he, "your daughter is a genius; the love I bear to my art makes me entreat you to allow me to instruct her in counterpoint; her success is infallible." This business undertaken, Luigia applied herself with the tenacity that is inspired by the passionate love of the science. As a pianist she soon ranked among the first; but a much higher praise awaited her as a composer. In 1836 the newspaper of Bologna published the following paragraph:

"The very beautiful symphony written by the young amateur Luigia Pizzoli, was executed by our orchestra, and received most favourably. It is calculated to please all persons of taste, for combined with much learning, and studied elaborations, we find that gracious melody the Italian ear demands."

Soon after this she was invited by the musical academy of Bologna, to accompany the greatest harpist of Italy at a musical festival. She made her first appearance, not only as a performer, but as a composer; for besides accompanying the harp in a most admirable manner, she played a sonata for four hands, composed by herself; the well-known Corticelli took the bass. The following day the papers abounded with panegyrics on this young lady. In the midst of her rising fame, consumption, with which she had once been threatened, came to tear this beloved and charming girl from the arms of her parents. Her last illness presented a model of Christian piety and resignation, together with the utmost cheerfulness, and tender efforts to soften the blow to her wretched father and mother. In her dying state, she was still an artist; her last wishes and acts were to encourage and improve the art she so loved. She obtained from her father permission to endow a perpetual foundation for a yearly prize, to be given by the Philharmonic Society of Bologna, to any of the young students, not excluding women, who shall produce the best fugue; the decision to rest with the presiding professors of counterpoint.

Three days after, the 10th of January, 1838, Luigia expired. The number of her works, in so short a period, is a reproach to those who live long, and accomplish nothing. An edition of these was printed at Milan, in 1840. After her death, her symphony was executed by the professors of that city.

PLUMPTRE, ARABELLA,

Niece of the Rev. Dr. Plumptre, for many years president of Queen's College, Cambridge, wrote a number of books for the young, which were well received. Among these were, "The Mountain Cottage," a tale; "The Foresters," a drama; "Domestic Stories from various Authors;" "The Guardian Angel," a tale, translated from the German of Kotzebue; "Montgomery, or Scenes in Wales," two volumes; "Stories for Children," &c.

PLUNKETT, MRS.,

Whose maiden name was Gunning, an English writer, acquired considerable celebrity as an ingenious novelist. She published "The Packet," four volumes; "Lord Fitzhenry," three volumes; "The Orphans of Snowden," three volumes; "The Gipsy Countess," four volumes; "The Exiles of Erin," three volumes; "Dangers through Life," three volumes; "The Farmer's Boy," four volumes; "Malvina," three volumes; "Family Stories for Young Persons," two volumes; "The Village Library for the Use of Young Persons," three volumes; and "Memoirs of a Man of Fashion."

POCAHONTAS,

The daughter of Powhatan, a celebrated Indian chief of Virginia, was born about the year 1594. According to a custom common among the Indians, of bestowing upon their children several symbolic names, she was sometimes called Matoaka. When the well-known and adventurous Captain John Smith came to this continent, for the purpose of promoting its settlement by the English, while exploring the James river, he was taken prisoner by some of the warriors of the tribes under Powhatan, and brought before this powerful chief to be disposed of. The fame and exploits of Smith had reached Powhatan, and he was considered too dangerous an enemy to be permitted to live. A council was called, and his fate decided; he was condemned to be bound and placed upon the earth, with his head upon a stone, and his brains beaten out with clubs. Pocahontas, though but a child of twelve or thirteen years, was present at this council, and heard the sentence; but when it was about to be executed, yielding to the generous impulses of her nature,

she flung herself upon the body of Smith, beneath her father's uplifted club, and protected his life at the risk of her own. Touched by this act of heroism, the savages released their prisoner, and he became an inmate of the wigwam of Powhatan, who soon after gave him his liberty.

About two years later, the Indians, alarmed at the extraordinary feats of Smith, and fearing his increasing influence, began to prepare for hostilities, and laid a plan for entrapping him. When on the eve of effecting their object, while Smith was on a visit to Powhatan for the purpose of procuring provisions, he was preserved from this fate by the watchful care of Pocahontas, who ventured through the woods more than nine miles, at midnight, to apprise him of his danger. For this service, Smith offered her some trinkets, which, to one of her age, sex, and nation, must have been strongly tempting; but she refused to accept any thing, or to partake of any refreshment, and hurriedly retraced her steps, that she might not be missed by her father or his wives.

For three or four years after this, Pocahontas continued to assist the settlers in their distresses, and to shield them from the effects of her father's animosity. Although a great favourite with her father, he was so incensed against her for favouring the whites, that he sent her away to a chief of a neighbouring tribe, Jopazaws, chief of Potowmac, for safe keeping; or, as some suppose, to avert the anger of her own tribe, who might be tempted to revenge themselves upon her for her friendship to the English. Here she remained some time, when Captain Argall, who ascended the Potomac on a trading expedition, tempted the chief by the offer of a large copper kettle, of which he had become enamoured, as the biggest trinket he had ever seen, to deliver her to him as a prisoner; Argall believing, that by having her in his possession as a hostage, he could bring Powhatan to terms of peace. But Powhatan refused to ransom his daughter upon the terms proposed; he offered five hundred bushels of corn for her, but it was not accepted.

Pocahontas was well treated while a prisoner, and Mr. Thomas Rolfe, a pious young man, and a brave officer, who had undertaken to instruct her in English, became attached to her, and offered her his hand. The offer was communicated to Powhatan, who gave his consent to the union, and she was married to Rolfe, after the form of the church of England, in presence of her uncle and two brothers. This event relieved the colony from the enmity of Powhatan, and preserved peace for many years between them.

In the year 1616, Pocahontas accompanied her husband to England, where she was presented at court, and became an object of curiosity and interest to all classes; her title of princess causing her to receive much attention. Though the period of her conversion is disputed, it is generally believed that she was baptized during this visit to England, when she received the name of Rebecca. In London, she was visited by captain Smith, whom, for some unknown purpose, she had been taught to believe was dead. When she first beheld him, she was overcome with emotion; and turning from him, hid her face in her hands. Many surmises have been hazarded upon the emotion exhibited by Pocahontas in this interview. The solution of the mystery, however, is obvious; the dusky maiden had no doubt learned to love the gallant soldier whom she had so deeply benefited; and upon his abandonment of the country, both the colonists and her own people, aware of her feelings, and having some alliance in view for her to the furthering of their own interests, had imposed upon her the tale of his death. Admitting this to be the case, what could be more natural than her conduct, and what more touching than the picture which this interview presents to the imagination?

Captain Smith wrote a memorial to the queen in her behalf, setting forth the services which the Indian princess had rendered to himself and the colony, which secured her the friendship of the queen. Pocahontas survived but little more than a year after her arrival in England. She died in 1617, at Gravesend, when about to embark for her native land, at the age of twenty-two or three. She left one son, who was educated in England by his uncle, and afterwards returned to Virginia, where he became a wealthy and distinguished character, from whom has descended several well-known families of that state.

Pocahontas has been the heroine of fiction and of song; but the simple truth of her story is more interesting than any ideal description. She is another proof to the many already recorded in this work, of the intuitive moral sense of woman, and the importance of her aid in carrying forward the progress of human improvement.

Pocahontas was the first heathen who became converted to Christianity by the English settlers; the religion of the Gospel seemed congenial to her nature; she was like a guardian angel to the white strangers who had come to the land of the red men; by her the races were united; thus proving the unity of the human family through the spiritual nature of the woman; ever, in its highest development, seeking the good and at "enmity" with the evil; the preserver, the inspirer, the exemplar of the noblest virtues of humanity.

POICTIERS, DIANA DE, DUCHESS OF VALENTINOIS,

Was born March 31st, 1500. When her father, the count of St. Vallier, was condemned to lose his head for favouring the escape of the constable Bourbon, Diana obtained his pardon by throwing herself at the feet of Francis I. St. Vallier was, however, sentenced to perpetual confinement; and the horror he experienced at this fate brought on a fever, of which he died.

Diana de Poictiers married, in 1521, Louis de Breze, grand-marshal of Normandy; by him she had two daughters, whom she married very advantageously. She must have been at least thirty-five years of age, when the duke of Orleans, afterwards Henry II. of France, at the age of seventeen became deeply attached to her; and she maintained her ascendency over him till his death, in 1559.

Henry seemed to delight in giving testimonies of his attachment, both in public and private. The palaces, public edifices, and his own armour, were all ornamented with "the moon, bow and arrows," the emblems and device of his mistress. Her influence, both personal and political, was carried to an unbounded extent. She may be said to have divided the crown with her lover, of whose council she was the directing principal, and of whose attachment she was the sole object. The young queen, Catharine de Medicis, not inferior in genius, taste, and beauty, to Diana, was obliged to act a subordinate part.

Diana was made duchess de Valentinois in 1549. In 1552, she nursed the queen in a dangerous illness, notwithstanding their bitter feeling towards each other. She preferred the interest of the state to the aggrandizement of her family; and she loved the glory of her king. Her charities were immense; and every man distinguished for genius was sure of her support. Yet she did not always make a good use of her power; for she persuaded Henry to break the truce with Spain, which was the source of many evils to France. She did this at the instigation of the cardinal of Lorraine; but he, with the rest of the Guises, no sooner saw the result, than they leagued with Catharine de Medicis to ruin Diana, if she would consent to the marriage of their niece, Mary, queen of Scotland, to the dauphin. This was done, and the duchess remained without support; but she did not lose her firmness; the king promised to inform her of all the plots of her enemies; but he died soon after of a wound he received in a tournament, where he had worn her colours, black and white, as usual.

Catharine sent her an order to deliver up the royal jewels, and retire to one of her castles. "Is the king dead?" asked she. "No, Madame," replied the messenger, "but he cannot live till night." "Then," said Diana, "I have as yet no master. When he shall be no more, should I be so unfortunate as to survive him long, I shall be too wretched to be sensible of their malice."

Catharine, however, was persuaded not to persecute the duchess, who, in return for being allowed to retain the superb gifts of the king, presented her with a magnificent palace. Diana retired to Anet, a palace built for her by Henry II.; but was recalled, in 1561, by Catharine, to detach the constable de Montmorency from his nephews, the Chatillons, which service her great influence over him enabled her to perform.

She died in 1566, at the age of sixty-six, retaining her beauty to the last.

Miss Pardoe, in her History of Francis I., thus describes Diana: — "Her features were regular and classical; her complexion faultless; her hair of a rich purple-black, which took a golden tint in the sunshine; while her teeth, her ankles, her hands and arms, and her bust, were each in their turn the theme of the court poets. That the extraordinary and almost fabulous duration of her beauty was in a great degree due to the precautions which she adopted, there can be little doubt; for she spared no effort to secure it; she was jealously careful of her health, and in the most severe weather bathed in cold water; she suffered no cosmetic to approach her, denouncing every compound of the kind as worthy only of those to whom nature had been so niggardly as to compel them to complete her imperfect work; she rose every morning at six o'clock, and had no sooner left her chamber than she sprang into the saddle; and after having galloped a league or two, returned to bed, where she remained until midday engaged in reading. The system appears a singular one, but in her case it undoubtedly proved successful, as, after having enslaved the duke d'Orleans in her thirty-fifth year, she still reigned in absolute sovereignty over the heart of the king of France when she had nearly reached the age of sixty! It is certain, however, that the magnificent Diana owed no small portion of this extraordinary and unprecedented constancy to the charms of her mind and the brilliancy of her intellect."

"Six months before her death," says Brantôme, "I saw her so handsome, that no heart of adamant could have been insensible to her charms, though she had some time before broken one of her limbs upon the paved stones of Orleans. She had been riding on horseback, and kept her seat as dexterously and well as she had ever done. One would have thought that the pain of such an accident would have made some alteration in her lovely face; but this was not the case; she was as beautiful, graceful, and handsome in every respect, as she had ever been."

She was the only mistress whose medal was struck. This was done by the city of Lyons, where the duchess was much beloved. On one side was her effigy, with this inscription: *Diana, Dux Valentinorum Clarissima;* and on the reverse, *Omnium Victorum Vici:* "I have conquered the conqueror of all;" alluding to Henry II. The king had another medal struck in 1552, where she is represented as Diana, with these words: *Nomen ad Astra.* The H.'s and D.'s cyphered in the Louvre, are still greater proofs of the passion of the prince. She told Henry, when he wished to acknowledge a daughter he had by her, "I was born of a family, the old counts of Poictiers, which entitled me to have legitimate children by you; I have been your mistress, because I loved you; but I will not suffer any arrêt to declare me so." This reply proves her sense of the superior dignity of virtue over vice. She would not glory in her shame; she felt she had degraded the race from which she sprang.

POLLEY, MARGARET,

Was one of those who suffered martrydom for their religious opinions in the reign of Mary, queen of England. She was burned at Tunbridge, July, 1555.

POMPADOUR, JEANNE ANTOINETTE POLISSON, MARCHIONESS DE,

The celebrated mistress of Louis XV., was the illegitimate daughter of a financier, and early distinguished for her beauty and talents. She was married to a M. d'Etioles, when she attracted the king's notice, and becoming his mistress, was cre-

ated marchioness de Pompadour, in 1745. She had great influence over the king, and she employed it at first in patronizing arts and literature. But when her charms began to fade, she turned her attention to state affairs, and produced many of those evils which afterwards contributed to

bring on the revolution of 1792. She was the chief instigator of the war between France and Prussia, to cause which, Maria Theresa of Austria wrote her a letter with her own hand. Madame de Pompadour died in 1764, at the age of forty-four, little regretted, even by the king.

POOL, RACHEL VAN,

Was born at Amsterdam, in 1664. Her father was the famous professor of anatomy, Ruysch, and her instructor in the art of painting was William Van Aelst, whom she soon equalled in the representation of flowers and fruit. She studied nature so closely, and imitated her so well, that she was thought almost a prodigy, and allowed to be the most able artist of her time in that line. Her choice of subjects was judicious; her manner of painting them exquisite; and she contrasted them in all her compositions with unusual beauty and delicacy; and they appeared so natural, that every plant, flower, or insect, would deceive the eye with the semblance of reality. Her reputation extended all over Europe, and she was appointed painter to the elector palatine, who, as a testimony of respect, sent her a complete set of silver for her toilette, consisting of twenty-eight pieces, and six candlesticks. He also engrossed the greater part of her works, paying for them with princely generosity. In early life she married Juria Van Pool, an eminent portrait-painter, with whom she lived very happily. She continued to paint to the last period of a long life; and her pictures, at the age of eighty, were as neatly and carefully worked as when she was thirty. Her paintings are uncommonly rare, being treasured up as curiosities in Holland and Germany. She died at Amsterdam, in 1750, at the age of eighty-six. She was as highly esteemed for her character as her talents. Her genius developed itself very early, and she had become somewhat celebrated for it before she received any instruction.

POPE, MARIA,

An actress, was the daughter of Mr. Campion, a respectable merchant of Waterford, Ireland. The family being left in reduced circumstances by Mr. Campion's death, Maria went on the stage, and soon, as a tragic actress, attained great eminence, especially by her personation of Juliet. In 1798, she married Mr. Pope, the actor.

POPELINIÈRE, MADAME DE,

Was the daughter of an actress. Her mother educated her for the stage; but M. de Popelinière, an opulent financier, fascinated by her beauty and elegant wit, made her his mistress. Mademoiselle Daucour represented herself to Madame de Tencin as having been seduced by her lover, and so interested her protectress, that she mentioned her case to the prime minister. The act of openly keeping a mistress was a luxury as yet scarcely authorized among the bourgeoisie: vice was still considered the privilege of the noble and great. Fleury exacted that M. de Popelinière should marry Mademoiselle Daucour, on pain of a withdrawal of the lease which he held from the king, of farmer-general. M. de Popelinière complied, but he never forgave his mistress the means she had taken to secure the rank of his wife. Madame de Popelinière soon became one of the most admired women of the Parisian world. She adapted herself to her new position with singular ease and tact. Men of the world mingled with singers, musicians, painters, and poets, in her drawing-room. Her wit and taste became celebrated; the latter quality was especially displayed in the judgments which she passed on all works of art or literature submitted to her; she was soon thought infallible in such matters. The success of Madame de Popelinière was short-lived. She engaged in an intrigue with the duke of Richelieu, which her husband discovered. He made her a handsome allowance, but would no longer suffer her to reside under his roof. Madame de Popelinière was thus excluded for ever from that elegant society over which she had ruled with so much grace. A painful illness cut her off in the flower of her youth.

PORTER, ANNA MARIA,

Was the daughter of an Irish officer, who died soon after her birth, leaving a widow and several children, with but a small patrimony for their support. Mrs. Porter took her family to Scotland soon after, and there, with her only and elder sister, Jane, and their brother, Sir Robert Ker Porter, she received the rudiments of her education. Sir Walter Scott, when a student at college, was intimate with the family, and, we are told, "was very fond of either teasing the little female student when very gravely engaged with her book, or more often fondling her on his knees, and telling her stories of witches and warlocks, till both forgot their former playful merriment in the marvellous interest of the tale." Mrs. Porter removed

to Ireland, and subsequently to London, chiefly with a view to the education of her children.

Anna Maria became an authoress at the age of twelve. Her first work was called "Artless Tales," and was published in 1793. "Don Sebastian, or the House of Braganza," is considered her best novel. Some of her others are, "The Lake of Killarney," "A Sailor's Friendship and a Soldier's Love," "The Hungarian Brothers," "Ballad Romances, and other Poems," "The Recluse of Norway," "The Knight of St. John," "Roche Blanche," and "Honour O'Hara." Miss Porter died at Bristol, while on a visit to her brother, Dr. Porter, on the 21st of June, 1832, aged fifty-two.

The number of her novels is really astonishing, more than fifty volumes were the product of her pen. In all her works, Miss Anna Maria Porter portrays the domestic affections, and the charms of benevolence and virtue, with that warmth and earnestness which interests the feelings; but in "Don Sebastian" we have an interesting plot, and characters finely discriminated and drawn. The author has, therefore, shown a higher order of genius in this novel than in her others, because she has displayed more constructive power.

PORTER, JANE,

Was sister of the preceding, and the oldest of the two, though she did not commence her career of authorship so early, nor did she write such a multitude of novels as her sister, yet she has succeeded in making a deeper impression of her genius on the age. She was the first who introduced that beautiful kind of fiction, the historical romance, which has now become so popular. Her "Thaddeus of Warsaw" was published in 1803, and "The Scottish Chiefs" in 1810; both were highly popular, but "Thaddeus of Warsaw" had unprecedented success. It was translated into most of the Continental languages, and Poland was loud in its praise. Kosciusko sent the author a ring, containing his portrait. General Gardiner, the British minister at Warsaw, could not believe that any other than an eye-witness had written the story, so accurate were the descriptions, although Miss Porter had not then been in Poland. She was honoured publicly by having the title of Chanoiness of the Polish order of St. Joachim conferred upon her after the publication of "Thaddeus of Warsaw."

In regard to the "Scottish Chiefs," that this romance was the model of the historical class, is beyond doubt; Sir Walter Scott acknowledged that this work was the parent in his mind of the Waverly Novels. In a letter, written by Miss Porter about three months previous to her death, she thus alludes to these works:—

"I own I feel myself a kind of sibyl in these things; it being full fifty years ago since my 'Scottish Chiefs' and 'Thaddeus of Warsaw' came into the then untrodden field. And what a splendid race of the like chroniclers of generous deeds have followed, brightening the track as they have advanced! The author of 'Waverley,' and all his soul-stirring 'Tales of my Landlord,' &c. Then comes Mr. James, with his historical romances on British and French subjects, so admirably uniting the exquisite fiction with the fact, that the whole seems equally verity. But my feeble hand" (Miss Porter was ailing when she wrote the letter) "will not obey my wish to add more to this host of worthies. I can only find power to say with my trembling pen, that I cannot but esteem them as a respected link with my past days of lively interest in all that might promote the virtue and true honour of my contemporaries from youth to age."

Miss Porter's last work was "The Pastor's Fireside;" and she also wrote, in conjunction with her sister, "Tales round a Winter's Hearth." She contributed to many periodicals; and her "Biographical Sketch of Colonel Denham, the African Traveller," in the "Naval and Military Journal," was much admired. The genius of both these ladies was similar in kind; they described scenery vividly, and in appeals to the tender and heroic passions, were effective and successful; but their works want the permanent interest of real life, variety of character, and dialogue.

The career of Miss Porter was not marked by any striking event; she won her celebrity by her genius, and the excellence of her character brightens the picture, and makes her fame a blessing to her sex. Miss Porter died May 24th, 1850, at the residence of her brother, Dr. Porter, (the last survivor of the family,) in Bristol. She was nearly seventy-four years of age. The following is a vivid description of the first meeting between William Wallace and Helen Mar:—

FROM "THE SCOTTISH CHIEFS."

They proceeded in silence through the curvings of the dell, till it opened into a most hazardous path along the top of a far extending cliff which overhung and clasped in the western side of a deep loch. As they mounted the pending wall of this immense amphitheatre, Helen watched the sublime uprise of the king of light issuing from behind the opposite citadel of rocks, and borne aloft on a throne of clouds that streaked the whole horizon with floating gold. The herbage on the cliffs glittered with liquid emeralds as his beams kissed their summits; and the lake beneath spar-

kled like a sea of molten diamonds. All nature seemed to rejoice at the presence of this magnificent emblem of the Most High. Her heart swelled with devotion, and a prompt thanksgiving to God breathed from her lips.

Such, thought she, O Sun, art thou!—The resplendent image of the Giver of All Good. Thy cheering beams, like His All-cheering Spirit, pervades the very soul, and drives thence the despondency of cold and darkness. But, bright as thou art, how does the similitude fade before godlike man, the true image of his Maker! how far do his protecting arms extend over the desolate; how mighty is the power of his benevolence to dispense succour, and to administer consolation!

As she thus mused, her eyes fell on the noble mien of the knight, who, wrapped in his dark mantle of mingled greens, his spear in his hand, led the way with a graceful but rapid step along the shelving declivity. Turning suddenly to the left, he struck into a broad defile between the prodigious craggy mountains, whose brown cheeks trickled with ten thousand rills from the recent rains, seemed to weep over the deep gloom of the valley beneath. Scattered fragments of rocks from the cliffs above covered with their huge and almost impassable masses the surface of the ground. Not an herb was to be seen; all was black, barren, and terrific. On entering this horrid pass, where no trace of human footstep was to be seen, Helen would have shuddered had she not placed implicit confidence in her conductor.

As they advanced, the vale gradually narrowed, and at last shut them in between two beetling rocks, that seemed just separated a-top to admit a few rays of the sun. A small river flowed at the bottom, amid which the bases of the mountains showed their union by the malignity of many a rugged cliff projecting upwards in a variety of strange and hideous forms. Among this chaos of nature, the men who carried Helen with difficulty found a safe footing. However, after frequent stops and unremitted caution, they at last extricated themselves from the most intricate path, and more lightly followed their chief into a less gloomy part of this valley of stones. The knight stopped, and approaching the bier, told Helen they had arrived at the end of their journey.

"In the heart of that cliff," said he, "is the hermit's cell; a desolate shelter, but a safe one. Old age and poverty yield no temptations to the enemies of Scotland."

As he spoke, the venerable man, who had heard voices beneath, appeared on the rock; and while his tall and majestic figure, clad in grey, moved forward, and his long silver beard flowed from his saintly countenance, and streamed upon the air, he seemed the bard of Morven, issuing from his cave of shells to bid a hero's welcome to the young and warlike Oscar.

"Bless thee, my son," cried he, as he descended, "what good or evil accident hath returned thee so soon to these solitudes?"

The knight briefly replied, "After I left you yester-night, and had again gained the heights over Hay's cottage, I was leading my men along their brow, when I heard a woman scream. I listened for a moment; the shrieks were redoubled. The sound proceeded from the other side of the chasm; I remembered having in the morning seen a felled tree over it, and now rushing across, by Heaven's assistance freed this lady from a ravisher; and I bring her to you for protection."

Helen stepped off the bier; the hermit took her by the hand, and graciously promised her every service in his power. He then preceded the knight, whose firmer arm supported her up the rock, to the outer apartment of the cell.

A holy awe struck her as she entered this place, dedicated wholly to God. A stone altar stood before her, supporting a wooden crucifix, and a superb illuminated missal which lay open upon it. In a basin cut in a rock, was the consecrated water, with which every night and morn this pious man in emblem of the purifying blood of Christ, (the Living Fountain of Salvation,) was accustomed, with mingled tears of penitence, to wash away the sins of the day. Helen bowed and crossed herself as she entered. And the hermit observing her devotion, blessed her, and bade her welcome to the abode of peace.

"Here, daughter," said he, "has one son of persecuted Scotland found a refuge. There is nought alluring in these wilds to attract the spoiler. The green herb is all the food they afford, and the limpid water the best beverage."

"Ah!" returned Helen, with grateful animation, "I would to heaven that all who love the freedom of Scotland were now within this glen! The herb and the stream would be to them the sweetest luxuries, when tasted in liberty and hope. My father, his friend"—she stopped, suddenly recollecting that she had almost betrayed the secrecy she meant to maintain, and looking down, remained in confused silence. The knight gazed on her, and much wished to penetrate what she concealed; but delicacy forbade him to urge her again. He spoke not; but the hermit being ignorant of her reluctance to reveal her family, resumed.

"I do not express wonder, gentle lady, that you spake in terms which tell me that even your sex feels the galling chains of Edward. Who is there in Scotland that does not? The whole country groans beneath the weight of his oppressions; and the cruelty of his agents makes its rivulets run with blood. Six months ago I was abbot of Scone; and because I refused to betray my trust, and resign the archives of the kingdom, lodged there by our devout king David, Edward, the rebel anointed-of-the-Lord, the profaner of the sanctuary, sent his emissaries to sack the convent; to tear the holy pillar of Jacob from its shrine, and to wrest from my grasp records I refused to deliver. All was done as the usurper commanded. I and my brethren were turned out upon the waste. We retired to the monastery of Cambus-Kenneth: but there the tyrant found us. Cressingham, his treasurer, having seized on other religious houses, determined to make the plunder of this convent swell the hoards of his spoil. In the dead of night his men attacked it: the brethren fled, but not

until the ferocious wolves, though glutted with useless slaughter, had slain several, even at the very foot of the altar. All being dispersed, I knew not whither to go. But determined to fly far from the tracks of men, I took my course over the hills, discovered this valley of stones; and finding it fit for my purpose, have for two months lived alone in this wilderness."

"Unhappy Scotland!", ejaculated Helen. Her eyes had followed the chief, who during this narrative leaned against the open entrance of the cave. His eyes were cast upwards with an expression that made her heart vibrate with the exclamation which had just escaped her. The knight turned towards her, and approached. "You hear from the lips of my venerable friend," said he, "a direful story; happy then am I, gentle lady, that you and he have a shelter, though a rough one. The hours wear away, and I must tear myself from this tranquillity to scenes better befitting a younger son of the country he deplores. To you, my good father," continued he, addressing the hermit in a lowered voice, "I commit this sacred charge; Heaven sent me to be her temporary guardian; and since she allows me to serve her no farther, I confide her to you."

Helen felt unable to answer. But the Abbot spoke: "Then am I not to see you any more?"

"That is as heaven wills," replied he; "but as it is not likely on this side the grave, my best pledge of friendship is this lady. To you she may reveal what she has withheld from me; but in either case she is secure in your goodness."

"Rely on my faith, my son; and may the Almighty's shield hang on your steps!"

The knight kissed the reverend man's hand; and turning to Helen, "Farewell, sweet lady!" said he. She trembled at the words, and hardly conscious of what she did, held out her hand to him. He took it, and drew it towards his lips, but checking himself, he only pressed it; and in a mournful voice added — "In your prayers, sometimes remember the most desolate of men!"

A mist seemed to pass over the eyes of lady Helen. She felt as if on the point of losing something most precious to her. "My prayers for my preserver and my father's," hardly articulated she, "shall ever be mingled. And, if ever it be safe to remember me — should heaven indeed *arm the patriot's hand* — then my father may be proud to know and thank the brave deliverer of his child."

The knight paused, and looked with animation upon her. "Then your father is in arms, and against the tyrant! Tell me where? and you see before you a man who, with his followers, is ready to join him, and lay down his life in the just cause!"

At this vehement declaration, lady Helen's full heart gave way, and she burst into tears. He drew towards her, and in a moderated voice continued—"My men, though few, are brave; they are devoted to their country, and are willing for her sake to follow me unto victory or death. As I am a knight, I am sworn to defend the cause of right; and where shall I so justly find it as on the side of bleeding, wasted Scotland? How shall I so well begin my career, as in the defence of her injured sons? Speak, gentle lady! trust me with your noble father's name, and he shall not have cause to blame the confidence you repose in a true, though wandering Scot!"

"My father," replied Helen, weeping afresh, "is not where your generous services can reach him. Two brave chiefs, one a kinsman of my own, and the other his friend, are now colleagued to free him. If they fail, my whole house falls in blood; and to add another victim to the destiny which in that case will overwhelm me, the thought is beyond my strength." Faint with agitation and the fears which now awakened, struck her with consternation, she stopped; and then added in a suppressed voice, "Farewell."

"Not till you hear me further," replied he. "I repeat, I have now a scanty number of followers; but I leave these mountains to gather more. Tell me then where I may join these chiefs you speak of; give me a pledge to them that I come from you; and, whoever may be your father, be he but a true Scot, I will compass his release or die in the attempt.'

"Alas! generous stranger," cried she, "to what would you persuade me? You have kindred, you say! What right have I to dispose of a life that must be so dear to them? Alas, you know not the peril that you ask!"

"Nothing is perilous to me," replied he, with a heroic smile, "that is to serve my country. I have no interest, no joy but in her. Give me, then, the only happiness of which I am capable, and send me to serve her by freeing one of her defenders."

Helen hesitated. The tumult of her mind dried her tears.

She looked up with all these inward agitations painted on her cheeks. His beaming eyes were full of patriotic ardour, while his fine countenance, composed into a heavenly calmness by the sublime sentiments of unselfish bravery which occupied his soul, made him appear to her, not as a man, but as a god.

"Fear not, lady," said the hermit, "that you plunge your deliverer into any extraordinary danger, by involving him in what you might call a rebellion against the usurper. He is already outlawed by Edward's representative; and knowing that, fear not to confide your father's fate to him."

"He too, outlawed!" exclaimed she; "wretched indeed is my country when her noblest spirits are denied the right to live! Unhappy are her children, when every step they take to regain what has been torn from them only involves them in deeper ruin!"

"No country is wretched, sweet lady," returned the knight, "till by a dastardly acquiescence it consents to its own slavery. Bonds and death are the utmost of our enemy's malice; the one is beyond their power to inflict, when a man is determined to die or live free; and for the other, which of us will think that ruin which leads us into the blessed freedom of paradise?"

Helen looked on the chief as she used to look on her cousin, when expressions of virtuous enthusiasm burst from his lips; but now it was rather with the gaze of admiring awe, than the exultation of one youthful mind sympathizing with another. "You would teach confidence to despair herself," returned she; "again I hope, for God does not create in vain! You shall know my father; but first, generous stranger, let me apprise you of every danger with which that knowledge is surrounded. He is hemmed in by enemies. Alas, how closely are they connected with him! Not the English only are leagued against him, but the most powerful of his own countrymen join in the confederation. My unhappy self is the victim of a horrid coalition between a Southron chief and two rebel Scots; rebels to their country! for they sold my father to captivity and perhaps death; and I, wretched I, was the price. To free him, the noblest of Scottish knights is now engaged; but such hosts impede him, that hope hardly dares hover over his tremendous path."

"Then," cried the stranger, "send me to him. Let my arm be second to his in the great achievement. My heart yearns to meet a brother in arms who feels for Scotland what I do; and with such a coadjutor as you speak of, I dare promise your father liberty, and that the power of England shall be shaken."

Helen's heart beat violently at these words. "I would not refuse the union of two such minds; go then to the remotest point in Cartlane craigs. But alas! how can I direct you?" cried she, hastily interrupting herself; "the passes are beset with English; and heaven knows whether at this moment the brave Wallace survives to be again the deliverer of my father!"

PORTSMOUTH, LOUISE DE QUÉROUALLE, DUCHESS OF,

One of the mistresses of Charles II. of England, was of a noble family in Lower Brittany, and accompanied the duchess of Orleans from France, when she went to visit the court of her brother in 1670. Louise was at this time about twenty-five, and very beautiful. Her appearance, agreeable manners, and her wit, soon fascinated Charles; and she remained with him, ostensibly as his mistress, but in reality as a spy on his factions in the French interests. There is no disgraceful action in the last years of her royal lover, in which she does not appear as a principal mover. She was raised to the highest honours of the land by Charles, while the French king also bestowed on her the duchy of Aubigné in France. Her pensions and profits were enormous. In 1675, her young son was created duke of Richmond and Lennox. Her influence over the heart and politics of Charles continued unshaken to the last. On his death, in 1685, the duchess went to Paris, where her extravagance finally ruined her, and she had to depend for subsistence on a pension from the French government. She died at Aubigné in France, 1794, in her ninetieth year; a long life of sin and shame, in which not an act is recorded that excites our pity or admiration.

POZZO, ISABELLA DAL,

Was a native of Turin, where, in the church of St. Francesco, is a picture painted by her, representing the Virgin and Child, with several Saints. The date of this piece is 1666 and it is highly esteemed.

PRIE, N. DE BERTELOT, MARCHIONESS DE,

Was mistress to the duke of Bourbon, kinsman and prime minister to Louis XV. The passions of this prince were stronger than his judgment; they had rendered him the slave of his beautiful mistress, who governed in his name. Madame de Prie's ambition had first induced her to endeavour to fascinate the regent; but on learning that he allowed his mistresses no political influence, she directed all her powers of seduction towards the duke of Bourbon. Jealous of the influence of Fleury, bishop of Frejus, over his pupil, the young Louis XV., she induced her lover to remove him from the court. Louis fell into a deep melancholy when he discovered that his beloved preceptor was gone; but upon being reminded by a courtier that he could recall him, the king took the hint, and Fleury returned from exile. Prompted by his personal fears, as well as by a sense of duty, Fleury exposed to his pupil the conduct of the duke of Bourbon and his mistress, and they were sent to different places of exile. Madame de Prie survived her exile only one week. She died in 1727, according to Voltaire of ennui; according to other accounts of poison, administered by her own hand.

PRITCHARD, HANNAH,

An eminent English actress, whose maiden name was Vaughan, was born about 1711. She went on the London stage when very young, and excelled in both tragedy and comedy, especially the latter. She died in 1768.

R.

RADCLIFFE, ANN,

A celebrated romance writer, whose genius and amiability adds lustre to the glory of her sex, was born in London, July 9th, 1764. She was the only child of respectable parents, William and Ann Wood; and in her twenty-third year married Mr. William Radcliffe, who was brought up to the bar, but subsequently became proprietor and editor of the English Chronicle. The peculiar bent of the genius of Mrs. Radcliffe was not manifested till after her marriage; though she had, from childhood, displayed extraordinary powers of mind. That her husband encouraged and promoted her literary pursuits is probable, indeed certain; with her love of home and delicacy of moral sentiment, she would never have pressed onward in a career of public authorship which he

did not approve. Her first, "The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne," was published in 1789, two years after her marriage. This romance did not indicate very high talent; but "The Sicilian Romance," published the following year, showed a decided development of intellectual power. It excited deep interest, attracting by its romantic and numerous adventures, and its beautiful descriptions of scenery. The "Romance of the Forest" appeared in 1791; and "The Mysteries of Udolpho" in 1794. This was the most popular of her performances, and is generally considered her best. "The Italian" was published in 1797.

In examining these varied productions, all written in the course of ten years, we are struck with the evident progress of her mind, and the gradual mastery her will obtained over the resources of her imagination. She had invented a new style of romance, equally distinct from the old tales of chivalry and magic, and from modern representations of credible incidents and living manners. Her works exhibit, in part, the charms of each species of composition, interweaving the miraculous with the probable in consistent narrative, and breathing a tenderness and beauty peculiarly her own. She occupies that middle region between the mighty dreams of the heroic ages and the realities of her own, which remained to be possessed, filled it with glorious imagery, and raised it to the sublimity of Fancy's creative power by the awe of the supernatural, which she, beyond any writer of romances, knew how to inspire.

One of her biographers had well observed, that "her works, in order to produce their greatest impression, should be read first, not in childhood, for which they are too substantial; nor at mature age, for which they may seem too visionary; but at that delightful period of youth, when the soft twilight of the imagination harmonizes with the luxurious and uncertain light cast on their wonders. By those who come at such an age to their perusal, they will never be forgotten."

In the summer of 1794, she made a tour, in company with her husband, through Holland and the western frontier of Germany, returning down the Rhine. This was the first and only occasion on which she quitted England, though the vividness of her descriptions of Italy, Switzerland, and the south of France, in which her scenes are principally laid, induced a general belief that she had visited those countries. After their return from the continent, she made a tour to the English lakes, and published her notes in a quarto volume, which met with a favourable reception.

The great and almost universal popularity of her writings, never inflated the vanity of Mrs. Radcliffe; her private life seems to have been peculiarly calm and sequestered. Declining the personal notoriety that usually attaches in the society of London to literary merit, she sought her chief pleasures and occupations in the bosom of her family. After the publication of her last novel, "The Italian," in 1797, she retired from the world of letters, and for the remainder of her life persisted in refusing to write, or at any rate to publish another. The report that she was deranged, in consequence of an excited imagination, was founded simply on her love of home and quietude. She was beautiful in her person, and much beloved by those who were favoured by her intimacy. Educated in the principles of the church of England, she was pious and sincere in her attachment to the services of religion. During the last twelve years of her life, she suffered much from a spasmodic asthma, which gradually undermined her health. She died February 7th, 1823, aged fifty-eight.

The poetic richness of Mrs. Radcliffe's genius has been acknowledged by many literary names of eminence. In her own time, the author of "The Pursuits of Literature," a critic usually very sparing of praise, gave her the very highest tribute of admiration, pronouncing her a poetess the Florentine muses would have honoured; and Sir Walter Scott, in quoting this eulogium, confirms it with his own opinion. Lord Byron, speaking of his early poetical associations with Venice, puts her in the same line with the most illustrious bards,—

> "And Otway, *Radcliffe*, Schiller, Shakspeare's art,
> Had stamped her image in me."

But Lord Byron paid her a still higher compliment than this; he adopted some of her images, and incorporated them in Childe Harold; and in that beautiful poem, the passages inspired by Mrs. Radcliffe are not the least to be admired. Whoever will read the account of Emily's arrival at Venice, and then will turn to the opening of the fourth canto of Childe Harold, will see how the romance has "stamped" its impressions on the author of the "Romaunt."

Let us cite from the very first stanza:

> "I saw from out the wave her structures rise,
> As from the *stroke of an enchanter's wand*."

Now from the "Mysteries of Udolpho:"

"Its terraces, crowned with airy yet majestic fabrics, appeared as if they had been called up from the ocean by the *wand of an enchanter*."

STANZA TWENTY-SEVEN.

"The moon is up, and yet it is not night—
Sunset divides the day with her; a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains:"——
* * * * *

Byron's exquisite description is too well known to need the entire transcription; but after his admirable picture of "contending day and night," he says:

"Gently flows
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and glassed within it glows—
* * * * * *
Filled with the face of heaven, which, *from afar*,
Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising stars,
Their magical variety diffuse,
And now they change; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains. Parting day—" &c. &c.

"The sun sinking in the west, tinted the waves and lofty mountains of Friuli, which skirt the northern shores of the Adriatic, *with a saffron* glow, while on the marble porticos and colonnades of St. Mark were thrown the rich lights and shades of evening."
* * * * * *

"The shadow of the earth stole gradually over the waves, and then up the towering sides of the mountains, till it extinguished even the last upward beams that had lingered on their summits, and the melancholy purple of evening drew over them like a thin veil. How deep, how beautiful was the tranquillity that wrapped the scene! All nature seemed to repose!"—*Mysteries of Udolpho, chap.* 15.

The poetical thought of a landscape seen by the dying day and rising eve, was due to Mrs. Radcliffe, the localities being the same with those of Byron. Unquestionably his picture is more rich in imagery, more glowing and more detailed, and has the added charm of rhythm; but Mrs. Radcliffe suggested the train of fancy, and her passage may be allowed *pretty well* for a *woman*,

DESCRIPTION OF THE CASTLE OF UDOLPHO.

Towards the close of the day, the road wound into a deep valley. Mountains, whose shaggy steeps appeared to be inaccessible, almost surrounded it. To the east a vista opened, and exhibited the Apennines in their darkest horrors; and the long perspective of retiring summits rising over each other, their ridges clothed with pines, exhibited a stronger image of grandeur than any that Emily had yet seen. The sun had just sunk below the top of the mountains she was descending, whose long shadow stretched athwart the valley; but his sloping rays, shooting through an opening of the cliffs, touched with a yellow gleam the summits of the forest that hung upon the opposite steeps, and streamed in full splendour upon the towers and battlements of a castle that spread its extensive ramparts along the brow of a precipice above. The splendour of these illumined objects was heightened by the contrasted shade which involved the valley below.

"There," said Montoni, speaking for the first time in several hours, "is Udolpho."

Emily gazed with melancholy awe upon the castle, which she understood to be Montoni's; for, though it was now lighted up by the setting sun, the Gothic greatness of its features, and its mouldering walls of dark grey stone, rendered it a gloomy and sublime object. As she gazed, the light died away on its walls, leaving a melancholy purple tint, which spread deeper and deeper as the thin vapour crept up the mountain, while the battlements above were still tipped with splendour. From these, too, the rays soon faded, and the whole edifice was invested with the solemn duskiness of evening. Silent, lonely, and sublime, it seemed to stand the sovereign of the scene, and to frown defiance on all who dared to invade its solitary reign. As the twilight deepened, its features became more awful in obscurity, and Emily continued to gaze till its clustering towers were alone seen rising over the tops of the woods, beneath whose thick shade the carriages soon after began to ascend.

The extent and darkness of these tall woods awakened terrific images in her mind, and she almost expected to see banditti start up from under the trees. At length the carriages emerged upon a heathy rock, and soon after reached the castle gates, where the deep tone of the portal bell, which was struck upon to give notice of their arrival, increased the fearful emotions that had assailed Emily. While they waited till the servant within should come to open the gates, she anxiously surveyed the edifice; but the gloom that overspread it allowed her to distinguish little more than a part of its outline, with the massy walls of the ramparts, and to know that it was vast, ancient, and dreary. From the parts she saw, she judged of the heavy strength and extent of the whole. The gateway before her, leading into the courts, was of gigantic size, and was defended by two round towers, crowned by overhanging turrets, embattled, where, instead of banners, now waved long grass and wild plants that had taken root among the mouldering stones, and which seemed to sigh, as the breeze rolled past, over the desolation around them. The towers were united by a curtain, pierced and embattled also, below which appeared the pointed arch of a huge portcullis surmounting the gates; from these the walls of the ramparts extended to other towers, overlooking the precipice, whose shattered outline, appearing on a gleam that lingered in the west, told of the ravages of war. Beyond these all was lost in the obscurity of evening.

From "The Italian."

ENGLISH TRAVELLERS VISIT A NEAPOLITAN CHURCH.

Within the shade of the portico, a person with folded arms, and eyes directed towards the ground, was pacing behind the pillars the whole extent of the pavement, and was apparently so engaged by his own thoughts as not to observe that strangers were approaching. He turned, however, suddenly, as if startled by the sound of steps, and then, without farther pausing, glided to a door that opened into the church, and disappeared.

There was something too extraordinary in the figure of this man, and too singular in his conduct, to pass unnoticed by the visitors. He was of a tall thin figure, bending forward from the shoulders; of a sallow complexion and harsh features; and had an eye which, as it looked up from the cloak that muffled the lower part of his countenance, was expressive of uncommon ferocity.

The travellers, on entering the church, looked round for the stranger who had passed thither before them, but he was nowhere to be seen; and through all the shade of the long aisles only one other person appeared. This was a friar of the adjoining convent, who sometimes pointed out to strangers the objects in the church which were most worthy of attention, and who now, with this design, approached the party that had just entered.

When the party had viewed the different shrines, and whatever had been judged worthy of observation, and were returning through an obscure aisle towards the portico, they perceived the person who had appeared upon the steps passing towards a confessional on the left; and as he entered it, one of the party pointed him out to the friar, and enquired who he was. The friar, turning to look after him, did not immediately reply; but on the question being repeated, he inclined his head as

in a kind of obeisance, and calmly replied, "He is an assassin."

"An assassin!" exclaimed one of the Englishmen; "an assassin, and at liberty?"

An Italian gentleman who was of the party smiled at the astonishment of his friend.

"He has sought sanctuary here," replied the friar; "within these walls he may not be hurt."

"Do your altars, then, protect a murderer?" said the Englishman.

"He could find shelter nowhere else," answered the friar meekly.

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"But observe yonder confessional," added the Italian, "that beyond the pillars on the left of the aisle, below a painted window. Have you discovered it? The colours of the glass throw, instead of a light, a shade over that part of the church, which perhaps prevents your distinguishing what I mean."

The Englishman looked whither his friend pointed, and observed a confessional of oak, or some very dark wood, adjoining the wall, and remarked also that it was the same which the assassin had just entered. It consisted of three compartments, covered with a black canopy. In the central division was the chair of the confessor, elevated by several steps above the pavement of the church; and on either hand was a small closet or box, with steps leading up to a grated partition, at which the penitent might kneel, and, concealed from observation, pour into the ear of the confessor the consciousness of crimes that lay heavy at his heart.

"You observe it?" said the Italian.

"I do," replied the Englishman; "it is the same which the assassin had passed into, and I think it one of the most gloomy spots I ever beheld; the view of it is enough to strike a criminal with despair."

"We in Italy are not so apt to despair," replied the Italian, smilingly.

"Well, but what of this confessional?" inquired the Englishman. "The assassin entered it."

"He has no relation with what I am about to mention," said the Italian; "but I wish you to mark the place, because some very extraordinary circumstances belong to it."

"What are they?" said the Englishman.

"It is now several years since the confession which is connected with them was made at that very confessional," added the Italian; "the view of it, and the sight of the assassin, with your surprise at the liberty which is allowed him, led me to a recollection of the story. When you return to the hotel I will communicate it to you, if you have no pleasanter mode of engaging your time."

"After I have taken another view of this solemn edifice," replied the Englishman, "and particularly of the confessional you have pointed to my notice."

While the Englishman glanced his eye over the high roofs and along the solemn perspectives of the Santa del Pianto, he perceived the figure of the assassin stealing from the confessional across the choir, and, shocked on again beholding him, he turned his eyes and hastily quitted the church.

The friends then separated, and the Englishman soon after returning to his hotel, received the volume. He read as follows.

After such an introduction, who could fail to continue the perusal of the story? Scott has said that one of the fine scenes in "The Italian," where Schedoni the monk (an admirably-drawn character) is "in the act of raising his arm to murder his sleeping victim, and discovers her to be his own child, is of a new, grand, and powerful character; and the horrors of the wretch who, on the brink of murder, has just escaped from committing a crime of yet more exaggerated horror, constitute the strongest painting which has been produced by Mrs. Radcliffe's pencil, and form a crisis well fitted to be actually embodied on canvass by some great master." This has been done by an American artist, the late Washington Allston. The picture is one of great merit, effect, and beauty.

RAMBOUILLET, CATHARINE DE VIVONNE, MARCHIONESS DE,

Was the wife of Charles d'Angennes, marquis de Rambouillet. She was virtuous and intellectual, and her house the resort of all men of learning. There the great Corneille read his tragedies, and there Bossuet, at the age of sixteen, displayed those oratorical talents for which he afterwards became so celebrated. She lived in the seventeenth century.

RAMSAY, MARTHA LAURENS,

Was born in Charleston, S. C., November 3d, 1759. She was the daughter of Henry Laurens, whose ancestors were Huguenots. She spent ten years in England and France, during the latter part of which time she resided at Paris with her father, who was acting there as minister plenipotentiary from this country. While there, her father gave her five hundred guineas, the greater part of which she employed in purchasing French Testaments for distribution, and in establishing a school. She returned to Charleston in 1785, and in 1787 married Dr. David Ramsay. Mrs. Ramsay was a woman of piety, learning, and great benevolence. She assisted her husband in his literary pursuits, fitted her sons for college, and performed all her domestic duties in the most exemplary manner, showing herself a pattern for her sex, and proving how salutary the enlightened moral influence of woman may become. She died in June, 1811, aged fifty-one.

From her published correspondence, we give a few

LETTERS TO HER SON AT COLLEGE.

June 13, 1810.

An open, candid disposition endears a young person much to his friends, and must make him very comfortable to himself. That sort of reserve which arises from a consciousness of having wasted the time which ought to have been devoted to study; and being consequently unprepared for answering any questions proposed; or from a sullen, unyielding temper, which shrinks from investiga-

tion, except when, proceeding from tutors and masters, it cannot be avoided, is a reserve so unlovely that I witness it with pain, and I do most earnestly beseech you to strive against such a temper, which, if unresisted and unsubdued, will show itself on a thousand occasions besides that specified above. Even an incorrect answer, if given in an amiable tone of voice, indicating a desire to be set right if found in error, is preferable to silence, or to an unwilling reply, even if a correct one. God has given you an excellent understanding. Oh, make use of it for wise purposes; acknowledge it as his gift; and let it regulate your conduct, and harmonize your passions. Be industrious; be amiable. Every act of self-denial will bring its own reward with it, and make the next step in duty and in virtue easier and more pleasant than the former.

* * * * * *

TO THE SAME.

July 18, 1810.

From the tenor of your last letter, it may be fairly inferred that you are dissatisfied with the strictness of a collegiate course; and if you should not go through a collegiate course, what then? Can you go through any virtuous course without economy, industry, and self-denial? Can you fit yourself for usefulness on earth, or happiness in heaven, in any other way than doing your duty in the station in which God has placed you? And if your chief ambition is, without caring whether you are as wise or good, to wish at least to be richer than your father and mother, will not a diligent attention to collegiate studies and duties be the readiest method to fit you for such eminence, in whatever profession you choose, as shall enable you to attain this golden treasure? I assure you, many young men with less means than you have, or are likely to have, (for nothing really necessary or comfortable, I trust in Providence, shall be wanting to you,) have felt it a great privilege to go through a collegiate course, and have afterward come to be eminent, respectable, and wealthy.

I would never wish my judgment to be warped by my feelings, especially by offended feelings, to do any thing harsh. I would rather even have it blinded by such affection for my dear children, as would make my tenderness overstep, perhaps, the exact bound of maternal prudence; both extremes would be best avoided. "Give me thine heart, my son," is the language of Scripture; and where there is any heart worth giving or worth having, I believe it is seldom refused to the authors of our being, the protectors of our infancy; to the father, whose fond ambition it is to see his son distinguished in life; the mother, who, with a throbbing heart and moistened eye, is continually addressing the throne of heaven for the welfare of her dear child; and to the sisters, ever ready to reciprocate the tender charities of domestic endearment, and ever cheerfully sacrificing something of their own convenience for the advancement of their brothers. I pray God to bless you, and to give you grace to make a good use of an understanding, which I am sure you possess, to give a right bias to energies and sensibilities, which, wrongly directed, will make you foolish and miserable. With sincere prayers for your improvement in wisdom and virtue, wishing you an affectionate heart and industrious habits, I remain your faithful friend, your tender mother.

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FROM SEVERAL LETTERS TO THE SAME.

Your vacation is now at no great distance. I hope you are not trifling away this prime of your days, content with such attainments as will excuse you from censure; but emulous of ranking with the most studious, most prudent, and most virtuous of your companions. I wish I could inspire you with a laudable ambition, and with feelings that would make you avoid any unnecessary intercourse with the bucks, the fops, the idlers of college; and think that the true intention of going to a seminary of learning is to attain science, and fit you hereafter to rank among men of literary and public consequence.

* * * * *

Could you know my anxiety about you, independently of nobler motives, I think even a spirit of compassion for an afflicted friend would make you conduct yourself wisely. In the course of a life, not yet very long, I have seen many young persons, with every possible advantage for cultivating their talents, improving their minds, and becoming estimable members of society, lost to themselves, a disgrace to their friends, plagues to society, or mere cyphers in it, from indolence, a slight manner of pursuing their studies, smoking, drinking, an excessive love of finery, of trifling company, or some similar evil indulged in, between the age of fifteen and twenty. Oh, how I shudder, and what a death-like faintness and oppression seizes my poor heart, at the thoughts of how I stand in the persons of sons exposed to such a calamity! With bended knees and streaming eyes, I pray my God send me help, and ward off such a stroke. I have also seen those who, with very scanty means, and almost under every possible disadvantage, have, under the smiles of heaven, been friends, money, advice to themselves, and have risen to shine as lights in the world. Others, again, I have seen, who, not having to struggle like these last, constantly against wind and tide, and supported only by their own efforts, but situated like yourself under happier circumstances, have repaid the labours of a father, and the tender exertions of a mother, by doing their part well, and returning home from their different seminaries of education, just such as their parents could wish. Oh, my God, grant that this may be the case with us.

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Your time for improvement will be quickly past; if it is not improved, you will find yourself grown up with the pride of what you call a gentleman; you will have no patrimony to lean upon; your natural talents will be of comparatively little consequence to you, and you will have no talents so cultivated, and ready to be brought into action, as

to make you capable of building up a fortune for yourself; and of all the mean objects in creation, a lazy, poor, proud gentleman, especially if he is a dressy fellow, is the meanest; and yet this is generally the character of young men of good family and slender fortunes, unless they take an early turn to learning and science.

* * * * *

I could wish to write you many little local and domestic matters of news or amusements, but terrified as I am by hearing nothing from you—*nothing from you*, and interpreting this, *no news* from a cherished son, as bad news—my mind is quite out of tune for any thing of the lighter kind. I was so much attached to my father, and to the uncle and aunt who brought me up, that I lived in the habit of the greatest intimacy with them; your sisters can hardly enjoy a girlish note, or a party of pleasure, unless mamma shares in it or knows all about it; and this is so generally the case with virtuous and affectionate children, that wherever there is silence, I dread lest there should be also mystery. I shall rejoice to find it otherwise in your case; and longing to hear from you, and committing the guidance of your youthful steps to that God to whom I pray for you by day and by night.

RANCOURT, SOPHIE,

An eminent French actress, the daughter of an actor, was born at Nancy, 1756. She appeared at Paris in 1772, and soon acquired great celebrity in her profession. She was imprisoned during the French revolution, in 1793, for six months. After Napoleon's accession to power, he took her under his protection. She died January 15th 1815.

RAVIRA, FELETTO ELEONORA, OF CASALE,

Was the wife of George Feletto, counsellor of Villa and lord of Melazzo. She was very much praised by contemporary authors, and has left many small poems, remarkably well written. She flourished in 1559; but no dates of the events of her life are to be obtained.

READ, CATHARINE,

Was an English lady, who distinguished herself by portrait-painting, both in oil and crayons. One of her first and best performances, was the likeness of Queen Charlotte, painted immediately after her arrival in England. Another remarkable portrait of her painting, was that of the female historian, Mrs. Macaulay, represented in the character of a Roman matron, weeping over the lost liberties of her country. About 1770, Miss Read went to the East Indies, where she resided some years; but on her return, still continued to exercise her profession to extreme old age. She died about 1786.

RECAMIER, JEANNE FRANÇOISE JULIE ADELAIDE BERNARAL,

Was born at Lyons in 1778, and was probably the most beautiful and graceful woman of her day. She married in 1795, M. Recamier, a man of large fortune. Her house, at that time, was resorted to by all the marked characters of Europe; and her drawing-room celebrity is perhaps the first of the age. Her father was imprisoned for some treasonable dealings with the Chouans, in his capacity of administrator of the ports. Madame Recamier solicited his pardon from Napoleon, who granted his acquittal, but refused to reinstate him. This fascinating woman was accustomed to obtain everything she asked for, and she never could forgive Bonaparte for resisting her, though on a point where, what her party termed his severity, seemed reasonable and necessary. Her friends deny this statement, and declare that she never demanded more than her father's liberty; and that the real origin of the animosity manifested by her to the hero was an ill-conditioned jealousy on his part, which made him vexed at all admiration bestowed on others, even when a pretty woman was its object. Madame Recamier was fondly attached to the celebrated Madame de Stael, and courageously proved her friendship by going to Coppet at a time when it was intimated to her that this measure would prevent her returning to Paris; as Napoleon included the friends of Madame de Stael among his own enemies. It was at Coppet that prince Augustus of Prussia, brother of the late king, became violently enamoured of the beautiful Frenchwoman; he even attempted to persuade her to obtain a divorce from M. Recamier, that she might become his princess. Her religious principles would not allow her to listen with approval to this proposal. After leaving Coppet, Madame Recamier resided at Lyons two years. As she determined to take no steps for the repeal of her exile, she decided upon a journey to Italy. There, as everywhere else, she was received with universal and lively admiration. Painters copied her loveliness; Canova has perpetuated her features in marble. Madame Recamier's sentence of banishment was never reversed. She returned to Paris with the Bourbons. After the death of Madame de Stael she took up her residence at the abbaye aux Bois, where, though out of the tumult of dissipated society, she enjoyed the intimate friendship and constant visits of an extended circle of literary and otherwise distinguished persons. Among these may be mentioned Chateaubriand and Guizot. For some years before her death she became blind, an affliction which she bore with the most gracious serenity; never complaining of it, except as it prevented her attentions to her friends. She died on the 10th of May, 1849, of the cholera. Her distinguishing traits were an extreme sweetness of disposition and tenderness of heart, which obtained her the affection of all about her. It should be noted that she was quite unspoiled by the homage that was always paid to her extraordinary beauty.

REEVE, CLARA,

A novelist, born in 1738, at Ipswich, was the daughter of a clergyman, who gave her a good education. Her first work was a translation of Barclay's "Argenis," published in 1772. Her

subsequent productions are, "The Old English Baron;" "The Two Mentors;" "The Progress of Romance;" "The Exile;" and "Memoirs of Sir Roger de Clarendon." Her novels are all marked by good sense and pure morality, and were well received at the time they were written, especially "The Old English Baron," on which her fame now almost exclusively rests.

Mr. Chambers asserts that an early admiration of "The Castle of Otranto," induced Miss Reeve to imitate it in her "Gothic Story." He adds—"In some respects the lady has the advantage of Walpole; her supernatural machinery is better managed, so as to produce a mysteriousness and effect; but her style has not the point or elegance of her prototype." Passing strange it would have been, had this retired country maiden, who had only an imperfect education, the few works and opportunities of knowledge accessible to a woman in a provincial town, equalled Horace Walpole in the art of composition, which he had studied and practised with all appliances and means men of station and wealth can command, from his youth till he was nearly fifty, before he produced "The Castle of Otranto." That she has not failed, but rather excelled him, where genius only was concerned, is sufficient to ensure her fame. She was much respected and beloved, and led a very retired quiet life. She died in 1803.

REISKE, ERNESTINE CHRISTINE,

Whose maiden name was Müller, was the wife of Johann Jacob Reiske. She was born, April 2d, 1735, at Kumberg, a small town near Wittemberg, in Prussian Saxony. In 1755, she became acquainted with Reiske at Leipzic, where she was making a visit. Her beauty, modesty, goodness, and love of literature, attracted the eminent scholar, and, although he was twenty years her senior, they became very much attached to each other; but, owing to the war then raging in Saxony, they were not married till 1764. In order to help her husband in his literary labours, Christine acquired under his instructions a thorough knowledge of Latin and Greek, which rendered her of the greatest assistance to him. She copied and collated his manuscripts, arranged the various readings that he had collected, and read and corrected the proof-sheets of his works. Her attachment for him and her respect for his memory are strongly shown in the supplement to his autobiography, which she completed from the 1st of January, 1770, till his death on the 14th of August, 1774. The gratitude of Reiske, and the ardour of his affection, are not less strongly expressed, both in the autobiography just mentioned and in the prefaces to some of his works. After the death of Reiske, his wife published several works that he had left unfinished, and also two works of her own, one called "Hellas," in 1778; and the other, entitled "Zur Moral: aus dem Griechischen ubersatzt von E. C. Reiske;" a work containing translations from the Greek to the German. After her husband's death she lived successively at Leipzic, Dresden, and Brunswick; and died at Kamberg, July 27th, 1798, aged sixty-three.

RENARD, CECILE.

The history of this young girl exhibits the moral phenomenon of the apathy to all that human nature usually shrinks from, which may be produced by living in the constant atmosphere of danger and dismay. Her fate and conduct somewhat, at first sight, resemble those of Charlotte Corday; but upon examination, nothing can be more different. Charlotte Corday, enthusiastic, animated, energetic, set about her purpose in the most sanguine hopes of sacrificing herself for her country; while the aimless act of Cecile seemed produced by disgust of life, and despair of improvement in public affairs. She was born at Paris, the daughter of a stationer. She and her eldest brother occupied themselves in the business of the shop, while the two others were enlisted in the army. Without possessing remarkable beauty, her appearance was very striking and agreeable. She was twenty years of age when she stepped out of the obscurity of private life, and brought herself into the history of Robespierre. It has been said that her hatred to the latter arose from his causing the execution of a young man to whom she was attached; this is an anecdote that wants confirmation, and it is impossible to admit it as a fact. The truth is, she was educated in an aversion to the terrible order of things then prevalent; her imagination was struck with the torrents of blood, the frightful shocks, that daily occurred; and her family, attached to the royalist party, made its losses, and the horrors of the existing government, a constant theme of their private conversations. Her fancy became morbid, her reason perverted, until she considered life an insufferable burden; and she resolved to free herself from it, in a way that should manifest her opinions. With this object, on the 23d of May, 1794, she went to the house of Robespierre, carrying a bundle. When they told her he was out, she declared he neglected his duties, and that for her part she would give all she possessed to have a king. This, in those days, was enough to have cost her a hundred lives, if she had had them. She was taken to the comité, and asked what she wanted with Robespierre? "I wanted to see how a tyrant looks." Why she wanted a king? "Because we have five hundred tyrants, and I prefer one king." Why she carried a bundle? "Because, as I expected to go to prison, I wanted a change of clothes." Two knives were found in her bundle—she was asked if she intended to assassinate Robespierre? She said, "No; that she always carried a knife, and in this case had taken the second by mistake; but that they might think as they pleased about it." Being asked who were her accomplices, she denied having any, or the existence of any plot. An old aunt of Cecile, an ex-nun, together with her father and brothers, were involved in her condemnation. Cecile, dragged to the scaffold, never wavered an instant in her firmness; this girl of twenty met death with the resolution and unmoved demeanour of a stoic.

RÉNÉE DE FRANCE, DUCHESS OF FERRARA,

Born at Blois, in 1510, was the daughter of Louis XII. and Anne of Brittany. She was married, in 1527, to Hercules II. of Este, duke of Ferrara. She was a princess of great capacity and thirst of knowledge, and much interested in the religious controversies of the times. Calvin, who went in disguise from France to Italy to see her, brought her over to his opinions, and her court at Ferrara became the refuge of all those suspected of heresy. Her conduct so displeased the court of France, that the king, Henry II., sent the following instructions to the duke of Ferrara;

"If the duchess persists in her errors, she must be separated from all conversation; her children must be taken from her; and all her domestics, who are greatly suspected of heresy, must be prosecuted. With regard to the princess herself, the king refers to the prudence of her husband."

Her four children were, therefore, successively taken from her and brought into France, to be educated in the Roman Catholic faith. After the duke's death, in 1559, the princess returned to France, to reside in her castle of Montargis. The duke of Guise having summoned her to deliver up some Protestants who had taken refuge with her, she replied, "That she would not deliver them, and that if he should attack the castle, she would be the first to place herself in the breach, to see if he would dare to kill a king's daughter." She was obliged to send away four hundred and sixty persons, to whom she had given asylum; she parted from them in tears, after providing for the expenses of their journey. This princess died at Montargis, in 1575. She was slightly deformed in her person, but elegant manners, and graceful eloquence, more than compensated for this disadvantage.

RICCOBONI, MARIE LABORAS-MEZIERES,

Was born at Paris, in 1714. She married Luigi Riccoboni, an actor, and also an author of several successful comedies, and of various works on the literature of the drama. He was considered the first among the Italian comedians, but he retired from the stage, owing to religious scruples. His wife contributed, by her taste and her advice, to the success of his productions. Before Madame Riccoboni, the novels of the abbé Prevost enjoyed a great reputation; doubtless these gave the impulse to this lady when she timidly presented to the public works of the same description, but which were destined entirely to eclipse the tedious commonplaces and unnatural incidents which make up the "Dean of Coleraine," the "Adventures of a Man of Quality," &c.

Madame Riccoboni has written quite a numerous collection of fictitious histories, the least interesting of which would not suffer in comparison with any of the contemporary novels; the best is usually considered to be "Juliette de Catesby;" it is written with grace and vivacity, the thoughts are true and well expressed, and the details natural and interesting. She also translated Fielding's "Amelia," and made a continuation of Marivaux's "Mariane," with a most successful imitation of the style and manners of that author. Madame Riccoboni died in poverty, at the age of sixty-eight, in 1762. With her abilities, her worth, and her amiable disposition, she deserved a happier fate.

RICH, FRANCES,

Youngest daughter of Oliver Cromwell, was born in December, 1638. She was probably handsome, as she received many splendid offers of marriage; among others, one from Charles II. himself, then in exile. Cromwell refused, saying that "Charles would never forgive the death of his father." The duke d'Enghien, eldest son of the prince de Condé, was another suitor of Frances Cromwell. On the 11th of November, 1657, she married Robert Rich, grandson and heir to Robert, earl of Warwick, the protector settling £15,000 on his daughter. Mr. Rich died three months after the marriage, and some time after, Mrs. Rich married Sir John Russel, by whom she had several children. She died Jan. 27th, 1721, at the age of eighty-four.

RICHMOND, DUCHESS OF,

A beautiful and noble lady, who lived during the reign of James I., was the daughter of the earl of Binden. Her two grandfathers, the duke of Norfolk and duke of Buckingham, had both lost their lives for aspiring to the throne. She fell in love with a vintner, of the name of Prannel, and married him. He died in a few years after their marriage, leaving her a beautiful and wealthy widow. She was next engaged to Sir George Rodney, but dismissing him for the earl of Hertford, Sir George committed suicide. This, however, had little effect upon her. Her conduct was marked with great levity, and she was suspected of several intrigues. After the death of the earl, she married the duke of Richmond; and after his death she aspired but unsuccessfully, to the hand of James I.

RIEDESEL, FREDERICA, BARONESS DE,

Was the daughter of Masson, the Prussian minister of state, and was born in Brandenburgh, in 1746. In 1763, she married lieutenant-colonel Baron de Riedesel, who was appointed, in 1777, to the command of the Brunswick forces in the British service in America, and his wife accompanied him to this country with her three young children. She was with that part of the army commanded by General Burgoyne, during all their disasters, till the defeat at Saratoga, exposed often to privations and dangers from which many of the soldiers would have shrunk. After the capitulation of Burgoyne, Riedesel, who was taken prisoner, was sent to Cambridge, and afterwards to Virginia, but in 1779, was allowed to go to New York. His wife accompanied him in all his wanderings. In 1780, General Riedesel was exchanged; in 1781, they went to Canada; and in 1788, they returned to Germany, where the

husband died, in 1800. After this event, the baroness resided in Berlin, where she died, in 1808. She founded there an asylum for military orphans, and an alms-house for the poor in Brunswick.

ROCHE, MARIE SOPHIE DE LA,

A VERY talented German authoress, was born on the 6th of December, 1731, at Kaufbeuren. Her father, Von Gutermann, a very learned physician, educated her with great care. When she was only five, Sophie had read the Bible through. Von Gutermann removed from Kaufbeuren to Augsburg, where he was appointed town-physician, and dean of the medical faculty, when his daughter was sixteen. Here she had a better opportunity to cultivate her mind, in which attempt she received great assistance from Dr. Biancani, of Bologna, physician to the prime bishop of Augsburg. He became very much attached to, and wished to marry her; but the father of Sophie opposed the match, on account of the difference of religious opinions, Biancani being a Roman Catholic and Von Gutermann a Lutheran. This disappointment so affected Sophie, that she wished to enter a convent, but was prevented by her father. From this time, she devoted herself to study and reading, and soon after, with her two sisters and her brother, she went to Riberach, to reside with her grandfather, a senator in that city. After his death, she removed to the house of Wieland, a relation of hers, then curate of St. Maria Magdalena, but afterwards senior of the ministry.

Here Sophie became acquainted with young Wieland, who drew her attention to German literature. A strong attachment sprung up between them, and they became engaged. He went to Switzerland, to obtain some employment that might enable them to marry, and was obliged to remain there eight years. During this long absence, misunderstandings, arising from the noblest motives, estranged them; and when, in 1760, Wieland returned to Riberach to assume his new office of counsellor, he found Sophie the wife of M. de la Roche, counsellor of state, in Maine, and superintendent of the estates of Count Stadion. The friendship of Wieland and Sophie was resumed, and continued uninterrupted till their death, a period of more than fifty years. She also continued her studies with unabated zeal.

La Roche, after the death of Count Stadion, removed to Coblentz, where he lived for ten years as counsellor of state. From some unknown cause, perhaps some letters on monkery, of which La Roche was said to be the author, he fell into disgrace; and from that time they lived a very retired life, first at Speier, afterwards at Offenbach, where M. de la Roche died, in 1789. In 1791, Madame de la Roche lost a son, Francis, whose death caused her the deepest sorrow. She herself survived till 1807.

Sophie was a tender and an affectionate wife and mother, and a warm philanthropist. She wrote a number of works, which showed her to be a woman of intellect, knowledge, and experience. Her favourite studies were philosophy and the abstruse sciences. In writing, however, she succeeded best in romances, in which she showed great powers of imagination and knowledge of the human heart. Her principal works are, "History of the Lady of Sternberg;" to which Wieland wrote a preface; "Letters of Rosalie," "My Writing-Desk," "Pomona," "Rosalie and Cleeberg," "Letters to Lina," "Letters on Mannheim," "History of Miss Leni," "Apparitions on Lake Oneida," "Moral Stories," "New Stories," "Fanny and Julia," "The Beautiful Picture of Resignation," "Love Cottages," "Autumn Days;" the last work she published, is called "Melusina's Summer-Night." She then shut up her desk, that she might not survive herself as an authoress. Wieland also wrote a preface to this work; having introduced her in the commencement of her literary career, he accompanied her to the close.

ROCHES, MESDAMES DES,

WERE two celebrated ladies of Poitiers, in France, who lived in the sixteenth century. The elder was named Madeleine Neveu, wife of André Fradonet, seigneur Des Roches, and her daughter, Catharine. They were very learned, wise, and virtuous. Madame des Roches became a widow fifteen years after her marriage, and devoted herself entirely to the education of her daughter, in whom she found a very dear friend, and a rival who excelled her. They devoted themselves principally to writing poetry; and their verses show their great attachment to each other, and also that they met with many sorrows. Catharine was so attached to her mother, that she would never marry, although she had many worthy suitors. They express, in their writings, a strong desire not to survive each other; and their wish was gratified; for they died the same day, of a plague that ravaged Poitiers, in 1587. Madame des Roches was born in 1531.

ROHAN, ANNE DE,

DAUGHTER of Catharine de Parthenai, heiress of the house of Soubise, was born in 1562, and acquired, like her mother, a high reputation in the literary world. She would have been one of the greatest poetesses of her age, but her devoted piety turned her talent into another channel. She died unmarried, in 1646. She was a Protestant, and was celebrated for her courage, as well as her learning.

ROHAN, FRANCES DE, LADY DE LA GARNACHE,

WAS daughter to Renatus de Rohan and Isabella d'Albret, daughter of John d'Albret, king of Navarre, and was, consequently, cousin-german to Joan d'Albret, mother to Henry IV. She was betrothed to the duke de Nemours, by whom she had a son; but he becoming tired of her, obtained from the pope a dissolution of his engagement, as the lady de Rohan had declared herself a Protestant, and married the widow of the duke of Guise. The lady de la Garnache, or the duchess de Loudonnois, as she was sometimes called, maintained herself dexterously in her estate during the civil wars.

ROHAN, MARIE ELEONORE DE,

Celebrated for her piety and talents, was the daughter of Hercule de Rohan-Guémeni, duke de Montbazon. She was born in 1628, and educated in a convent. Of high birth and fortune, beautiful and accomplished, Eleonore, at the age of eighteen, notwithstanding the tears of her father, and the entreaties of her friends, resolved to enter a convent. She became a member of the Benedictine convent at Montargis, and was soon after named abbess La Trinité de Caen. This dignity she wished to decline, but was compelled to accept it. She fulfilled all the duties of this office with gentleness, propriety, and wisdom. She gave singular proofs of her mild firmness in maintaining the rights and privileges of the abbey.

Her health obliged her to remove to Malnoue, near Paris; and in 1669, she was solicited to take upon herself also the government of another community. In the intervals of her duties, she applied herself to study. She composed a paraphrase on the Proverbs, called "Morale de Sólomon;" "A Discourse on Wisdom," and several other tracts. To the modesty and gentleness of her own sex, she united the wisdom and learning of the other. She died in 1681.

ROLAND, MARIE JEANNE,

Wife of the celebrated patriot of that name, was born at Paris, in 1754. Her father, M. Philipon, was an engraver of much talent, her mother was a woman of an uncommonly elevated character. The little Manon, as Madame Roland was called when a child, showed her peculiarly ardent and enthusiastic temperament very early. Happily for her, she was surrounded from her youth by those pure and religious influences which, notwithstanding the skepticism of the age, still lingers in the humble home of the bourgeoise. Naturally reserved, though animated and eager, she required constant occupation; she never remembered having learned to read; by the time she was four, all the trouble of her education was over; it was only necessary to keep her well supplied with books. Flowers were the only thing that could make her voluntarily give up her reading. But her mother, to prepare her for her future duties, often required her to leave her studies, and assist her in all the household occupations. Dancing, music, drawing, geography, and even Latin, she acquired readily; and rising at five in the morning, she stole, half dressed, to her studies. As to books, none came amiss to her. She devoured alike, the Bible, romances, Lives of the Saints, or "Memoirs of Mademoiselle de Montpensier."

But Plutarch was her chief delight; at the age of nine, she carried it to church with her secretly, and from that time she dated her first republican feelings and opinions. When she was about eleven, she became very religious; and at the time of her first communion, always a ceremony of necessity and importance in the Roman Catholic church, she was so carried away by her religious emotions, that she threw herself at her parents' feet, and with torrents of tears, begged them to allow her to go to a convent to prepare for the great event. Her request was granted; and her gravity, her devotion, and her great quickness in learning, soon made her a favourite among the community in which she was placed. Upon the day when she was to take the sacrament for which she had prepared, by her seclusion, long prayers, and meditation, her excited imagination, and her excessive devotion, made it necessary for her to be almost carried to the altar by one of the nuns. In this retreat, she formed a friendship with a young girl of her own age, Sophie Canet, which lasted during her whole life. Though the religious sentiments she then experienced yielded at a later period to the skepticism of the age, their purifying influence is to be traced through every stage of her existence. The philosophic and popular spirit which had been gradually descending through every class of the nation, began to pervade the bourgeoise, and, in spite of the obscurity of her birth and station, Manon could not feel indifferent to the welfare of her country; she adopted eagerly the popular doctrines of equality and brotherhood.

She was not insensible to the charms of pomp and splendour, but she was indignant that its chief object was to elevate still higher persons already too powerful, and who had nothing commendable in themselves. In a visit she paid to the court, she became soon disgusted with it. "If I remain much longer," said she to her mother, while urging her to depart, "I shall soon detest the people I see so much, that I shall not be able to control my hatred." "What injury have they done you?" "They make me feel their injustice and their absurdity." These republican sentiments increased the stoical nature of her character; she looked upon life as a struggle and a duty. Her beauty attracted many admirers, but she refused all offers; her superiority to those of her own rank rendering her naturally repugnant to marriage.

M. Philipon was not kind to his wife. The ascendency which his daughter had over him, enabled her to control his ebullitions of temper, so

that after she was grown, her mother was in a great measure protected from them. In 1775, she lost this adored mother, and her grief on the occasion nearly cost her her life. For two weeks she lay in terrible convulsions, struggling all the time with a sense of suffocation. A letter from her friend, Sophie Canet, at length enabled her to weep, an effect the physicians had been trying in vain to produce, and she recovered.

After her mother's death, her father became careless and dissipated, and nearly ruined himself. Mademoiselle Philipon took refuge in her books from her troubles; the works of Rosseau especially interested her. At the same time, Sophie Canet wrote to her often about a man whom she had met in the society near Amiens, where she resided; and when this gentleman, M. Roland, went to Paris, she gave him a letter to Mademoiselle Philipon. They were mutually pleased with each other, and corresponded from that time till their marriage, five years after, in 1789.

M. Roland was a manufacturer of Lyons, a grave, severe man, then on the verge of fifty. Reserved and abrupt in his manners, few would have thought him likely to fascinate a young and beautiful woman. Nor was it love that attracted her to him. Love she looked upon—it was thought through the influence of some youthful disappointment—as a beautiful chimera. Beneath the austere aspect of Roland, she saw and admired a soul, in its stern and unyielding virtues, worthy of an ancient philosopher. In her enthusiasm, she overrated his qualities; he proved a selfish, exacting husband; but her sense of duty, and the high esteem she felt for his qualities, enabled her to bear her lot with cheerfulness.

The opening of the French revolution drew her from the retirement of private life. She accompanied her husband, in 1791, to Paris, upon his being sent there by the municipality of Lyons. Her beauty, enthusiasm, and eloquence, soon exercised a powerful fascination over her husband's friends. Péthion, Buzot, Brissot, and Robespierre, met constantly at her house, and she was a deeply interested observer of all that passed. Madame Roland had little faith in constitutional monarchy; her aspirations were for a republic, pure, free, and glorious as her ideal. Without seeking it, she found herself the nucleus of a large and powerful party. The singular and expressive beauty of her face and person, the native elegance and dignity of her manners, her harmonious voice and flowing language, and above all, the fervour and eloquence of her patriotism, seemed to mark her out for the part which had been instinctively assigned to her. She presided over political meetings with so much tact and discretion as to appear a calm spectator; whilst she, in reality, imbued with her own fervent enthusiasm all those who came near her. This enthusiasm she had imparted to the colder mind of her husband, and the prominent part which he took in the important events of the period, may unquestionably be attributed to her. In 1792, when the Girondist ministry was formed, Roland was named minister of the interior; and in her new and elevated position, Madame Roland influenced not only her husband, but the entire Girondist party. Dismissed from his post, in consequence of his celebrated letter of remonstrance to the king—which letter was, in fact, written by his wife—Roland, upon the downfall of the monarchy, was recalled to the ministry. This triumph was but short-lived. The power which had been set in motion could not be arrested in its fearful course—the Girondist party fell before the influence of their blood-thirsty opponents. Protesting against the Reign of Terror, they fell its victims. Madame Roland, whose opposition to the massacres had influenced her party, drew down upon her husband and herself the hatred of Marat and Danton, and their lives were soon openly threatened. Roland, who was kept in concealment by a friend, escaped; but Madame Roland was arrested, and thrown into prison. Here during a confinement of several months, she prepared her memoirs, which have since been given to the world.

On the 10th of November, 1793, she was removed to the Conciergerie, and her trial, as a Girondist, commenced. She was closely questioned, not only about herself, but her husband. She refused to say anything that might criminate him, or give them a clue as to his present hiding-place. She was condemned to death, and November 10th, 1793, she ascended the fatal cart, dressed in white, as an emblem of her purity of mind, and went calmly through the crowd which followed the procession. The mass of the people, moved by pity and admiration, were generally silent, but some of the more furious ones cried out, "To the guillotine! to the guillotine!" "I shall soon be there," said Madame Roland; "but those who send me there will follow themselves ere long. I go there innocent, but they will go as criminals; and you, who now applaud, will also applaud then." When she arrived in front of the statue of liberty, she bent her head to it, exclaiming, "Oh liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name!" At the foot of the scaffold, she said to her companion, an old and timid man, whom she had been encouraging on the way, "Go first; I can at least spare you the pain of seeing my blood flow." She died at the age of thirty-nine.

She had predicted that her husband would not survive her: her prediction was fulfilled. The body of Roland was found seated beneath a tree, on the road to Rouen, stabbed to the heart. Fastened to his dress was a paper, upon which a few lines were inscribed, asserting that "upon learning the death of his wife, he could not remain a day longer in a world so stained with crime." That M. Roland was unable to survive his wife, is the strongest proof of the powerful influence which she exercised over him. It has been aptly said, that of all modern men, Roland most resembled Cato. It was to his wife that he owed his courage, and the power of his talents.

They left one daughter, Eudora, who was brought up by Madame Champayneux, a friend of Madame Roland; and the son of this friend married Eudora.

ROPER, MARGARET,

Eldest daughter of Sir Thomas More, was a woman of fine mind and charming disposition, the delight and comfort of her celebrated father. The greatest care was taken in her education; and she became learned in Greek, Latin, many of the sciences, and music. Erasmus wrote a letter to her, as a woman famous not only for virtue and piety, but for solid learning. Cardinal Pole was so delighted with the elegance of her Latin style, that he could not believe it was the production of a woman. She married William Roper, Esq., of Well-hall, in the parish of Eltham, in Kent; she died in 1544, and was buried at St. Dunstan's church, in Canterbury, with her father's head in her arms; for she had procured it after it had remained fourteen days on London bridge, and had preserved it in a leaden box, till there was an opportunity of conveying it to Canterbury, to the burial-place of the Ropers. She had five children, one of whom, Mary, was nearly as famous as herself.

Mrs. Roper wrote, in reply to Quintilian, an oration in defence of the rich man, whom he accuses of having poisoned, by venomous flowers in his garden, the poor man's bees. This performance is said to have rivalled Quintilian's in eloquence. She also wrote two declamations, and translated them into Latin, and composed a treatise "Of the Four Last Things," in which she showed so much strong reasoning and justness of thought, as obliged Sir Thomas to confess its superiority to a discourse in which he was himself employed on the same subject. The ecclesiastical history of Eusebius was translated by this lady from the Greek into Latin.

ROSALBA, CARRIERA,

Was born in 1675, at Chiozza, near Venice; and was instructed by Giovanni Diamentini, from whom she learned design, and also the art of painting in oil. In that kind of colouring, she copied several of the works of the best masters; but at last applied herself to miniature with extraordinary diligence, being ambitious to arrive at such a degree of perfection in it as might enable her to contribute to the support of her parents. She succeeded to her wish; but after practising miniature-painting with great reputation, she quitted it for crayons, which art she carried to a degree of perfection that few artists have ever been able to attain. In 1709, Frederic IV., king of Denmark, passing through Venice, sat to Rosalba for his portrait, of which, by his order, she made several copies, very highly finished. Soon after, the same monarch employed her to paint twelve portraits of Venetian ladies, which she performed so much to his satisfaction, that he showed her particular marks of his favour, and, besides gifts of great value, paid her with a truly royal munificence. She visited France in company with Pelligrini, who had married her sister; and at Paris had the honour to paint the royal family, with most of the nobility, and other persons of distinction. During her residence there, she was admitted into the academy, to which she presented a picture of one of the muses. On her return to Venice, she continued her profession until she was seventy, when, by incessant application, she lost her sight. She died in 1757. The portraits of Rosalba are full of life and spirit, exceedingly natural, with an agreeable resemblance to the persons represented. Her colouring is soft, tender, and delicate; her tints clear and well united; and she generally gave a graceful turn to the heads, especially to those of her female figures.

ROSA, ANNA DI,

Surnamed Annella de Massina, from the name of her master, painted historical pieces with the greatest success. She perished at the age of thirty-six, a victim to the unjust jealousy of her husband.

ROSE, SUSAN PENELOPE,

An English portrait-painter, was born in 1652. She was the daughter of Gibson the dwarf, and painted in water-colours with great freedom. The ambassador from Morocco sat to her and to Sir Godfrey Kneller at the same time. She also painted Bishop Burnet in his robes, as Chancellor of the Garter. She died in 1700, aged forty-eight.

ROWE, ELIZABETH,

Was the daughter of Mr. Walter Singer, a dissenting minister, and was born at Ilchester, in Somersetshire, England, September 11th, 1674. Her father possessed an estate near Frome in that county; but he married and settled at Ilchester. Miss Singer gave early promise of genius, and began to write verses when she was only twelve, and also excelled in music and painting. She was very pious, and at the request of bishop Ken, wrote her paraphrase on the 38th chapter of Job. In 1696, she published a volume of poetry, entitled, "Poems on Several Occasions, by Philomela."

Her merit and personal attractions procured her many admirers, among whom was Prior the poet; but she married, in 1709, Mr. Thomas Rowe, and for five years lived with him very happily. He died in 1715, at the age of twenty-eight, and Mrs. Rowe retired to Frome, and spent the remainder of her life in the greatest seclusion. Here she composed most of her works; some of which were "Friendship in Death, or Letters from the Dead to the Living." The intention of this work is to impress the idea of the soul's immortality, without which all virtue and religion, with their temporal and eternal consequences, must fall to the ground. About three years afterwards she published "Letters, Moral and Entertaining;" "The History of Joseph," a poem; and, after her death, in 1736, the Rev. Dr. Watts, agreeably to her request, revised and published a work she left, called "Devout Exercises of the Heart, in Meditation and Soliloquy, Praise and Prayer."

She possessed a sweetness and serenity of temper that nothing could ruffle, and great benevolence and gentleness of character. She was un-

assuming and lovely in her deportment; and her charities bordered on excess. She died, February 20th, 1737, aged sixty-three.

After her death, there were found in her room several letters addressed to her most intimate friends, with this affecting superscription—"Not to be delivered until after my death." These letters breathed those sentiments of piety and affection, that peculiarly marked every action of her life. In them she expressed a hope of enjoying eternal happiness through the mediation and intercession of Jesus Christ. Her person is thus described by a relative:—"Her stature was moderate; her hair of a fine auburn; her eyes dark grey, rather inclinable to blue, full of sweetness and expression; her complexion naturally fair; and her countenance animated by a beautiful bloom. She spoke gracefully, and her voice was at once harmonious and sweet, suited to the language which flowed from her lips. The softness and benevolence of her aspect were beyond all description; it at once inspired veneration and love; and it was impossible to behold her without feeling regard and esteem."

Mrs. Rowe was exemplary in all her relations; but in her deportment as a wife and an author, she is worthy of especial regard. She felt it no disparagement to her mind, but rather an increase of glory, when she honoured her husband. Her esteem and affection appeared in all her conduct to Mr. Rowe; and by the most gentle and obliging manners, and the exercise of every social virtue, she confirmed the empire she had gained over his heart. She made it her duty to soften the anxieties, and heighten all the satisfactions, of his life. Her capacity for superior things did not tempt her to neglect the less honourable cares which the laws of custom and decency impose on the female sex, in the connubial state; and much less was she led by a sense of her own merit, to assume anything to herself inconsistent with that duty and submission which the precepts of Christian piety so expressly enjoin.

From "Meditations."

"With every sacrament let me remember my strength, and with the bread of life receive immortal vigour. Let me remember thy vows, O God! and, at my return to the world, let me commit my ways to thee. Let me be absolutely resigned to thy providence, nor once distrust thy goodness and fidelity. Let me be careful for nothing, but with prayer and supplication make my wants known to thee. Let the most awful sense of thy presence dwell on my heart, and always keep me in a serious disposition. Let me be merciful and just in my actions, calm and regular in my thoughts; and O do thou set a watch on my mouth, and keep the door of my lips! let me speak evil of no man; let me advance the reputation of the virtuous, and never be silent in the praise of merit. Let my tongue speak the language of my heart, and be guided by exact truth and perfect sincerity. Let me open my hands wide to the wants of the poor, in full confidence that my heavenly father will supply mine, and that the high possessor of heaven and earth will not fail to restore, in the hour of my distress, what I have parted with for his sake. O let thy grace be sufficient for me, and thy strength be manifest in weakness! Be present with me in the hour of temptation, and confirm the pious resolutions thou hast enabled me to perform."

From "Poems."

ODE TO LOVE.

Assist my doubtful muse, propitious Love,
Let all my soul the sacred impulse prove:
For thine 's a holy unpolluted flame,
Howe'er the libertines profane thy name;
Howe'er with impious cant, hypocrisy
And senseless superstition blemish thee,
The pure result of sober reason thou;
Thy laws the strictest honour must allow;
Thy laws each vicious thought control:
From thee devotion takes its flaming wings:
Thou giv'st the noblest motion to the soul,
And govern'st all its springs.
To great attempts thou gen'rous minds dost move,
And only such are privileged to love;
Th' heroic race, the brightest names of old,
Were all thy glorious votaries enrolled.
Without thee, human life
A tedious round of circling cares would be,
A cursed fatigue, continual strife,
And tiresome vanity.
Thy charms our restless griefs control,
And calm the stormy motions of the soul:
Before thee pride and enmity,
With all infernal passions, fly.
And couldst thou in the realms below,
But once display thy beauteous face,
The damned a short redress might know,
And ev'ry terror fly the place.
From thee one bright unclouded smile
Would all the torments there beguile;
Thy smiles th' eternal tempests could assuage,
And make the damned forget their rage;
The sulph'rous waves would cease to roar,
And calmly glide along the silent shore.
No fabled Venus gave thee birth,
At Cyprus yet the goddess was not named,
Nor at Idalia, nor at Paphos famed;
Nor yet was feigned from foaming seas to rise;
For yet no seas appeared, or fountains flowed:
Nor yet distinguished in the skies,
Her radiant planet glowed.
But thou wast long ere motion sprung its race,
Ere chaos, and immeasurable space
Resigned their useless rights to elemental place;
Before the sparkling lamps on high
Were kindled up, and hung around the sky!
Before the sun led on the circling hours,
Or vital seeds produced their active powers;
Before the first intelligences strung
Their golden harps, and soft preludiums sung
To Love, the mighty cause whence their existence sprung,
Th' ineffable DIVINITY,
His own resemblance meets in thee.
By this thy glorious lineage thou dost prove
Thy high descent; for GOD himself is LOVE.

ROWSON, SUSANNAH,

Was the daughter of Lieutenant Haswell, of the British navy, who was sent to New England in 1769, when his daughter was about seven years old. On the breaking out of the revolution, lieutenant Haswell returned to London with his family, where, in 1786, Miss Haswell was married to William Rowson. While in England she published several novels, of which the only one that is now

known is the one entitled "Charlotte Temple." Mrs. Rowson returned to the United States in 1793, and was engaged as an actress in the theatres of Boston and Philadelphia for the next three years; and was also diligently occupied with her literary pursuits. In 1797, she opened a school for girls in Boston, which succeeded extremely well. She died in that city in 1824. She was considered a poetess as well as a novelist, though but few of her poems are now known. Her writings are very voluminous.

ROZEE, MADEMOISELLE.

This extraordinary lady was born at Leyden in 1632. Konbraken says he cannot tell how she managed her work, nor with what instruments; but that she painted on the rough side of the panel, in such tints, and in such a manner, that, at a competent distance, the picture had all the effect of the neatest pencil and high finishing. Other writers, however, affirm, that she neither used oil nor water-colours in her performances; and only worked on the rough side of the panel with a preparation of silk floss, selected with great care, and disposed in different boxes, according to the several degrees of bright and dark tints, out of which she applied whatever colour was requisite for her work; and blended, softened, and united them with such inconceivable art and judgment, that she imitated the warmth of flesh with as great a glow of life as could be produced by the most exquisite pencil in oil. Nor could the nicest eye discern, at a proper distance, whether the whole was not the work of the pencil. But by whatever art her pictures were wrought, they were exquisitely beautiful, and perfectly natural. Her portraits were remarkably faithful, and every object was a just imitation of the model, whether the subject was animal life, architecture, landscape, or flowers. As her manner of working could not well be accounted for, she was distinguished by the name of the *Sorceress*. One of her landscapes is said to have been sold for five hundred florins; and though the subject was only the trunk of an old tree covered with moss, and a large spider finishing its web among the leaves and branches, every part appeared with so great a degree of force of relief and expression, that it was beheld with astonishment. One of her principal performances is in the cabinet at Florence, and is considered a singular curiosity in that collection. She died in 1680.

RUSSEL, LADY ELIZABETH,

Daughter of Sir Anthony Cook, married Sir Thomas Hobbey, and afterwards Lord John Russel, son and heir of Francis, second Earl of Bedford. She was a woman of well-cultivated mind, and translated from the French a religious book on the Sacrament. She died about 1600, aged seventy-one. She lived to write the epitaphs in Greek, Latin, and English, for both her husbands.

RUSSELL, LADY RACHEL,

Second daughter of Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, was born in 1636. She married first, Lord Vaughan; and after his death she married, in 1669, William, Lord Russell, third son of William, first duke of Bedford. One son and two daughters were the fruits of this union, which was a very happy one, though Lady Rachel was four or five years older than her husband. Lord Rus-

sell, being implicated in a conspiracy with the duke of Monmouth, natural son of Charles II., Algernon Sidney, John Hampden, grandson to the celebrated patriot of that name, Essex, and Howard, to prevent the succession of the duke of York to the throne, was arrested and sent to the Tower. Monmouth fled; Howard saved himself by revealing his accomplices; and Essex, Sidney, and Hampden, were apprehended on his evidence. They were also accused of conspiring against the life of Charles II., which was not true. The Protestant succession, and the prevention of encroachments on the liberties of the people, were their chief objects.

The day previous to the trial of Lord Russell, he had asked leave of the court that notes of the evidence might be taken for his use. He was informed that he might have the assistance of one of his servants. "I ask no assistance," said he, "but that of the lady who sits by me." The spectators, seeing the daughter of the virtuous Southampton thus assisting her husband in his distress, melted into tears. The duke of Bedford offered the duchess of Portsmouth one hundred thousand pounds to procure her interest with the king for the pardon of his son. But every application proved vain. The independent spirit, patriotism, popularity, courage, talents, and virtues of the prisoner, were his most dangerous offences, and became so many arguments against his escape.

Lady Russell threw herself at the feet of the king, and pleaded with tears the merits and loyalty of her father, as an atonement for her husband's offences. But Charles remained unmoved, and even rejected her petition for a respite of a few weeks. On finding every effort fruitless for saving the life of her husband, she collected her courage, and fortified her mind for the fatal stroke, confirming by her example the resolution of her

husband. His courage never appeared to falter, but when he spoke of his wife; his eyes would then fill with tears, and he appeared anxious to avoid the subject. When parting from Lady Russell, they mutually preserved a solemn silence; and when she left him, he said, "The bitterness of death was past." He then expressed his gratitude to Providence that had given him a wife who, to birth, fortune, talents, and virtue, united sensibility of heart; and whose conduct, in this trying crisis, had even surpassed all her other virtues.

Lord Russell was executed, July 21st, 1683. His widow proved the faithful guardian of his honour, a wise and active mother to his children, and the friend and patroness of his friends.

Her letters, written after her husband's death, give a touching picture of her conjugal affection and fidelity; but no expression of resentment or traces of a vindictive spirit mingle with the sentiment of grief by which they are pervaded.

Her only son, Wriothesley, duke of Bedford, died in 1711, of the small-pox; and soon after her daughter, the duchess of Rutland, died in childbed. Her other daughter, the duchess of Devonshire, was also in childbed at the time of her sister's death; and Lady Russell again was called upon to give new proofs of her self-control. After beholding one daughter in her coffin, she went to the chamber of the other with a tranquil countenance. The duchess of Devonshire earnestly inquiring after her sister, Lady Russell calmly replied, "I have seen your sister out of bed today."

Some years after her husband's death, she was under apprehensions of an entire loss of sight; but this was prevented by an operation. Lady Russell died, September 29th, 1723, aged eighty-seven. About fifty years afterwards her letters were collected and published, which established her fame in literature as one of the most elegant writers of her time. In whatever light we consider her character, its moral excellence appears perfect. Such an example shows the power of female influence to promote good and resist evil. Even the noble Lord Russell was made better by his union with her. Amiable and prudent, as well as lovely, she was the means of reclaiming him from some youthful follies into which he had plunged at the time of the Restoration. With such a guardian angel by his side, no wonder he was strengthened to act his lofty part, and die a patriot martyr. His widow wore her weeds to the close of her life; their conjugal union of hearts was never broken, as the following extracts from her letters will show:

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM — ON HER SORROW.

I am sure my heart is filled with the obligation, how ill soever my words may express it, for all those hours you have set apart (in a busy life) for my particular benefit, for the quieting my distracted thoughts, and reducing them to a just measure of patience for all I have or can suffer. I trust I shall with diligence, and some success, serve those ends they were designed to. They have very punctually, the time you intended them for, the last two sheets coming to my hands the 16th of this fatal month; it is the 21st completes my three years of true sorrow, which should be turned rather into joy; as you have laid it before me, with reasons strongly maintained, and rarely illustrated. Sure he is one of those has gained by a dismission from a longer attendance here: while he lived, his being pleased led me to be so too, and so it should do still; and then my soul should be full of joy; I should be easy and cheerful, but it is sad and heavy; so little we distinguish how, and why we love, to me it argues a prodigious fondness of one's self; I am impatient that is hid from me I took delight in, though he knows much greater than he did here. All I can say for myself is, that while we are clothed with flesh, to the perfectest, some displeasure will attend a separation from things we love. This comfort I think I have in my affliction, that I can say, unless thy law had been my delight, I should have perished in my trouble. The rising from the dead is a glorious contemplation, doctor! nothing raises a drooping spirit like it; his Holy Spirit, in the mean time, speaking peace to our consciences, and through all the gloomy sadness of our condition, letting us discern that we belong to the election of grace, that our persons are accepted and justified. But still I will humble myself for my own sins, and those of our families, that brought such a day on us.

I have been under more than ordinary care for my eldest girl; she has been ill of St. Anthony's fire, as we call it, and is not yet free from it. I had a doctor down with her, but he found her so likely to do well he stayed only one day. I have sent you these Gazettes, and will send no more, for I reckon you will be in your progress of visits.

I wish with you Lord Campden would marry; but I want skill to prevail by what I can say. I hope I need employ none to persuade Dr. Fitzwilliam that I am very acknowledging, and very sincerely, &c.

TO THE SAME.

* * * * *

If I could contemplate the conducts of Providence with the uses you do, it would give ease indeed, and no disastrous events should much affect us. The new scenes of each day make me often conclude myself very void of temper and reason, that I still shed tears of sorrow and not of joy, that so good a man is landed safe on the happy shore of a blessed eternity; doubtless he is at rest, though I find none without him; so true a partner he was in all my joys and griefs; I trust the Almighty will pass by this my infirmity; I speak it in respect to the world, from whose enticing delights I can now be better weaned. I was too rich in possessions whilst I possessed him: all relish is now gone, I bless God for it, and pray, and ask of all good people (do it for me from such you know are so) also to pray that I may more and more turn the stream of my affections upwards, and set my heart upon the ever-satisfying perfections of God; not starting at his darkest providences, but remembering continually either

his glory, justice, or power is advanced by every one of them, and that mercy is over all his works, as we shall one day with ravishing delight see: in the mean time, I endeavour to suppress all wild imaginations a melancholy fancy is apt to let in; and say with the man in the gospel, "I believe, help thou my unbelief."

TO THE SAME.

Never shall I, good Doctor, I hope, forget your work (as I may term it) of labour and love: so instructive and comfortable do I find it, that at any time, when I have read any of your papers, I feel a heat within me to be repeating my thanks to you anew, which is all I can do towards the discharge of a debt you have engaged me in; and though nobody loves more than I do to stand free from engagements I cannot answer, yet I do not wish for it here; I would have it as it is; and although I have the present advantage, you will have the future reward; and if I can truly reap what I know you design me by it, a religious and quiet submission to all providences, I am assured you will esteem to have attained it here in some measure. Never could you more seasonably have fed me with such discourses, and left me with expectations of new repasts, in a more seasonable time, than these my miserable months, and in those this very week in which I have lived over again that fatal day that determined what fell out a week after, and that has given me so long and so bitter a time of sorrow. But God has a compass in his providences, that is out of our reach, and as he is all good and wise, that consideration should in reason slacken the fierce rages of grief. But sure, Doctor, 't is the nature of sorrow to lay hold on all things which give a new ferment to it, then how could I choose but feel it in a time of so much confusion as these last weeks have been, closing so tragically as they have done; and sure never any poor creature, for two whole years together, has had more awakers to quicken and revive the anguish of its soul than I have had; yet I hope I do most truly desire that nothing may be so bitter to me, as to think that I have in the least offended thee, O my God! and that nothing may be so marvellous in my eyes as the exceeding love of my Lord Jesus: that heaven being my aim, and the longing expectations of my soul, I may go through honour and dishonour, good report and bad report, prosperity and adversity, with some evenness of mind. The inspiring me with these desires is, I hope, a token of his never-failing love towards me, though an unthankful creature for all the good things I have enjoyed, and do still in the lives of hopeful children by so beloved a husband.

TO THE EARL OF GALWAY—ON FRIENDSHIP.

I have before me, my good lord, two of your letters, both partially and tenderly kind, and coming from a sincere heart and honest mind (the last a plain word, but, if I mistake not, very significant), are very comfortable to me, who, I hope, have no proud thoughts of myself as to any sort. The opinion of an esteemed friend, that one is not very wrong, assists to strengthen a weak and willing mind to do her duty towards that Almighty Being, who has, from infinite bounty and goodness, so chequered my days on this earth, as I can thankfully reflect I felt many, I may say many years of pure, and, I trust, innocent, pleasant content, and happy enjoyments as this world can afford, particularly that biggest blessing of loving and being loved by those I loved and respected; on earth no enjoyment certainly to be put in the balance with it. All other are like wine, intoxicates for a time, but the end is bitterness, at least not profitable. Mr. Waller (whose picture you look upon) has, I long remember, these words:

> All we know they do above
> Is, that they sing, and that they love.

The best news I have heard is, you have two good companions with you, which, I trust, will contribute to divert you this sharp season, when, after so sore a fit as I apprehend you have felt, the air even of your improving pleasant garden cannot be enjoyed without hazard.

TO LADY SUNDERLAND — ON HEALTH, FRIENDSHIP, LOVE.

Your kind letter, madam, asks me to do much better for myself and mine, than to scribble so insignificantly as I do in a piece of paper; but for twenty several reasons you must have the advantage you offer me with obliging earnestness a thousand times greater than I deserve, or there can be cause for, but that you have taken a resolution to be all goodness and favour to me. And indeed what greater mark can you almost give than remembering me so often, and letting me receive the exceeding advantage of your doing so, by reading your letters, which are all so edifying? When I know you are continually engaged in so great and necessary employments as you are, and have but too imperfect health, which to any other in the world but Lady Sunderland would unfit for at least so great despatches as you are charged with. These are most visible tokens of Providence, that every one that aims to do their duty shall be enabled to do it.

I hope your natural strength is so great, that it will in some time, if you do your part, master what has been accidentally in the disorder of it. Health, if one strictly considers, is the first of earthly blessings; for even the conversation of friends, which as to spiritual profits, as you excellently observe, is the nearest approach we can make to heaven while we live in these tabernacles of clay; so it is in a temporal sense also, the most pleasant and the most profitable improvement we can make of the time we are to spend on earth. But, as I was saying, if our bodies are out of tune, how ill do we enjoy what in itself is so precious? and how often must we choose, if we can attain it, a short slumber, that may take off our sense of pain, than to accept what we know in worth excels almost to infiniteness? No soul can speak more feelingly than my poor self on this subject; who can truly say, my friendships have made all the joys and troubles of my life; and yet who would live and not love? Those who have tried

the insipidness of it would, I believe, never choose it. Mr. Waller says—"'T is (with singing) all we know they do above." And it is enough; for if there is so charming a delight in the love, and suitableness in humours, to creatures! what must it be to our clarified spirits to love in the presence of God! Can there be a greater contemplation to provoke to diligence for our preparation to that great change, where we shall be perfected, and so continue for ever! I see I have scribbled a great deal of paper; I dare not read it, lest I should be sorry Lady Sunderland should; and yet can now send her nothing if not this, for my eyes grow ill so fast, I resolve to do nothing of this sort by candle-light.

RUYSCH, RACHEL,

A CELEBRATED artist, was born at Amsterdam, in 1664. She excelled in painting flowers and fruits. She died in 1750.

RYVES, ELIZA,

AN Irish lady, known for her literary abilities. Having lost her property by a lawsuit, she subsisted by the labours of her pen. She wrote the "Hermit of Snowden," a novel; besides some translations from the French, and frequent contributions to the annual registers. She died in London, in 1797.

S.

SABLIÉRE, MADAME DE LA,

A FRENCH poetess, was the friend and benefactress of La Fontaine, who lived in her house for twenty years. Her husband was also a poet, and she is said to have assisted him in his writings. She was not, however, always faithful to her husband; but she expiated this sin, in the opinion of her contemporaries, by retiring to a convent, and consecrating the rest of her life to taking care of the sick. She died at Paris in the latter part of the seventeenth century.

ST. LEGER, HON. ELIZABETH,

THE only female that ever was initiated into the mystery of freemasonry, was the daughter of Lord Doneraile, a very zealous freemason. She obtained this honour by contriving to place herself so as to watch the manner in which a new member was initiated. Being discovered just before the termination of the ceremonies, she was at first threatened with death, but saved by the entreaties of her brother, on condition that she would go through the whole of the solemn ceremonies. This she consented to, and sometimes afterwards joined in their processions. This lady was a cousin to General Anthony St. Leger, and married Richard Aldworth, Esq., of New Market.

SAINTE-NECTAIRE, MAGDALENE DE,

WIDOW of Guy de St. Exuperi, was a Protestant heroine, who distinguished herself in the civil wars of France. After the death of her husband, she retired to her château at Miremont, in the Limousin, where, with sixty young men, well armed, she was accustomed to make excursions on the Catholic armies in her neighbourhood. In 1575, M. Montal, governor of the province, having had his detachments often defeated by Madame de Sainte-Nectaire, resolved to besiege her in her château, with fifteen hundred foot and fifty horse. Sallying out upon him, she defeated his troops; but finding, on her return, her château in possession of the enemy, she galloped to Turenne, a neighbouring town, to procure a reinforcement. Montal awaited her in a defile, but was vanquished and mortally wounded by her troops. The time of her death is not recorded.

SAINTE-PHALIER, FRANÇOISE THÈRÉSE AUMILE DE,

A FRENCH lady, who wrote "The Confident Rival," a comedy, and some other poetical pieces. She died at Paris in 1757.

SALVIONI, ROSALBA MARIA,

WAS born at Rome in 1658. She studied the art of painting under Sebastian Conea, but devoted herself wholly to portraiture, in which she excelled. She died in 1708.

SAMSON, DEBORAH,

WAS the child of very poor parents, of Plymouth, Massachusetts. She was received into a respectable family, where she was kindly treated, but where her education was entirely neglected. She, however, contrived to teach herself to read and write; and, as soon as she was able, earned money enough to pay for her own schooling for a short time. When she was about twenty, the Revolutionary war in America commenced; and Deborah, disguising herself in man's apparel, and going to the American camp, enlisted, in 1778, for the whole term of the war, under the name of Robert Shirtliffe. Accustomed to out-door labour, she was enabled to undergo the same fatigues and exercises as the other soldiers. Her fidelity and zeal gained her the confidence of the officers, and she was a volunteer in several hazardous enterprises. She was twice wounded, at first in the head, and afterwards in the shoulder; but she managed to preserve the secret of her sex unsuspected. However, she was seized with a brain-fever in Philadelphia, and the physician who was attending her discovered her sex, and took her to his own house. When her health was restored, her commanding officer, to whom the physician had revealed his discovery, ordered her to carry a letter to General Washington. Certain now of a fact of which she had before been doubtful, that her sex was known, she went with much reluctance to fulfil the order. Washington, after reading the message with great consideration, without speaking a word, gave her her discharge, together with a note containing a few words of advice, and some money. She afterwards married Benjamin Gannett, of Sharon, Massachusetts. She received a pension, with a grant of land, for her services as a revolutionary soldier.

SARTE, DAUPHINE DE,

A French lady, wife of the Marquis de Robias, wrote treatises on philosophy, and was distinguished for her mathematical knowledge. She excelled in music, and had a particular talent for composing it. She died at Arles, in 1685.

SCALIGERI, LUCIA,

Was born at Venice in 1637. She became distinguished by her knowledge of the learned languages, and her skill in music and painting. Several of her pictures are in the churches of Venice, where she died in 1700.

SCHOPENHAUER, JOHANNA FROSINA,

Born in the year 1770, at Dantzic, where her father, Henry Frosino, was senator, showed at an early age a decided talent for drawing and painting, as well as for languages. After having received in her parental home a careful education, and enjoyed a happy youth, she married Henry Flaris Schopenhauer, who accompanied his young wife through Germany to France, thence to London, where they remained a long time; and afterwards through Brabant, Flanders, and Germany, back to Dantzic. There she lived until the capture of this free city by the Prussians, in 1793. The next ten years she spent with her husband in Hamburg. In 1803, they visited Holland, the North of France, England, Scotland, and went from Holland to Paris. There she had the good fortune to be thoroughly taught, by the celebrated Augustin, in miniature painting, which had always been her favourite occupation. From Paris, the travellers went over the South of France to Ghent, wandered through Switzerland, saw Munich, Vienna, (where they remained some time,) Presburg, Silesia, Bohemia, Saxony, Brandenburg, touched Dantzic, and after three years came back to Hamburg, where a sudden death snatched away Mr. Schopenhauer. She then fixed (1806) her abode in Weimar, where a highly refined social circle surrounded her, to which Goethe, Wieland, Henry Meier, Fernow, Bertuch, Falk, Fr. Mayer, and many literary women, belonged, of whom this city may well be proud. Every suitable foreigner was her welcome guest. Between her and Fernow (of whom she learned the Italian language) existed an ideal friendship, which death interrupted two years after. G. V. Kügelgen had at that time arrived in Weimar to take Goethe's, Wieland's, Schiller's, and Herder's portraits. A description of these four portraits, and of several oil-paintings by the landscape painter Frederic, were the first publications of which Mrs. S. acknowledged herself to be the authoress. She was induced by Cotter to write Fernow's life. This work appeared in 1810. Two years later, she published "Remembrances of a Tour through England;" 1816, followed a volume of "Novels;" 1817, the "Trip to the Rhine and its Nearest Environs;" and 1818, the "Journey through the South of France." The writer has obtained a just approval for her nice observations, joined to an easy and graceful style. Her last work is the popular novel, "Gabrielle." Her novels show great powers of observation, and a thorough knowledge of the world and men.

Madame Schopenhauer died at Jena, in April, 1838.

SCOTT, LADY ANNE,

Was the only daughter of Francis, Earl of Buccleugh, and the greatest heiress in the three kingdoms. When she was but thirteen, she was selected by Charles II. to be the wife of his son, the unfortunate duke of Monmouth, who was only a year older than his bride. These early marriages were the vice of the times, and rarely produced satisfactory results; and this one was not an exception. Brave to a fault, exquisitely handsome, courted, flattered, caressed by the court, and adored by the people, Monmouth ran, even in his boyish days, a career of vice and profligacy which appears to have been the almost inevitable consequence of his bringing up. Anne Scott possessed many estimable qualities, but she was unable to attach the heart of her fickle husband. She was a woman of taste and accomplishments; the encourager of learning and genius; and the patroness of men of letters. Without possessing beauty, she had an agreeable countenance; and her wit, virtue, and good sense, rendered her attractive. The turbulence of her husband, the dangers he was continually hurrying into, imposed upon the duchess a life of anxiety, privation, and sorrow. She was for ever at her post as mediator with Charles II. and king James; and to the last strove to interpose her influence for his safety. When he was condemned to death, she visited him in the Tower. He exonerated her from all blame or knowledge of his rebellious schemes, paid a just tribute to her virtues and excellence, and recommended their children to her care; but exhibited no tenderness towards her, his whole affections being absorbed in his romantic attachment to Lady Henrietta Wentworth, who he professed to consider his wife in the eyes of God. His duchess he said he had married when a child; she was his wife by the law of the land; the other was his true wife in the sight of heaven.

The duchess of Buccleugh was the mother of six children, three of whom died in infancy. Her oldest son inherited the title and estates, which had been confirmed to the children of Monmouth by James II. The present duke of Buccleugh is a lineal descendant of the neglected duchess and her ill-fated lord. Three years after the death of Monmouth, the duchess became the second wife of Charles, third Lord Cornwallis. By this marriage she was the mother of three children, who all died unmarried. The duchess died on the 6th of February, 1732, in her eighty-first year.

SCHROEDER, SOPHIA,

Engaged at the Imperial theatres of Vienna, was born in Paderborn, in 1781. Her father's name was Bürger. Her mother, after the death of her first husband, married the celebrated actor Keilholz, and went with her daughter to St. Petersburg. Sophia had not been destined for the stage; yet, as the company of players in St. Pe-

tersburg was very limited, and by the death of Mrs. Stallmers the juvenile parts had become vacant, she yielded to the entreaties of the director, and began her theatrical course in the charming little opera, "The Red Cap." When fourteen years old, she married the actor Stallmers. In Reval, she was introduced to Kotzebue, by whose recommendation she received an engagement at the theatre of Vienna. She performed exclusively comic and naif parts, and was much applauded as Margaret in the "Affinities." After twelve months, she left Vienna to go to Breslau, where she was engaged for the opera. In the part of Hulda, in the "Nymph of the Danube," she was very successful. In 1801, she was invited to Hamburg. There she entered on a new career, in which she shone like a star of the first magnitude; for she devoted herself entirely to tragedy. Domestic grief had turned her cheerful spirits into melancholy; and the slumbering spark of her genius kindled into a mighty blaze. In 1804, she married her second husband, Schroeder, (director of the Hamburg theatre,) and lived twelve years in Hamburg, under the most favourable auspices, until the warlike events of 1813 compelled her to leave this city. After having made a journey, on which she everywhere gained laurels, she accepted an engagement in Prague, where she remained two years. When the time of her contract had elapsed, she returned to Vienna. Her characters of Phedra, Lady Macbeth, Merope, Sappho, Johanna von Montfaucan, are masterly performances, and excited unbounded admiration.

SCHURMAN, ANNA MARIA,

A most extraordinary German lady, was the daughter of parents who were both descended from noble Protestant families; and was born at Cologne in 1607. At six years of age she could cut with her scissors all kinds of figures out of paper, without any model; and at eight, she learned in a few days to draw flowers admirably; two years after, she was but three hours in learning to embroider. Afterwards, she was taught vocal and instrumental music, painting, sculpture, and engraving; and succeeded equally well in all these arts. Her handwriting in all languages was inimitable; and some curious persons have preserved specimens of it in their cabinets. She painted her own portrait, and made artificial pearls so like natural ones, that they could be distinguished only by pricking them with a needle.

The powers of her understanding were not inferior to her dexterity; for, at eleven, when her brothers were examined in their Latin, she often prompted them in whispers, though she had only heard them say their lessons *en passant*. Her father, observing this, applied himself to the cultivation of her mind; and the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages became so familiar to her, that she not only wrote but spoke them in a manner which surprised the most learned men. She made great progress also in several Oriental languages, as the Syriac, Chaldee, Arabic, and Ethiopic; she also understood, and spoke readily, French, English, and Italian. She was well versed in geography, astronomy, philosophy, and the sciences; but, not satisfied with these acquisitions, she turned her attention to the study of theology, and became very religious.

Her father had settled at Utrecht when she was an infant; and afterwards removed to Francker for the more convenient education of his children, where he died in 1623. His widow then returned to Utrecht, where Anna Maria continued her studies. Her devotion to her intellectual and religious cultivation undoubtedly prevented her marrying; as Mr. Cats, a celebrated poet, and several others, proposed to her. Her modesty, which equalled her acquirements, made her shrink from notoriety; but Rivetus, Spanheim, and Vossius, brought her into notice contrary to her own inclination. Salmasius, Beverovicius, and Huygens, also maintained a literary correspondence with her; and by showing her letters, spread her fame into foreign countries. At last she became so celebrated that persons of the highest rank visited her; and cardinal Richelieu showed her marks of esteem.

About 1650, she made a great alteration in her religious system. She no longer attended church, but performed her devotions in private, and attached herself to Labadie, the famous religious enthusiast, accompanying him wherever he went. She lived some time with him at Altena, in Holstein; and after his death, in 1677, she retired to Wivert, in Friesland, where William Penn visited her. She died there in 1678.

She wrote "De Vitæ Humanæ Termino;" "Dissertatio de ingenii muliebris ad doctrinam et meliores literas aptitudine." These two essays, with letters in French, Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, to her learned correspondents, were printed in 1648. She wrote afterwards, "Eukleria, seu melioris partis electio." This is a defence of her attachment to Labadie. She chose for her device the words of St. Ignatius, "*Amor meus crucifixus est.*" "My love is crucified."

SCUDERI, MAGDALEINE DE,

A woman of more wit and talent than taste, was born in 1607, at Havre de Grace. She went when very young to Paris, where her brother, George de Scuderi, also an eminent French writer, was living; and her wit and acquirements soon gained her admission into the best literary society of that day. Being obliged to support herself, she resolved to do so by her pen; and the taste of that age being for romances, she turned her attention that way, and succeeded wonderfully. Her books were eagerly sought, and her reputation became very great. She was chosen to succeed the learned Helena Cornaro, by the celebrated academy of the Ricovrati at Padua. Several great personages gave her many marks of their regard; among others, Christina of Sweden often wrote to her, settled on her a pension, and sent her her picture; Cardinal Mazarin left her an annuity by his will; and, in 1683, Louis XIV., at the solicitation of Madame de Maintenon, settled a good pension on her.

Mademoiselle de Scuderi corresponded with many learned men; and her house at Paris was a

kind of little court, to which all persons of genius, learning, or wit, were accustomed to resort. At her death, two churches contended fiercely for the honour of possessing her remains. She was a very voluminous writer, and obtained the first prize of eloquence bestowed by the academy of Paris. Her principal romances were entitled "Almahide;" "Artamenes;" "Clelia;" "Le Grand Cyrus;" and "Ibrahim." She also wrote fables and poetry, and a work called "Conversations." Her narratives are tedious and prolix; but the praise of ingenuity, of elevated sentiment, and of purifying and ennobling the particular species of writing to which she devoted herself, cannot be denied to her. She was very plain in person, and this, joined with her wit, gained for her the name of Sappho.

A curious incident happened to this lady in a journey she took with her brother. At a great distance from Paris, their conversation one evening, at an inn, turned upon a romance they were jointly composing, the hero of which they had called Prince Mazare. "What shall we do with Prince Mazare?" said Mademoiselle Scuderi; "is it not better that he should die by poison than the sword?"

"It is not yet time," replied her brother, "for that business; when it is necessary, we can despatch him as we please; but at present we have not quite done with him."

Two merchants, in the next room, overhearing this conversation, concluded they had conspired to murder some prince, whose real name was concealed under that of Mazare. They imparted their suspicions to the host, who sent for the officers of the police. M. and Mademoiselle Scuderi were arrested, and sent back under a strong escort to Paris, where, after much trouble and expense, they procured their liberty. Mademoiselle Scuderi died in 1701, aged ninety-four.

SEGUIER, ANNE DE,

Daughter to Pierre Seguier, whose family gave to France so many illustrious magistrates, married Francis du Prat, baron de Thiers, by whom she had two daughters, Anne and Philippine, who were educated in the court of Henry III. of France. Anne de Seguier was a celebrated poetess; she was living in 1573. Her daughters, also, were distinguished for their literary attainments, and for their skill in the Greek and Latin languages.

SEIDELMANN, APOLLONIA,

The wife of James Seidelmann, Professor of the Fine Arts at the academy of Dresden. In Venice, her native city, she had received instructions in drawing, and afterwards perfected herself in this accomplishment under the direction of her husband. In the year 1790, she went with him to Italy, where she devoted herself for three years to miniature painting, assisted by the celebrated Teresa Maron, sister of Raphael Mengs. After her return to Dresden, she painted more after the manner of her husband, and showed herself a rare artist, by her fine copies of the best pictures of the academy. One of her master copies is the Madonna of Raphael. The eminent talent of this artistic couple for conversation deserves to be mentioned likewise; their soirées, which they gave abroad and at home, and to which their charming daughter, Luise Seidelmann, aided greatly by her musical powers, were the delight of all who loved genius and art.

SERMENT, LOUISE ANASTASIE,

Born at Grenoble in 1642, was admitted to the academy of the Ricovrati at Padua, and acquired great celebrity by her learning. She also wrote poems in French and Latin; and it was said that all the best part of the operas of Quinault was her work. She died in 1692.

SESSI, MARIANNE and ANNA MARIA,

Bore a name well known in the annals of modern music, and celebrated by several vocalists of Italian origin. Of five sisters of this name, Marianne Sessi was the oldest. She was engaged, in 1793, at the *opera seria* of Vienna, went in 1804 to Italy, and then for a longer period to London. In 1817 and 1818, she visited the north of Germany, Leipzic, Dresden, Berlin, Hamburg, &c., and went finally from Copenhagen to Stockholm, where she remained. The second of the sisters, Imperatrice Sessi, has acquired the greatest reputation of all. Her talent was cultivated in Vienna. In 1804 she went to Venice, where, during the carnival, she enjoyed the highest triumph. She enchanted the audience so much, that sonnets of all colours and shapes were thrown on the stage; her likeness was handed around among the spectators; a bouquet in a richly decorated golden vase was presented to her; and at the close she was crowned with a wreath of laurel. She died in October, 1808, in her twenty-eighth year, of consumption, at Florence, deeply mourned by all lovers of music. The talent of her younger sister, Anna Maria Sessi, developed itself early. She was born at Rome in 1793, but came to Vienna in the first year of her existence, where she modelled her art after that of her sisters. In Florence, she devoted herself still more thoroughly to the cultivation of her voice; and there laid the foundation of a true Italian singer. In 1813, she was married at Vienna; and on all her subsequent travels was welcomed everywhere as a rare phenomenon of song. It is said, that in the recitative she had no rival, even among the Italians.

The fourth and fifth of these sisters, Vittoria and Caroline, of whom the former was married in Vienna, and the latter in Naples, are less generally known. A cousin of the above-named sisters, Maria Theresa Sessi, was also noted for her talent in music.

SETURNAN, MADAME,

A native of Cologne, excelled in the arts, and acquired a wide reputation. She was a painter, musician, engraver, sculptor, philosopher, geometrician, and a theologian. She understood and spoke nine languages.

SÉVIGNÉ, MARIE DE RUBUTIN CHANTAL, MARCHIONESS OF,

Daughter of the baron de Chantal, was born, in 1627, at Bourbilly, in Burgundy, and was early left an orphan. Her maternal uncle, Christopher de Coulanges, brought her up, and she was taught by Menage and Chapelain. At the age of eighteen she married the Marquis de Sévigné, who was

killed in a duel seven years afterwards. Left with a son and daughter, she devoted herself entirely to their education. To her daughter, who, in 1669, married the Count de Grignan, governor of Provence, she was particularly attached; and to her was addressed the greater part of those letters which have placed the Marchioness de Sévigné in the first rank of epistolary writers. This illustrious lady was acquainted with all the wits and learned men of her time; and she is said to have decided the famous dispute between Perrault and Boileau, concerning the preference of the ancients to the moderns, saying, "the ancients are the finest, and we are the prettiest."

"Her letters," says Voltaire, "filled with anecdotes, written with freedom, and in a natural and animated style, are an excellent criticism upon studied letters of wit; and still more upon those fictitious letters, which aim to imitate the epistolary style, by a recital of false sentiments and feigned adventures to imaginary correspondents." She died in 1696, in her seventy-first year, at her daughter's residence in Provence, of a fever brought on in consequence of the anxiety she had endured during a dangerous illness of Madame de Grignan.

Tenderness and sensibility are characteristic of her letters, and were displayed by her during her whole life. "The true mark of a good heart," says Madame de Sévigné, "is its capacity for loving."

Letter 11.

TO M. DE COULANGES.

Paris, Monday, 15 Dec., 1670.

I am going to tell you a thing that is the most astonishing, the most surprising, the most marvellous, the most miraculous, the most supreme, the most confounding, the most unheard, the most singular, the most extraordinary, the most incredible, the most unforseen, the greatest, the least, the rarest, the most common, the most public, the most private, till to-day; the most brilliant, the most to be envied; in short, a thing of which there has been but one example for ages past, and that not a just one neither; a thing that we cannot believe at Paris; how then will it gain credit at Lyons? A thing which makes every body cry, Lord have mercy upon us! a thing which causes the greatest joy to Madame de Rohan and Madame de Hauterive; a thing, in fine, which will be done on Sunday next, when those who are present at it will think they see double. A thing which will be done on Sunday, and yet perhaps not finished on Monday. I cannot bring myself to tell it you: can't you guess? I give you three times to do it in. What, not a word to throw at a dog? Well then, I find I must tell it you. Monsieur de Lauzun is to be married next Sunday at the Louvre, to —— guess whom! I give you four times to do it in, I give you six, I give you a hundred. Says Madame de Coulanges, it is really very hard to guess: perhaps it is Madame de la Valiere. Indeed, Madame, it is not. It is Mademoiselle de Retz, then. No, nor yet her; you are violently provincial. Lord bless me, says you, what stupid wretches we are; it is Mademoiselle de Colbert all the while. Nay, now you are still further from the mark. Why then it must certainly be Mademoiselle de Crequy. You have it not yet: well, I find I must tell you at last. He is to be married next Sunday, at the Louvre, with the king's leave, to Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle de . . . . Mademoiselle —— guess her name. He marries Mademoiselle, the great Mademoiselle; Mademoiselle, daughter of the late MONSIEUR; Mademoiselle, grand-daughter of Henry IV.; Mademoiselle d'Eu, Mademoiselle de Dombes, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, Mademoiselle, the king's cousin-german; Mademoiselle, destined to the throne; Mademoiselle, the only match that was worthy of MONSIEUR. Here is a glorious matter for talk. If you should cry out, if you are beside yourselves, if you say we have told you a lie, that it's all false, that we are making a jest of you, that it is a very pretty joke indeed! that the invention is dull and flat, in short, if you abuse us, we shall think you quite in the right; for we have done just the same ourselves. Farewell; you will find from the letters you receive this post whether we tell you the truth or not.

Letter 12.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, Friday, 19 Dec., 1670.

What is called falling from the clouds, or from a pinnacle, happened last night at the Thuilleries; but I must take things farther back. You have already shared in the joy, the transport, and ecstacies of the princess and her happy lover. It was just as I told you; the affair was made public on Monday. Tuesday was passed in talking, astonishment, and compliments. Wednesday, Ma-

demoiselle made a deed of gift to Monsieur de Lauzun, investing him with certain titles, names, and dignities, necessary to be inserted in the marriage-contract, which was drawn up that day. She gave him then, till she could give him something better, four duchies; the first was that of count d'Eu, which entitles him to rank as first peer of France; the dukedom of Montpensier, which title he bore all that day; the dukedom de Saint Fargeau; and the dukedom de Chatellerault; the whole valued at twenty-two millions of livres. The contract was then drawn up, and he took the name of Montpensier. Thursday morning, which was yesterday, Mademoiselle was in expectation of the king's signing the contract, as he had said he would; but about seven o'clock in the evening, the queen, Monsieur, and several old dotards that were about him, had so persuaded his majesty that his reputation would suffer in this affair, that, after sending for Mademoiselle and Monsieur de Lauzun into his presence, he declared unto them, before the prince, that he absolutely forbade them to think any farther about this marriage. Monsieur de Lauzun received this order with all the respect, all the submission, all the firmness, and, at the same time, all the despair, that could be expected in so great a reverse of fortune. As for Mademoiselle, being under no restraint, she gave a loose to herself, and burst forth into tears, cries, lamentations, and the most violent expressions of grief; she keeps her bed all day long, and takes nothing within her lips but a little broth. What a fine dream is here! what a glorious subject for a tragedy, or a romance, but especially for an eternity of talk and reasoning! This is what we do day and night, morning and evening, without end or ceasing: we hope you do the like. *E frá tanto vi baccio le mani.*

Letter 138.

TO MADAME DE GRIGNAN.

PARIS, Tuesday, 4 March, 1672.

You say then, my dear child, that you cannot possibly keep hatred alive for so long a time. You are in the right of it: it is much the same with me; but then guess what I do in the room of it: why I can love as strongly, and for as long a time, a certain person that you know. You seem to give way to a negligence that gives me a deal of concern. You seldom want an excuse for it, it is so much your natural inclination; but you know I always found fault with you for it, and do so still. One might make an excellent mean of Madame du Fresnoy and you: both of you are in the extreme; but certainly yours may be better borne with than hers. I wonder, sometimes, at the many nothings that drop from my pen: I never curb it, but am extremely happy that such trifles amuse you. They would be very disagreeable to many people; but I beg you will not regret the want of them when you have me with you, or I shall grow jealous of my own letters.

The dinner that M. de Valavoire gave, entirely eclipsed ours: not for the quantity, but extreme delicacy of the dishes. My dear child, how you look! Madame de Lafayette will scold you without mercy. For God's sake, dress your head tomorrow; excessive negligence eclipses beauty; and you carry your dullness beyond bounds. I have made your compliments; those that are sent you in return surpass in number the stars of the sky. *A propos* of stars: La Gouville was the other day at Madame de St. Lou's, who has just lost her old page. La Gouville, among other things, was talking of her *star;* and her star did this, and her star did that: and at length Segrais, who was there, rousing himself, as if he had been asleep, says to her, "Dear Madam, do you think you have a star to yourself? I hear nothing but people talking about their stars. Why, do you know, Madam, that there are but one thousand and twenty-two in all? How then do you think every one can have a star to himself?" This was spoken in such a comical manner, and with so serious a countenance, that it put an end to all their sorrow in a trice. Your letters were given to Madame de Vaudemont by d'Hacqueville. To tell you the truth, I see him very seldom now. The great fish swallow up the little ones, you know. Farewell, my dearest love: I am getting Bajazet and la Fontaine's Fables, to send you for your amusement.

Letter 159.

TO THE SAME.

PARIS, Friday, 30 May, 1672.

I had no letter from you yesterday, my dear child: your journey to Monaco had put you quite out of sorts: I was afraid of some such accident. I now send you news from M. de Pomponne: the fashion of being wounded is begun already: my heart is very heavy with the fears of this campaign. My son writes by every opportunity; he is hitherto in good health.

My aunt is still in a deplorable condition; and yet we have the courage to think of appointing a day for parting hence, assuming a hope which in reality we cannot entertain. I cannot yet forbear thinking there are certain things not ranged in good order, among the various events of life; they are, as it were, rugged stones lying across our way, too unwieldy to be removed, and which we must get over as we can, though it is not without pain and difficulty.

We have a very tragical history to communicate to you from Livri. Do you remember that pretended devoté, who walked so steadily, without turning his head, that you would have thought he was carrying a vessel full of water? His devotion has turned his brain. One night he gave himself five or six stabs with a knife, and fell on his knees in his cell, all naked, and weltering in his blood. They come in, and find him in this posture. "Brother, what have you done? Who has left you in such a condition?" He replies very calmly, "Father, I am doing a little penance." He faints away; they lay him on a bed; they dress his wounds, which are found very dangerous; he is recovered with much difficulty, and sent to his friends.

If you do not think such a head sufficiently disordered, tell me so, and you shall have, instead of

it, that of Madame Paul, who is fallen desperately in love with a great booby, whom she had taken as her gardener. This lady has managed her affairs admirably; she has married him. The fellow is a mere brute, and has not common sense; he will beat her soon, and has already threatened to do it; no matter, she was resolved to have him. I have never seen so violent a passion; there is all the fine extravagance of sentiments imaginable, were they but rightly applied: it is like the rough sketch of an ill painting; all the colours are there; they want only to be properly disposed. I am extremely diverted with the caprices of love; but really I tremble for myself, when I reflect on such an attempt as this. What insolence was it in this passion, to attack Madame Paul? that is, to attack rigid, austere, antiquated virtue herself in person. Alas! where can we hope to find security? This is a pleasant piece of news indeed, after the agreeable relations you have given us. I beg you not to forget M. de Harouis, whose heart is a master-piece of perfection, and who adores you. I am very impatient to hear of you and your little son. The weather must be extremely hot in the climate you are in: I fear this season for him, and for you much more; for I have never yet had any reason to think it possible to love anything besides, in an equal degree with you.

SEWARD, ANNA,

Daughter of the Rev. Thomas Seward, was born, in 1747, at Eyam, in Derbyshire. Very early in life she manifested a talent for poetry, which her father in vain tried to discourage. She acquired considerable reputation as a poet; and also wrote "A Life of Dr. Darwin," in which she claims the first fifty lines of his "Botanic Garden" as her own.

In 1754, Mr. Seward removed with his family to Lichfield, the birth-place of Johnson and Garrick, and the residence of Dr. Darwin; and Miss Seward continued to live there till her death in 1809. Her only sister dying in 1764, just as she was on the eve of marrying Dr. Porter, step-son to Dr. Johnson, Anna found her society so indispensable to her parents, that she rejected all offers of matrimony on their account; although, being young, beautiful, and an heiress, she was of course much sought. She was remarkable for the ardour and constancy of her friendships, as well as for her filial devotion.

Her sonnets have procured her the greater part of her celebrity as a poetess; though her poetical novel, entitled "Louisa," was very favourably received at the time of its publication. Miss Seward died in 1809, aged sixty-two years. Among her publications were six volumes of "Letters." The "Description of the Life of an English Country Clergyman some eighty or ninety years ago," is a fair specimen of her prose, which we think is superior to her poetry.

FROM A LETTER DATED 1767.

The convenient old parsonage is uncommonly light and cheerful. Its fire-places have odd little extra windows near them, which are the blessings of employment in cold or gloomy days. A rural walk encircles the house. In its front, a short flagged walk divides two grass-plots, and leads to a little wicket gate, arched over with ivy, that opens into the fold-yard. A narrow gravel-walk extends along the front of the house, and under the parlour-windows. Opposite them, and on the larger grass-plot, stands the venerable and expansive mulberry-tree. * * * We rise at seven. At eight, my aunt and cousin, my mother, Honora, and myself, meet at our neat and cheerful breakfast. That dear, kind-hearted saint, my uncle, has his milk earlier, and retires, for the morning, to his study. At nine, we adjourn to my aunt's apartment above stairs, where one reads aloud to the rest, who are at work. At twelve, my uncle summons us to prayers in the parlour. When they are over, the family disperses, and we young ones either walk or write till dinner. That appears at two. At four, we resume my aunt's apartment. * * * When we quit this dear apartment to take an evening walk, it is always with a degree of reluctance. At half-past ten, he calls in his servants to join our vesper devotions, which close the peaceful and unvaried day, resigning us to sleep as tranquil as itself. * * * The village has no neighbourhood, and in itself no prospect. The roads are deep and dirty, in winter scarce passable. My fair cousin, Miss Marten, is completely buried through the dreary months. * * * She tells us she weeps for joy at the sight of the first daisy, and welcomes and talks to and hails the little blessed harbinger of brighter days, her days of liberty as well as of peace.

SEYMOUR, ANNE, MARGARET, and JANE,

Daughters of Edward, duke of Somerset, were known for their poetical talents. Their one hundred and four Latin distichs on the death of Margaret of Valois, queen of France, were translated into French, Greek, and Italian, and printed in Paris in 1551, but possess little merit. Anne married the Earl of Warwick, and afterwards Sir Edward Hunter. Margaret and Jane died single. Jane was maid of honour to queen Elizabeth of England, and died in 1560, at the age of twenty.

SEYMOUR, JANE,

Was married to Henry VIII., in May, 1536, the day after Anne Boleyn was beheaded, and died, October, 1537, two days after the birth of her son, Edward VI. Henry is said to have been very much attached to her during their brief union; but she seems to have been cold and insipid in her character, retaining his affections more by her yielding disposition, than by any other quality. She never interfered in state affairs. She was maid of honour to Anne Boleyn at the time that Henry fell in love with her; and witnessed Anne's fall and death without the slightest appearance of sensibility.

SFORZA, BONA,

Queen of Poland, was born in Naples, in 1501. She was the daughter of Isabella of Aragon, and of Servanni Galeozzo Sforza, nephew of the founder of

the Sforsa dynasty in Milan. She lost her father in very tender infancy, and was brought up with great care by her mother. In 1518, she was married by proxy to Sigismond I., king of Poland, over whom she obtained the greatest influence, which she used to advantage in prompting and

causing to be executed, plans for the prosperity of the kingdom. She inspired the administration with an activity unknown before in Poland; and while she resided there, was a patron of many useful and magnificent undertakings. On the death of her husband, she became disgusted with a matrimonial misalliance contracted by her son, the reigning monarch. She returned to her native country, where she was received with the highest honours. In her little sovereignty of Bar, she occupied herself with useful establishments, according to her means, and took particular delight in the society and encouragement of men of letters. She died in 1557.

SFORZA, CRISTIERNA, DUCHESS OF MILAN,

Was the daughter of Christian II., king of Denmark, a prince who was expelled by his subjects, and died in exile. Her mother was Isabella, sister of Charles V. Left an orphan in infancy, she was tenderly educated by her aunt, the dowager queen of Hungary, and, by her beauty and pleasing manners, having gained the favour of Charles V., was adopted by that sovereign, who carried her with him to the court of Madrid. In 1530, she espoused Francesco Sforza, duke of Milan. His death, which took place three years afterwards, left her a young and beautiful widow, richly endowed with the gifts of fortune. Among many suitors, she selected Francesco I., duke of Lorena; refusing the proposals of Henry VIII., of England, who had demanded her hand of Charles V. At the end of four years of domestic happiness, death deprived her of Francesco, and after that she refused to enter into any new matrimonial connexion, but devoted herself to the care of her children and of the Lorenese states, of which she had been left regent. Here it is that she merits other praise than that of a good mistress of a family: for she evinced so much sagacity, so much good feeling and activity, that, by judicious management, she rendered Lorena the most flourishing and prosperous duchy in that province. But no wisdom, no courage, could defend this little state from the rapacity of a mighty monarch, who had cast upon it a covetous eye. Henry II., king of France, partly by craft, and partly by force, found means to seize upon the government. The heir was taken to Paris, and the regent banished. Ambition was not her master passion, and she willingly retired into private life, when an opportunity occurred for revealing great force of character, joined with tact, intelligence, and many other admirable qualities, and in a way peculiarly congenial to a woman. She perceived that France and Spain, wearied of the long turbulence and continual war in which they had been engaged, were both inclined to peace, and needed only some mediator to bring about that blessing. Inspired by a generous wish to benefit her fellow-creatures, she undertook this affair; active, industrious, eloquent, persuasive, she made repeated journeys between Paris and Madrid, and rested not till she had obtained from the two monarchs a promise that they would meet in a congress. In 1555, Charles and Henry had an interview at Chateau Cambresis; and then the lady overpowered every body by her ready wit, her seducing eloquence, and her profound views of policy. Peace was the result of her efforts.

Cristierna passed the rest of her life in a modest seclusion, where she exhibited all the virtues of private life. She died of paralysis, in the city of Tortona, in the year 1590.

SHEREEN, or SCHIRIN, or SIRA,

Was an Armenian princess, second wife of Chosroes II., king of Persia in the seventeenth century. She was very beautiful, intellectual, and accomplished, and is the heroine of many of the Turkish and Persian romances. Her husband was murdered by his own son by a former wife, and Shereen killed herself on his tomb to escape the love of the murderer.

SHERIDAN, FRANCES,

Wife of Thomas Sheridan, M. A., was born in Ireland, in 1724, but descended from a good English family, which had removed there. Her maiden name was Chamberlaine. She wrote a little pamphlet at the time of a violent party-dispute about the theatre in which Mr. Sheridan had just embarked his fortune. He, by accident, discovered his defender, and soon afterwards married her. She was a very charming woman, and fulfilled all her duties with the greatest propriety. She died at Blois, in France, in 1767. Her "Sydney Biddulph," is a very well-written novel; and her little romance called "Nourjahad," shows a very fertile imagination. She also wrote two comedies, entitled "The Discovery," and "The Dupe."

Although not handsome, Mrs. Sheridan is described as having had an intelligent countenance, fine dark eyes and hair, with a particularly fair complexion.

In her dress Mrs. Sheridan was somewhat plain, though she did not affect that negligence which was adopted by some of the literary ladies of that day, who were accused of studiously neglecting the Graces to pay homage to the Muses.

Mrs. Sheridan was as much beloved in her own family as she was admired by her cotemporaries; and she was even more famed for her colloquial powers than for her literary talents. Her temper was good, though warm, of which infirmity she was herself aware. From her works, it is evident she had a strong sense of religion; and in her principal performance, "Sidney Biddulph," she portrays it as the only consolation her heroine receives during her misfortunes.

SHREWSBURY, ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF,

Was the daughter of John Hardwick, of Hardwick, a gentleman of ancient family and fortune in Derbyshire. At a very early age she married, not without some suspicions of interested motives, a gentleman of fortune, named Barlow, in delicate health. Before his marriage, to prove his devotion, he made a will, in which he secured to her, and her heirs, almost the whole of his vast estates. A short time after their marriage he died. She soon contracted a second marriage, with Sir William Cavendish, to whom she appears to have been really attached. He was a widower for the third time when he married her, and seems to have returned her affection sincerely, denying her nothing, and anticipating her wishes. To gratify her, he sold his estates in the south of England, and purchased lands in her native county; and here he began, by her desire, the building of Chatsworth, a mansion, since one of the most magnificent and celebrated in the kingdom, on which a mine of wealth has been spent at different times. Her great passion seems to have been to erect great mansions in every part of her large estates; as Chatsworth, Hardwick, Oldcotes, and others, prove. Tradition has preserved a prophecy that she would not die while she continued to build. Sir William Cavendish did not live to see the finishing of his splendid mansion. Upon his widow this task devolved, as well as the bringing up of their six children, to whom she was fondly attached, and to whose interests she was devoted. Through these children, she became the ancestress of more than one noble and distinguished family. Her oldest son died childless; the second, William, became the first earl of Devonshire; the third, Charles, was the ancestor of the dukes of Newcastle. Her oldest daughter, Frances, married Sir Henry Pierrepoint, ancestor of the dukes of Kingston, by which alliance we perceive that "old Bess of Hardwick" was an ancestress of lady Mary Wortley Montague. Elizabeth, the second daughter, married Charles Stuart, duke of Lennox, brother of Darnley, who became father of the unfortunate Arabella Stuart, the victim of state policy. Mary, the third daughter, married Gilbert, the oldest son of Elizabeth's fourth husband, and arrived at the same dignity of Countess of Shrewsbury.

With a splendid fortune, and unimpaired beauty, the attractive widow retained her liberty some time, till at length she was prevailed upon to change her state again, in favour of Sir William St. Lo, of Tormarton, in Gloucestershire, captain of the guard to queen Elizabeth, and grand butler of England. He was wealthy, and had broad lands in Gloucestershire; and these circumstances weighed with the acute widow and careful mother, who determined, before she ventured to alter her position, to secure as much as possible of his possessions to herself and children. She was successful, and Sir William settled the whole of his fortune upon her and her heirs, to the exclusion of his children by a former marriage. The enamoured captain did not survive long to enjoy his happiness. Elizabeth was for the third time left a widow, with a fortune considerably increased, and no heirs of St. Lo to take any thing from her family of Cavendish.

Wealth had been her object in her last match, and as her appetite seemed to "grow with what it fed on," she resolved to give the reins, not only to her desire of gain, but to the ambition which led her step by step till she had established herself in the precincts of the court. It was not long before she made a new selection. George, earl of Shrewsbury, was no longer a young man, but he was rich, of exalted rank, and the greatest subject in the realm; high in favour with the queen, and trusted beyond any other noble in her court, independent, magnificent, and powerful, and a widower, with sons and daughters unmarried. In an evil day for him, the earl of Shrewsbury submitted his fate to the guidance of the successful widow. A magnificent jointure was settled upon the bride, and it was agreed, not only that her eldest son should espouse his daughter, but that her youngest daughter, Mary, should become the wife of his heir, Gilbert. The earl of Shrewsbury's good genius must have forsaken him at this eventful period of his life: for soon after his marriage he voluntarily undertook the guardianship of Mary, queen of Scots, who, in May, 1568, landed in England, and threw herself upon the protection of queen Elizabeth, who immediately made her a state prisoner: an act of treachery that has found

a parallel in English history of modern times. It appears that both the earl and countess eagerly sought the office of head jailers to the unfortunate Mary.

At this period of their married life, the earl and countess seemed to live on terms of affectionate confidence; but from the first entrance of the queen of Scots into their family, disturbances began to occur. What the ambitious and dangerous schemes of the countess may have been, cannot now, with certainty, be known; but it is likely that she endeavoured to secure Mary as her friend, in case of a failure with Elizabeth; or, in modern parlance, she deemed it wisest, in the game she was playing, to "hedge!" The earl was accused of a tender leaning towards his captive; "a scandal" which he has himself recorded in his own epitaph. That his wary mistress, queen Elizabeth, distrusted him somewhat, is evident from the part which she afterwards played when the earl and countess began to quarrel. In 1574, the countess took the daring step of marrying her daughter Elizabeth to the earl of Lennox, brother of Darnley. This alliance with the family of the royal captive, gave great offence to the queen, and we find the earl of Shrewsbury writing to her and protesting his ignorance of this act of his wife's. The object of this turmoil, Elizabeth Cavendish, seems to have derived little happiness from her marriage; blamed, imprisoned, persecuted, and reproached, she had small cause to congratulate herself on the dangerous elevation to which her mother's ambition had raised her; and, after a brief space, the husband, on whom so many hopes were fixed, fell a victim to sickness or sorrow, and she became a widow, with one child, Arabella, the heiress of her griefs and all the misfortunes of the devoted race of Stuart.

The earl of Shrewsbury's office of custodian to the royal Mary was prolific of troubles; the queen's suspicions aroused, his wife's jealousy excited, his own liberty necessarily restrained, a responsible office, and expensive establishment, for which he was inadequately paid, to support, all combined to render his situation little to be envied. In the year 1577, the first shade is evident that appears to have clouded the domestic sky of the earl and countess, and henceforth their disunion increased till it amounted to open revilings. The earl's children sided with their stepmother, whose resolute will gave her unbounded sway over all within her influence. Notwithstanding that, the earl accuses her of a desire to gain possession of his estates and revenues for the benefit of her own children. The poor earl seems to have been sorely ill treated by both the women who ruled him; for we find him making application to the queen, "for the hundreth time," for payment of his just dues in keeping the queen of Scots. At length, the sorrows and troubles of the earl of Shrewsbury were brought to a close. He died in November, 1590. During the following seventeen years of widowhood, Elizabeth of Shrewsbury devoted herself to building; and there is no knowing how many more mansions she would have erected if her life had been spared. The story goes, that in 1607 a hard frost set in, which obliged her workmen to stop suddenly; "the spell was broken, the astrologer's prediction verified, Elizabeth of Hardwick could build no longer, and she died." Her death occurred at Hardwick Hall, in February, 1607, in the 87th year of her age. During the latter part of her life, the affection which the countess entertained for her grand-daughter, Arabella Stuart, was one of the master passions of her mind. It was well for her proud spirit that she was spared the pain of witnessing the downfall of her ambitious hopes, and the melancholy fate of one so dear to her.

This countess of Shrewsbury is a remarkable instance of the worldly-wise woman, approaching, both in the powers of her intellect and the manner in which she directed her talents, very nearly the masculine type of mind. Calm, prudent, energetic, but politic, selfish, hard, she stands out from our pictures of true feminine character like an oak among laurels, willows and magnolias. Happily, for the moral welfare of our race, there are few women like "Bess of Hardwick."

SIDDONS, SARAH,

The most eminent English tragic actress, was born, in 1755, at Brecknock, and was the daughter of Roger Kemble, manager of a company of itinerant players. At the age of fifteen she became attached to Mr. Siddons; and her parents refusing their consent to her marriage, she went to reside with Mrs. Greathead, of Guy's Cliff, as an humble companion. In her eighteenth year she married Mr. Siddons, and returned to the stage. In 1775, she made her first appearance on the London boards, but was unsuccessful. Time, however, matured her powers; and, after an absence of seven years, spent partly at Bath, where she was much admired, she reappeared at Drury Lane in 1782; and from that time her course was a perpetual triumph. In 1812, having acquired an ample fortune, she withdrew into private life. She died, June 9th, 1831. Mrs. Siddons possessed considerable talents as a sculptor. A medallion of herself, and a bust of her brother, John Kemble, are among her works. Her character was irreproachable.

SIRANI, ELISABETTA,

Was born in Bologna, in 1638. Her father, Gian Andrea Sirani, was a painter of some reputation, and had been a favourite scholar of Guido, and successful imitator of his style. The manifestations of real genius are usually to be discovered at the earliest age; and Elisabetta, when almost an infant, excited attention by her attempts at drawing. These baby pencillings, though they attracted the notice of her father, did not give him the idea of instructing her, *because she was a girl.* Fortunately, a visiter at the house, count Canonico Malvasia, a man of cultivated mind and enlarged views, used his influence with Sirani, and represented to him the culpability of stifling the rare talent that was developing itself in the little maiden. From this time she was educated for her future profession, and every study was attended

to that could be useful to improve her genius. Her delight in intellectual cultivation was only equalled by her conscientious industry; the most complete success crowned her application. As a painter, her works take place among the best Italian masters. She has also left some very excellent

engravings, and displayed no mean ability in modelling in plaster. Before she had attained her eighteenth year, she had painted many large historical pieces, which were regarded with admiration, and obtained an honourable situation in the various churches. Besides this, the young artist was a very excellent musician, singing beautifully, and playing with grace upon the harp. She was as remarkable for her plain good sense and amiable disposition, as for her talents. The solace and support of her invalid father, she put into his hands all the money she received for her pictures. Her mother having become paralytic, the household affairs devolved upon her; and her attention to the minutiæ of inferior occupations, as well as her motherly care of her younger sisters, proved that the brilliant exercise of the most refined accomplishments and the most intellectual attainments is by no means incompatible with the perfect discharge of those menial employments to which the wisdom of some Solomons would limit the faculties of woman.

It would be impossible to enumerate the works of this indefatigable artist. She was admired and visited by the great of that day, who vied with one another in the desire to obtain specimens of her pencil. At one time, a committee appointed to order a large picture of the baptism of Jesus, to be placed opposite a *Holy Supper* in the church of the Certosini, called upon her. Radiant with inspiration, the girl, then scarcely twenty, took a sheet of paper, and, before the eyes of the astonished beholders, with the utmost promptness, drew in Indian ink, that composition so rich in figures, so spirited in its details, and so grand in its *ensemble*. As soon as it was finished, it was hung where it now stands, and drew an immense concourse of admiring spectators. The drawing, the colouring, the harmony of the parts, have obtained the praise and enthusiastic tributes of all succeeding artists. Her fame was spread throughout Italy, and foreign courts became desirous of extending to her their patronage. A large picture was bespoken by the empress Eleonora, widow of Ferdinand III., when she was assailed by a disease of the stomach, which, after a few months of slight indisposition, attacked her so violently, that in less than twenty-four hours she was reduced to extremity. She received the sacrament, and died on the 28th of August, her birth-day. She was twenty-seven years of age. As she was apparently robust and of good constitution, suspicions arose of poison having been administered to her; but, upon a post mortem examination, no conclusive evidence could be found; and as the suspected individual (a servant) was acquitted in the legal scrutiny which took place, we are not warranted in the idea that her death was otherwise than a natural one.

There was a universal mourning among her fellow-citizens; all funereal honours were given to her remains, which were deposited near those of Guido, in the church of San Domenico.

SIRIES, VIOLANTE BEATRICE,

Was born at Florence, in 1710. She was a pupil of Giovanna Fratellini, who at that time lived in high esteem in Florence; by whose instruction she made an extraordinary proficiency in water-colour and crayon painting, till she was sixteen, when she went, with her father, to Paris, where he was appointed goldsmith to the king of France. Here she continued for five years, and studied under an eminent Flemish artist. She painted portraits of several of the nobility with such beauty and fidelity, that she was invited to take likenesses of the royal family; but she was under the necessity of declining this honour, as she was about to return with her father to Florence, where he had a very lucrative employment conferred on him by the Grand Duke.

The Grand Duke professed great esteem for this artist, and ordered her portrait to be placed in the gallery of artists at Florence. To perpetuate her father's memory, she introduced his portrait with her own, giving at once a proof of her filial piety and distinguished merit. She painted equally well in oil and with crayons; but most of her works are in oil, and are principally from historical subjects. She also painted fruit and flowers; and executed every subject with extraordinary taste, truth, and delicacy. She died in 1760.

SMITH, CHARLOTTE,

Eldest daughter of Nicholas Turner, Esq., of Surrey, in England, was born in London, May 4th, 1749. She lost her mother when she was only three years old, and the charge of her education devolved on her aunt. Miss Turner was carefully instructed in all the accomplishments of the day, but she afterwards regretted that her attention had not been directed more to the solid branches of learning. She began to write when very young, and was always extravagantly fond of reading, especially poetry and romances. At the early age

of twelve she left school, and from that time was accustomed to frequent public amusements with her family, and even appear in society with them. She was beautiful, animated, and attractive, and appeared so much older than she really was, that at fourteen she received proposals of marriage, which were refused, and at fifteen she was married to Mr. Smith, son of Richard Smith, a West India merchant, and Director of the East India Company.

Mr. Smith's great inferiority to his wife, both in mind and principles, was more and more apparent every year, which Mrs. Smith felt keenly as she grew older; yet never to her most confidential friends did she allow a complaint or severe remark to escape her lips. Her father-in-law fully appreciated her, and often employed her pen on matters of business, and confided to her all his anxieties. He often remarked that she could expedite more business in an hour, from his dictation, than any one of his clerks could perform in a day. This affords a strong instance of the compass of her mind, which could adapt itself with equal facility to the charms of literature and the dry details of commerce.

In 1776, the death of her father-in-law, who left an incomprehensible will which kept them for some time involved in law-suits, occasioned the final ruin of their fortunes. Their estate in Hampshire was sold, and they removed to Sussex. Mrs. Smith never deserted her husband for a moment during the period of his misfortunes. While suffering from the calamities he had brought on himself and his children, she exerted herself with as much energy as though his conduct had been unexceptionable, made herself mistress of his affairs, and finally succeeded in settling them.

Mr. Smith found it expedient, in 1783, to retire to the continent, where his wife joined him with their children. They resided near Dieppe; and here her youngest son was born. She translated while there the novel called "Manon l'Escaut." In 1785, she returned to England; and soon after published "The Romance of Real Life," a translation of some of the most remarkable trials, from "*Les Causes Célèbres.*"

In 1786, Mrs. Smith, finding it impossible to live longer with any degree of comfort with her husband, resolved to separate from him; and, with the approbation of all her most judicious friends, she settled herself in a small house near Chichester. Her husband, becoming involved in fresh difficulties, again retired to the continent, after some ineffectual attempts to induce her to return to him. They sometimes met after this, and constantly corresponded, Mrs. Smith never relaxing her efforts to afford him assistance, or bring the family affairs to a final arrangement; but they never afterwards resided together.

In her seclusion at Wyhe, her novels of "Emmeline," "Ethelinde," and "Celestina," were written. These were very successful. In 1791, she went to reside near London; and, during the excitement caused by the French revolution, she wrote "Desmond," which was severely censured for its political and moral tendency. "But she regained public favour," says Mr. Chambers, "by her tale, the 'Old Manor House,'" which is the best of her novels. Part of this work was written at Eartham, the residence of Hayley, during the period of Cowper's visit to that poetical retreat. "It was delightful," says Hayley, "to hear her read what she had just written; for she read, as she wrote, with simplicity and grace." Cowper was also astonished at the rapidity and excellence of her composition. Mrs. Smith continued her literary labours amidst private and family distress. She also wrote a "History of England," and a "Natural History of Birds," in 1807; "Conversations," and several other works. Her first publication was a volume of elegiac "Sonnets" and other Essays, in 1784. She died at Tilford, October 28th, 1806, in her fifty-eighth year. Her husband had died the preceding year. As a mother, she was most exemplary.

Mr. Chambers thus sums up his opinion of her writings:—"The poetry of Mrs. Smith is elegant and sentimental, and generally of a pathetic cast. She wrote as if 'melancholy had marked her for her own.' The keen satire and observation evinced in her novels do not appear in her verse; but the same powers of description are displayed. Her sketches of English scenery are true and pleasing."

Sir Walter Scott also gives "high praise to the sweet and sad effusions of Mrs. Smith's pen;" but observes, "We cannot admit that by these alone she could ever have risen to the height of eminence which we are disposed to claim for her as authoress of her prose narratives."

From "Poems."

FLORA'S HOROLOGE.

In every copse and sheltered dell,
Unveiled to the observant eye,
Are faithful monitors who tell
How pass the hours and seasons by.

The green-robed children of the spring
Will mark the periods as they pass,
Mingle with leaves Time's feathered wing,
And bind with flowers his silent glass.

Mark where transparent waters glide,
Soft flowing o'er their tranquil bed;
There, cradled on the dimpling tide,
Nymphæa rests her lovely head.

But conscious of the earliest beam,
She rises from her humid nest,
And sees, reflected in the stream,
The virgin whiteness of her breast.

Till the bright day-star to the west
Declines, in ocean's surge to lave;
Then, folded in her modest vest,
She slumbers on the rocking wave.

See Hieracium's various tribe,
Of plumy seed and radiate flowers,
The course of Time their blooms describe,
And wake or sleep appointed hours.

Broad o'er its imbricated cup
The goatsbeard spreads its golden rays,
But shuts its cautious petals up,
Retreating from the noontide blaze.

Pale as a pensive cloistered nun,
The Bethlem star her face unveils,
When o'er the mountain peers the sun,
But shades it from the vesper gales.

Among the loose and arid sands
The humble arenaria creeps;
Slowly the purple star expands,
But soon within its calyx sleeps.

And those small bells so lightly rayed
With young Aurora's rosy hue,
Are to the noontide sun displayed,
But shut their plaits against the dew

On upland slopes the shepherds mark
The hour when, as the dial true,
Cichorium to the towering lark
Lifts her soft eyes serenely blue.

And thou, "Wee crimson-tipped flower,"
Gatherest thy fringed mantle round
Thy bosom at the closing hour,
When night-drops bathe the turfy ground.

Unlike silene, who declines
The garish noontide's blazing light;
But when the evening crescent shines,
Gives all her sweetness to the night.

Thus in each flower and simple bell,
That in our path betrodden lie,
Are sweet remembrancers who tell
How fast their winged moments fly.

THE CRICKET.

Little inmate, full of mirth,
Chirping on my humble hearth;
Wheresoe'er be thine abode,
Always harbinger of good,
Pay me for thy warm retreat
With a song most soft and sweet;
In return thou shalt receive
Such a song as I can give.

Though in voice and shape they be
Formed as if akin to thee,
Thou surpassest, happier far,
Happiest grasshoppers that are;
Their's is but a summer-song,
Thine endures the winter long,
Unimpaired, and shrill and clear,
Melody throughout the year.

Neither night nor dawn of day
Puts a period to thy lay,
Then, insect! let thy simple song
Cheer the winter evening long;
While, secure from every storm,
In my cottage stout and warm,
Thou shalt my merry minstrel be,
And I delight to shelter thee.

SONNETS.

On the Departure of the Nightingale.

Sweet poet of the woods, a long adieu!
Farewell soft minstrel of the early year!
Ah! 'twill be long ere thou shalt sing anew,
And pour thy music on the night's dull ear.
Whether on spring thy wandering flights await,
Or whether silent in our groves you dwell,
The pensive muse shall own thee for her mate,
And still protect the song she loves so well.
With cautious step the love-lorn youth shall glide
Through the lone brake that shades thy mossy nest;
And shepherd girls from eyes profane shall hide
The gentle bird who sings of pity best:
For still thy voice shall soft affections move,
And still be dear to sorrow and to love!

Written at the Close of Spring.

The garlands fade that Spring so lately wove;
Each simple flower, which she had nursed in dew,
Anemonies that spangled every grove,
The primrose wan, and harebell mildly blue.
No more shall violets linger in the dell,
Or purple orchis variegate the plain,
Till Spring again shall call forth every bell,
And dress with humid hands her wreaths again.
Ah, poor humanity! so frail, so fair,
Are the fond visions of thy early day,
Till tyrant passion and corrosive care
Bid all thy fairy colours fade away!
Another May new buds and flowers shall bring;
Ah! why has happiness no second Spring?

TO NIGHT.

I love thee, mournful sober-suited night,
When the faint moon, yet lingering in her wane,
And veiled in clouds, with pale uncertain light
Hangs o'er the waters of the restless main.
In deep depression sunk, th' enfeebled mind
Will to the deaf, cold elements complain,
And tell th' embosomed grief, however vain,
To sullen surges and the viewless wind;
Though no repose on thy dark breast I find,
I still enjoy thee, cheerless as thou art;
For in thy quiet gloom th' exhausted heart
Is calm, though wretched; hopeless, yet resigned;
While to the winds and waves its sorrows given,
May reach—though lost on earth—the ear of Heaven.

TO TRANQUILLITY.

In this tumultuous sphere, for thee unfit,
How seldom art thou found — Tranquillity!
Unless 't is when with mild and downcast eye
By the low cradles thou delight'st to sit
Of sleeping infants, watching the soft breath,
And bidding the sweet slumberers easy lie,
Or sometimes hanging o'er the bed of death,
Where the poor languid sufferer hopes to die.
O beauteous sister of the halcyon peace!
I sure shall find thee in that heavenly scene
Where care and anguish shall their power resign;
Where hope alike and vain regret shall cease;
And Memory, lost in happiness serene,
Repeat no more — that misery has been mine!

SMITH, ELIZABETH,

Was born, in 1776, at the family seat of Burnhall, in the county of Durham. She understood mathematics, drawing, Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, Persian, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, German, and French. Her "Fragments," "Translation of Job," and "Translation of the Life of Klopstock," have been published. She also wrote poetry. She died in 1806, aged thirty years.

SMITH, SARAH LOUISA P.,

Was born at Detroit, in 1811, while her maternal grandfather, Major-General William Hull, so well known for his patriotism and his misfortunes, was governor of the territory of Michigan. Her father's name was Hickman; he died when Louisa was an infant; and her mother, returning to her own home at Newton, Massachusetts, there educated her two daughters. The uncommon quickness of talent exhibited by Louisa, soon attracted the attention of her instructers. She had a most wonderful memory, and gathered knowledge without any apparent effort—yet was she ever among the most active in mental pursuits. And the ease with which she acquired information was not more remarkable than the modesty which accompanied her superiority. She began to write when a mere child, and these juvenile productions were often so excellent, as to elicit great commendations from her family and their confidential friends; yet this praise never fostered pride or self-confidence in the youthful poetess. She wrote from the spontaneous overflowing of her own heart, which seemed filled with thoughts of beauty, and all tender and sweet emotions. By the persuasion of her friends, she was induced to send some of her effusions, anonymously, to different periodicals. These were greatly admired, and often reprinted. Before she was fifteen, her name had become known, and she was distinguished as a young lady of uncommon powers of intellect. She was soon an object of attention. Her personal appearance was very prepossessing. She had a countenance bright with the "light of mind," a soft and delicate complexion, a "large loving eye," and a head of that fine "spiritual form," which at once impresses the beholder with the majesty and purity of the mind within.

In 1828, Miss Hickman was married to Mr. S. J. Smith, then the editor of a literary periodical in Providence. Soon after her marriage, her husband published a volume of her poems; some collected from the literary journals, and others written as the book was passing through the press. She was then but "careless seventeen," as she says of herself; and it was a hazardous experiment to give a volume of poetry, which must have been, however highly imbued with genius, more fraught with the feelings and sentiments of others, than with those teachings of truth and nature which experience in the *real* world can only bestow. But the book was popular; and though she would, had she lived till the maturity of her powers, no doubt greatly excelled her early writings, yet, as the blossoms of an original and extraordinary genius, these poems will ever be admired.

And yet it is not as an authoress that she is remembered and lamented by her intimate friends, or by those who had the pleasure of a brief personal acquaintance. "Any literary reputation that she might have acquired, could never have been thought of in her presence," is the testimony of one who knew her. "It was the confiding sincerity of her manners, the playfulness of her conversation, her enthusiastic and devoted assiduity to those she loved, which made her presence a perpetual delight." In her own home she was a model of discretion, cheerfulness and kindness. Her husband was always her *lover*, and her two little sons she cherished with that peculiar tenderness which only those endowed with the finest sensibilities can feel. Yet, amid all her maternal and household cares, her mind was rapidly gathering strength for higher literary pursuits. She was, at the time of her decease, engaged in reviewing her early opinions on literature, and her early productions, pointing out, and acknowledging her errors and deficiencies, with the most frank honesty; and preparing by study and reflection to make her genius the faithful interpreter of nature and the human heart. What she has written is marked by ease, grace, and that intuitive perception of the beautiful and good, which shows that her imagination was a blessing to herself, as well as a pleasure to others. And with the refinement of taste and warmth of affections which Mrs. Smith possessed, was united pure, ardent, and unaffected piety. The hope of immortality was to her a glorious hope; and the benevolence which the Gospel inculcates, was her cherished feeling.

She died, February, 1832, in the twenty-first year of her age.

The following are considered among her best poems:—

THE HUMA.

"A bird peculiar to the East. It is supposed to fly constantly in the air and never touch the ground."

Fly on! nor touch thy wing, bright bird,
Too near our shaded earth,
Or the warbling, now so sweetly heard,
May lose its note of mirth.
Fly on,—nor seek a place of rest
In the home of "care-worn things;"
'T would dim the light of thy shining crest
And thy brightly burnished wings,
To dip them where the waters glide
That flow from a troubled earthly tide.

The fields of upper air are thine,
Thy place where stars shine free:
I would *thy* home, bright one, were mine,
Above life's stormy sea.
I would never wander, bird, like thee,
So near this place again,
With wing and spirit once light and free—
They should wear no more the chain
With which they are bound and fettered here,
For ever struggling for skies more clear.

There are many things like thee, bright bird,
Hopes as thy plumage gay;
Our air is with them for ever stirred,
But still in air they stay.
And happiness, like thee, fair one,
Is ever hovering o'er,
But *rests* in a land of brighter sun,
On a waveless, peaceful shore,
And stoops to lave her weary wings,
Where the fount of "living waters" springs.

THE HEART'S TREASURES.

Know ye what things the heart holds dear
In its hidden cells?
'T is never the beam of careless smiles,
Nor riches wafted from far-off isles;
The light that cheers it is never shed
From the jewelled pomp of a regal head,
Not there it dwells.

Gay things, the loved of worldly eyes,
Enchain it not;
It suns its blossoms in fairer skies,
The dewy beam of affection's eyes;
The spell is there that can hold it fast,
When earthly pride in its pomp is past,
And all forgot.

Thoughts that come from their far, dim rest,
Woke by a smile—
The memory sweet of a youthful hour,
The faded hue of a cherished flower,
Or parting tones of a far-off friend,
It loves in melody soft to blend
With him the while.

Know ye what things the heart holds dear:
Its buried loves!
Those that have wrung from it many a tear,
Gone where the leaves never fall or sear,
Gone to the land that is sought in prayer,
The trace of whose step is fairest, where
Fond memory roves.

The sound of music at even-fall,
Filling its springs
With a flow of thought, and feeling sweet
As summer winds, when at eve they meet,
And lips that are loved, breathe forth the song,
When day with its troubled sounds is gone—
To these it clings.

And nature's pleasant murmurings,
So sweet to hear;
Her bowers of beauty, and soft-shed gleams
Of light and shadow on forest streams,
Her mossy rocks and places rude,
The charm of her breathing solitude—
These it holds dear.

TRUST IN HEAVEN.

"For He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Yes, He hath said, whose word hath power,
Nor may his children fear,
The clouds that on their pathway lower,
With this high promise near.

When He, whose arm sends o'er the deep
The shades of falling night,
And calls the morning sun to steep
The isles of earth in light,

Is o'er their path, and guarding still
Those whom he knows are frail;
When gathering clouds of worldly ill
Cause human strength to fail.

The spirit hath a chord that clings
To lights that *must* grow dim,
And places trust in fragile things,
That should be placed on Him.

But when that hold is severed—*then*,
In sorrow's hour of night—
When the plant has lost its earthly stem,
He sends his own clear light.

And in those words of truth and power
Is the sacred promise given;
Which has lifted many a drooping flower
To the still clear air of heaven.

SMITH, SARAH LANMAN,

Was born in Norwich, Connecticut, June 18, 1802. Her father was Jabez Huntington, Esq. Her biographer, Rev. Edward W. Hooker, says of her early years, after describing her sufferings from ill health during childhood, and also from the severity of a school-mistress, which circumstances, added to the death of her mother, had the effect to bring out great decision and sometimes wilfulness of character:

"But with these things in childhood, showing that she was a subject of that native depravity in which all the human race are 'guilty before God,'

she exhibited, as she was advancing in the years of youth, many of the virtues which are useful and lovely; and probably went as far in those excellences of natural character on which many endeavour to build their hope of salvation, as almost any unconverted persons do; carrying with her, however, the clear and often disturbing conviction, that the best virtues which she practised were not holiness, nor any evidence of fitness for heaven.

She was exceedingly attached to her friends. Her father was almost her idol. The affection for her mother, who was so early removed by death, she transferred, with exemplary tenderness, to her step-mother; and it is believed the instances are rare in which the parties are uniformly happier in each other, in that relation, than were Mrs. Huntington and this daughter. Her warmth and tenderness of affection as a sister were also peculiar and exemplary. Her childhood and youth were marked with great delicacy of mind and manners; diligence, promptitude, and efficiency in her undertakings; love of system and fondness for study, improvement, and the acquirement of useful knowledge, joined with a great desire to answer the wishes and expectations of her friends. Dutifulness and respect for her parents and grandparents; reverence for her superiors generally; readiness to receive advice or admonition; a just appreciation of the good influence of others, and a spirit of cautiousness respecting whatever might be injurious to her own character, were also prominent traits in her habits. Disinterestedness and self-denial for the benefit of others were conspicuous. Long before she became a subject of divine grace, she took an interest in various objects of benevolence, particularly Sabbath schools; and exhibited that spirit of enterprise, patience, and perseverance, in aiding the efforts of others, which constituted so prominent an excellence in her cha-

racter in the later years of her life. Self-government; economy in the use of her time and pocket-money; tastefulness in dress, without extravagance; and a careful and conscientious consideration of her father's resources, also were observable in her early habits. These traits are not mentioned because they are not found in many other young persons, but because they appeared in her in an uncommon degree."

The virtues and graces of character enumerated do not, it is true, constitute the holiness of a Christian—that is, the especial gift of the Holy Spirit, to sanctify the heart; but they do show a state of feeling naturally inclined to the moralities of life, to which sin, acted out, would have been at "enmity." Her "moral sense" was refined and enlightened; she only needed the breath of divine grace to turn her heart to God; all her ways were in harmony with his laws; while converted men have, usually, the whole inner course of their lives to alter, or at least to put off the "old man with his *deeds;*" which is the struggle of a carnal nature women do not often have to undergo. Mrs. Smith is a true and lovely illustration of the noblest type of feminine nature. She commenced her office as teacher in a Sunday-school, at the age of fourteen, before she was a convert to Jesus; that is, before she had yielded her will to the convictions of her reason and the promptings of her best feelings, and determined to live the life of duty, and seek her own happiness in doing good to others. This change took place when she was about eighteen years old; from that time all was harmony in her soul; she had found the true light, and she followed it till she entered heaven. In 1833, Miss Huntington was married to the Rev. Eli Smith, of the American mission at Beyroot, Syria; and she went to that remote region as the "help meet" for a humble missionary. She was singularly fitted for this important station, having been a voluntary missionary to the miserable remnant of a tribe of the Mohegan Indians; she had thus tested her powers and strengthened her love for this arduous work in the cause of doing good. Her letters to her father and friends, while reflecting on this important step of a foreign mission, will be intensely interesting to those who regard this consecration of woman to her office of moral teacher as among the most efficient causes of the success of the Gospel. The literary merits of her writings are of a high order; we venture to say, that, compared with the "Journals" and "Letters" of the most eminent men in the missionary station, those of Mrs. Smith will not be found inferior in merits of any kind. Her intellect had been cultivated; she could, therefore, bring her reasoning powers, as well as her moral and religious sentiments, to bear on any subject discussed; the following is proof in point. The powerful competition which the missionary cause held in Miss Huntington's affections, with her home and all its pleasant circumstances, may be learned from two or three sentences in one of her letters, written a few months before she left her country. "To make and receive visits, exchange friendly salutations, attend to one's wardrobe, cultivate a garden, read good and entertaining books, and even attend religious meetings for one's own enjoyment; all this does not satisfy me. I want to be where every arrangement will have unreserved and constant reference to eternity. On missionary ground I expect to find new and unlooked-for trials and hinderances; still it is my choice to be there. And so far from looking upon it as a difficult task to sacrifice my home and country, I feel as if I should 'flee as a bird to her mountain.'"

Such are the helpers Christian men may summon to their aid, whenever they will provide for the education of woman and give her the office of teacher, for which God designed her.

Mrs. Smith accompanied her husband to Beyroot, and was indeed his "help" and good angel. She studied Arabic; established a school for girls; exerted her moral and Christian influence with great effect on the mixed population of Moslems, Syrians, Jews; visiting and instructing the mothers as well as the children; working with all her heart and soul, mind and might; and the time of her service soon expired. She died September 30th, 1836, aged thirty-four; a little over three years from the time she left her own dear land.—She died at Boojah, near Smyrna; and in the burial-ground of the latter her precious dust reposes, beneath a monument which does honour to America, by showing the heroic and holy character of her missionary daughters. We must give some extracts from her "Journal" and excellent "Letters," collected and published since her decease:

From "Letters," written before her Marriage.

INFLUENCE OF THANKFULNESS AND CHEERFULNESS.

When is your Thanksgiving? Do you recollect that our ancestors, after appointing a number of fasts, in the midst of their perplexities, resolved that they would appoint a day of thanksgiving, to acknowledge their mercies, as well as deplore their misfortunes, and it seemed to be accepted? Do, my dear sister, strive to keep from despondency, and enjoy, with your husband and children, the domestic blessings which surround you. It may prove a permanent injury to your children, if the sunshine of a mother's face, which often furnishes such delightful associations, is clouded by depressed feelings. Once, since my return home, when an unconscious shade passed over my face, Elizabeth came to me and scrutinized my countenance with much intenseness. I was led to feel that children notice the expression very readily; their own is moulded by that of others with whom they associate constantly.

SATISFACTION IN EMPLOYMENT.

I am happy and cheerful in the attempted discharge of duty; and have no time to cultivate morbid sensibility. And at night, when I lay my weary head upon the pillow of repose, my rest is rendered doubly sweet by a busy day.

WRITINGS OF JANE TAYLOR.

I agree fully with Mrs. C. in regard to Jane Taylor's writings. She is so natural and simple.

Have you seen "Display," a tale by her, which is truly experimental? She does not give, like Mrs. Sherwood, such importance to personal beauty, in heroines. All Mrs. Sherwood's are conspicuous for that, while Miss Taylor attaches but little importance to it, and seldom gives a novelist's description of beauty. As young people attach so much value to it, to the neglect of other graces, I have admired the manner in which Miss Taylor treats the subject. Still I am a great admirer of Mrs. Sherwood.

QUIET USEFULNESS.

A well-regulated mind will never form plans which require the agitation of hurry in their execution. I am anxious to fill up life with usefulness, that God may be honoured, and my fellow-creatures not be the worse for my existence; and by curtailing my own wants, in the pursuance of a systematic plan, I try to avoid that bustling course which is so uncomfortable to surrounding persons, and distracting to one's self. I know of no better preparation for life or for death. From the midst of usefulness, I wish to be called to the reward which is "of grace, not of debt."

EXCITEMENT.

The old-fashioned quietude of domestic life, in this region at least, seems much interrupted by the bustle and excitement of the present day. Do you not think that it is injurious to the character to live upon excitement? I think, if I had any superintendence of girls, I should strive to have it avoided in their education. It produces an artificial stimulus, which, sooner or later, must end in reaction, leaving the character tame and spiritless. Fixed principles of action, having their foundation in truth, will animate the soul sufficiently, and give permanent cheerfulness, instead of being lost by effervescence. Excitement, however, is the order of the day, and I do not consider myself free from its injurious influence.

SELFISHNESS.

It is useful to go abroad occasionally; but if we fix our thoughts, habitually, upon the interests of Christ's kingdom, which are occupying the heavenly world, we cannot be "selfish;" and for myself, I do not wish to be in any place where these are not the predominant subjects. Did you ever notice particularly, that in the Lord's prayer the petitions relative to his kingdom are placed before our own individual wants? Would it not be profitable to follow this arrangement in our closet duties, and thus in our prayers "seek first the kingdom of God?" and possibly it might have an effect to weaken our attachment to the things of the world, and to our private interests.

A THOUGHT IN BROADWAY.

New York seems pleasant to me, and quite like home. In Broadway it seems as if people were hurrying to eternity, as fast as possible. Each one seems intent upon something, nobody can tell what, as though it were the last day of existence. And I hurry on, in the same apparently selfish manner.

ANXIETY RESPECTING PUBLIC INTERESTS.

Do you not tremble for our country? My heart sickens with apprehension. A crisis seems to be approaching; and statesmen as well as Christians seem to fear. The whole earth seems to "reel to and fro like a drunken man." Personal interests seem to dwindle to insignificance in the contrast. I never perused newspapers with such eagerness as I do now; and I find matter enough for prayer; and oh! for a wrestling spirit!

SIDEBOARD ORNAMENTS.

I have taken pains to adorn the sideboard with flowers — ornaments which the God of nature has provided to our hands, without expense or anxiety. I believe you will not think me visionary when I say that, in the Millennium, *his works* will be admired more than those of art — nor call it very improperly odd, if I try to turn our thoughts from the last, to the contemplation of his glorious works.

EXPENSIVE CHURCHES.

I have been for some time decidedly of the opinion, that while Christ's last command remains unfulfilled, splendid churches are not an acceptable offering to Him. The temple of Solomon has probably been a criterion, while it seems to have been forgotten that its magnificence was typical.

MEANS OF HAPPINESS.

All our years would be happier, if we could make the service of God continually our supreme delight, our meat and our drink. Trials we must have, for our Master had them.

SELF-INDULGENCE.

At our preparatory lecture, last evening, I was much struck with the 27th hymn —

> "Cold mountains and the midnight air
> Witnessed the fervour of thy prayer;
> The desert thy temptation knew,
> Thy conflict and thy victory too."

Shame upon the Christian who would prefer his own ease to the honour and service of his Saviour. And yet this is too much the case with us all. My earnest petition is, "Deliver me from *self*."

BEING OF GOD.

I was this morning contemplating the BEING OF GOD. For a moment I felt bewildered with the incomprehensibility of the subject, and all finite things appeared unworthy of a thought. But I soon felt that these were more suited to the strength of our minds than the secret things which belong to God only; and I felt that I ought to be grateful to Him, that my attention was divided between things real and spiritual; or rather things earthly and heavenly. We could not bear an uninterrupted meditation on these great subjects; we should soon be in ——'s case. Our minds are prone to speculate, and sometimes unprofitably.

CONTENTMENT.

I have thought, to-day, of the text, "Godliness with contentment is great gain." It does not say

riches, or honour, or pleasure with contentment, but "*godliness.*" Let us live for God's glory, rise above trifles as far as possible, (and all things merely worldly are trifles,) and exercise strong faith. "Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous; and again I say, Rejoice."

HABITS OF THOUGHT RESPECTING CHRIST.

I am sensible that I do not regard Christ as much as I ought; and I wish you would pray for me, that he may be more clearly revealed to my soul.

HEAVEN.

I am trying to learn that earthly hopes and dependences have no permanence; and whenever I part with Christian friends, I console myself with the anticipation of time and opportunity in heaven.

I am overwhelmed with cares and burdens, because I am pleased to undertake considerable. But the burdens and cares of this life will make heaven sweet. There, dear sister, we shall unite, without separation. Let us live for this end, and be happy.

I do love to think of heaven. I seem to feel a spirit within me that says, there is unmingled happiness in store for the immortal mind. Oh! how soon, if faithful, shall we find ourselves upon those happy shores, disembodied, disenthralled, and holding converse with Christ, with angels, with our departed ones!

"Letters" from abroad.

STATE OF WOMEN IN SYRIA.

These weak-minded Syrian females are not attentive to personal cleanliness; neither have they a neat and tasteful style of dress. Their apparel is precisely such as the apostle recommended that Christian females should avoid; while the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit is thrown wholly out of the account. They have no books, and no means of moral or intellectual improvement. It is considered a disgrace for a female to know how to read and write, and a serious obstacle to her marriage, which is the principal object of the parent's heart. This abhorrence of learning in females, exists most strongly in the higher classes. Nearly every pupil in our school is very indigent. Of God's word they know and understand nothing; for a girl is taken to church perhaps but once a year, where nothing is seen among the women but talking and trifling; of course, she attaches no solemnity to the worship of God. No sweet domestic circle of father, brother, mother, and sister, all capable of promoting mutual cheerfulness and improvement, greets her in her own house. I do not mean to imply, that there exists no family affection among them, for this tie is often very strong; but it has no foundation in respect, and is not employed to promote elevation of character. The men sit and smoke their pipes in one apartment, while in another the women cluster upon the floor, and with loud and vociferous voices gossip with their neighbours. The very language of the females is of a lower order than that of the men; which renders it almost impossible for them to comprehend spiritual and abstract subjects, when first presented to their minds. I know not how often, when I have attempted to converse with them, they have acknowledged that they did not understand me, or have interrupted me by alluding to some mode or article of dress, or something quite as foolish.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR AN AMERICAN FEMALE MISSIONARY.

Strength of character, discipline of mind, steadiness of faith, patience, perseverance, and self-denial, are the requisite qualifications. I need not remind you that ardent piety lies at the foundation of the whole. This you must cultivate upon the altar of devotion in your closets. Commune with God there, respecting your feelings and purposes, more than any where else. He will feed, and cause them to grow and expand; and in due time will furnish you with a sphere in which to exercise them. You need not wait to get upon missionary ground, before becoming an accepted missionary with God. Ere I left my father's house, I was convinced of the truth, and am now confirmed in it, that within the walls of her own dwelling, a young lady may cultivate and exhibit all the qualifications of a devoted missionary. As a daughter, sister, friend, she may be so faithful, humble, obliging, and self-denying, and may acquire such self-control, that even should she die before entering upon a wider sphere, she would merit the commendation, "She hath done what she could." Therefore be not impatient and uneasy, while you are providentially detained, amid every-day duties, within a narrow circle; but "whatever your hand findeth to do there, do it," at the same time cherishing the determination to assume greater responsibilities, and more self-denial, whenever God shall give the opportunity.

Next to piety, the most important qualification for active usefulness, is habitual self-control. "He that ruleth his own spirit, is greater than he that taketh a city." Perhaps you are exposed to some trials of temper now; but on missionary ground they will be increased a hundred fold, where every thing is crooked and wrong; where ignorance, stupidity, insolence, and deceit, provoke the corresponding emotions of pride, impatience, contempt, imperiousness, and dislike.

Avoid all habits of particularity and daintiness, which will prevent your assimilating readily to new and unlooked-for circumstances in which you may be placed, prove a source of uneasiness to yourselves, and interfere with your usefulness to others. Learn the happy, yet difficult art of forgetting yourselves, in all unimportant things. Much general knowledge and discipline of mind are essential in preparing you to do good to your fellow-beings; but if you choose a foreign station, the first mental qualification necessary, is a taste for acquiring languages, and the knowledge of several. This accomplishment, and valuable qualification, has been too much overlooked by young ladies in America, and I hope to hear of a change in this respect. The greatest obstacle and most painful discouragement on missionary ground,

arises from the want of language by which to express the common sympathies of our nature, and to impart instruction in a thousand nameless ways, aside from formal exhortation and preaching.

SOMMERY, N. FONTELLE DE,

A LADY whose parentage is unknown, as she was secretly entrusted to the care of a convent. She possessed great powers of mind, with inoffensive gaiety. Her society was sought by philosophers and men of letters. She died about 1792, at an advanced age. She wrote, "*Doutes sur les Opinions reçues dans la Societé*," and "*L'Oreillo*," an Asiatic romance.

SOPHIA OF WOLFENBUTTEL,

BAPTIZED Carolina Christina Sophia, distinguished for her sufferings and her beautiful feminine traits of character, sister of the wife of Charles VI., emperor of Germany, was united in marriage to the prince Alexis, son and presumptive heir of Peter the Great, czar of Muscovy. In her were mingled the fairest gifts of nature and education: lovely, graceful, with a penetrating and cultivated mind, and a soul tempered and governed by virtue; yet with all these rare gifts, which softened and won every other heart, she was nevertheless an object of aversion to Alexis, the most brutal of mankind. More than once the unfortunate wife was indebted for her life to the use of antidotes to counteract the insidious poisons administered to her by her husband. At length the barbarity of the prince arrived at its climax. By an inhuman blow she was left for dead. He himself fully believed that which he so ardently desired, and tranquilly departed for one of his villas, calmly ordering the funeral rites to be duly celebrated.

But the days of the unfortunate princess were not yet terminated. Under the devoted care of the countess of Konigsmark, her lady of honour, who had been present at the horrible event, she slowly regained health and strength, while her fictitious obsequies were magnificently performed and honoured throughout Muscovy, and nearly all the European courts assumed mourning for the departed princess. This wise and noble countess of Konigsmark, renowned as the mother of the brave marshal of Saxony, perceived that by not seconding the fortunate deceit of the prince Alexis, and the nation in general, and by proclaiming her recovery, the unhappy princess Sophia would expose herself to perish sooner or later by a more certain blow. She therefore persuaded her wretched mistress to seek refuge in Paris, under the escort of an old man, a German domestic. Having collected as much money and jewellery as she was able, the princess set out with her faithful servant, who remained with her in the character of father, which he sustained during his life; and truly he possessed the feelings and tenderness, as well as the semblance, of a parent.

The tumult and noise of Paris, however, rendered it a place of sojourn ill adapted to Sophia, and her desire of concealment. Her small establishment having been increased by a single maid-servant, she accordingly embarked for Louisiana, where the French, who were then in possession of this lovely portion of America, had formed extensive colonies. Scarcely was the young and beautiful stranger arrived at New Orleans, than she attracted the attention of every one. There was in that place a young man, named Moldask, who held an office in the colony; he had travelled much in Russia, and believed that he recognised the fair stranger; but he knew not how to persuade himself that the daughter-in-law of the czar, Peter, could in reality be reduced to so lowly a condition; and he dared not betray to any one his suspicions of her identity. He offered his friendship and assistance to her supposed father; and soon his attentive and pleasing manners rendered him so acceptable to both, that a mutual intimacy induced them to join their fortunes, and establish themselves in the same habitation.

It was not long before the news of the death of Alexis reached them through the public journals. Then Moldask could no longer conceal his doubts of the true condition of Sophia; and finding that he was not deceived, he offered with respectful generosity to abandon his pursuits, and to sacrifice private fortune, that he might reconduct her to Moscow. But the princess, whose bitterest moments had been there passed, preferred to live far from the dazzling splendour of the court, in tranquillity and honourable obscurity. She thanked the noble-hearted Moldask; but implored him, instead of such splendid offers, to preserve her secret inviolable, so that nothing might trouble her present felicity. He promised, and he kept his promise; his heart ardently desired her happiness, in which his own felicity was involved. Living under the same roof, in daily communion, their equal age and ardent feelings kindled in the young man's soul a livelier flame than mere friendship; but respect controlled it, and he concealed his love in his own bosom.

At length the old domestic, who, in the character of father, had shielded the princess, died, and was followed to the tomb by the sincere grief of his grateful mistress — a just recompense for such fidelity. Propriety forbade that Moldask and Sophia should inhabit together the same dwelling after this event. He loved her truly, but loved her good fame more, and explained to her, not without grief, that it was necessary he should seek another abode, unless that she, who had already renounced all thoughts of pride and rank, were content to assume a name dearer and more sacred still than that of friend. He gave her no reason to doubt that vanity, instead of love, was the origin of this proposal, since the princess herself was firm in her desire to remain happy in private life. With all delicacy he sought to assure her that he could not but remember, in case of a refusal, that it was scarcely undeserved. Nor could he ever forget how much was exacted from him, by the almost regal birth of her to whose hand he thus dared aspire.

Love, and her desolate and defenceless condition, induced the princess willingly to consent; and, in constituting his felicity, she increased her own.

Heaven blessed so happy a union; and, in due time, an infant bound still closer the marriage tie. Thus, the princess Sophia, born of noble blood, destined to enjoy grandeur, homage, even a throne, having abandoned the magnificence of her former state, in private life fulfilled all the duties of nature and of society.

Years passed happily on, until Moldask was attacked with disease, which required the aid of a skilful surgeon. Sophia was unwilling to confide a life so precious and beloved to the care of surgeons of doubtful skill, and therefore resolved to visit Paris. She persuaded her husband to sell all their possessions and embark. The medical skill of Paris restored Moldask to health. Being now perfectly cured, the husband sought to obtain employment in the island of Bourbon, and was successful.

Meanwhile, the wife was one day walking with her graceful little girl in a public garden, as was her wont. She sat down on a green bank, and conversed with her child in German, when the marshal of Saxony passing by, was struck with the German accent, and stayed to observe them. She recognised him immediately; and, fearing the same from him, bent her eyes to the ground. Her blushes and confusion convinced the marshal that he was not mistaken; and he cried out, "How, Madame? What do I see? Is it possible?" Sophia suffered him not to proceed, but drawing him aside, she declared herself, praying him to keep sacred the needful secret, and to return with her to her dwelling, where she might with greater care and security explain her situation. The marshal was faithful to his promise; visited the princess many times, though with all due precaution, and heard and admired her history. He wished to inform the king of France, that this august lady might be restored to her rightful honours and rank, and that he himself might thus complete the good work begun by his mother, the countess of Konigsmark. He did inform the empress, Maria Theresa, who wished to restore her to her former rank. Sophia refused all these suggestions and offers. "I am so used," she said to the officer who proposed to reconduct her to the court—"I am so used to this domestic and private life, that I will never change it. Neither to be near a throne, nor to receive the greatest homage, nor to enjoy riches, nor even to possess the universe, would give me the shadow of the pleasure and delight I feel at this moment." So saying, she tenderly embraced the one and the other of her dear family.

She lived long with her husband and daughter, serene and contented, dividing her cares and occupations between assisting and amusing the one, and educating the mind and the heart of the other. Death snatched from her, within a short interval, these two beloved ones, who had filled her heart with sweet emotions; and for a long time that heart was a prey to one only sentiment of the deepest grief. Yet not even this sorrow affected her so much, but that she believed the unhappiness of grandeur to be still greater. She constantly refused the repeated invitations to Vienna; and, accepting only a small pension from the liberality of the empress, she retired to Vitry, near Paris, where she wished still to pass under the name of Madame Moldask; but it was impossible any longer to conceal her high birth and illustrious ancestry. Notwithstanding this, she never abandoned her accustomed simplicity and retirement of life, in which alone she had begun to find, and found to the last, true felicity.

SOUTHCOTT, JOANNA,

A FANATIC, was born, in April, 1750, in the west of England. Her parents were poor, and she was for many years a servant. Early in life she indulged in visionary feelings; but when she was forty-two, she claimed the character of a prophetess. For more than twenty years from that time, she continued to pour forth unintelligible rhapsodies, by which she succeeded in making many dupes. At length, mistaking disease for pregnancy, she announced that she was to be the mother of the promised Shiloh; and great preparations were made for his reception by her deluded followers. She, however, died of the malady, December 27, 1814. Her sect is not even yet extinct.

SOUZA, MARIA FLAHAULT DE,

WAS born at Paris. She married the Chevalier de Souza, ambassador from Portugal to the court of France, and editor of a fine edition of Camoens. Madame de Souza, at that time a widow, was among the noble emigrants who sought shelter in England, from the revolutionary storms of 1789. She had been admired as a brilliant woman of fashion; and it has been said of her, that it was only "necessity, the mother of *invention*," that had converted her into a successful author.

Her earliest work, "Charles and Marie," was published, by subscription, in London, and was, in point of time, one of the very first fictions noticed by the Edinburgh Review. Madame de Souza, being on terms of intimacy with Talleyrand, obtained permission to return to France. On being presented to Napoleon, he graciously asked which among her works was her favourite. "Mon meilleur ouvrage, sire, le voici," she replied, introducing her son, the handsome and animated Charles de Flahault, who was soon afterwards appointed aid-de-camp to the emperor, and accompanied him through all his campaigns. The most esteemed of Madame de Souza's novels are, "Eugène de Rothelin," and "Adèle de Senange," both distinguished for moral purity, and a particular delicacy of thought; these books were much admired by the celebrated Charles James Fox. Madame de Souza was educated at that period preceding the revolution, when ladies of rank were taught, at their convents, very little more than to shine in a drawing-room. Madame de Genlis relates, in her entertaining memoirs, the pains she took to induce the duchess de Chartres, and some other court dames, to learn a little orthography. Their expressions were choice, and their style in speaking faultless; but alas! they could not spell. Madame de Souza used, ingenuously, to avow that this defect of her early edu-

cation she had never been able to remedy. At the same time, the critics allow that her French is a model of ease and purity. She died in 1836, at her hotel, Faubourg St. Honoré, surrounded by many attached friends and relatives, having lived to see her grand-children grown up, and her son reinstated in his rank, at the court of the Tuileries.

SPILBERG, ADRIANA,

Was born at Amsterdam, in 1646. She was taught painting by her father, John Spilberg, an eminent historical and portrait painter. Her best works were portraits in crayon, though she sometimes painted in oil. Her eminent abilities caused her to be invited to the court of the electress, at Dusseldorp, where she was received with marks of respect and honour. She married the celebrated painter, Eglon Vander Neer.

SPILIMBERGO, IRENE DI,

Was of a noble family at Venice, and is said to have been instructed by Titian, whose style she certainly followed. She painted merely for amusement; and flourished about 1560. Titian, who lived on terms of friendship with her family, drew her portrait.

STAAL, MADAME DE,

Whose maiden name was De Launai, was born, in 1693, at Paris, and was the daughter of an artist. She received an excellent education in the convent of St. Sauveur, in Normandy, and displayed precocious talents. For many years she was waiting-woman to the duchess of Maine; and having been privy to some of the duchess's political intrigues, which she refused to betray to the government, she was, for two years, imprisoned in the Bastile; for which honourable fidelity she was but ill rewarded. She married the baron de Staal, and died in 1750. She wrote her own memoirs, letters, and two comedies.

STAEL, ANNE LOUISE GERMAIN, MADAME DE,

Was born, April 22d, 1766, at Paris. She was the daughter of the well-known French financier, Necker. Her parents being protestants, instead of receiving her education, like most young ladies of the period, in the seclusion of a convent, she was reared at home, and allowed to mingle freely with the talented guests who assembled in her mother's drawing-room. Already a precocious child, this produced in her a premature development of intellect. Some of the gravest men who visited Madame Necker, when her daughter had scarcely emerged from childhood, discerned her intellectual power, and found pleasure in conversing with her; the acuteness of her judgment already revealing what she would one day become. From her mother she imbibed a strong religious feeling, which never abandoned her; Necker imparted to her his ambitious love of political popularity; and the society in which she was brought up strengthened her passion for literature, and fed the burning flame of her genius. Her life and writings bear deep traces of these three powerful principles. As a talker she has never perhaps been surpassed. Clear, comprehensive, and vigorous, like that of man, her language was also full of womanly passion and tenderness. Her affection for her father was enthusiastic, and her respect for him bordered

upon veneration. The closest and most unreserved friendship marked their intercourse through life. Mademoiselle Necker was heir to immense wealth; and at the age of twenty, through the interposition of Marie Antoinette, a marriage was brought about between her and the baron de Staël Holstein, then Swedish ambassador at the court of France. M. de Staël was young, handsome, and cultivated; he had no fortune, but he was a Lutheran; and as M. Necker had no inclination to see his fortune pass into the hands of a catholic, his consent was easily obtained.

Neither the disposition or situation of Madame de Staël would allow her to remain indifferent to the general agitation which prevailed in France. Enthusiastic in her love of liberty, she gave all the weight of her influence to the cause. Her father's banishment in 1787, and his triumphant return in 1788, deeply affected her; and when he was obliged to retire from public life, it was a source of deep grief and disappointment to her. During Robespierre's ascendency, she exerted herself, at the hazard of her life, to save his victims, and she published a powerful and eloquent defence of the queen. On the 2d of September, when the tocsin called the populace to riot and murder, she fled from Paris, with great difficulty, and took refuge with her father, at Coppet. When Sweden recognised the French republic, she returned to Paris with her husband, who was again appointed Swedish ambassador. Her influence, social, literary, and political, was widely extended. On Talleyrand's return from America, in 1796, she obtained, through Barras, his appointment to the ministry of foreign affairs. To this period also belongs two political pamphlets, containing her views respecting the situation of France in 1795, which express the remarkable opinion that France could arrive at limited monarchy only through military despotism.

In 1798, M. de Staël died; her connexion with her husband had not been a happy one. When she became desirous of saving her children's property from the effects of his lavish expenditure, a separation took place; but when his infirmities required the kind offices of friends, she returned to him, and was with him when he died.

Madame de Staël first saw Napoleon in 1797. His brilliant reputation excited her admiration, but this sentiment soon gave way to fear and aversion; her opposition offended Napoleon, and she was banished from Paris. She resided with her father at Coppet, where she devoted herself to literature. After the death of her father, in 1803, she visited Italy and Germany; which visits produced her two most remarkable works, "Corinne," and "Germany." The latter, when printed in Paris, was seized and destroyed by the minister of police; and her exile from Paris was extended to banishment from France. During her residence on her father's estate, Madame de Staël contracted a marriage with a young officer, in delicate health, by the name of de Rocca, which continued a secret till her death. Notwithstanding she was twice the age of her husband, this marriage was very happy. M. de Rocca loved her with romantic enthusiasm; and she realized, in his affection, some of the dreams of her youth. He survived her only six months. Banished from France, Madame de Staël wandered over Europe; her sufferings she has embodied in her "Ten Years of Exile." In 1814 she returned to Paris, and was treated with great distinction by the allied princes. On the return of Napoleon from Elba, she retired to Coppet. It is said that he invited her to return to Paris, and that she refused to do so. After the restoration, she received from the government two millions of francs; the sum which her father had left in the royal treasury. Surrounded by a happy domestic circle, esteemed and courted by the most eminent men of the capital, Madame de Staël resided in Paris till her death, which took place in July, 1817. Madame de Staël has been called the greatest female writer of all ages and countries. She was certainly the most distinguished for talents among the women of her age. Since Rousseau and Voltaire, no French writer has displayed equal power. Her works are numerous —"Corinne," "Delphine," "Germany," "Ten Years of Exile," and "Considerations on the French Revolution," are the most noted. In making selections from this distinguished writer, we have chosen that which we consider her greatest work; its moral tone elevates its philosophy, while the religious sentiment adds a refinement to the speculations which might otherwise be thought too bold for a woman.

From "Germany."

WOMAN.

Nature and society give to woman a habit of endurance; and I think it can hardly be denied that, in our days, they are generally worthier of moral esteem than the men. At an epoch when selfishness is the prevailing evil, the men, to whom all positive interests have relation, must necessarily have less generosity, less sensibility, than the women. These last are attached to life only by the ties of the heart; and even when they lose themselves, it is by sentiment that they are led away; their selfishness is extended to a double object, while that of man has himself only for its end. Homage is rendered to them according to the affections which they inspire, but those which they bestow are almost always sacrifices. The most beautiful of virtues, self-devotion, is their enjoyment and their destiny; no happiness can exist for them but by the reflection of another's glory and prosperity; in short, to live independently of self, whether by ideas or by sentiments, or, above all, by virtues, gives to the soul an habitual feeling of elevation.

In those countries where men are called upon, by political institutions, to the exercise of all the military and civil virtues which are inspired by patriotism, they recover the superiority which belongs to them; they reassume, with dignity, their rights, as masters of the world; but when they are condemned, in whatever measure, to idleness or to slavery, they fall so much the lower as they ought to rise more high. The destiny of women always remains the same; it is their soul alone which creates it; political circumstances have no influence upon it. When men are either ignorant or incapable of the means of employing their lives with dignity or propriety, Nature revenges herself upon them for the very gifts which they have received from her; the activity of the body contributes only to the sloth of the mind; the strength of soul degenerates into coarseness; and the day is consumed in vulgar sports and exercises, horses, the chase, or entertainments which might be suitable enough in the way of relaxation, but seem merely degrading as occupations. Women, the while, cultivate their understanding; and sentiment and reflection preserve in their souls the image of all that is free and generous.

CONVERSATION.

It seems to me an acknowledged fact that Paris is, of all cities of the world, that in which the spirit and taste for conversation are most generally diffused; and that disorder which they call the *mal du pays*, that undefinable longing for our native land, which exists independently even of the friends we have left behind there, applies particularly to the pleasure of conversation which Frenchmen find nowhere else in the same degree as at home. Volney relates, that some French emigrants began, during the revolution, to establish a colony and clear some lands in America; but they were continually quitting their work to go and talk, as they said, in town—and this town, New Orleans, was distant six hundred leagues from their place of residence. The necessity of conversation is felt by all classes of people in France: speech is not there, as elsewhere, merely the means of communicating, from one to another, ideas, sentiments, and transactions; but it is an instrument on which they are fond of playing, and which animates the spirits, like music among some people, and strong liquors among others.

That sort of pleasure which is produced by an animated conversation, does not precisely depend on the nature of that conversation; the ideas and knowledge which it developes do not form its principal interest; it is a certain manner of acting upon one another, of giving mutual and instantaneous delight, of speaking the moment one thinks, of acquiring immediate self-enjoyment, of receiving applause without labour, of displaying the understanding in all its shades, by accent, gesture, look; of eliciting, in short, at will, the electric sparks which relieve many by the very excess of their vivacity, and serve to awaken others out of a state of painful apathy.

The spirit of conversation is sometimes attended with the inconvenience of impairing the sincerity of character; it is not a combined, but an unpremeditated deception. The French have admitted into it a gaiety which renders them amiable; but it is not the less certain that all that is most sacred in this world has been shaken to its centre by grace, at least by that sort of grace that attaches importance to nothing, and turns all things into ridicule.

EDUCATION.

Education, conducted by way of amusement, dissipates the reasoning powers: pain, in all the concerns of life, is one of the great secrets of nature: the understanding of the child should accustom itself to the efforts of study, as our soul accustoms itself to suffering. It is a labour which leads to the perfection of our earlier, as grief to that of our later age: it is to be wished, no doubt, that our parents, like our destiny, may not too much abuse this double secret; but there is nothing important in any stage of life but that which acts upon the very central point of existence, and we are too apt to consider the moral being in detail. You may teach your child a number of things with pictures and cards, but you will not teach him to learn; and the habit of amusing himself, which you direct to the acquirement of knowledge, will soon follow another course when the child is no longer under your guidance.

POETRY.

The gift of revealing by speech the internal feelings of the heart, is very rare; there is, however, a poetical spirit in all beings who are capable of strong and lively affections: expression is wanting to those who have not exerted themselves to find it. It may be said that the poet only disengages the sentiment that was imprisoned in his soul. Poetic genius is an internal disposition, of the same nature with that which renders us capable of a generous sacrifice. The composition of a fine ode, is a heroic trance. If genius were not versatile, it would as often inspire fine actions as affecting expressions; for they both equally spring from a consciousness of the beautiful that is felt within us.

TASTE.

Those who think themselves in possession of taste, are more proud of it than those who believe that they possess genius. Taste is, in literature, what the *bon ton* is in society. We consider it as a proof of fortune and of birth, or, at least, of the habits which are found in connection with them; while genius may spring from the head of an artizan who has never had any intercourse with good company. In every country where there is vanity, taste will be placed in the highest rank of qualifications, because it separates different classes, and serves as a rallying point to all the individuals of the the first class. In every country where the power of ridicule is felt, taste will be reckoned as one of first advantages; for, above all things, it teaches us what we ought to avoid.

But taste, in its application to the fine arts, differs extremely from taste as applied to the relations of social life; when the object is to force men to grant us a reputation, ephemeral as our own lives, what we omit doing is at least as necessary as what we do; for the higher orders of society are naturally so hostile to all pretensions, that very extraordinary advantages are requisite to compensate that of not giving occasion to the world to speak about us. Taste in poetry depends on nature, and, like nature, should be creative; the principles of this taste are therefore quite different from those which depend on our social relations.

STANHOPE, LADY HESTER,

Was the oldest daughter of the earl of Stanhope, well known for his eccentricities and democratic sentiments. Her mother was sister of the celebrated William Pitt. Lady Hester early lost her mother, and, under the nominal guidance of a young and gay step-mother, she received an ill-directed and inappropriate education. She was very precocious — the genius of the family, and the favourite of her father, with whom she took great liberties. She relates, herself, that upon one occasion, when the earl, in a democratic fit, put down his carriage, she brought him round again by an amusing practical appeal. "I got myself a pair of stilts," she said, "and out I stumped down a dirty lane, where my father, who was always spying about through a glass, could see me." The experiment had the desired effect; her father questioned her good-humouredly upon her novel mode of locomotion, and the result was a new carriage. Unlike her father, Lady Hester was a violent aristocrat, boasting of her nobility, and priding herself upon those mental and physical peculiarities which she considered the marks of high birth. At an early age, she established herself in the family of her uncle, Mr. Pitt, for the purpose, she asserted, of guarding the interests of her family during a perilous political crisis. She resided with Mr. Pitt till his death, courted and flattered by the most distinguished people in England, and enjoying all the advantages which her position as mistress of his house afforded her. She represents herself as having possessed considerable influence with Mr. Pitt; sharing his confidence, and exercising a large amount of control over the patronage belonging to his post.

After the death of Mr. Pitt, she obtained from

George III. a pension of £1500. On this she tried to maintain her former rank and style; but, finding it impossible, she removed to Wales, and finally, in 1810, to the East. In 1813, she settled near Sidon; and soon afterwards removed to Djoun, her celebrated Syrian residence. Here she erected extensive buildings for herself and suite, in the Oriental style, with several gardens laid out with good taste. Money goes very far in the East, and the munificence which she exhibited, added to her well-known rank, acquired for her an influence which her personal character soon established; and she exercised a degree of power and control over the neighbouring tribes and their chiefs, for which their ignorance and superstition can alone account. Lady Hester here promulgated those peculiar religious sentiments which she continued to hold to the last. The words of St. John, "But there is one who shall come after me, who is greater than I am," she with a most extraordinary carelessness attributes to Christ; and upon this promise she founded her belief in the coming of another Messiah, whose herald she professed to be. She kept in a luxurious stable, carefully attended to by slaves devoted solely to that purpose, two mares, one of which, possessing a natural defect in the back, she avowed was born ready saddled for the Messiah; the other, kept sacred for herself, she was to ride upon at his right hand, when the coming took place.

It is impossible to say what Lady Hester's faith really was. She professed to believe in astrology, magic, necromancy, demonology, and in various extravagances peculiarly her own. This mysticism was well adapted to the people among whom she dwelt, and may in a great measure have been assumed to impose upon and confirm her influence with them. Possessing in a high degree the spirit of intrigue, she exercised her powers in fomenting or allaying the disturbances among the neighbouring tribes. With the emir Beshyr, prince of the Druses, whom she braved, she kept up an unceasing hostility; her enmity was also violently displayed towards the whole consular body, who she said "were intended to regulate merchants, and not to interfere with or control nobility." On the other hand, she was profuse in her bounty, and charitable to the poor and afflicted of every faith. Her residence was a place of refuge to all the persecuted and distressed who sought her protection. When news arrived of the battle of Navarino, all the Franks in Sayda fled for refuge to her dwelling; and, after the siege of Acre, she relieved and sheltered several hundred persons. Nor was her generosity confined to acts like these; she loaned large sums to chiefs and individuals, who, in their extremity, applied to her; and, to save whole families from the miseries of the conscription, she furnished the requisite fines. This profuse expenditure, added to the charge of her household, which was seldom composed of less than forty persons, without counting the various hangers-on from without, soon crippled her means. She took up money at an enormous interest, and became involved in pecuniary difficulties. Upon application made by one of her creditors to the British government, in 1838, Lord Palmerston issued an order to the consuls, forbidding them to sign the necessary certificates of Lady Hester's still being alive; and this high-handed measure being carried out, she was henceforward deprived of all use of her pension.

Lady Hester's suite comprised only two Europeans: Miss Williams, an English lady, who was a sort of humble companion, and died some years before Lady Hester; and her physician who accompanied her abroad. Dr. M. remained with her till 1817; and at two different periods he again rejoined her for the space of a year or two at a time. It is to the Journal kept by the latter that we are chiefly indebted for the information we have obtained regarding her singular life in the East; the accounts given of her by the numerous travellers who visited her, affording but very partial insight into her character and pursuits. By many, Lady Hester Stanhope is looked upon as an insane person; that her mind was diseased there can be very little doubt. Even admitting that much which she professed to believe was assumed to mislead others, the very desire to give such impressions betrays an ill-balanced mind.

Lady Hester's ruling passion was an inordinate love of power. She exercised the most despotic dominion over all connected with her, which trait may account for her choice of residence; as no Christian followers would have submitted to her tyranny. Her will was the law; she allowed no one to make a suggestion or venture an opinion in her presence. Even her doctor's opinions she disputed on his own ground, quarrelling with him for not taking *her* prescriptions, though she refused to follow his! Her temper was violent in the extreme, and she did not confine herself to words when under its influence. One of the marked characteristics of her mind was the necessity she was under of incessantly talking. Her physician, who describes her eloquence at times as something wonderful, relates that he has sat thirteen hours at a time listening to her; that a gentleman once remained from three in the afternoon till break of day, tête-à-tête with her; and "Miss Williams," he also adds, "once assured me that Lady Hester kept Mr. N., an English gentleman, so long in discourse that he fainted away!

Her ladyship's readiness in exigencies may be exemplified by what occurred on that occasion. When she had rung the bell, and the servants had come to her assistance, she said very quietly to them, that in listening to the state of disgrace to which England was reduced by the conduct of the ministers, his feelings of shame and grief had so overwhelmed him that he had fainted. Mr. N., however, declared to Miss Williams, that it was no such thing, but that he absolutely swooned away from fatigue and constraint.

Tormented by her creditors, and enraged at the treatment she had received from her own government, Lady Hester renounced her allegiance, refusing ever again to receive her pension. She walled up her gate-way, determining to have no communication with any one without; and dismissed her physician, though she was in an ad-

vanced stage of pulmonary disease. Dr. M. left her in August, 1838. Her last letter to him is dated May, 1839; and, on the 23d of June, 1839, attended by a few slaves, and without a single European or Christian near her, she breathed her last, aged sixty-three years. Mr. Moore, the English consul at Beyrout, and Mr. Thompson, an American missionary, hearing of her death, proceeded to Djoun, and performed the last sad offices to her remains, burying her at midnight in her own garden.

STEELE, MRS. ANNE,

Was the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Steele, a dissenting minister at Broughton, in Hampshire, England. She is the authoress of many of the most popular hymns sung in churches. She also wrote a version of the Psalms, which showed great talent. She died in 1779.

STEPHENS, KATHARINE,

The daughter of a carver and gilder, was born in London, September 18th, 1794. She gave early proofs of her musical abilities, and on the 23d of September, 1813, made her début on the stage, at Covent Garden Theatre, as a vocalist, and was received with great applause. She continued for a long time the principal female singer on the English stage. Her character was always unimpeachable.

STEWART, HARRIET BRADFORD,

Was born near Stamford, in Connecticut, on the 24th of June, 1798. Her father, Colonel Tiffany, was an officer during the revolutionary war, but he died while his daughter was very young, and her youth was passed principally at Albany and Cooperstown, in New York. In 1822, Miss Tiffany married the Rev. C. S. Stewart, missionary to the Sandwich Islands, and accompanied him to those distant and uncultivated regions. She had previously, in 1819, passed through that mysterious change denominated regeneration. "Repeated afflictions," says her biographer, Rev. Mr. Eddy, "the death of friends, and her own sickness, led her to feel the need of a strong arm and a sure hope. She turned to Him who can give support to the soul in the hours of its dark night, and guide it amid the gloom."

The great subject of a missionary life was presented to her view, connected with a proposal to accompany Rev. C. S. Stewart to the Sandwich Islands, as his assistant and companion. With trembling anxiety she submitted the case to the wise discretion of her Father in heaven;—on earth she had none. As may be supposed, it was no easy thing for a young lady of high and honourable connexions, who had always been surrounded with friends, and educated in the circle of refinement and luxury, to leave all these. There were tender ties to be riven, fond associations to be broken up, dear friends to part with, and a loved home to leave behind; and when the momentous question was brought distinctly before her mind, it required a strong faith, a firm dependence on God, an entire submission to his will, to induce her to take the solemn and important step; but believing herself called upon by God, she decided in his favour, and lost sight of the sacrifice and self-denial of the undertaking.

She resolved to go;—to go, though home was to be abandoned, friends to be left, loved scenes deserted, and a life of toil to be endured. She resolved to go;—to go, though she might pass through a sea of tears, and at last leave her enfeebled body upon a couch that would have no kind friends to surround it when she died. She resolved to go, though she should find in savage lands a lowly grave.

She married Mr. Stewart, and they sailed in company with a large number of others who were destined for the same laborious but delightful service. The sun of the nineteenth of November, 1822, went down on many homes from which glad spirits had departed, on their errand of mercy to a dying world; and on that day the eye of many a parent gazed upon the form of the child for the last time. Nor could a vessel leave our shores having on her decks nearly thirty missionaries, without being followed by the prayers of more than the relatives of those who had departed. There was mingled joy and sorrow throughout the churches of New England, as the gales of winter wafted the gospel-freighted vessel to her distant destination.

They arrived, in April of the following year, at Honolulu; and after a residence of a few days, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart located themselves at Lahaiua, a town containing about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, who were mostly in a degraded condition. Here they found but few of the conveniences of life, and were obliged to live in little huts, which afforded but slight shelter from the scorching heat or the pelting rain. In these miserable tenements did the child of luxury and wealth reside, and in perfect contentment perform the duties of her station. She suffered, but did not complain; she laboured hard, but was not weary; and cheerful in her lot, smiled even at her privations and sorrows.

In 1825, her health began to fail. Unable longer to labour for her perishing heathen sisters, she sailed for England, in order to enjoy medical

advice and care; but instead of improving by the voyage, she continued to decline, until the hopelessness of her case became apparent. She embarked for America in July, 1826, her residence of a few months in England having rendered her no permanent benefit. In her low state the voyage was anything but agreeable, and she arrived among her friends the mere shadow of what she was when, a few years before, she had gone forth in the flush of youth and the vigour of health.

For a time after her arrival, strong hopes were cherished that she might recover. The balmy breezes of her own native valley, the kind congratulations of friends, the interest and excitement of a return to the scenes of youth, gave colour to her cheek, and life to her step. But this expectation, or rather hope, proved delusive; she died January, 1830, aged thirty-eight.

STUART, ARABELLA,

Was the daughter of Charles Stuart, earl of Lennox, brother of Darnley, the husband of Mary queen of Scots, and Elizabeth Cavendish, daughter of the countess of Shrewsbury, commonly called "Old Bess of Hardwick." She was born about the year 1577. Her affinity to the throne made her an object of jealousy, even in infancy, to queen Elizabeth, who took great offence at the marriage of her parents. She, however, permitted her to remain under the charge of the old countess of Shrewsbury, her grandmother, who brought her up, her parents having both died early. Arabella, when quite a child, was made the object of dark intrigues; the Catholic party plotting to carry her off, and educate her in that faith, for the purpose of placing her on the throne upon the death of Elizabeth. An active watch was in consequence constantly kept over her during that queen's reign, who nevertheless frequently threw out hints that she intended to declare the lady Arabella her successor. Upon the accession of James to the throne, the lady Arabella was received at the new court, and treated as one of the family. James, however, in the position in which she stood, could not fail to look upon her with eyes of suspicion, which must have been confirmed by the breaking out of that unfortunate conspiracy, into which Raleigh was accused of having entered, the main object of which was to place her on the throne. Her innocence was proved upon the trial, and it appears that the king was persuaded of her ignorance of the plot. James, after he ascended the throne, seems to have adopted the policy of queen Elizabeth, in desiring to prevent the marriage of the lady Arabella. Many offers of marriage were made to her, many alliances proposed, to none of which he gave heed. Surrounded by numerous difficulties, alone, with no one to enter into her interests—for her grandmother was now dead—Arabella accepted the hand of Sir William Seymour, second son of Lord Beauchamp, and grandson of the earl of Hertford, to whom she was warmly attached. Anticipating the king's denial, they took the rash step of marrying privately. It was not long before their secret was divulged: the bride was placed in safe keeping, and the bridegroom was hurried to the Tower. The unhappy pair were not kept so closely confined as to prevent their secretly corresponding; but when this was discovered by the king, he angrily ordered Arabella to be removed to a place of greater security. On her journey to Durham, Arabella was taken ill, and while resting on the road, she contrived to escape, to communicate with her lover, who also escaped, and get on board a vessel bound to France. Here, while waiting to be joined by her husband, she was taken prisoner by one of the king's ships in pursuit of her, and re-conducted to London, where she was placed under strict guard in the Tower; Seymour meanwhile escaping safely to Flanders, where he remained for many years a voluntary exile. The unhappy Arabella, unpitied by the king, languished in prison, the victim of deferred hope, till her reason sank under her accumulated sorrows. She died in the Tower, a maniac, after four years' confinement, on the 27th of September, 1615. Her unfortunate husband, Seymour, though he afterwards married again, preserved inviolably his tender affection for his first love, and gave her name to his daughter, who was called Arabella Stuart, in memory of his attachment and misfortunes.

STUART, FRANCES, DUCHESS OF RICHMOND,

Commonly called La Belle Stuart, was the daughter of Walter Stuart, son of lord Blantyre, who stood in a distant degree of relationship to the royal family. She was born about 1647, and was educated in France, from whence she accompanied her mother to England. Soon after her arrival she was appointed maid of honour to queen Catherine. Her remarkable beauty attracted the attention of Charles II., who is said to have been so much distracted at her rejection of his advances, that he contemplated divorcing his queen, that he might marry her. La Belle Stuart, though so highly favoured as regards personal charms, is described as a frivolous, vain beauty. She had many admirers; among them, Francis Digby, son of the earl of Bristol, who threw away his life in despair, in a naval engagement, for her sake.

However "empty" may have been her head, she had principle and strength of mind sufficient to resist the overtures of the king, in a court where evil example surrounded her, and where infamy in high places was so gilded as to lose all its loathsomeness. Perceiving that scandal was already attacking her, in consequence of the king's open pursuit, she determined to marry, and accepted the offer of the duke of Richmond, who was one of her most devoted lovers; she eloped from Whitehall, and was privately married to the duke. The king, highly incensed, forbid them both the court. Charles, however, with his usual placability, soon forgave them, and in less than a year she was appointed lady of the bed-chamber to queen Catherine. The beauty which had turned so many heads was destined to suffer a speedy eclipse; the duchess caught the small-pox when she had only been a wife two years, and though she recovered her health, her beauty had disappeared forever. The king appears to have retained a regard and respect for the duchess ever after. She continued to remain at court, always in favour, and is mentioned as one of the witnesses present at the birth of the unfortunate prince of Wales, the son of James II. She died in 1702; a devout catholic, having survived her husband thirty years. She had no children, and bequeathed a considerable fortune to her nephew, lord Blantyre.

SUFFOLK, HENRIETTA, COUNTESS OF.

To the divinity that "hedges a king," there are few now in the world willing to pay blind admiration. Looking back only to the last century, it is wonderful to note what a faint shadow of personal merit was magnified into virtue and excellence, when it fell upon royalty! How the vilest faults were not only overlooked, but fostered by otherwise worthy persons. Unquestionably one of the most pernicious errors — vices it should be said—that royal privileges introduced into society, and varnished with the appearance of respectability, was conjugal infidelity. That two women, such as queen Caroline and lady Suffolk, should have been brought to stifle their natural virtues, abate their pride, and lower their intellects to minister to the evil propensities of so coarse, narrow-minded, and unfeeling an animal as George II., is an instance of the corrupting influence of ill-placed power scarcely to be comprehended by an American woman.

Henrietta Hobart was the eldest daughter of Sir Henry Hobart. She was born about 1688, and was left an orphan at quite an early age; — her eldest brother being but fifteen, she was in a very unprotected situation, and as a matter rather of expediency than of prudence or affection, married Charles Howard, who subsequently, by the deaths of his two elder brothers and their sons, became earl of Suffolk. Mr. Howard is spoken of, by Horace Walpole, as every thing that was worthless and contemptible: and he appears to have tormented his wife to the utmost of his ability, as long as he lived, although a formal separation between them took place long before that event occurred. At the accession of George I., Mr. Howard was appointed groom of the chamber to the king; and Mrs. Howard named one of the bed-chamber women to the princess of Wales, Caroline of Anspach. In this situation she obtained the highest favour with the princess, who appeared to value her society, and her many estimable qualities. Unfortunately she attracted the admiration of the prince, and has been "damned to everlasting fame," by the disgraceful ambition of possessing what was called the heart of a stupid and licentious monarch.

Here may be recalled an anecdote lord Hervey relates: that the daughters of George II., expressing their gratification, when lady Suffolk was dismissed from court, that their mother's rival was abandoned, qualified their triumph by lamenting that "Poor mamma would have to endure so many more hours of his majesty's tediousness." The decorum and propriety of lady Suffolk's conduct, in this unworthy situation, it must be allowed were great; since some memoir writers are yet found who would vindicate her from more than a Platonic attachment to the king. This all the best contemporary authorities disprove; and yet, as the shadow of virtue is better than the ostentation of vice, we must grant it as much favour as it deserves. That lady Suffolk formed friendships with all the most remarkable characters of her circle, is not to be wondered at, during the period that she possessed court favour; but that she retained these friends after her retirement, must be ascribed to her own merits. The happiest period of her life must have been after she left the slavery of the court and established herself at Marble Hill, an estate which she derived from the gift of the king. Lord Suffolk died in 1733; and in 1734 she resigned her office and formally retired from court, fully understanding that it was a measure desired by both the king and queen.

In 1735, the countess of Suffolk *married the Hon. George Berkley*, youngest son of the earl of Berkley; in which union, which was entirely one of inclination, she appears to have enjoyed the utmost domestic happiness. By her first husband, the earl of Suffolk, she had one son, who succeeded his father as tenth earl, and was the last of his branch. Lady Suffolk died in 1767, surviving both her son and Mr. Berkley. Her sweetness of disposition and equanimity of mind appear to have furnished her with a cheerful and pleasant existence, though she was afflicted with many constitutional infirmities. She had been troubled with deafness at the most brilliant period of her life. Living in the neighbourhood of Twickenham, she saw a great deal of Pope; and in her latter years maintained a close intimacy with Horace Walpole. Her correspondence, published in 1824, shows the very high estimation in which she was held by all the illustrious, the noble, and the literary characters of consequence, who lived at that time. Swift, Chesterfield, the great lord Chatham, Gay; in short, a list of her friends would be but a list of the great men of England, in the reign of George II.

Horace Walpole, in his reminiscences, speaks of her remarkable beauty, which never entirely

deserted her, even in old age showing its traces; he commends her amiable disposition and prudence, in the same work. We will finish this sketch by quoting from a letter he wrote to lord Strafford, in which, after giving an account of her death, he proceeds to these encomiums:—"I can give your lordship strong instances of the sacrifices she tried to make to her principles. I own I cannot help wishing that those who had a regard for her, may now, at least, know how much more she deserved it than even they suspected. In truth, I never knew a woman more respectable for her honour and principles; and have lost few whom I shall miss so much."

SUZE, HENRIETTA COLIGNY DE LA,

Was the daughter of the marechal de Coligny. She was born in 1613, and was one of the most admired poetesses of her day. She was particularly praised for her elegies. Mademoiselle de Scuderi has given her the most high-flown eulogiums, in her romance of "Clelia;" and she received tributes from all the *beaux esprits;* some Latin poems among others. It is said that, being engaged in a lawsuit with Madame de Chatillon, Madame de la Suze met that lady in the vestibule of the court of parliament, escorted by M. de la Feuillade, while she herself was accompanied by the poet Benserade. "Madame," said her adversary, "you have rhyme on your side, and we have reason upon ours."

"It cannot be alleged," retorted Madame de la Suze, "that we go to law without rhyme or reason."

Nothing could exceed the want of order in which she lived; nor her apathetic negligence of her affairs. One morning, at eight o'clock, her household goods were seized for debt; she was not up, and she begged the officer on duty to allow her to sleep a couple of hours longer, as she had been up late the night before. He granted her request, and took his seat in the ante-room. She slept comfortably till ten, when she arose, dressed herself for a dinner-party to which she was engaged, walked in to the officer, thanked him, and made him a great many compliments on his politeness and good manners; and coolly adding, "I leave you master of everything," she went out. She and her husband lived very unhappily; they were Protestants. Madame de la Suze, having become a Roman Catholic, queen Christina of Sweden said she did so, that she might not meet her husband in the other world. She obtained a divorce from him at the sacrifice of a large sum of money. Madame de la Suze died in 1673.

T.

TAGGART, CYNTHIA,

Has won herself a place among those who deserve to be remembered, by her serene patience under the severest bodily sufferings, and the moral energy whereby she made these sufferings serve as instructors to her own mind, and to the hearts of pious Christians who may read her sorrowful story. The father of Cynthia Taggart was a soldier in our war for independence. During this struggle his property was destroyed; and, dying in poverty, he had nothing to leave for the support of his daughters. They resided in Rhode Island, about six miles from Newport; and there, in a little cottage, this poor girl was born, about the year 1804. Her training was religious, though she had few opportunities of learning; and when, at the age of nineteen, her strength became utterly prostrated by severe sufferings from a chronic disease of the bones and nerves, or rather of her whole physical system, she began her intellectual life, self-educated by her own sensations and reflections; and her soul was sustained in this conflict of bodily pain with mental power, by her strong and ardent faith in her Saviour. She enumerates among her greatest sufferings, her inability to sleep. For many years she was unable to close her eyes in slumber, except when under the powerful effect of anodynes; and it was during these long, dark watches of the night, when every pulse was a throb of pain, and every breath an agony of suffering, that she composed her soul to contemplations of the goodness of God and the beauties of nature, and breathed out her strains of poetry.

Her poems were collected and published in 1834, with an autobiography sadly interesting, because it showed the hopeless as well as helpless condition of Miss Taggart; enduring death in life. The work has passed through several editions. Miss Taggart has been released from her unparalleled sufferings. She died in 1849. Her poetry will have an interest for the afflicted; and few there are who pass through the scenes of life without feeling a chord of the heart respond to her sorrowful lyre.

THE HAPPINESS OF EARLY YEARS.

Dear days! in rapid pleasures past,
Whene'er I glance my longing eyes
Back o'er these joys too fair to last,
My aching heart within me dies.

The waves melodious flow the same,
The joyful birds still wake the song,
The morn and evening gales still breathe
Their balmy odours pure along.

The flow'ry landscape blooms as fair,
The foliage waves as graceful now,
As when each breezy breath of air
Fanned fragrance o'er this peaceful brow.—

Gone are the bright, the rosy smile,
The raptured bosom's thrilling glow,
The peace, the joy, that breathed the while,
Soft as the warbling music's flow.

Where calmly spreads the embowering shade,
That oft this gliding form hath traced,
When laughing joy and pleasure strayed,
And innocence and peace embraced,

Still nature wears her sweetest charms;
And wooingly each loved retreat
Seems opening, as affection's arms,
The long-expected guest to meet.

Far from each bright, each flowery scene,
In solemn silence now reclined,
No hope, no joy, no smile serene,
Revives this blighted form and mind.

Though nature smile with aspect sweet,
And varying seasons circle round,
No more the struggling captive's feet
Can 'scape affliction's prison bound.

The refluent tide, the rolling wave
Alternate on the peaceful shore,
That oft to this glad spirit gave
A pensive rapture, now no more.

ODE TO THE POPPY.

Through varied wreaths of myriad hues,
As beams of mingling light,
Sparkle replete with pearly dews,
Waving their tinted leaves profuse,
To captivate the sight:
Though fragrance, sweet exhaling, blend
With the soft, balmy air,
And gentle zephyrs, wafting wide
Their spicy odours bear;
While to the eye,
Delightingly,
Each floweret laughing blooms
And o'er the fields,
Prolific, yields
Its increase of perfumes;
Yet one alone o'er all the plain,
With lingering eye, I view;
Hasty I pass the brightest bower,
Heedless of each attractive flower,
Its brilliance to pursue.

No odours sweet proclaim the spot
Where its soft leaves unfold;
Nor mingled hues of beauty bright
Charm and allure the captive sight
With forms and tints untold.

One simple hue the plant portrays
Of glowing radiance rare,
Fresh as the roseate morn displays,
And seeming sweet and fair.

But closer pressed, an odorous breath
Repels the rover gay;
And from her hand with eager haste
'T is careless thrown away;
And thoughtless that in evil hour
Disease may happiness devour,
And her fairy form, elastic now,
To Misery's wand may helpless bow.

Then Reason leads wan Sorrow forth
To seek the lonely flower;
And blest Experience kindly proves
Its mitigating power.

Then its bright hue the sight can trace,
The brilliance of its bloom;
Though misery veil the weeping eyes,
Though sorrow choke the breath with sighs,
And life deplore its doom.

This magic flower
In desperate hour
A balsam mild shall yield,
When the sad, sinking heart
Feels every aid depart,
And every gate of hope for ever sealed.

Then still its potent charm
Each agony disarm,
And its all-healing power shall respite give:
The frantic sufferer, then,
Convulsed and wild with pain,
Shall own the sovereign remedy, and live.

The dews of slumber now
Rest on her aching brow,
And o'er the languid lids balsamic fall;
While fainting Nature hears,
With dissipated fears,
The lowly accents of soft Somnus' call.

Then will Affection twine
Around this kindly flower;
And grateful Memory keep
How, in the arms of Sleep,
Affliction lost its power.

TALBOT, CATHARINE,

Was lineally descended from the noble family of Talbots, earls of Shrewsbury, and was niece to Lord Talbot, created earl of Chancellor in 1733. Her father, Mr. Edward Talbot, married the daughter of the Rev. George Martin, and died suddenly before the birth of Catharine. The fatherless daughter and her mother found a home, in every sense of the word, with Dr. Secker, archbishop of Canterbury, whose wife was the friend of Mrs. Talbot. This worthy prelate, having no children, bestowed much affection on Catharine, and took great pleasure in cultivating her mind and encouraging her literary tastes. By constantly associating with him, she reaped all the advantages of his extensive learning, accurate knowledge of the Scriptures, and his critical acquaintance with the sciences and languages connected with that important study.

But the circumstance which had the greatest influence in stimulating the talents of Miss Talbot, (for we do not think that she possessed what is termed *genius*,) was her early acquaintance and intimate friendship with Mrs. Elizabeth Carter. This acquaintance began when Elizabeth Carter was twenty-three and Catharine Talbot twenty years of age, and continued till the death of the latter, at the age of forty-eight. Miss Talbot and Mrs. Carter corresponded for many years; and these letters show that the former had an excellent understanding, and a heart warm with piety. After her death, her manuscripts were collected and published, under the supervision of Mrs. Carter. These works are, "Reflections on the Seven Days of the Week," "Essays and Miscellaneous Works," and "Correspondence between Mrs. Carter and Miss Talbot." In estimating the character of this excellent woman, we will abide by the opinion of her friend, Mrs. Carter, who says of Miss Talbot:—"Never, surely, was there a more perfect pattern of evangelical goodness, decorated by all the ornaments of a highly improved understanding; and recommended by a sweetness of temper, and an elegance and politeness of manners, of a peculiar and more engaging kind, than in any other character I ever knew."

TALLIEN, THÉRÉSA,

Was the daughter of Count Cabarrus, a French gentleman, established in Spain. His wife, the mother of Thérésa, was a native of that country. Thérésa was married, at an early age, to M. de Fontenay. During the reign of terror, while on their way to Spain, M. de Fontenay was arrested at Bordeaux, and thrown into prison. Madame

de Fontenay remained at Bordeaux, in the hope of effecting his liberation, where she became acquainted with M. Tallien, who, under the direction of the Convention, was persecuting the Girondists. All unite in representing the beauty and grace of Madame de Fontenay as extraordinary; she added

to these attractions, wit, great fascination, and a compassionate and tender heart. Tallien became passionately enamoured of her, and Madame de Fontenay was frail enough to accept his homage. Her husband was released, and favoured in his retreat to Spain. Thérésa remained behind, and procured a divorce, to enable her to marry Tallien. Meanwhile, she exerted her influence over her lover to stay the course of bloodshed. Tallien could not resist her tears and entreaties, and daily some family had to thank her for a member saved from the guillotine. In the town where her lover reigned, she received the name of "Our Lady of Mercy."

The leniency of Tallien was condemned in Paris. He was recalled, and Thérésa was thrown into prison, where she shared the room of Josephine, future empress of France. Tallien was unable to procure the release of the woman he adored. Expecting daily to be summoned to the fatal tribunal, she energetically urged him from her prison to save her — to overthrow Robespierre, and deliver France from the reign of terror. Love inspired Tallien. The ninth Thermidor delivered France from Robespierre; the prison doors were thrown open, and Thérésa was free. A few days after, Tallien and Thérésa confirmed their union at the altar.

Madame Tallien had the most beneficent influence over her husband's public life, and all her efforts were exerted to assist the unfortunate sufferers from the revolution. By her political influence and beauty, she attracted the attention of all Paris; Josephine de Beauharnais and herself being the principal ornaments of the splendid circle of Barras. Gratitude to her husband, did not prevent her from entering into other passing connexions. Tallien, who followed Napoleon to Egypt, was forgotten, and, on her application, she was formally divorced from him. Napoleon, who had been one of her intimates, after his marriage with Josephine, broke off all intercourse with her, and could never be persuaded to grant her admission to court. She was thus thrown into the opposition, which led to her connexion with Madame de Staël and her third husband, the prince of Chimay, whom she married in 1805. As she could not obtain admittance to the Tuilleries during Napoleon's administration, she was obliged to content herself with forming a little court of her own, at Chimay, where she died in 1835.

TAMBRONI, CLOTILDE,

Was born at Bologna, in 1758. Her childhood offered indications of superior intelligence, which were observed by every one who knew her; but disregarding these, her mother, far from attempting to cultivate her mind, required her to devote herself to household duties, and to useful needlework, and the various humble labours demanded of girls in their modest station in society. The distinguished Hellenist, Emanuele Aponte, lodged with the Tambroni family; and while Clotilde sat apparently busied with her work, she was attentively listening to the Greek lessons given by that professor to various classes. One day, as he was examining an ill-prepared scholar, to his great surprise, the little girl prompted the blunderer, giving him exactly the right sentence in excellent Greek. Delighted and astonished, Aponte persuaded the mother to allow him to cultivate this decided inclination for study. Her facility of acquirement was wonderful; to a general acquaintance with elegant literature, she added a knowledge of mathematics, and of the Latin tongue; but her most remarkable accomplishment was her very uncommon learning in Greek. At the re-

commendation of Aponte, she was, while yet a girl, appointed to the Greek chair in the junior department of the University of Bologna. Political circumstances caused her family to leave Italy at one time, and she remained for a short period in Spain; but subsequently returning home, she was received by her countrymen with the highest

honours, and was appointed by the government of Milan, professor of Greek in the University of Bologna — a situation which she held with credit to herself, and advantage to the college. She lived in a lettered seclusion, dividing her leisure between study and the society of a few congenial and erudite persons. She died, at the age of fifty, in the year 1817. She has left several translations from the Greek, and some Greek poems; besides an oration, which she delivered in Latin, on the inauguration of the doctor Maria Dalle-Donne into the college honours.

TARABOTI, CATERINA,

Was born at Venice, in 1582, and was taught the art of painting by Alessandro Varotari. She profited so well by his instructions, as to be distinguished in her native city above many of the most considerable artists in history. She died there in 1631.

TARRAKANOFF, N., PRINCESS OF,

Daughter of Elizabeth, empress of Russia, by Alexis Rozoumoffski, whom she had secretly married, was carried away, in 1767, at the age of twelve, by prince Radzivil, and concealed in a convent at Rome. This singular step was taken by the dissatisfied noble to curb the ambition of Catharine; but it failed, and her favourite, Alexis Orloff, pretending great discontent against the government of Catharine, prevailed on the princess, in the absence of Radzivil, to marry him, and, by her presence, to excite a new insurrection in Russia. The young and unsuspecting princess no sooner placed herself in his power, than she was seized in the bay of Leghorn, where she had been conducted on pretence of paying her military honours, bound in chains, and carried to St. Petersburg. In December, 1777, a violent rising of the Neva suddenly forced the waters into her prison, and she was drowned before assistance could be obtained.

TAYLOR, JANE,

Was born in London, September 23d, 1783, where her father, a respectable engraver, then resided. Being also a dissenting minister, Mr. Taylor accepted, in 1792, an invitation from a congregation at Colchester, and carried his daughters there with him, superintending himself their education, and teaching them his own art. It was in the intervals of these pursuits that Jane Taylor found leisure to write; and on a visit to London, in 1802, she and her sister were induced to join several other young ladies in contributing to the "Minor's Pocket-Book," a small publication, in which her first work, "The Beggar Boy," appeared, in 1804. The success of this little poem encouraged her to proceed, and she continued to publish occasional miscellaneous pieces in prose and verse; the principal of which were, "Original Poems for Infant Minds," and "Rhymes for the Nursery." In 1815, she published a prose composition of higher pretensions, called "Display," which was very successful. Her last and principal work, published while she was living, consists of "Essays in Rhymes, on Morals and Manners." The latter part of her life was passed principally at Ongar, where her family had resided since 1810. She died of an affection of the lungs, in April, 1823. After her decease, her prose writings, consisting of "Contributions of Q. Q. to a Periodical," and her "Correspondence," consisting chiefly of letters to her intimate friends, were collected and published. No one who reads her works, and those of Cowper, but must, we think, notice the likeness in the character of their minds. Miss Taylor possessed, like Cowper, a vein of playful humour, that often gave point and vividness to the most sombre sentiment, and usually animated the strains she sung for children; but still, there was often over her fancy, as over his, a deep shade of pensiveness, — "morbid humility," she sometimes calls it, — and no phrase could better express the state of feeling which frequently oppressed her heart. The kind and soothing domestic influences which were always around her path in life, prevented the sad and despairing tone of her mind from ever acquiring the predominance, so as to unfit her for her duties; in this respect she was much more favoured than the bard of Olney. But we are inclined to think that, had she met with severe trials and misfortunes, the character of her poetry would have been more elevated, and her language more glowing. The retiring sensitiveness of her disposition kept down, usually, that energy of thought and elevation of sentiment, which, from a few specimens of her later writings, she seemed gifted to sustain, could she only have been incited to the effort. Her piety was deep and most humble: diffidence was usually in all things the prevailing mood of her mind; and this often clouded her religious enjoyment. But she triumphed in the closing scene; those "unreal fears" were, in a great measure, removed, and she went down to the "cold dark grave" with that firm trust in her Redeemer which disarmed death of its terrors. The first specimen is in her devotional strain; the others are in the moral and playful mood.

"THE THINGS THAT ARE UNSEEN ARE ETERNAL."

There is a state unknown, unseen,
Where parted souls must be:
And but a step may be between
That world of souls and me.

The friend I loved has thither fled,
With whom I sojourned here:
I see no sight—I hear no tread,
But may she not be near?

I see no light—I hear no sound,
When midnight shades are spread:
Yet angels pitch their tents around,
And guard my quiet bed.

Jesus was wrapt from mortal gaze,
And clouds conveyed him hence;
Enthroned amid the sapphire blaze,
Beyond our feeble sense.

Yet say not—Who shall mount on high
To bring him from above?
For lo! the Lord is always nigh
The children of his love.

The Saviour, whom I long have sought,
And would, but cannot see—
And is he here? O wondrous thought!
And will he dwell with me?

I ask not with my mortal eye
To view the vision bright;
I dare not see Thee, lest I die;
Yet, Lord, restore my sight!

Give me to see Thee, and to feel—
The mental vision clear;
The things unseen reveal! reveal!
And let me know them near.

I seek not fancy's glittering height,
That charmed my ardent youth;
But in thy light would see the light,
And learn thy perfect truth.

The gathering clouds of sense dispel,
That wrap my soul around;
In heavenly places make me dwell,
While treading earthly ground.

Illume this shadowy soul of mine,
That still in darkness lies;
O let the light in darkness shine,
And bid the day-star rise!

Impart the faith that soars on high,
Beyond this earthly strife,
That holds sweet converse with the sky,
And lives Eternal Life!

EXPERIENCE.

* * * * * *

How false is found, as on in life we go,
Our early estimate of bliss and wo!
—Some sparkling joy attracts us, that we fain
Would sell a precious birth-right to obtain.
There all our hopes of happiness are placed;
Life looks without it like a joyless waste;
No good is prized, no comfort sought beside;
Prayers, tears implore, and will not be denied.
Heaven pitying hears the intemperate, rude appeal,
And suits its answer to our truest weal.
The self-sought idol, if at last bestowed,
Proves, what our wilfulness required—a goad;
Ne'er but as needful chastisement, is given
The wish thus forced, and torn, and stormed from heaven:
But if withheld, in pity, from our prayer,
We rave, awhile, of torment and despair,
Refuse each proffered comfort with disdain,
And slight the thousand blessings that remain.
Meantime, Heaven bears the grievous wrong, and waits
In patient pity till the storm abates;
Applies with gentlest hand the healing balm,
Or speaks the ruffled mind into a calm;
Deigning, perhaps, to show the mourner soon,
'T was special mercy that denied the boon.

Our blasted hopes, our aims and wishes crossed,
Are worth the tears and agonies they cost;
When the poor mind, by fruitless efforts spent
With food and raiment learns to be content.
Bounding with youthful hope, the restless mind
Leaves that divine monition far behind;
But tamed at length by suffering, comprehends
The tranquil happiness to which it tends,
Perceives the high-wrought bliss it aimed to share,
Demands a richer soil, a purer air;
That 't is not fitted, and would strangely grace
The mean condition of our mortal race:
And all we need, in this terrestrial spot,
Is calm contentment with "the common lot."

THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

In days of yore, as Gothic fable tells,
When learning dimly gleamed from grated cells,
When wild Astrology's distorted eye
Shunned the fair field of true philosophy,
And, wandering through the depths of mental night,
Sought dark predictions 'mid the worlds of light:—
When curious Alchymy, with puzzled brow,
Attempted things that Science laughs at now,
Losing the useful purpose she consults,
In vain chimeras and unknown results:—
In those gray times there lived a reverend sage,
Whose wisdom shed its lustre on the age.
A monk he was, immured in cloistered walls,
Where now the ivied ruin crumbling falls.
'T was a profound seclusion that he chose;
The noisy world disturbed not that repose;
The flow of murmuring waters, day by day,
And whistling winds that forced their tardy way
Through reverend trees, of ages growth, that made
Around the holy pile a deep monastic shade;
The chanted psalm, or solitary prayer—
Such were the sounds that broke the silence there.

* * * * *

'T was here, when his rites sacerdotal were o'er,
In the depth of the cell with its stone-covered floor,
Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,
He formed the contrivance we now shall explain:
But whether by magic, or alchymy's powers,
We know not — indeed 't is no business of ours:
Perhaps it was only by patience and care,
At last, that he brought his invention to bear.
In youth, 't was projected; but years stole away,
And ere 't was complete he was wrinkled and gray.
But success is secure unless energy fails;
And at length he produced *The Philosopher's Scales.*

What were they?—you ask: you shall presently see;
These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea;
O no;—for such properties wondrous had they,
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could weigh
Together with articles small or immense,
From mountains or planets, to atoms of sense:
Nought was there so bulky, but there it could lay:
And nought so ethereal, but there it would stay;
And nought so reluctant, but in it must go;
All which some examples more clearly will show.

The first thing he tried was the head of *Voltaire*,
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there;
As a weight, he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief;
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell,
As to bound like a ball on the roof of the cell.

Next time he put in *Alexander the Great*,
With a garment that *Dorcas* had made—for a weight;
And though clad in armour from sandals to crown,
The hero rose up, and the garment went down.

A long row of alms-houses, amply endowed,
By a well-esteemed pharisee, busy and proud,
Now loaded one scale, while the other was prest
By those mites the poor widow dropped into the chest;—
Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
And down, down, the farthing's worth came with a bounce.

Again; he performed an experiment rare;
A monk, with austerities bleeding and bare,
Climbed into his scale; in the other was laid
The heart of our *Howard*, now partly decayed;
When he found, with surprise, that the whole of his brother
Weighed less, by some pounds, than this bit of the other.

By further experiments (no matter how)
He found that ten chariots weighed less than one plough;
A sword, with gilt trappings, rose up in the scale,
Though balanced by only a ten-penny nail;
A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,
Weighed less than a widow's uncrystallized tear.
A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale.
Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,
Ten counsellors' wigs full of powder and curl,
All heaped in one balance, and swinging from thence,
Weighed less than some atoms of candour and sense;

A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt,
Than one good potato, just washed from the dirt;
Yet, not mountains of silver and gold would suffice
One pearl to outweigh—'t was the "pearl of great price."

At last the whole world was bowled in at the grate,
With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight;
When the former sprang up with so strong a rebuff,
That it made a vast rent, and escaped at the roof;
Whence, balanced in air, it ascended on high,
And sailed up aloft a balloon in the sky;
While the scale with the soul in so mightily fell,
That it jerked the philosopher out of his cell.

Moral.

Dear reader, if e'er self-deception prevails,
We pray you to try *The Philosopher's Scales.*
But if they are lost in the ruins around,
Perhaps a good substitute thus may be found:—
Let *judgment* and *conscience* in circles be cut,
To which strings of *thought* may be carefully put;
Let these be made even with caution extreme,
And *impartiality* use for a beam:
Then bring those good actions which pride overrates,
And tear up your *motives* to serve for the weights.

TENCIN, MADAME DE,

Was born at Grenoble, in 1681. She was compelled by her father to take the veil at an early age. The gay and worldly life led by the inmates of the convent where she was placed, called down great scandal; and it was in the large and brilliant circle which there surrounded her, that the attractions, both mental and personal, of Mademoiselle de Tencin first became known. She was fascinating rather than beautiful. Her manners were pliant and insinuating, and her tact was unerring. The fascination which she exercised over the abbess and her confessor, procured her unusual freedoms; and the more she saw of the world, the more she longed to enter it. She protested against her vows, and succeeded in gaining her liberty; the obligation of celibacy being the only one not dispensed with. Madame de Tencin, for she henceforth assumed that name, took up her residence with her brother, the abbe de Tencin, in Paris, where she soon became surrounded by a host of admirers. She had several intrigues, one of which ended in the birth of a son, who was exposed upon the steps of a church, on the 17th of November, 1717. The child, thus forsaken, was found and brought up by a poor glazier's wife, and proved to be the future great mathematician, D'Alembert. She never provided for it; the fear of future detection outweighing every other consideration.

Madame de Tencin soon began to take an active part in her brother's political intrigues. After a vain attempt to influence the regent, she formed a degrading connexion with cardinal Dubois. He admired her talents, and, at a time when Madame du Maine was enlisting society against the regent, he felt the value of Madame de Tencin's influence over the brilliant and select circle which assembled at her house. Madame de Tencin possessed a deep knowledge of human nature, especially of its evil side, and a keen perception of character. Few women understood so well as she did the art of drawing together men of the most varied tastes and opinions; or of influencing them without their even suspecting her power. Men of science and daring thought, gathered around her; and, after acting the part of a profligate intrigante, under the regency, Madame de Tencin, under the ministry of Henry, seemingly gave up her intrigues, and was satisfied with keeping one of the earliest and most celebrated "bureaux d'Esprits" of the eighteenth century. Henry, though he feared and disliked her, did not venture to oppose this branch of her power. This society was at one period disturbed to its centre, by an unfortunate incident which involved Madame de Tencin. La Frenaye, councillor to the king, one of her lovers, shot himself at her house, in a fit of jealousy or despair. In an incoherent document which he left, he declared her to be the cause of his death. This accusation was taken in a literal sense, and she was thrown into the Bastile, whence, however, she was soon released. It was in the brilliant society of Madame de Tencin, and under her superintendence, that the germ of the future encyclopædists was slowly developed. A mind so keen and clear sighted, so deeply versed in the details of political life as Madame de Tencin's, could not but be disgusted with the disorder of every thing in the state. Disappointed ambition converted this feeling into one of secret, but dangerous, opposition; and she became the recipient of the covert indignation which the condition of France was then beginning to inspire. The first attacks on absolute monarchy, in favour of constitutional liberty, which characterized the eighteenth century, originated in her drawing-room. It was an intellectual movement, and Madame de Tencin was one of the first women who laid the basis of this formidable power. "Unless," she said, "God visibly interferes, it is physically impossible that the state should not fall to pieces;" a pithy prophecy, which may be quoted as a proof of her political sagacity and foresight. The nature of her influence over her contemporaries may be traced in two important works, which, if they do not owe their existence to her, were inspired by the tone of her society, viz.: Montesquieu's "Esprit des Lois," and Helvetius's "De l'Esprit."

As she advanced in age her conduct became more correct, and the attractions of her mind and conversation procured her more admirers than she had formerly obtained by the charms of her person. The immorality of Madame de Tencin was no disqualification for her becoming the advocate of enlightened freedom. It was a characteristic feature of the eighteenth century, that all those who prepared the great, but short-lived, triumph of liberty, with which it closed, participated, from Madame de Tencin down to Mirabeau, in the immorality of the age. Her intrigues procured her brother the highest dignities of the church; but she did not succeed in raising him to the rank of minister, her constant aim. The writings with which she amused her old age, are calculated to give a high idea of her intellect, as well as of a nobleness and delicacy contradicted by her life. She wrote, "Memoires de Comminges," "The Siege of Calais," "Anecdotes of Edward II.," and a collection of letters.

TEODORO, DANTI,

Of Perugia, was born in 1498. She was a profound scholar in the exact sciences, and well acquainted with physics and painting. Never intending to marry, she employed herself in intellectual pursuits and was honoured with general esteem.

She has left an elaborate commentary on Euclid; also a treatise on painting, and several poems of an agreeable style. She died in 1573.

TERRACINA, LAURA,

Of Naples, was born in 1500. She was much praised by the contemporary literati. She met with a violent death,—being killed by her husband, Boccalini Mauro, in 1595. Four editions of her works were printed at Venice; these are principally poems.

THÉOT, CATHARINE,

Was born, in 1725, at Baranton, a village in the diocess of Avranches. She came, when young, to Paris, to obtain means of subsistence, and lived in a menial capacity in several places, the last of which was the convent of the Miramions, which she left in 1779, as she had discovered that she possessed the gift of seeing visions and of prophecy. From that time she published openly her reveries, calling herself, sometimes a second Eve, sometimes the mother of God, and at last, a messiah, who was to regenerate the human race. Her pretensions attracted the attention of the police, and she was confined in the Bastile, but at the end of five weeks was transferred to the hospital of Salpêtriére, where she remained till 1782.

In 1794, having made a convert of dom Gerle, a priest, and member of the constituent assembly, a man of learning and merit, but whose mind had been affected by his austerities and solitary life, she again openly proclaimed herself the mother of God, and promised eternal life to her adherents. Her followers became very numerous, and even extended into Germany. She received from them the homage due only to God, and her revelations were regarded as divine. She was soon, however, taken prisoner, together with dom Gerle and a number of her adherents, and tried before the convention; but being protected by Robespierre, she and all her friends were acquitted. She died in five weeks after her arrest.

THERESA, SAINT,

Was born at Avila, in Spain, in 1515. While reading the lives of the saints, when very young, she became possessed with a desire for martyrdom, and ran away from her parents, hoping to be taken by the Moors. But she was discovered, and was obliged to return, when she persuaded her father to build her a hermitage in his garden, where she might devote herself to her religious duties. In 1537, Theresa took the veil at the convent of the Carmelites at Avila, where her religious zeal led her to undertake the restoration of the original severity of the order. In pursuance of this object, in 1562, she founded a convent of reformed Carmelite nuns at Avila; and in 1568, a monastery of friars, or barefooted Carmelites, at Dorvello. She died at Alba, October 1582, but before her death there were thirty convents founded for her followers. She was canonized by pope Gregory XV. She left an autobiography, and several other works.

THÉROIGNE, ANNE JOSEPH,

Surnamed La Liegoise, was born in 1759, at the village of Mericourt, near the city of Liege. Her parents were honest labourers; but her intellect, grace, and beauty rendering her their idol, she was brought up as delicately and carefully as most children in a much higher rank. When she was about seventeen, the son of a nobleman, whose estate was near the humble abode of the beautiful girl, saw her, fell violently in love with her, seduced her, and then coldly abandoned her. This cruel treatment, and her subsequent disgrace, created in her breast a resentment that was extinguished many years after only in the blood of her seducer.

Soon after the abandonment of Théroigne by her lover, she went to England, and we have no accurate account of her manner of life there, though it is said that she made a conquest of the prince of Wales, and she certainly lived in luxury. At the end of three months she went to Paris, bringing with her letters from the duke of Orleans; and for some time she was the reigning beauty in that city. Her tall, well-formed figure, brilliant eye, and expressive countenance, making her every where conspicuous. Upon the first breaking out of the revolution, she embraced the cause of the people, more to revenge herself on the class to which her seducer belonged than from any other motive, and, adopting the dress of a soldier, she led those savage hordes of men and women who sacked the Hotel des Invalides, burnt the Bastile, and murdered all, on whom the slightest suspicion of aristocracy rested, who crossed their paths. She gave orders to these ferocious crowds, and was obeyed without the slightest opposition. She spoke at the clubs and revolutionary festivals, and always with great effect. She was present at those dreadful scenes of blood at the Abbey, at La Force, at Bicêtre; and meeting, among the doomed prisoners at the Abbey, the young nobleman who had seduced her, she plunged her sword into his breast.

At the taking of the Bastile, she had formed a strong attachment to Brissot, which was the cause of her ruin; for he became very unpopular, and she attempted in vain to defend him, and at one time, when Brissot was assailed by a mob of furious women, in the garden of the Tuilleries, she, rushing forward to save him, was seized by them and publicly whipped.

This disgrace was so deeply felt by the proud amazon as to make her deranged; she was confined in the Salpêtriére, an asylum for the insane, and never afterwards appeared in public, though she lived till 1817. She was fifty-eight years of age, and preserved her great beauty, in a measure, to the last; although a greater part of the

time a raving maniac. Her ferocity survived her intellect.

THICKNESSE, ANNE,

Was born in the Temple, in London, in 1737. Her beauty and talents early introduced her into the world of fashion. She gave three concerts on her own account, having left her father's house to avoid being forced into a marriage. By her concerts she is said to have realized £1500; and acquiring the patronage of lady Betty Thicknesse, became domesticated in her family. On the death of this lady, she married governor Thicknesse, and accompanied her husband on various journeys. She was with him in France when he died, in 1792, and narrowly escaped execution; Robespierre having sent an order to that effect. On her liberation she returned to England, and died at her house, on the Edgeware Road, in 1824. Her principal works are, "Biographical Sketches of Literary Females of the French Nation," and "The School of Fashion," a novel.

THOMAS, ELIZABETH,

Known under the name of Corinna, was born in 1675; and, after a life of ill health and misfortunes, died February 3d, 1730, and was buried in the church of St. Bride. She was only a second-rate writer; but her poetry is soft and delicate, and her letters sprightly and entertaining. She incurred, in some way, Pope's displeasure, and he placed her in his "Dunciad."

THYNNE, FRANCES, DUCHESS OF SOMERSET,

Was born near the close of the eighteenth century. Walpole says of her, "she had as much taste for the writings of others as modesty about her own," and might have obtained fame for her talents, had not her retiring disposition and affectionate piety led her to prefer the society of well-chosen friends, to the applause of the world. Her attainments were considerable, which she employed in the careful education of her children, the charge of whom, and devoted attendance by the sick-bed of her husband, occupied the best part of her life. She was fond, however, of literary society, as is shown by her friendship for Mrs. Rowe, (she was the authoress of the letter signed *Cleora*, in Mrs. R.'s collection); Thomson, whom she kindly patronized, (who dedicated to her the first edition of his "Spring"); Dr. Watts, (who dedicated to her his "Miscellaneous Thoughts in Prose and Verse"); and Shenstone, (who addressed to her his ode on "Rural Elegance.") She died in 1754. No collection of her poems has been made, though a number are preserved in Bingley's "Correspondence of the Countess of Pomfret" with our authoress. The specimen given is found in Dr. Watt's Miscellanies, ascribed to *Eusebia*.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

When faint, and sinking to the shades of death,
I gasp with pain for ev'ry lab'ring breath,
O may my soul by some blest foretaste know.
That she's deliver'd from eternal woe!
May hope in Christ dispel each gloomy fear,
And thoughts like these my drooping spirits cheer.
What tho' my sins are of a crimson stain,
My Saviour's blood can wash me white again:
Tho' numerous as the twinkling stars they be,
Or sands along the margin of the sea;
Or as smooth pebbles on some beachy shore,
The mercies of th' Almighty still are more:
He looks upon my soul with pitying eyes,
Sees all my fears, and listens to my cries:
He knows the frailty of each human breast,
What passions our unguarded hearts molest,
And for the sake of his dear dying Son,
Will pardon all the ills that I have done.
Arm'd with so bright a hope, I shall not fear
To see my death hourly approach more near;
But my faith strength'ning as my life decay,
My dying breath shall mount to heav'n in praise.

TIBERGEAU, MARCHIONESS DE,

Was sister of the marquis de Phisieulx, and the beloved niece of Rochefoucauld, author of the celebrated "Maxims." Her maiden name was Sillery. She early showed a decided inclination for poetry. It was to Mademoiselle de Sillery that La Fontaine addressed several fables, and of her he spoke when he said,

"Qui dit Sillery, dit tout."

She married the marquis de Tibergeau, and continued till her death the constant friend and protector of literary men. She encouraged Destouches in writing for the theatre, and induced M. Phisieulx to take him for his secretary when he went as ambassador to Sweden. Destouches often consulted Madame de Tibergeau concerning the plans of his different plays. She preserved all her quickness and vivacity of mind to the last. When she was more than eighty, being at Sillery with her brother and her young nieces and their husband, one evening, after she had retired, there was a long dispute as to whether it showed greater tenderness of feeling to write to one's lover or mistress in prose or verse. It was agreed to refer the decision of this important point to Madame de Tibergeau; and they went to awaken her for that purpose. She sent for her writing-desk, and wrote immediately:

"Non, ce n'est point en vers qu'un tendre amour s'exprime:
Il ne doit point rêver pour trouver ce qu'il dit,
Et tout arrangement de mesure et de rime,
Ote toujours au cœur ce qu'il donne à l'esprit."

She died at the age of eighty. She lived in the seventeenth century.

TIGHE, MARY,

Was the daughter of the Rev. William Blachford, county of Wicklow, Ireland. Mary Blachford was born in Dublin, in 1774; and in 1793, when but nineteen years old, she married her cousin, Henry Tighe, of Woodstock, M. P. for Kilkenny, in the Irish parliament, and author of a "County History of Kilkenny." The family of Mrs. Tighe were consumptive, and she inherited the delicacy of organization which betokens a predisposition to this fatal disease. From early womanhood she suffered from depression of mind and languor of frame, which probably gave that "tone of melancholy music" to her celebrated poem, "which seemed the regretful expression of the conscious-

ness of a not far-off death." Well she might feel sad when this thought was pressing on her heart; for she was most happily married, beloved and cherished by her husband, and surrounded with all the luxuries of life; dwelling

"The glorious bowers of earth among."

Yet she felt that all these loved and lovely blessings of earth were passing swiftly away. She died in 1810, aged thirty-five, after six years of protracted suffering. Her husband, though he survived her some years, never married again. She left no children; but the scenes of her bridal happiness,* and of her lamented death,† will bear the memory of her beauty, genius, and virtues, while her "Psyche" is read, and the names of those who have celebrated her merits in their songs are remembered. And she has left an enduring monument of her goodness, which gives lustre to her genius. From the profits of her poem, "Psyche," which ran through four editions during her life-time, she built an addition to the orphan asylum in Wicklow, thence called the "Psyche Ward."

An English critic thus testifies to the merits of her great work:—"Her poem of 'Psyche,' founded on the classic fable related by Apuleius, of the loves of 'Cupid and Psyche,' or the allegory of 'Love and the Soul,' is characterised by a graceful voluptuousness and brilliancy of colouring rarely excelled. It is in six cantos, and wants only a little more concentration of style and description to be one of the best poems of the period."‡

"None but Spenser himself," says William Howitt, in his popular work, 'Homes and Haunts of the most Eminent British Poets,' "has excelled Mrs. Tighe in the field of allegory." But the most full and free acknowledgment of her merits has been given by an eminent American scholar and divine, Rev. Dr. Bethune, who has recorded his opinion in his "British Female Poets." He says, "Perhaps Mrs. Tighe has been too diffuse; but, taking her altogether, she is not equalled in classical elegance by any English female, and not excelled (in that particular) by any male English poet. She has the rare quality for a poetess of not sparing the *pumice-stone*, her verses being sedulously polished to the highest degree. She shows also her great taste in omitting obsolete words, the affectation of which so frequently disfigures imitations of the great master of English allegory. Her minor pieces are far inferior to her main work, though graceful, but pervaded by a painful, often religionless, despondency. It is of Mrs. Tighe that Moore writes in his touching song:

"I saw thy form in youthful prime."

We give a few selections from "Psyche."

THE MARRIAGE OF CUPID AND PSYCHE IN THE PALACE OF LOVE.

The sun looks glorious 'mid a sky serene,
And bids bright lustre sparkle o'er the tide;
The clear blue ocean at a distance seen,
Bounds the gay landscape on the western side,
While closing round it with majestic pride,
The lofty rocks 'mid citron groves arise;
"Sure some divinity must here reside,"
As tranced in some bright vision, Psyche cries,
And scarce believes the bliss, or trusts her charmed eyes.

When lo! a voice divinely sweet she hears,
From unseen lips proceeds the heavenly sound;
"Psyche approach, dismiss thy timid fears,
At length his bride thy longing spouse has found.
And bids for thee immortal joys abound;
For thee the palace rose at his command,
For thee his love a bridal banquet crowned;
He bids attendant nymphs around thee stand,
Prompt every wish to serve—a fond obedient band."

Increasing wonder filled her ravished soul,
For now the pompous portals opened wide,
There, pausing oft, with timid foot she stole
Through halls high-domed, enriched with sculptured pride,
While gay saloons appeared on either side,
In splendid vista opening to her sight;
And all with precious gems so beautified,
And furnished with such exquisite delight,
That scarce the beams of heaven emit such lustre bright.

The amethyst was there of violet hue,
And there the topaz shed its golden ray,
The chrysoberyl, and the sapphire blue
As the clear azure of a sunny day,
Or the mild eyes where amorous glances play;
The snow-white jasper, and the opal's flame,
The blushing ruby, and the agate gray,
And there the gem which bears his luckless name
Whose death, by Phœbus mourned, insured him deathless fame.

There the green emerald, there cornelians glow,
And rich carbuncles pour eternal light,
With all that India and Peru can show,
Or Labrador can give so flaming bright
To the charmed mariner's half-dazzled sight:
The coral-paved baths with diamonds blaze;
And all that can the female heart delight
Of fair attire, the last recess displays,
And all that luxury can ask, her eye surveys.

Now through the hall melodious music stole,
And self-prepared the splendid banquet stands,
Self-poured the nectar sparkles in the bowl,
The lute and viol, touched by unseen hands,
Aid the soft voices of the choral bands;
O'er the full board a brighter lustre beams
Than Persia's monarch at his feast commands:
For sweet refreshment all inviting seems
To taste celestial food, and pure ambrosial streams.

* Rosanna, in Wicklow.
† Woodstock, in Kilkenny.
‡ See "Cyclopædia of English Literature."

But when meek eve hung out her dewy star,
And gently veiled with gradual hand the sky,
Lo! the bright folding doors retiring far,
Display to Psyche's captivated eye
All that voluptuous ease could e'er supply
To soothe the spirits in serene repose:
Beneath the velvet's purple canopy,
Divinely formed, a downy couch arose,
While alabaster lamps a milky light disclose

Once more she hears the hymeneal strain;
Far other voices now attune the lay;
The swelling sounds approach, awhile remain,
And then retiring, faint dissolved away;
The expiring lamps emit a feebler ray,
And soon in fragrant death extinguished lie:
Then virgin terrors Psyche's soul dismay,
When through the obscuring gloom she nought can spy,
But softly rustling sounds declare some being nigh.

Oh, you for whom I write! whose hearts can melt
At the soft thrilling voice whose power you prove,
You know what charm, unutterably felt,
Attends the unexpected voice of love:
Above the lyre, the lute's soft notes above,
With sweet enchantment to the soul it steals,
And bears it to Elysium's happy grove;
You best can tell the rapture Psyche feels,
When Love's ambrosial lip the vows of Hymen seals.

"'Tis he, 'tis my deliverer! deep imprest
Upon my heart those sounds I well recall,"
The blushing maid exclaimed, and on his breast
A tear of trembling ecstasy let fall.
But, ere the breezes of the morning call
Aurora from her purple, humid bed,
Psyche in vain explores the vacant hall;
Her tender lover from her arms is fled,
While sleep his downy wings had o'er her eyelids spread.

PSYCHE GAZES ON LOVE WHILE ASLEEP, AND IS BANISHED.

And now with softest whispers of delight,
Love welcomes Psyche still more fondly dear;
Not unobserved, though hid in deepest night,
The silent anguish of her secret fear.
He thinks that tenderness excites the tear,
By the late image of her parent's grief,
And half offended seeks in vain to cheer;
Yet, while he speaks, her sorrows feel relief,
Too soon more keen to sting from this suspension brief!

Allowed to settle on celestial eyes,
Soft sleep, exulting, now exerts his sway,
From Psyche's anxious pillow gladly flies
To veil those orbs, whose pure and lambent ray
The powers of heaven submissively obey.
Trembling and breathless then she softly rose,
And seized the lamp, where it obscurely lay,
With hand too rashly daring to disclose
The sacred veil which hung mysterious o'er her woes.

Twice, as with agitated step she went,
The lamp expiring shone with doubtful gleam,
As though it warned her from her rash intent:
And twice she paused, and on its trembling beam
Gazed with suspended breath, while voices seem
With murmuring sound along the roof to sigh;
As one just waking from a troublous dream,
With palpitating heart and straining eye,
Still fixed with fear remains, still thinks the danger nigh.

Oh, daring Muse! wilt thou indeed essay
To paint the wonders which that lamp could show?
And canst thou hope in living words to say
The dazzling glories of that heavenly view?
Ah! well I ween, that if with pencil true
That splendid vision could be well expressed,
The fearful awe imprudent Psyche knew
Would seize with rapture every wondering breast,
When Love's all-potent charms divinely stood confessed.

All imperceptible to human touch,
His wings display celestial essence light;
The clear effulgence of the blaze is such,
The brilliant plumage shines so heavenly bright,
That mortal eyes turn dazzled from the sight;
A youth he seems in manhood's freshest years:
Round his fair neck, as clinging with delight,
Each golden curl resplendently appears,
Or shades his darker brow, which grace majestic wears:

Or o'er his guileless front the ringlets bright
Their rays of sunny lustre seem to throw,
That front than polished ivory more white!
His blooming cheeks with deeper blushes glow
Than roses scattered o'er a bed of snow:
While on his lips, distilled in balmy dews,
(Those lips divine, that even in silence know
The heart to touch), persuasion to infuse,
Still hangs a rosy charm that never vainly sues.

The friendly curtain of indulgent sleep
Disclosed not yet his eyes' resistless sway,
But from their silky veil there seemed to peep
Some brilliant glances with a softened ray,
Which o'er his features exquisitely play,
And all his polished limbs suffuse with light.
Thus through some narrow space the azure day,
Sudden its cheerful rays diffusing bright,
Wide darts its lucid beams, to gild the brow of night

His fatal arrows and celestial bow
Beside the couch were negligently thrown,
Nor needs the god his dazzling arms to show
His glorious birth; such beauty round him shone
As sure could spring from Beauty's self alone;
The bloom which glowed o'er all of soft desire
Could well proclaim him Beauty's cherished son:
And Beauty's self will oft those charms admire,
And steal his witching smile, his glance's living fire.

Speechless with awe, in transport strangely lost,
Long Psyche stood with fixed adoring eye;
Her limbs immovable, her senses tossed
Between amazement, fear, and ecstasy,
She hangs enamoured o'er the deity.
Till from her trembling hand extinguished falls
The fatal lamp — he starts — and suddenly
Tremendous thunders echo through the halls,
While ruin's hideous crash bursts o'er the affrighted walls.

Dread horror seizes on her sinking heart,
A mortal chillness shudders at her breast,
Her soul shrinks fainting from death's icy dart,
The groan scarce uttered dies but half expressed,
And down she sinks in deadly swoon oppressed:
But when at length, awaking from her trance,
The terrors of her fate stand all confessed,
In vain she casts around her timid glance;
The rudely frowning scenes her former joys enhance.

No traces of those joys, alas, remain!
A desert solitude alone appears;
No verdant shade relieves the sandy plain,
The wide-spread waste no gentle fountain cheers;
One barren face the dreary prospect wears;
Nought through the vast horizon meets her eye
To calm the dismal tumult of her fears;
No trace of human habitation nigh;
A sandy wild beneath, above a threatening sky.

JEALOUSY.

Her spirits die, she breathes polluted air,
And vaporous visions swim before her sight!
His magic skill the sorcerer bids her share,
And lo! as in a glass, she sees her knight
In bower remembered well, the bower of loose delight.

But oh! what words her feelings can impart!
Feelings to hateful envy near allied!
While on her knight her anxious glances dart:
His plumed helmet, lo! he lays aside;
His face with torturing agony she spied,

Yet cannot from the sight her eyes remove;
No mortal knight she sees had aid supplied,
No mortal knight in her defence had strove;
'T was Love! 't was Love himself, her own adored Love.

Poured in soft dalliance at a lady's feet,
In fondest rapture he appeared to lie,
While her fair neck with inclination sweet,
Bent o'er his graceful form her melting eye,
Which his looked up to meet in ecstasy.
Their words she heard not; words had ne'er exprest,
What well her sickening fancy could supply,
All that their silent eloquence confest,
As breathed the sigh of fire from each impassioned breast.

While thus she gazed, her quivering lips turn pale;
Contending passions rage within her breast,
Nor ever had she known such bitter bale,
Or felt by such fierce agony opprest.
Oft had her gentle heart been sore distrest,
But meekness ever has a lenient power
From anguish half his keenest darts to wrest;
Meekness for her had softened sorrow's hour,
Those furious fiends subdued which boisterous souls devour.

For there are hearts that, like some sheltered lake,
Ne'er swell with rage, nor foam with violence;
Though its sweet placid calm the tempests shake,
Yet will it ne'er with furious impotence
Dash its rude waves against the rocky fence,
Which nature placed the limits of its reign:
Thrice blest! who feel the peace which flows from hence,
Whom meek-eyed gentleness can thus restrain;
Whate'er the storms of fate, with her let none complain!

LOVERS' QUARRELS.

Oh! fondly cherish then the lovely plant
Which lenient heaven hath given thy pains to ease
Its lustre shall thy summer hours enchant,
And load with fragrance every prosperous breeze,
And when rude winter shall thy roses seize,
When nought through all thy bowers but thorns remain,
This still with undeciduous charms shall please,
Screen from the blast and shelter from the rain,
And still with verdure cheer the desolated plain.

Through the hard season Love with plaintive note
Like the kind red-breast tenderly shall sing,
Which swells 'mid dreary snows its tuneful throat,
Brushing the cold dews from its shivering wing,
With cheerful promise of returning spring
To the mute tenants of the leafless grove.
Guard thy best treasure from the venomed sting
Of baneful peevishness: oh! never prove
How soon ill-temper's power can banish gentle Love!

Repentance may the storms of passion chase,
And Love, who shrunk affrighted from the blast,
May hush his just complaints in soft embrace,
And smiling wipe his tearful eye at last:
Yet when the wind's rude violence is past,
Look what a wreck the scattered fields display!
See on the ground the withering blossoms cast!
And hear sad Philomel with piteous lay
Deplore the tempest's rage that swept her young away.

The tears capricious beauty loves to shed,
The pouting lip, the sullen silent tongue,
May wake the impassioned lover's tender dread,
And touch the spring that clasps his soul so strong;
But ah, beware! the gentle power too long
Will not endure the frown of angry strife;
He shuns contention, and the gloomy throng
Who blast the joys of calm domestic life,
And flies when discord shakes her brand with quarrels rife.

Oh! he will tell you that these quarrels bring
The ruin, not renewal of his flame:
If oft repeated, lo! on rapid wing
He flies to hide his fair but tender frame;
From violence, reproach, or peevish blame
Irrevocably flies. Lament in vain!

Indifference comes the abandoned heart to claim,
Asserts for ever her repulsive reign,
Close followed by disgust and all her chilling train.

Indifference, dreaded power! what art shall save
The good so cherished from thy grasping hand?
How shall young Love escape the untimely grave
Thy treacherous arts prepare? or how withstand
The insidious foe, who with her leaden band
Enchains the thoughtless, slumbering deity?
Ah, never more to wake! or e'er expand
His golden pinions to the breezy sky,
Or open to the sun his dim and languid eye.

Who can describe the hopeless, silent pang
With which the gentle heart first marks her sway?
Eyes the sure progress of her icy fang
Resistless, slowly fastening on her prey;
See rapture's brilliant colours fade away,
And all the glow of beaming sympathy;
Anxious to watch the cold averted ray
That speaks no more to the fond meeting eye
Enchanting tales of love, and tenderness, and joy.

Too faithful heart! thou never canst retrieve
Thy withered hopes: conceal the cruel pain!
O'er thy lost treasure still in silence grieve;
But never to the unfeeling ear complain:
From fruitless struggles dearly bought refrain!
Submit at once—the bitter task resign,
Nor watch and fan the expiring flame in vain:
Patience, consoling maid, may yet be thine,
Go seek her quiet cell, and hear her voice divine!

DELAY OF LOVE COMPENSATED.

Two tapers thus, with pure converging rays,
In momentary flash their beams unite,
Shedding but one inseparable blaze
Of blended radiance and effulgence bright,
Self-lost in mutual intermingling light;
Thus, in her lover's circling arms embraced,
The fainting Psyche's soul, by sudden flight,
With his its subtlest essence interlaced;
Oh! bliss too vast for thought! by words how poorly trace

Fond youth! whom Fate hath summoned to depart,
And quit the object of thy tenderest love,
How oft in absence shall thy pensive heart
Count the sad hours which must in exile move,
And still their irksome weariness reprove;
Distance with cruel weight but loads thy chains
With every step which bids thee farther rove,
While thy reverted eye, with fruitless pain,
Shall seek the trodden path its treasure to regain.

For thee what rapturous moments are prepared!
For thee shall dawn the long-expected day!
And he who ne'er thy tender woes hath shared,
Hath never known the transport they shall pay,
To wash the memory of those woes away:
The bitter tears of absence thou must shed,
To know the bliss which fears of joy convey,
When the long hours of sad regret are fled,
And in one dear embrace thy pains compensated!

Even from afar beheld, how eagerly
With rapture thou shalt hail the loved abode!
Perhaps already, with impatient eye,
From the dear casement she hath marked thy road,
And many a sigh for thy return bestowed:
Even there she meets thy fond enamoured glance;
Thy soul with grateful tenderness o'erflowed,
Which firmly bore the hand of hard mischance,
Faints in the stronger power of joy's o'erwhelming trance.

TINTORETTO, MARIETTA,

Was born in Venice, in 1560, and was instructed in the art of painting by her father, Giacomo. She showed an early genius for music, as well as for painting, and performed remarkably well on several instruments; but her predominant inclination to the art in which her father was so emi-

nent, determined her to quit all other studies, and apply herself entirely to it. By the direction of Giacomo, she studied design, composition, and colouring; and drew after the antique, and finest models, till she had obtained a good taste and great readiness of hand. But though she was well qualified to make a considerable appearance in historical, she devoted her talents wholly to portrait-painting. Her father, who was accounted little inferior to Titian, if not his equal in that line, took great pains to direct her judgment and skill in that branch of art, till she gained an easy elegance in her manner of design, and an admirable tint of colour. Her pencil was free, her touch light and full of spirit; and she received deserved applause, not only for the beauty of her work, but for the exactness of resemblance. Most of the nobility of Venice sat to her; and she was solicited by the emperor Maximilian, Philip II., king of Spain, and by the archduke Ferdinand, to visit their courts; but such was her affectionate attachment to her father, that she declined these honours, and continued at Venice, where she married; but died young, in 1590.

TISHEM, CATHARINE,

Said to have been an Englishwoman, married Gualtherus Gruter, a burgomaster of Antwerp, to whom she bore a son, James Gruter, celebrated for his erudition. Being persecuted, on account of her religion, by Margaret, duchess of Parma, she took refuge with her son in England, in 1565. She was one of the most learned women of the age; was well acquainted with the ancient and modern languages, and read Galen in Greek, which few physicians were then able to do. She was her son's chief instructor, and continued to superintend his studies during his residence in Cambridge. She was living in 1579.

TOLLET, ELIZABETH,

An English lady, eminent for her knowledge of mathematics, history, French, Latin, and Italian. She published among other poems, "Susannah, or Innocence Preserved." Her talents were carefully cultivated by her father, under whose superintendence she received every advantage of education. Sir Isaac Newton was an intimate friend of hers, and an admirer of her genius. Several of her poems display profound thought. She also had great taste and skill in music and drawing. She was never married. She died February 1st, 1754, at the age of sixty.

TOMLINS, ELIZABETH S.,

An ingenious English poetess, novelist, and miscellaneous writer, was born in London, in 1768. Her father was Thomas Tomlins, Esq., an eminent solicitor. She showed an early talent for poetry; but afterwards turning her attention to the composition of tales and novels, she published successively several works, the most popular of which was, "The Victim of Fancy," and a ballad, entitled "Connell and Mary." Miss Tomlins also translated the first history of Napoleon Bonaparte. She died at her residence at Chalden, in Surrey, 1826.

TONNA, CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH,

Better known simply as Charlotte Elizabeth, was the only daughter of the Rev. Mr. Browne, an Episcopal clergyman at Norwich, England. She was born in the latter part of the eighteenth century; when about six years old, intense application to study brought on a total blindness, which lasted for several months. When about ten years old, she was afflicted with an illness, which, together with the severe remedy (calomel) used by the physicians, brought on the total loss of her hearing, which she never recovered, though she retained the faculty of speech all her life. Her enthusiastic nature was shown when she was very young, in her ardent pursuit of knowledge and her intense love of poetry. When she was about eighteen, her father died. She married Dr. Phelan, a surgeon in the British army, whom she followed to Halifax, Nova Scotia. This union proved an unhappy one, and, after nearly three years' absence, Charlotte Elizabeth returned to England. She soon after went to Ireland, where her husband was then engaged in a law-suit. While there, she became very much interested in the Irish people, and formed a strong attachment to them which lasted all her life; and what was of greater importance to herself and the world, she also became deeply and truly religious.

In 1821, she went to the county of Kilkenny, where she resided for three years. While here, she became deeply interested in a little ignorant dumb boy, whom she took and educated, so that he proved a useful and pious member of society till his early death. In 1824, she returned to England, taking her little mute with her, and for the next year she resided at Clifton, near Bristol, where she formed an acquaintance with Mrs. Hannah More. Her only and dearly beloved brother returning at that time from Portugal, where he had been for some time as an officer in the British army, she accompanied him and his family to Sandhurst. In the course of the little more than two years that she passed with her brother, Charlotte Elizabeth wrote "The Rockite," "The System," "Izram," "Consistency," "Perseverance," "Allen McLeod," and more than thirty other little books and tracts, besides contributions to various periodicals.

In 1828, her brother, captain Murray Browne, was ordered to Ireland, where he was drowned while fishing. After five years' residence at Sandhurst, where Charlotte Elizabeth had been zealous and untiring in every good and benevolent work, she removed to London, where she continued her career of active usefulness, both with her pen and by her personal exertions. She established schools for the poorest of the poor, in the wretched district of St. Giles, and taught in them herself a great part of the day. In 1836 she removed to Blackheath; and in 1837 she again visited Ireland. In the same year she heard of the death of captain Phelan, and in 1841 she married L. H. I. Tonna. In 1841 she also undertook the editorship of the "Protestant Magazine," which she continued till 1844. Her last work of fiction was entitled,

"Judah's Lion." In 1842 she wrote "Principalities and Powers in Heavenly Places." "Conformity," and "Dangers and Duties," also appeared during this year. In 1843 she wrote "The Wrongs of Women," "The Church Visible in all Ages," and "The Perils of the Nation." In 1845 she wrote "Judea Capta;" and in the same year removed to London. Soon after she went to Ramsgate, for the benefit of the sea-air, but returned in a short time to London. She afterwards returned to Ramsgate, where she died of a cancer, July 12th, 1846. She wrote several other works, which are not enumerated here.

The life and writings of Charlotte Elizabeth afford remarkable proofs of the advantages of female education, and the usefulness of female talents. No other English writer has, within the last fifty years, done so much to promote the cause of evangelical piety in the English Church as this deaf woman. And her pen, reaching across the Atlantic, has instructed thousands of Christians of America in the better understanding, or doing, of their work of love.

It is impossible to estimate the good which has been, and will be, effected by the earnest, active, instructed mind of this woman, devoting herself and her genius to God and his cause on earth. Though she is dead her works live, and their potent and persuasive manner of setting forth the truths of the Bible, will maintain their popularity with those who value the Word of God above the traditions of men. This adherence to the doctrines of the Bible, and constant reference to the sacred book, as the source of all true wisdom, we consider the most striking and beautiful characteristic of her works. As these are extensively known, we choose our selections from her "Autobiography," which, as unveiling the secret sources of her uncommon energies, and her wonderful power to move the hearts of her readers, should be studied by all who are interested by her writings.

THE ADVANTAGES OF ORDER.

How very much do they err who consider the absence of order and method as implying greater liberty or removing a sense of restraint! Such freedom is galling to me; and in my eyes the want of punctuality is a want of honest principle; for however people may think themselves authorised to rob God and themselves of their own time, they can plead no right to lay a violent hand on the time and duties of their neighbour. I say it deliberately, that I have been defrauded of hundreds of pounds, and cruelly deprived of my necessary refreshment in exercise, in sleep, and even in seasonable food, through this disgraceful want of punctuality in others, more than through any cause whatsoever besides. It is also very irritating; for a person who would cheerfully bestow a piece of gold, does not like to be swindled out of a piece of copper; and many an hour have I been ungenerously wronged of, to the excitement of feelings in themselves far from right, when I would gladly have so arranged my work as to bestow upon the robbers thrice the time they made me wantonly sacrifice. To say, "I will come to you on such a day," leaving the person to expect you early, and then, after wasting her day in that uncomfortable, unsettled state of looking out for a guest, which precludes all application to present duties, and to come late in the evening — or to accept an invitation to dinner, and either break the engagement or throw the household into confusion by making it wait — to appoint a meeting, and fail of keeping your time — all these, and many other effects of this vile habit are exceedingly disgraceful, and wholly opposed to the scriptural rules laid down for the governance of our conduct one to another. I say nothing of the insult put upon the Most High, the daring presumption of breaking in upon the devotions of his worshippers, and involving them in the sin of abstractedness from the solemn work before them, by entering late into the house of prayer. Such persons may one day find they have a more serious account to render on the score of their contempt of punctuality than they seem willing to believe.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

How strong, how sweet, how sacred is the tie that binds an only sister to an only brother, when they have been permitted to grow up together, untrammelled by the heartless forms of fashion; unrivalled by alien claimants in their confiding affection; undivided in study, in sport, and in interest. Some object, that such union renders the boy too effeminate and the girl too masculine. In our case it did neither. He was the manliest, the hardiest, most decided, most intrepid character imaginable; but in manners sweet, gentle, and courteous, as they will be who are accustomed to look with protecting tenderness on an associate weaker than themselves. And as for me, though I must plead guilty to the charge of being more healthy, more active, and perhaps more energetic than young ladies are usually expected to be, still I never was considered unfeminine; and the only peculiarity resulting from this constant companionship with one of the superior sex, was to give me a high sense of that superiority, with a habit of deference to man's judgment, and submission to man's authority, which I am quite sure God intended the woman to yield. Every way has this fraternal tie been a rich blessing to me. The love that grew with us from our cradles never knew diminution from time or distance. Other ties were formed, but they did not supersede or weaken this. Death tore away all that was mortal and perishable, but this tie he could not sunder. As I loved him while he was on earth, so do I love him now that he is in heaven; and while I cherish in his boys the living likeness of what he was, my heart ever more yearns towards him where he is, anticipating the day when the Lord shall come, and bring that beloved one with him.

Parents are wrong to check as they do the outgoings of fraternal affection, by separating those whom God has especially joined as the offspring of one father and one mother. God has beautifully mingled them, by sending now a babe of one sex, now of the other, and suiting, as any careful

observer may discern, their various characters to form a domestic whole. The parents interpose, packing the boys to some school where no softer influence exists to round off, as it were, the rugged points of the masculine disposition, and where they soon lose all the delicacy of feeling peculiar to a brother's regard, and learn to look on the female character in a light wholly subversive of the frankness, the purity, the generous care for which earth can yield no substitute, and the loss of which only transforms him who ought to be the tender preserver of woman into her heartless destroyer. The girls are either grouped at home, with the blessed privilege of a father's eye upon them, or sent away in a different direction from their brothers, exposed, through unnatural and unpalatable restraints, to evils not perhaps so great, but every whit as wantonly incurred as the others.

THE EVILS OF TIGHT LACING.

One morning, when I was about eight years old, my father came in, and found sundry preparations going on, the chief materials for which were buckram, whalebone, and other stiff articles: while the young lady was under measurement by the hands of a female friend.

"Pray what are you going to do to the child?"

"Going to fit her with a pair of stays."

"For what purpose?"

"To improve her figure; no young lady can grow up properly without them."

"I beg your pardon; young gentlemen grow up very well without them, and so may young ladies."

"Oh, you are mistaken. See what a stoop she has already; depend on it this girl will be both a dwarf and a cripple if we don't put her into stays."

"My child may be a cripple, ma'am, if such is God's will; but she shall be one of his making, not our's."

All remonstrance was vain; stays and every species of tight dress was strictly prohibited by the authority of one whose will was, as every man's ought to be, absolute in his own household. He also carefully watched against any evasion of the rule; a riband drawn tightly round my waist would have been cut without hesitation, by his determined hand; while the little girl of the anxious friend, whose operations he had interrupted, enjoyed all the advantages of that system from which I was preserved. She grew up a wand-like figure, graceful and interesting, and died of decline at nineteen, while I, though not able to compare shapes with a wasp or an hour-glass, yet passed muster very fairly among mere human forms, of God's moulding; and I have enjoyed to this hour a rare exemption from headaches, and other lady-like maladies, that appear the almost exclusive privilege of women in the higher classes.

This is no trivial matter, believe me; it has frequently been the subject of conversation with professional men of high attainment, and I never met with one among them who did not, on hearing that I never but once, and then only for a few hours, submitted to the restraint of these unnatural machines, refer to that exemption, as a means, the free respiration, circulation, and powers both of exertion and endurance with which the Lord has most mercifully gifted me. There can be no doubt that the hand which first encloses the waist of a girl in these cruel contrivances, supplying her with a fictitious support, where the hand of God has placed bones and muscles that ought to be brought into vigorous action, that hand lays the foundation of bitter sufferings; at the price of which, and probably of a premature death, the advantage must be purchased of rendering her figure as unlike as possible to all the models of female beauty, universally admitted to be such, because they are chiselled after nature itself. I have seen pictures, and I have read harrowing descriptions, of the murderous consequences of thus flying in the face of the Creator's skill, and presuming to mend—to improve—his perfect work; but my own experience is worth a thousand treatises and ten thousand illustrations, in bringing conviction to my mind.

EMPLOYMENT.

How is it that Christians so often complain they can find nothing to do for their Master? To hear some of them bemoaning their unprofitableness, we might conclude that the harvest indeed is small, and the labourers many. So many servants out of employ, is a bad sign; and to obviate this difficulty complained of, I purpose showing you two or three ways in which those who are so inclined may bestir themselves for the good of others. What a blessing were a working church! and by a church, I mean "the company of all faithful people," whomsoever and wheresoever they be.

In the village where I lived, there was a very good national-school, well attended: also a Sunday-school; and the poorer inhabitants generally were of a respectable class, with many of a higher grade—such as small tradesmen, and the families of those in subordinate offices about the Military College. I always took a great interest in the young; and as love usually produces love, there was no lack of affectionate feeling on their part. It occurred to me, as the Sunday was much devoted by most of them to idling about, that assembling such of them as wished it at my cottage, would afford an opportunity for scriptural instruction; and without anything resembling a school, or any regular proposal, I found a little party of six or seven children assembled in the afternoon, to hear a chapter read, answer a few questions upon it, and join in a short prayer. Making it as cheerful and unrestrained as possible, I found my little guests greatly pleased; and on the next Sabbath my party was doubled, solely through the favourable report spread by them. One had asked me, "Please, ma'am, may I bring my little sister?" and on the reply being given, "You may bring anybody and everybody you like," a general beating up for recruits followed. In three or four weeks, my assemblage amounted to sixty, only one half of whom could be crowded into the parlour of my small cottage. What was to be done? The work

was rather arduous; but as I too had been complaining not long before of having little to do for the Lord, except with the pen, I resolved to brave a little extra labour. I desired the girls to come at four, the boys at six; and allowing an interval of half an hour between, we got through it very well. A long table was set across the room, from corner to corner; round this they were seated, each with a Bible, I being at the head of the table. I found this easy and sociable way of proceeding highly gratified the children; they never called, never thought it a school—they came bustling in with looks of great glee, particularly the boys, and greeted me with the affectionate freedom of young friends. A few words of introductory prayer were followed by the reading of one or more chapters, so that each had a verse or two; and then we talked over the portion of Scripture very closely, mutually questioning each other. Many of the girls were as old as sixteen or seventeen, beautiful creatures, and very well dressed; and what a privilege it was so to gather and so to arm them, in a place where, alas! innumerable snares beset their path! We concluded with a hymn; and long before the half-hour had expired that preceded the boys' entrance, they were clustering like bees at the gate, impatient for the joyous rush; and to set themselves round their dear table, with all that free confidence, without which I never could succeed in really commanding the attention of boys.

Our choice of chapters was peculiar; I found they wanted stirring subjects, and I gave them Gideon, Samson, Jonathan, Nehemiah, Boaz, Mordecai, Daniel—all the most manly characters of Old Testament history, with the rich gospel that lies wrapped in every page of that precious volume. Even in the New Testament, I found that individualizing, as much as possible, the speaker or the narrative, produced great effects. Our blessed Lord himself, John the Baptist, Paul—all were brought before them as vividly as possible; and I can assure those who try to teach boys as they would teach girls, that they are pursuing a wrong method. Mine have often coaxed an extra hour from me; and I never once saw them willing to go, during the fifteen months of our happy meetings. If the least symptom of unruliness appeared, I had only to tell them they were my guests; and I appealed to their feelings of manliness, whether a lady had not some claim to forbearance and respect. Nothing rights a boy of ten or twelve years like putting him on his manhood; and, really, my little lads became gentlemen in mind and manners, while, blessed be God! not a few became, I trust, wise unto salvation.

THE BIBLE.

Those who received the gospel by man's preaching, may doubt and cavil: I took it simply from the Bible, in the words that God's wisdom teacheth, and I thus argued:—"Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners: I am a sinner: I want to be saved: he will save me." There is no presumption in taking God at his word: not to do so, is very impertinent: I did it, and I was happy.

I confess myself very little under the influence of human teachers; my being thrown exclusively on the Bible for a scheme of doctrine, not only furnished me with a satisfactory one, but showed me so much of the inexhaustible treasures of wisdom and knowledge hid in Christ, and of the Holy Spirit's all-sufficiency to take of those things, and show them unto the humble, diligent, prayerful enquirer, that, in most cases of difficulty, instead of asking, "What say the commentators?" or "What says Mr. so and so?" I put the question, "What says the Lord?" For an answer, I search his written word; and for a commentary upon it, I study his visible works.

TORRELLA, IPPOLITA,

Was the wife of the celebrated Baldassane Castigliona, and was born at Reggio. Little is known of her life, except that she was a friend of the learned and virtuous Olimpia Morati. She has left some excellent Latin poems—the following translation of one by Moore, may serve as a specimen. It is addressed to her husband, absent at the court of Leo X.

They tell me thou 'rt the favour'd guest
Of every gay and brilliant throng;
No wit like thine to point the jest,
No voice like thine to breathe the song—
And none could tell, so gay thou art,
That thou and I are far apart.

Alas, alas! how different flows,
With thee and me, the time away!
Not that I wish thee sad, heaven knows;
Still, if thou canst be light and gay,
I only know that without thee,
The sun himself is dark to me.

Do I thus haste to hall and bower,
Among the gay and fair to shine?
Or deck my hair with gem and flower,
To flatter other eyes than thine?
Ah, no! with me, love's smiles are past—
Thou had'st the first, thou had'st the last.

TOSINI, EUTROPIA,

Was born in Ferrara. The works of this authoress have survived but in part, as they were suppressed by the censors of the press, the subjects being deemed detrimental to the existing church. She was a nun of the Augustine order. Those poems which have been preserved, are in the collection of Bergalli, and are very beautiful.

TRANTHAM, BETSEY,

Celebrated for her longevity, was a German by birth, and emigrated to the British colonies of North America in 1710, and died in Maury county, Tennessee, in 1834, at the great age of 154.

TRIMMER, SARAH,

The daughter of Mr. Kirby, who wrote on Perspective, was born at Ipswich, in England, in 1741. She prepared several useful works to promote the diffusion of education, at a period when for a woman to devote herself to such a task was uncommon and unpopular. Mrs. Hannah More was, it is true, in the field of literature; but she had gained powerful friends and supporters; nor did she aim

so much at opening and clearing the sources of education for the young and ignorant, as in interesting and improving those who were already educated, or giving a moral direction to minds which could not be kept quiet in their ignorance. But Hannah More could not do everything which

was then needed in literature for her sex and for children; she, probably, effected more good than any other writer of her time; and among her kind feelings and noble acts, was the regard she manifested for Mrs. Trimmer, and the efforts she used to serve this more humble, but useful literary contemporary, as the following letter proves:—

FROM MRS. TRIMMER TO MISS H. MORE.

May 10, 1787.

DEAR MADAM:—I feel myself inexpressibly obliged by your kind attention. It would appear like flattery to say how much I value your good opinion, but indeed it has long been the secret wish of my heart to obtain it. Your kind mention of my works to the bishop of Salisbury, I esteem a high obligation. I cannot but be proud of his approbation, though I must consider it as a proof of his regard to religion, which induces him to countenance any attempt, however feeble, to promote its interests. I could wish you, dear madam, to assure his lordship that his kind notice gives fresh animation to my zeal, and that I shall be highly gratified if he does me the honour of calling on me.

I have been favoured with a most friendly letter from Dr. Stonehouse, and a present of all his Tracts, &c. My best thanks are due to you, madam, for the obliging representations which have procured me the notice of this venerable gentleman, who would otherwise have overlooked me and my humble performances. I need not say that it is a great satisfaction to me to be regarded in so favourable a light by the good and the wise; for you have had such full experience of this kind of pleasure, that you can easily conceive what I enjoy from this circumstance.

When I see new editions of your publications advertised, I sincerely rejoice that there is so much taste remaining in the world. I hope your useful pen does not lie idle. Surely, you mean to favour the public with something more, shortly. I have long been in hopes of seeing another volume of "Sacred Dramas." Indeed, my dear madam, you should go on with them; they are so extremely engaging to young minds, and the sentiments so agreeable to Scripture, that they cannot fail of producing the happiest effects. You know that I read the sacred volume frequently; I may truly say, it is my highest *entertainment* to do so, and I can assure you that your "Sacred Dramas" excite in my mind the same kind of *devotional* feeling as the Scriptures themselves.

I avail myself of your kind permission to submit the beginning of my new edition of "Sacred History" to your inspection, and should esteem myself greatly obliged if you would favour me with your sincere opinion whether I have improved upon the former one or not. I send with it a specimen of the Psalms, which I mentioned when I had the pleasure of seeing you. I believe I must endeavour to do them in a more concise way for Sunday-schools; but at present the revision of "Sacred History" employs all my time.

In conformity with your friendly counsel, I wrote to my publisher about three weeks ago, desiring that he would settle my account in the course of this month, which he has *promised* to do without fail. At present, I am a mere bookseller's fag, but hope to have resolution enough to disentangle myself.

When, my dear madam, may I hope for the favour of your company? I long to introduce my family to you; they are impatient to see a lady whose character and writings they so highly esteem. I wish to show you the spinning-wheel; it is really a most interesting sight to see twelve little girls so usefully and so agreeably employed. I shall experience so great a disappointment if I should chance to be out when you come, that I hope you will be able to fix the time. I cannot be satisfied with a mere *call*—surely you can spare me a day. I have a bed at your service, if you can be prevailed on to accept it.

Mrs. Trimmer died in 1810, aged sixty-nine.

U.

ULRICA, ELEONORA,

SECOND daughter of Charles XI. of Sweden, was born 1688, and governed the kingdom during the absence of her brother, Charles XII.; after his death, she was proclaimed queen, 1719. The following year she resigned the crown to her husband, Frederic of Hesse-Cassel, with whom she shared the honours of royalty; but such was the ascendency of the nobles, that they obliged their sovereigns to acknowledge their right to the throne as the unbiassed election of the people. Ulrica, by a wise administration, contributed to restore peace and prosperity to the nation, and was greatly beloved and respected. She died in 1741. Her mother, the wife of Charles XI., also bore the

name of Ulrica, and died in consequence of the chagrin which her husband's brutal treatment had occasioned.

URSINS, ANNE MARIE DE LA TREMOUILLE, PRINCESS,

Married, in youth, Tallegran, prince de Chalais; and afterwards, the duke de Bracciano, of the house of Orsino: but as this celebrated woman has always borne the name in the French style, *des Ursins*, it would only lead to uncertainty to adopt any other. She became a widow, for the second time, in 1698; and the dukedom of Bracciano being sold to pay the debts of the family, she took the name of princess des Ursins. At the marriage of Philip V. of Spain, grandson of the French king, Louis XII., with the daughter of Victor Amadeus, of Savoy, the princess of Ursins was placed in the household of the new queen, by the influence of Madame de Maintenon, who flattered herself she could direct the affairs of Spain through a correspondence with one whom she considered her creature, and whose domineering and intriguing spirit, she felt assured, would soon obtain unbounded influence over Philip and his young wife. In the latter particular she was not mistaken. Philip V. was not without natural understanding, but his education had been worse than neglected. He had, in common with all the junior members of the royal family of France, been taught to distrust his own judgment; to lean upon the opinions of others; and never to fancy himself capable of directing the most trivial matter, without advice: besides, all knowledge of business, or of anything practical, had been discouraged, as almost treasonable, and his attention had been entirely wasted on attainments the most futile. This was a bad preparation for the head of a great nation, and left the young sovereign at the mercy of any artful flatterer who might be near his person. Such a one was the princess des Ursins. Supple, insinuating, entertaining, resolute, she soon became the real governor of the kingdom; neither the king nor queen could live without her advice and companionship. Inflated by her new elevation, her insolence and enterprise became unbounded. Not even the despatches of the French ambassador were sacred; she searched them, and had the effrontery to add marginal comments, and send them on. The extreme boldness of this measure, in a Frenchwoman, can only be estimated, when we consider how Louis idolized his dignity, and how unsparing he was to the smallest breach of etiquette. On this occasion he was justly incensed, and exacted the banishment of Madame des Ursins from the Spanish court. After a time, however, Madame de Maintenon, who missed her Spanish correspondence, persuaded Louis to pardon the offender. The king and queen of Spain evidently longed for her return, and when it took place, she obtained higher authority than ever. When she made a journey, she was escorted by a body of royal guards. No affair of importance was undertaken without her suggestion, and nothing signed without her permission. She hindered the ratification of a treaty of peace, which was important to the most considerable powers of Europe, merely to favour an underhanded intrigue to obtain some personal advantages.

The queen of Spain died in 1714. Madame des Ursins immediately conceived the idea of stepping into her place; and such was her power over the feeble mind of Philip, that her bold expectations might have been answered, but for the intervention of the king's confessor. Madame des Ursins finding her views defeated of placing herself on the throne, determined, as the next best thing, to choose a wife for Philip who should be entirely in her dependence; for this purpose, she thought of Elizabeth Farnese, niece of the duke of Parma. She imagined a young princess brought up without education, in the little court of Parma, would be merely a tool in her hands. For this purpose, she engaged in the negotiation the abbé Julio Alberoni, agent of the duke of Parma at Madrid. This man, afterwards the well-known cardinal Alberoni, saw, at a glance, to what this marriage might lead him. He spoke of the princess of Parma as exactly the insignificant person demanded; determining, at the same time, his own plan of conduct. Madame des Ursins, sure of making the king accept whomsoever she wished, caused the proposal to be made in form. After it had gone, and matters were drawing to a conclusion, she was told that Elizabeth, though without education, had good natural abilities, and a decided character. This alarmed the princess; she immediately despatched a courier to suspend everything. He arrived the very day that the nuptials were to be celebrated by proxy. The uncle and niece determined at once what to do. The courier was arrested: he was offered the choice of instant death, or a considerable sum to remain hidden till the next day, and then to appear as just arrived. Of course the courier did not hesitate as to his choice. The marriage was celebrated, and the princess of Parma set out for Spain. On arriving at Pampeluna she met Alberoni, and told him she was resolved to get rid of Madame des Ursins the moment she saw her. Alberoni bade her be wary, and tried to dissuade her from this bold step; but she had made her determination, and abided in it. The king, who knew nothing of Madame des Ursin's courier—whose errand had so deeply incensed the queen—advanced to meet her at Guadalaxara, twelve miles from Madrid. It is impossible to know what apologies Madame des Ursins had framed to appease the royal bride; probably she had been so long used to absolute domination, and to have her reasonings accepted without demur, that she thought to carry everything off by high-handed insolence: she seemed to think herself as much above attack as if she had been born to the throne. Whatever were her views, she constituted herself camerera-mayor of the new queen, as she had been of the former, and went to pay her court, to meet her at Quadraca, seven miles farther onward than Guadalaxara. As soon as she presented herself, the attendants retired, to permit a free conversation. Very soon, loud words were heard; the queen called her officers to arrest this imper-

tinent woman, who behaved to her with disrespect. Madame des Ursins, thunderstruck, asked in what she had been disrespectful—what was her crime? The queen, without answering her, ordered the commandant of her guards to put this woman in a carriage with two trusty officers, to set out immediately, and to convey her beyond the frontiers of Spain. The commandant, scarcely believing what he heard, timidly represented that such an order could only come from the king.

"And has he not given you one," said the queen, haughtily, "to obey me in everything, without reserve, or dispute?"

He had such an order, though nobody but the queen was acquainted with it. Madame des Ursins was accordingly placed in a carriage, with a chambermaid and two guards. It was a cold night in December; she was allowed no preparations, nor time even to change her attire; but in the unseasonable trappings of a court dress, no covering for her arms or head, travelled the whole night. Too proud to complain, not a sigh, not a word escaped her—the revolution was too sudden for belief—nor did she cease indulging in hopes that the king would send after her, till she arrived at Chalais, where she was joined by her nephew, bearing a letter from Philip, in which he said he was very sorry for her, but that he could not resist the queen.

Under this blow, Madame des Ursins at least maintained her dignity, for she preserved an unaltered mien, and said nothing. Her conductors, who were accustomed to view her with fear and respect, were, though with different emotions, as much confounded as herself: they set her free at St. Jean-de-Luz. Finding that all was over for her in Spain, she attempted to make her court in France. Louis, who was at the close of his career, consented to see her, at the request of Madame de Maintenon, but received her coldly; and the rising sun, the future regent, having received from Spain ample testimony of the calumnies with which the dethroned favourite had aspersed him, obtained from the king an order that she should never appear in his presence, or in that of any of his family. Those who have been long accustomed to the life of a court, can only live in its atmosphere, at whatever expense of dignity. Madame des Ursins, unable to obtain the reality, caught at its image. She attached herself to the household of the pretender James III., where she did the honours, and regulated the etiquette. She died in 1722, having lived more than eighty years.

UTTMAN, BARBARA;

A GERMAN, the inventor of the method of weaving lace, in 1561. Nothing of her private history is recorded.

V.

VALLIÉRE, LOUISE FRANÇOISE, DUCHESSE DE LA,

A FRENCH lady of an ancient family, and maid of honour to Henrietta of England, wife of the duke of Orleans, became the mistress of Louis XIV. of France, by whom she had a son and a daughter. She is thus described by contemporary writers. "She was a most lovely woman; the lucid whiteness of her skin, the roses on her cheeks, her languishing blue eyes, and her fine silver-coloured hair were altogether captivating." To her Choisy applies the following line:

"And grace still more charming than beauty."

"That La Valliére," (says Anguetil, in his Memoirs), "who was so engaging, so winning, so tender, and so much ashamed of her tenderness; who would have loved Louis for his own sake had he been but a private man; and who sacrificed to her affection for him her honour and conscientious scruples, with bitter regret." In a fit of mingled repentance and jealousy, she one day left the court, and retired to a convent at St. Cloud. The king, when informed of this, seized the first horse that came to hand, and rode hastily after her. He at length prevailed over her pious resolutions, and carried her back in triumph. "Adieu, sister," said she to the nun who opened the gate for her; "you shall soon see me again." From that time La Valliére, shunning the public gaze, lived in retirement; and consequently the king mingled but little with the circles of the court. In 1666, however, in obedience to her lover, and from tenderness to her children, she ventured once more to appear in public, and accepted the title and honours of duchess.

Some time after, the beauty, wit, and vivacity of Madame de Montespan, acquired for her such an ascendency over the fickle monarch, that La Valliére was again driven by her jealousy to the convent; and she was again induced, by the tears and entreaties of Louis, to return. But, being convinced that his affections were irretrievably lost, she resolved finally to carry out her purpose, and took the vows in the presence of the whole court, under the name of sister Louise, of the order of Mercy, June 4th, 1675. She survived this sacrifice for thirty-six years, devoted to the performance of the austerities of a conventual life. It was proposed to elevate her to those dig-

nities consistent with her retirement, but she declined, saying, "Alas! after having shown myself incapable to regulate my own conduct, shall I presume to direct that of others?"

Madame de Montespan went sometimes to see her. "Are you really as happy," asked she, at one time, "as people say?"

"I am not happy," replied the gentle Carmelite, "but content."

Her daughter, Mademoiselle de Blois, was married to the prince of Conti; her son, Louis of Bourbon, count of Vermandois, died at the siege of Courtrai, in 1683. "Alas, my God!" said La Valliére, when informed of her misfortune, "must I weep for his death, before my tears have expiated his birth?" She died in 1710, at the age of sixty-six.

She was much beloved for her meekness, gentleness, and beneficence. She is considered the author of "Réflexions sur la Miséricorde de Dieu."

VANHOMRIGH, ESTHER, or VANESSA,

THE name given in playfulness to Miss Vanhomrigh, by Dean Swift, and by which, through her connexion with him, she will descend to future times. Esther Vanhomrigh was the daughter of a widow lady in affluent circumstances, in whose house Swift was domesticated when he was in London. Of her personal charms little has been said; Swift has left them unsung, and other authorities have rather depreciated them. When Swift became intimate in the family, she was not twenty years old; lively and graceful, yet with a greater inclination for reading and mental cultivation, than is usually combined with a gay temper. This last attribute had fatal attractions for Swift, who, in intercourse with his female friends, had a marked pleasure in directing their studies, and acting as their literary mentor; a dangerous character for him who assumes it, when genius, docility, and gratitude are combined in a young and interesting pupil. Miss Vanhomrigh, in the meanwhile, sensible of the pleasure which Swift received from her society, and of the advantages of youth and fortune which she possessed, and ignorant of the peculiar circumstances which bound him to another, yielded to the admiration with which he had inspired her, and naturally looked forward to becoming his wife. Swift, however, according to that singular and mysterious line of conduct which he had laid down for himself, had no such intention of rewarding her affection; he affected blindness to her passion, and persisted in placing their intercourse upon the footing of friendship—the regard of pupil and teacher.

The imprudence—to use no stronger term—of continuing such an intercourse behind the specious veil of friendship, was soon exhibited. Miss Vanhomrigh, a woman of strong and impetuous feelings, rent asunder the veil, by intimating to Swift the state of her affections. In his celebrated poem, in which he relates this fact, he has expressed the "shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise," which he experienced at this crisis; but, instead of answering it with a candid avowal of his engagements with Stella—or other impediments, which prevented his accepting her hand and fortune—he answered the confession, at first in raillery, and afterwards by an offer of devoted and everlasting friendship, founded on the basis of virtuous esteem. Vanessa was neither contented nor silenced by the result of her declaration; but, almost to the close of her life, persisted in endeavouring, by entreaties and arguments, to extort a more lively return to her passion. The letters of Vanessa to Swift, after his return to Ireland, are filled with reproaches for his coldness and indifference, combined with the most open and passionate expressions of attachment; whilst his replies betray evident annoyance, and a settled purpose to repress these unreserved proofs of devotion. It is impossible to read these letters without feeling the profoundest pity for the woman who could so far lose sight of all self-respect as to continue such professions of regard to a man whose conduct to her was marked by such cruel and heartless selfishness. Her passion appears to have been so resistless as to have borne before it all sense of humiliation—every feeling of womanly pride.

The circumstances of Vanessa, by a singular coincidence, were not dissimilar to those of Stella. Her parents died, and she became mistress of her own fortune. Some of her estates being in Ireland, it became necessary to look after them; and she, induced, no doubt, as much by a desire to be near Swift as by this object, repaired to Ireland. This step placed Swift in a very unpleasant position; he dreaded having the rivals on the same ground, and was terrified at the vehemence of Vanessa's passion, which she was at no pains to conceal. She took possession of her small property at Cellbridge, and her letters to Swift became more and more embarrassing to him. The jealousy of Stella was now awakened by rumours that had reached her, and her health and spirits rapidly declined. The marriage of Swift and Stella, is still a disputed question; but the most recent researches upon the subject, serve to confirm this belief. It is asserted, that alarmed at the state of Stella's health, Swift employed his friend, the bishop of Clogher, to ask, what he dared not question himself, the cause of her melancholy. The answer was such as his conscience must have anticipated. Swift, to appease her, consented to go through the form of marriage with her, provided it was kept a secret from the world, and that they should continue to live apart as before; and they were married at the deanery, by the bishop of Clogher.

Notwithstanding the new obligation which he had imposed upon himself, to act with uprightness to Vanessa, Swift still continued to visit her as before; he professed to discourage her attachment, and even advised her to marry one of her suitors; but, by his warm interest in her and her affairs, secretly confirmed her feelings. Vanessa had now become aware of Swift's connexion with Stella, whose declining health alone had prevented her asking an explanation of Swift, as to the real state of his position with her. Impatience at length prevailed; and, in an evil hour, she wrote

to Stella, requesting to be informed of the true state of the case. Stella, without hesitation, informed her of her marriage with the dean, and enclosing to him Vanessa's letter, she left her own abode in indignation, and retired to the house of a friend. Enfuriated against the woman whose rashness had betrayed his treachery, Swift proceeded to the dwelling of Vanessa; he entered her presence, and casting upon her a withering glance of scorn and rage, threw the letter which she had written to Stella upon the table, and, without a word, rushed from the house, mounted his horse, and returned to Dublin.

Vanessa, horror-stricken, saw that her fate was sealed, and she sank under the weight of her despair. This cruel act of her lover, however, at last restored her to reason; she revoked a will made in his favour, and left it in charge to her executors, to publish all the correspondence between her and Swift; which, however, never appeared. Vanessa survived this fatal blow only fourteen months; she died in 1723. On hearing of her death, Swift, it is said, seized with remorse, and overcome with shame and self-reproach, withdrew himself from society, and for two months the place of his retreat was unknown. Thus two noble-hearted women, true and disinterested in their affection for him, were sacrificed to his selfish vanity and worldly wisdom.

VAN NESS, MARCIA,

Was the only daughter and heiress of David Burns, Esq., of Maryland. She was carefully educated, and was distinguished for her loveliness of person and her benevolence of character. In 1802, at the age of twenty, she married the Hon. John P. Van Ness, by whom she had only one child, a daughter. The sudden death of this daughter, soon after her marriage to Arthur Middleton, of South Carolina, was a sad affliction; but she resigned herself to the will of God, and devoted her energies to the cause of charity. She was the leader in those plans of benevolence, in the city of Washington, managed by ladies. A society was incorporated for establishing a Female Orphan Asylum, and Mrs. Van Ness gave the grounds necessary for the erection of such an edifice; and she was one of the most efficient agents in promoting the success of this charitable institution. United with lady-like manners, she displayed sound sense and great decision of character, and was honoured and respected by all classes of people who knew her deeds, and were admitted to her society.

Mrs. Van Ness died on the ninth of September, 1832, and the announcement of her decease cast a gloom over the whole city. The citizens, without distinction of political party or religious creeds, had a meeting to express their grief at her departure from her labours of charity and piety, and to fix on some method of bearing testimony to her worth. The citizens voted to procure a plate to be put on her coffin, with an inscription, detailing her virtues and expressing their gratitude. This was done; and the whole city may be said to have attended her funeral. This is the first instance on record in the United States, in which the people of a city or a town were called together to devise funeral honours for a woman.

VAROTARI, CHIARA,

Was born at Verona, in 1582. She was the daughter of the celebrated artist, Drio Varotari, by whom she was instructed in the art of painting. Her portraits were considered very excellent. She died at Verona, in 1639.

VARNHAGEN, RACHEL LEVIN, or ROBERT,

Was born at Berlin, in 1771. She was a Jewess by birth; and with no outward advantages to compensate for this grand mischance, she nevertheless raised herself by degrees—and without seeking it, but by sheer instinctive elasticity—to be a queen of thought and taste in the most intellectual country of Europe. Her early education seems to have been much neglected; but, with the strength and compass of soul with which she was gifted, this absence of external influence only caused the internal might to develope itself with more freshness and originality.

In the year 1815, after a long-continued struggle with herself, she felt constrained to make an open profession of Christianity; in the same year, she married K. A. Varnhagen von Ense, and their union was a pre-eminently happy one, although she was several years older than her husband. Her husband published her letters and biography after her death. As an authoress, she is only known through her letters; every one of which breathes a spirit of purity, devotion, and Christian humility, that makes them worthy of a place in every Christian library. She was acquainted and corresponded with most of the distinguished persons in Germany. Schleienmacher, Frederick Shlegel, Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia, and Gentz, the famous historian, all knew and acknowledged the Berlin Jewess, as Pope Paul V. did Cardinal Perron:—"May God inspire that man with good thoughts, for whatsoever he says, we must do it!" She was noted for her great strength, vigour, and activity of mind; for her ardent love of truth, and her strong, resolute, and vehement contempt for falsehood or shams of all kinds; and also for the truly womanly grace and kindliness which marked all her actions. Amid the horrors of war in Berlin in 1813, and the greater horrors of pestilence in 1831, she moved about like a beneficent Valkyrie, and exclaimed triumphantly, "My whole day is a feast of doing good!" She died in 1833, at Berlin.

VERDIER, MADAME DE,

Was a French poetess from Uzés. Her poetical epistle entitled "The Bondage of Love," was crowned by the Academy at Toulouse, in 1769. She wrote several other poems which were highly praised.

VERELST, MADEMOISELLE,

A Flemish historical and portrait painter, was born in 1630. She was niece of Simon Verelst,

and was taught painting by her father, Herman Verelst, but afterwards lived entirely with her uncle, who gave her the best instructions in his power. She was a fine performer on several musical instruments, and spoke and wrote the German, Italian, Latin, English, and French languages with fluency and elegance. She painted with genius and spirit, and was admired for the delicacy of her touch, and the neat manner of her finishing. The time of her decease is not recorded.

VERNEUIL, CATHARINE HENRIETTA DE BALZAC, MARQUISE DE,

A FRENCH lady, who so captivated Henry IV. that he promised to marry her. His subsequent marriage with Maria de Medicis, so offended his haughty mistress, that she conspired with the Spanish court to dethrone him, and place the crown of France on the head of the son she had borne to Henry. Their intrigues were discovered, and her accomplices punished. She died in exile, 1633, aged fifty-four.

VERRUE, COUNTESS OF,

WAS one of the most accomplished and beautiful women of Parisian society. She belonged to the proud and ancient family of Luynes, and was early married to the count de Verrue, who took her to Turin. Her great beauty attracted the attention of Amadée Victor, duke of Savoy and king of Sicily. She long resisted his addresses, with a constancy and virtue rare for the age in which she lived. The persecution of her husband's relatives, whose protection she implored in vain, and the temptation of ruling over a court where her virtue only excited ridicule, at length proved stronger than her scruples: she became the mistress of the prince. His love was very ardent and sincere; it only increased with years; and it ended by heartily wearying Madame de Verrue. Her children by her lover, the power she exercised at his court, the wealth she enjoyed, could not fix her affections. She eloped with her brother. A great quantity of valuable medals disappeared with her from the Duke's palace. She led an elegant and luxurious life in Paris. She was rich and prodigal, and spent upwards of a hundred thousand livres a year on curiosities and rare books. Her library was, in plays and novels, the most complete a private person had then possessed. She loved company; and Voltaire admired and flattered her. It is said that she never spoke of her former lover, or of her children, or expressed the least regret for the step she had taken. She was generally considered attractive and agreeable, and was, probably, as much so as a heartless woman without faith, love, or purity can ever be.

VIEN, MADAME,

WIFE and pupil of the celebrated French artist, Joseph Marie Vien, was a distinguished painter of objects of still-life. She depicted birds, shells, and flowers, with exquisite skill. Her domestic virtues equalled her talents. She died in 1805, at the age of seventy-seven.

VI

VIGNE, ANNE DE LA,

WAS born in 1631, at Vernon, in Normandy She was the daughter of one of the king's physicians, and was one of the most beautiful and intellectual persons of her time. Her extreme devotion to study brought on a disease of which she died, at Paris, in 1684. She belonged to the academy of the Ricovrati at Padua; and was the intimate friend of Mademoiselle de Scuderi and Marie Dapré. She was distinguished for her poetical talents, and her scientific attainments. Her ode, entitled "Monseigneur le Dauphin au Roi," obtained great reputation.

VIGRI, CATERINA,

WAS born at Bologna, in 1413, and was so highly esteemed for her piety, as well as her talents, that the name of Santa Caterina di Bologna was conferred upon her. She seldom painted in oil, but was principally employed in illuminating missals, and executing religious subjects in miniature. She died in 1463.

VILLEBRUNE, MARY DE,

WAS a portrait-painter, of whom but little is known. She exhibited at the Royal Academy, in London, from 1770 to 1782. She is supposed to have married a man named De Noblet.

VILLLEDIEU, MARIE CATHARINE HORTENSE DE,

DAUGHTER of the provost of Alençon in France, was born there, in 1632. Her second husband was M. de Chatte, and her third, M. des Jardins. This lady wrote various works, both in prose and verse; her fugitive poems are most highly esteemed. She also wrote a number of romances. She died in 1683. The following is a specimen of her poetry:

MADRIGAL.

Quand on voit deux amants d'esprit assez vulgaire,
Trouver dans leurs discours de quoi se satisfaire,
Et se parler incessament,
Les beaux esprits, de langue bien disante,
Disent avec étonnement:
Que peut dire cette innocente?
Et que répond ce sot amant?
Taisez-vous, beaux esprits, votre erreur'est extrême;
Ils se disent cent fois tour à tour: Je vous aime.
En amour, c'est parler assez élégamment.

VILLENEUVE, GABRIELLE SUSANNE BARBUT DE,

A CELEBRATED novel-writer, was the widow of J. B. Gaalon de Villeneuve, lieutenant-colonel of infantry in the service of France. She began to write late in life, and produced about twelve volumes. She died at Paris, December 29th, 1755. None of her works are now read; the fashion of novels changes with each generation; and works of fiction which only illustrate the manners and sentiments of the writer's own times can hardly be expected to be read but by contemporaries.

VIOT, MARIE ANNE HENRIETTE,

A NATIVE of Dresden, Prussia, was distinguished for her wit, learning, and the versatility of her

genius. Her father, M. de l'Estang, removed to France when she was a child. At the age of twelve she married d'Antremont, who left her a widow in four years. She then married de Bourdic, of Nismes. After his decease she again married; her third husband was M. Viot, commissary of the Intérieures at Barcelona. Madame Viot was honoured with a seat in the academy of Nismes, and read, on her admission, an eulogy on her favourite, Montaigne. She wrote an "Ode to Silence," "The Summer," "Fauvette," a romance, "La Foret de Brama," an opera, &c. This excellent and accomplished lady died near Bagnols, in 1802, aged fifty-six.

W.

WALTERS, HENRIETTA,

An artist, was born at Amsterdam, in 1692. She was first instructed by her father, Theodore Van Pee, but afterwards by the best artists in the city. After copying some of the works of Christopher Le Blond, she became desirous of having him for an instructor, which favour, with great difficulty, she obtained; his compliance being almost entirely owing to the extraordinary talents he discovered in her. In the manner of Le Blond, she painted portraits in small; and copied a portrait and a St. Sebastian, after Vandyck, which exceedingly advanced her reputation, as her copies resembled the originals to an astonishing degree.

She gradually rose to such a reputation, that Peter the Great of Russia offered her a large pension, to engage her in his service at St. Petersburgh; but no inducements were sufficient to make her leave her own country, where she was so highly esteemed. The czar sat to her for his picture, but he had not patience to have it finished, as she usually required twenty sittings, of two hours each, for every portrait. She was afterwards honoured with a visit from the king of Prussia, who solicited her to reside at his court; but his generous proposal was also rejected. She died at Amsterdam, in 1741, aged forty-nine years.

WAKEFIELD, PRISCILLA,

An Englishwoman, well known for the useful and ingenious works she has written for the instruction of youth. She is said to be the original promoter of banks for the savings of the poor, which are now so general. Some of her works are, "Juvenile Improvement," "Leisure Hours," "An Introduction to Botany," "Mental Improvement," "Reflections on the Present Condition of the Female Sex, with Hints for its Improvement," "A Familiar Tour through the British Empire," "Excursions in North America," "Sketches of Human Manners," "Variety," "Perambulations in London," "Instinct Displayed," "The Traveller in Africa," "Introduction to the Knowledge of Insects," and "The Traveller in Asia." Mrs. Wakefield was one of those useful writers, whose talents, devoted to the cause of education, have been a moral blessing to the youth of England. Her first work was published in 1795, her last in 1817; thus, for more than twenty years, she kept her post in the cause of improvement.

WARE, KATHARINE AUGUSTA,

Daughter of Dr. Rhodes, of Quincy, Massachusetts, was born in 1797. In 1819, she married Charles A. Ware, of the navy. She is principally known as a poetical contributor to periodicals. She also edited, for a year or two, a magazine called "The Bower of Taste," published at Boston. She went to Europe, in 1839, and died at Paris, in 1843. A collection of her poems was published in London, not long before her death. The two following, if not her most finished poems, are the most pleasing, from their tender and true womanly sentiment.

A NEW-YEAR WISH.

TO A CHILD AGED FIVE YEARS.

Dear one, while bending o'er thy couch of rest,
I've looked on thee as thou wert calmly sleeping,
And wished—Oh, couldst thou ever be as blest
As now, when haply all thy cause of weeping
Is for a truant bird, or faded rose!
Though these light griefs call forth the ready tear,
They cast no shadow o'er thy soft repose—
No trace of care or sorrow lingers here.

With rosy cheek upon the pillow prest,
To me thou seem'st a cherub pure and fair,
With thy sweet smile and gently heaving breast,
And the bright ringlets of thy clustering hair.
What shall I wish thee, little one? Smile on
Through childhood's morn—through life's gay spring—
For oh, too soon will those bright hours be gone!—
In youth time flies upon a silken wing.

May thy young mind, beneath the bland control
Of education, lasting worth acquire;
May Virtue stamp her signet on thy soul,
Direct thy steps, and every thought inspire!
Thy parents' earliest hope—be it their care
To guide thee through youth's path of shade and flowers,
And teach thee to avoid false pleasure's snare—
Be thine, to smile upon their evening hours.

LOSS OF THE FIRST-BORN.

I saw a pale young mother bending o'er
Her first-born hope. Its soft blue eyes were closed,
Not in the balmy dream of downy rest.
In Death's embrace the shrouded babe reposed;
It slept the dreamless sleep that wakes no more.
A low sigh struggled in her heaving breast,
But yet she wept not: hers was the deep grief
The heart, in its dark desolation, feels;
Which breathes not in impassioned accents wild,
But slowly the warm pulse of life congeals;
A grief which from the world seeks no relief—
A mother's sorrow o'er her first-born child.
She gazed upon it with a steadfast eye,
Which seemed to say, "Oh, would I were with thee!"
As if her every earthly hope were fled
With that departed cherub. Even he—
Her young heart's choice, who breathed a father's sigh
Of bitter anguish o'er the unconscious dead
Felt not, while weeping by its funeral bier,
One pang so deep as hers, who shed no tear.

WARNE, ELIZABETH,

One of the martyrs to religious opinions, during the reign of Mary of England, was burned at Stratford-le-Bow, August, 1555. Her husband had been executed before.

WARREN, MERCY,

One of the first American female poets, and a historian who still holds a high place among the American writers of her day, was born in Barnstable, in the old colony of Plymouth, in 1728. She was the daughter of Colonel James Otis, and received her instruction principally from the Rev.

Jonathan Russel, the clergyman of the village, as schools were then almost unknown. About 1754, Miss Otis married James Warren, a merchant of Plymouth, who encouraged her in literary pursuits. She was one of the first female poets of America, and many of her poems, especially her satires, received great applause, and were said to have had great influence. She entered warmly into the contest between England and America, and corresponded with Samuel and John Adams, Jefferson, Dickinson, Gerry, Knox, and many other leading men of the time; these often consulted her, and acknowledged the soundness of her judgment, on many of the important events before and after the war. Mrs. Warren often changed her residence during the war, but always retained her habits of hospitality. She wrote two tragedies, "The Sack of Rome," and "The Ladies of Castile," many of her other poems, and a satire called "The Group," to alleviate the pangs of suspense, while her friends were actively engaged, during the revolution. She was particularly celebrated for her knowledge of history; and Rochefoucauld, in his "Travels in the United States," speaks of her extensive reading. Mrs. Warren died October 19th, 1814, in the eighty-seventh year of her age. Her writings were published in 1805, under the title of "The History of the Rise, Progress, and Termination of the American Revolution, interspersed with Biographical, Political, and Moral Observations," in three volumes. This work she dedicated to Washington; and it is now considered valuable as a record of the events and feelings of those revolutionary times. Mr. Griswold, in his "Female Poets of America," makes these just remarks on his selections from her writings: "Her tragedies were written for amusement, in the solitary hours in which her friends were abroad, and they are as deeply imbued with the general spirit as if their characters were acting in the daily experience of the country. They have little dramatic or poetic merit, but many passages are smoothly, and some vigorously written—as the following, from 'the Sack of Rome.'"

SUSPICION.

I think some latent mischief lies concealed
Beneath the vizard of a fair pretence;
My heart ill brooked the errand of the day,
Yet I obeyed—though a strange horror seized
My gloomy mind, and shook my frame
As if the moment murdered all my joys

REMORSE.

The bird of death that nightly pecks the roof,
Or shrieks beside the caverns of the dead;
Or paler spectres that infest the tombs
Of guilt and darkness, horror or despair,
Are far more welcome to a wretch like me
Than yon bright rays that deck the opening morn.

FORTUNE.

The wheel of fortune, rapid in its flight,
Lags not for man, when on its swift routine;
Nor does the goddess ponder unresolved;
She wafts at once, and on her lofty car
Lifts up her puppet—mounts him to the skies,
Or from the pinnacle hurls headlong down
The steep abyss of disappointed hope.

ARDELIA.

She was, for innocence and truth,
For elegance, true dignity, and grace,
The fairest sample of that ancient worth
Th' illustrious matrons boasted to the world
When Rome was famed for every glorious deed.

DECLINE OF PUBLIC VIRTUE.

That dignity the gods themselves inspired,
When Rome, inflamed with patriotic zeal,
Long taught the world to tremble and admire,
Lies faint and languid in the wane of fame,
And must expire in Luxury's lewd lap
If not supported by some vigorous arm.

From "The Ladies of Castile."

CIVIL WAR.

'Mongst all the ills that hover o'er mankind,
Unfeigned, or fabled in the poet's page,
The blackest scrawl the sister furies hold,
For red-eyed Wrath or Malice to fill up,
Is incomplete to sum up human wo,
Till Civil Discord, still a darker fiend,
Stalks forth unmasked from his infernal den,
With mad Alecto's torch in his right hand.

THE COURAGE OF VIRTUE.

A soul, inspired by freedom's genial warmth,
Expands, grows firm, and by resistance, strong;
The most successful prince that offers life,
And bids me live upon ignoble terms,
Shall learn from me that virtue seldom fears.
Death kindly opes a thousand friendly gates,
And Freedom waits to guard her votaries through

WARWICK, MARY, COUNTESS OF,

Was the thirteenth of the fifteen children of the great earl of Cork, founder of the illustrious house of Boyle. Mary married Charles, earl of Warwick, whom she survived five years. From her

liberality to the poor, her husband was said to have left his estate to charitable uses. The fame of her hospitality and benevolence, advanced the rent of the houses in her neighbourhood, where she was the common arbitress of all differences. Her awards, by the judgment and sagacity they displayed, prevented many law-suits. She died April, 1678.

WASHINGTON, MRS. MARY

Mother of George Washington, the hero of the American revolutionary war, and the first president of the United States, claims the noblest distinction a woman should covet or can gain, that of training her gifted son in the way he should go, and inspiring him by her example to make the way of goodness his path to glory.*

"Mrs. Washington was descended from the very respectable family of Ball, who settled as English colonists, on the banks of the Potomac. Bred in those domestic and independent habits, which graced the Virginia matrons in the old days of Virginia, this lady, by the death of her husband, became involved in the cares of a young family, at a period when those cares seem more especially to claim the aid and control of the stronger sex. It was left for this eminent woman, by a method the most rare, by an education and discipline the most peculiar and imposing, to form in the youth-time of her son those great and essential qualities which gave lustre to the glories of his after-life. If the school savoured the more of the Spartan than the Persian character, it was a fitter school to form a hero, destined to be the ornament of the age in which he flourished, and a standard of excellence for ages yet to come.

It was remarked by the ancients, that the mother always gave the tone to the character of the child; and we may be permitted to say, that since the days of old renown, a mother has not lived better fitted to give the tone and character of real greatness to her child, than she whose remarkable life and actions this reminiscence will endeavour to illustrate.

At the time of his father's death, George Washington was only ten years of age. He has been heard to say that he knew little of his father, except the remembrance of his person, and of his parental fondness. To his mother's forming care he himself ascribed the origin of his fortunes and his fame.

The home of Mrs. Washington, of which she was always mistress, was a pattern of order. There the levity and indulgence common to youth was tempered by a deference and well-regulated restraint, which, while it neither suppressed nor condemned any rational enjoyment usual in the spring-time of life, prescribed those enjoyments within the bounds of moderation and propriety. Thus the chief was taught the duty of obedience, which prepared him to command. Still the mother held in reserve an authority which never departed from her, even when her son had become the most illustrious of men. It seemed to say, "I am your mother, the being who gave you life, the guide who directed your steps when they needed a guardian; my maternal affection drew forth your love; my authority constrained your spirit; whatever may be your success or your renown, next to your God, your reverence is due to me." Nor did the chief dissent from these truths; but to the last moments of his venerable parent, yielded to her will the most dutiful and implicit obedience, and felt for her person and character the highest respect, and the most enthusiastic attachment.

Such were the domestic influences under which the mind of Washington was formed; and that he not only profited by, but fully appreciated their excellence and the character of his mother, his behaviour towards her at all times testified. Upon his appointment to the command-in-chief of the American armies, previously to his joining the forces at Cambridge, he removed his mother from her country residence to the village of Fredericksburg, a situation remote from danger, and contiguous to her friends and relatives.

It was there the matron remained during nearly the whole of the trying period of the revolution. Directly in the way of the news, as it passed from north to south, one courier would bring intelligence of success to our arms; another, "swiftly coursing at his heels," the saddening reverse of disaster and defeat. While thus ebbed and flowed the fortunes of our cause, the mother, trusting to the wisdom and protection of divine providence, preserved the even tenour of her life; affording an example to those matrons whose sons were alike engaged in the arduous contest; and showing that unavailing anxieties, however belonging to nature, were unworthy of mothers, whose sons were combating for the inestimable rights of man, and the freedom and happiness of the world.

When the comforting and glorious intelligence arrived of the passage of the Delaware, (December, '76,) an event which restored our hopes from the very brink of despair, a number of her friends waited upon the mother with congratulations. She received them with calmness, observed that it was most pleasurable news, and that George appeared to have deserved well of his country for such signal services; and continued, in reply to the gratulating patriots, (most of whom held letters in their hands, from which they read extracts,) "But, my good sirs, here is too much flattery — still George will not forget the lessons I early taught him—he will not forget *himself*, though he is the subject of so much praise."

During the war, and indeed during her useful life, up to the advanced age of eighty-two, until within three years of her death, (when an afflictive disease prevented exertion,) the mother set a most valuable example in the management of her domestic concerns, carrying her own keys, bustling in her household affairs, providing for her family, and living and moving in all the pride of independence. She was not actuated by that ambition for show which pervades lesser minds; and the

* This biography was written by George W. P. Custis, grandson of Mrs. Martha Washington. As Mr. Custis had the best opportunities of knowing the character and merits of the subject of our sketch, we give his own published testimony of her rare merits.

peculiar plainness and dignity of her manners became in nowise altered, when the sun of glory arose upon her house. There are some of the aged inhabitants of Fredericksburg, who well remember the matron, as seated in an old-fashioned open chaise, she was in the habit of visiting, almost daily, her little farm in the vicinity of the town. When there, she would ride about her fields, giving her orders, and seeing that they were obeyed.

Her great industry, with the well-regulated economy of all her concerns, enabled the matron to dispense considerable charities to the poor, although her own circumstances were always far from rich. All manner of domestic economies, so useful in those times of privation and trouble, met her zealous attention; while everything about her household bore marks of her care and management, and very many things the impress of her own hands. In a very humble dwelling, and suffering under an excruciating disease, (cancer of the breast,) thus lived this mother of the first of men, preserving unchanged her peculiar nobleness and independence of character.

She was always pious, but in her latter days her devotions were performed in private. She was in the habit of repairing every day to a secluded spot, formed by rocks and trees, near her dwelling, where, abstracted from the world and worldly things, she communed with her Creator, in humiliation and prayer.

After an absence of nearly seven years, it was at length, on the return of the combined armies from Yorktown, permitted to the mother again to see and embrace her illustrious son. So soon as he had dismounted, in the midst of a numerous and brilliant suite, he sent to apprise her of his arrival, and to know when it would be her pleasure to receive him. And now mark the force of early education and habits, and the superiority of the Spartan over the Persian school, in this interview of the great Washington with his admirable parent and instructor. No pageantry of war proclaimed his coming, no trumpets sounded, no banners waved. Alone and on foot, the marshal of France, the general-in-chief of the combined armies of France and America, the deliverer of his country, the hero of the age, repaired to pay his humble duty to her whom he venerated as the author of his being, the founder of his fortune and his fame. For full well he knew that the matron would not be moved by all the pride that glory ever gave, nor by all the "pomp and circumstance" of power.

The lady was alone, her aged hands employed in the works of domestic industry, when the good news was announced; and it was further told that the victor chief was in waiting at the threshold. She welcomed him with a warm embrace, and by the well-remembered and endearing name of his childhood; enquiring as to his health, she remarked the lines which mighty cares and many trials had made on his manly countenance, spoke much of old times and old friends, but of his glory—*not one word!*

Meantime, in the village of Fredericksburg, all was joy and revelry; the town was crowded with the officers of the French and American armies, and with gentlemen from all the country around, who hastened to welcome the conquerors of Cornwallis. The citizens made arrangements for a splendid ball, to which the mother of Washington was specially invited. She observed, that although her dancing days were *pretty well over*, she should feel happy in contributing to the general festivity, and consented to attend.

The foreign officers were anxious to see the mother of their chief. They had heard indistinct rumours respecting her remarkable life and character; but, forming their judgments from European examples, they were prepared to expect in the mother that glare and show which would have been attached to the parents of the great in the old world. How were they surprised, when the matron, leaning on the arm of her son, entered the room! She was arrayed in the very plain, yet becoming garb worn by the Virginia lady of the olden time. Her address, always dignified and imposing, was courteous, though reserved. She received the complimentary attentions, which were profusely paid her, without evincing the slightest elevation; and, at an early hour, wishing the company much enjoyment of their pleasures, observing that it was time for old people to be at home, retired.

The foreign officers were amazed to behold one whom so many causes contributed to elevate, preserving the even tenour of her life, while such a blaze of glory shone upon her name and offspring. The European world furnished no examples of such magnanimity. Names of ancient lore were heard to escape from their lips; and they observed, that, "if such were the matrons of America, it was not wonderful the sons were illustrious."

It was on this festive occasion that general Washington danced a minuet with Mrs. Willis. It closed his dancing days. The minuet was much in vogue at that period, and was peculiarly calculated for the display of the splendid figure of the chief, and his natural grace and elegance of air and manner. The gallant Frenchmen who were present, of which fine people it may be said that dancing forms one of the elements of their existence, so much admired the American performance, as to admit that a Parisian education could not have improved it. As the evening advanced, the commander-in-chief, yielding to the gaiety of the scene, went down some dozen couple in the contradance, with great spirit and satisfaction.

The marquis de Lafayette repaired to Fredericksburg, previous to his departure for Europe, in the fall of 1784, to pay his parting respects to the mother, and to ask her blessing.

Conducted by one of her grandsons, he approached the house, when the young gentleman observed, "There, sir, is my grandmother." Lafayette beheld, working in the garden, clad in domestic-made clothes, and her grey head covered in a plain straw hat, the mother of "his hero!" The lady saluted him kindly, observing—"Ah, marquis! you see an old woman—but come, I can make you welcome to my poor dwelling, without the parade of changing my dress."

The marquis spoke of the happy effects of the revolution, and the goodly prospect which opened upon independent America; stated his speedy departure for his native land; paid the tribute of his heart, his love and admiration of her illustrious son; and concluded by asking her blessing. She blessed him; and to the encomiums which he had lavished upon his hero and paternal chief, the matron replied in these words: "I am not surprised at what George has done, for he was always a very good boy."

In her person, Mrs. Washington was of the middle size, and finely formed; her features pleasing, yet strongly marked. It is not the happiness of the writer to remember her, having only seen her with infant eyes. The sister of the chief he perfectly well remembers. She was a most majestic woman, and so strikingly like the brother, that it was a matter of frolic to throw a cloak around her and place a military hat upon her head; and, such was the perfect resemblance, that, had she appeared on her brother's steed, battalions would have presented arms, and senates risen to do homage to the chief.

In her latter days, the mother often spoke of her own *good boy;* of the merits of his early life; of his love and dutifulness to herself; but of the deliverer of his country, the chief magistrate of the great republic, she never spoke. Call you this insensibility? or want of ambition? Oh, no! her ambition had been gratified to overflowing. She had taught him to be *good;* that he became *great* when the opportunity presented, was a consequence, not a cause.

Mrs. Washington died, at the age of eighty-seven, soon after the decease of her illustrious son. She was buried at Fredericksburg, and for many years her grave remained without a memorial-stone. But the heart of the nation acknowledged her worth, and the noble spirit of her native Virginia was at length aroused to the sacred duty of perpetuating its respect for the merits of its most worthy daughter. On the seventh of May, 1833, at Fredericksburg, the corner-stone of her monument was laid by Andrew Jackson, then the President of the United States. The public officers of the general government, and an immense concourse of people from every section of the country, crowded to witness the imposing ceremonies. Mr. Barrett, one of the Monument Committee of Virginia, delivered the eulogy on Mrs. Washington, and then addressed the President of the United States. In his reply, General Jackson paid a beautiful tribute to the memory of the deceased, which, for its masterly exposition of the effect of maternal example, and of the importance of female influence, deserves to be preserved in this "Record of Women." We give a few sentences:—

"In tracing the recollections which can be gathered of her principles and conduct, it is impossible to avoid the conviction, that these were closely interwoven with the destiny of her son. The great points of his character are before the world. He who runs may read them in his whole career, as a citizen, a soldier, a magistrate. He possessed an unerring judgment, if that term can be applied to human nature; great probity of purpose, high moral principles, perfect self-possession, untiring application, an enquiring mind, seeking information from every quarter, and arriving at its conclusions with a full knowledge of the subject; and he added to these an inflexibility of resolution, which nothing could change but a conviction of error. Look back at the life and conduct of his mother, and at her domestic government, and they will be found admirably adapted to form and develop the elements of such a character. The power of greatness was there; but had it not been guided and directed by maternal solicitude and judgment, its possessor, instead of presenting to the world examples of virtue, patriotism, and wisdom, which will be precious in all succeeding ages, might have added to the number of those master spirits, whose fame rests upon the faculties they have abused, and the injuries they have committed.

"How important to the females of our country, are these reminiscences of the early life of Washington, and of the maternal care of her upon whom its future course depended! Principles less firm and just, an affection less regulated by discretion, might have changed the character of the son, and with it the destinies of the nation. We have reason to be proud of the virtue and intelligence of our women. As mothers and sisters, as wives and daughters, their duties are performed with exemplary fidelity. They, no doubt, realize the great importance of the maternal character, and the powerful influence it must exert upon the American youth. Happy is it for them and our country, that they have before them this illustrious example of maternal devotion, and this bright reward of filial success! The mother of a family, who lives to witness the virtues of her children and their advancement in life, and who is known and honoured because they are known and honoured, should have no other wish, on this side the grave, to gratify. The seeds of virtue and vice are early sown, and we may often anticipate the harvest that will be gathered. Changes, no doubt, occur, but let no one place his hope upon these. Impressions made in infancy, if not indelible, are effaced with difficulty and renewed with facility; and upon the mother, therefore, must frequently, if not generally, depend the fate of the son.

"Fellow-citizens—At your request, and in your name, I now deposit this plate in the spot destined for it; and when the American pilgrim shall, in after ages, come up to this high and holy place, and lay his hand upon this sacred column, may he recall the virtues of her who sleeps beneath, and depart with his affections purified and his piety strengthened, while he invokes blessings upon the Mother of Washington."

This monument bears the simple but touching inscription, MARY, THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, MARTHA,

WIFE of General George Washington, was born in the county of New Kent, Virginia, in May, 1732. Her maiden name was Martha Dandridge; at the

age of seventeen, she married Colonel Daniel Parke Custis, of the White House, county of New Kent, by whom she had four children: a girl, who died in infancy; a son named Daniel, whose early death is supposed to have hastened his father's; Martha, who arrived at womanhood, and died in 1770; and John, who perished in the service of his country, at the siege of Yorktown, aged twenty-seven.

Mrs. Custis was left a young and very wealthy widow, and managed the extensive landed and pecuniary concerns of the estates with surprising ability. In 1759, she was married to George Washington, then a colonel in the colonial service, and soon after, they removed permanently to Mount Vernon, on the Potomac. Upon the election of her husband to the command-in-chief of the armies of his country, Mrs. or Lady Washington, as she was generally called, accompanied the general to the lines before Boston, and witnessed its siege and evacuation; and was always constant in her attendance on her husband, when it was possible. After General Washington's election to the presidency of the United States, in 1787, Mrs. Washington performed the duties belonging to the wife of a man in that high station, with great dignity and ease; and on the retirement of Washington, she still continued her unbounded hospitality. The decease of her venerated husband, who died December 14th, 1799, was the shock from which she never recovered, though she bore the heavy sorrow with the most exemplary resignation. She was kneeling at the foot of his bed when he expired, and when she found he was gone, she said, in a calm voice, "'Tis well; all is now over; I shall soon follow him; I have no more trials to pass through." Her children were all deceased—her earthly treasures were withdrawn; but she held firm her trust in the Divine Mercy which had ordered her lot. For more than half a century, she had been accustomed to passing an hour every morning alone in her chamber, engaged in reading the Bible and in prayer. She survived her husband a little over two years, dying at Mount Vernon, aged seventy.

In person Mrs. Washington was well formed, though somewhat below the middle size. A portrait, taken previous to her marriage, shows that she must have been very handsome in her youth; and she retained a comeliness of countenance, as well as a dignified grace of manner, during life. In her home she was the presiding genius that kept action and order in perfect harmony; a wife in whom the heart of her husband could safely trust. The example of this illustrious couple ought to have a salutary influence on every American family; the marriage union, as it subsisted between George and Martha Washington, is shown to be the happiest, as well as holiest, relation in which human beings can be united to each other. The delicacy of Mrs. Washington's nature, which led her, just before her decease, to destroy the letters that had passed between her husband and herself, proves the depth and purity of her love and reverence for him. She could not permit that the confidences they had shared together should become public; it would be desecrating their chaste loves, and, perhaps, some word or expression might be misinterpreted to his disadvantage. One only letter from Washington to his wife was found among his papers;—the extracts we give from this letter indicate clearly the character of their correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, June 18th, 1775.

MY DEAREST,—I am now set down to write you on a subject which fills me with inexpressible concern; and this concern is greatly aggravated and increased, when I reflect upon the uneasiness I know it will give you. It has been determined in Congress, that the whole army raised for the defence of the American cause shall be put under my care, and that it is necessary for me to proceed immediately to Boston, and take upon me the command of it.

You may believe me, dear Patsy, when I assure you, in the most solemn manner, that, so far from seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavour in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from a consciousness of its being a trust too great for my capacity, and that I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home, than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad, if my stay were to be seven times seven years. But as it has been a kind of destiny that has thrown me upon this service, I shall hope that my undertaking it is designed to answer some good purpose.

* * * * *

I shall rely, therefore, confidently on that Providence, which has heretofore preserved and been bountiful to me, not doubting but that I shall return safe to you in the fall. I shall feel no pain from the toil or the danger of the campaign; my unhappiness will flow from the uneasiness I know you will feel from being left alone. I therefore beg that you will summon your whole fortitude, and pass your time as agreeably as you can. Nothing will give me so much sincere satisfaction as to hear this, and to hear it from your own pen.

* * * * *

He then goes on to say that, as life was always uncertain, he had had his will drawn up, and enclosed the draft to her; by this will he gave her the use and control of all his estates and property during her life-time; which will was observed on his decease. Such was the love the greatest man the world ever saw, cherished towards his wife; and she was worthy of his love. What higher celebrity could a woman desire?

WASSER, ANNA,

Was born at Zurich, in Switzerland, in 1679; being the daughter of Rodolph Wasser, a person of considerable note in his own country, and a member of the council of Zurich. Anna had the advantage of a polite education; and as she showed a lively genius, particularly in designing, she was placed under the direction of Joseph Werner, at Berne. He made her study after good models, and copy the best paintings he could procure. After having instructed her for some time, on seeing a copy which she had finished of a flora, it astonished him to find such correctness and colouring in so young an artist, she being then but thirteen years of age. She painted at first in oil, but afterwards applied herself entirely to miniature, for which, indeed, nature seemed to have furnished her with peculiar talents. Her works in that style procured her the favour of most of the princes of Germany; and the duke of Wirtemberg, in particular, sent his own portrait and that of his sister to be copied in miniature by her hand; in which performance she succeeded so admirably, that her reputation was effectually established through all Germany. The Margrave of Baden-Durlach was another of her early patrons; and she also received many commissions from the first personages in the Low Countries. Though, by the influence of her father, she was prevailed upon to devote most of her time to portrait painting, yet her favourite subjects were those of the pastoral kind, in which she displayed the delicacy of her taste in invention and composition, in the elegance of her manner of designing, and in giving so much harmony to the whole, as invariably to afford pleasure to the most judicious beholders. In all her subjects, indeed, she discovered a fine genius, an exceedingly good taste, and an agreeable colouring. She died, unmarried, in 1713.

WATTS, JANE,

Was the daughter of George Waldie, Esq., of Hendersyde Park, Scotland. Before she was five years old she showed much fondness for drawing, and she very early painted landscapes in oil, which were greatly admired. She was almost wholly self-taught, yet her pictures, when exhibited at the Royal Academy and the British Institution, commanded universal applause. In literature she displayed equal talent. This accomplished woman died in 1826, at the age of thirty-seven.

WEISSERTHURN, JOHANNA F. V. VON,

Born 1773, at Coblenz, was the daughter of the play-actor, Grünberg. Before she was twelve years old, she became, encouraged by her step-father, Teichman, the director of a little troup, the members of which were her brothers and sisters and cousins, and with it she performed, at a private theatre, a number of pieces expressly written for children. In 1787, an engagement was offered to her at the Munich theatre; in 1789, she exchanged this for one that was offered to her by her step-brother, the director of the theatre at Baden; in 1790, she was called to the Imperial Court Theatre, at Vienna. Here she married, in 1791, Von Weisserthurn. Shortly after her marriage, she published a few plays, which were so well received, that, encouraged by it, she continued to write for the stage, and became quite a prolific author. In 1817, she lost her husband; and in 1841, she withdrew from the stage, and died in 1845.

Her dramatic writings have been published in three parts: the first, in Vienna, 1804, under the title of "Plays," six volumes; the second, 1817, under the title "New Plays," two volumes; the third, 1823–31, under the title "Latest Plays," five volumes. Her best pieces are, "The Forest near Hermanstown," "Which is the Bridegroom," "The Heirs," and "The Last Resort."

WELSER, PHILIPPINA,

Daughter of Francis, and niece of Bartholomew Welser, the opulent privy-councillor of Charles V. of Germany, was a beautiful and accomplished woman. Ferdinand, son of the archduke (afterwards emperor) Ferdinand, and nephew of Charles V., fell violently in love with her, in 1547, at Augsburg. She refused all his offers, except on condition of marriage, and the ceremony was performed privately, in 1550. When the archduke heard of it, he was very much incensed, and for eight years he refused to see his son. Philippina died in 1580, at Innspruck. Her husband had a medal struck in her honour, with the inscription, *Divæ Philippinæ*. She had two sons, who both died without children.

WEST, ELIZABETH,

Was born at Edinburgh, 1672, of respectable parents, and was well educated. In youth, she imbibed notions somewhat similar to those of the mystics, and was frequently led into extravagancies. She was reputed the female saint of her day, and married Mr. Brie, minister of Saline, in Fifeshire; but she did not live happily with him. She wrote her own memoirs, and died in Saline, in 1735, aged sixty-three.

WEST, JANE,

Was the wife of a farmer, in Northamptonshire, England. She received but a scanty education; still she applied herself very closely to study, and was known as an amusing and moral writer. She lived in the latter part of the eighteenth, and the early part of the present century. Her principal works are, "A Gossip Story," "a Novel," "A Tale of the Times," "Poems and Plays," "Letters to a Young Man," "Letters to a Young Lady," &c.

WESTMORELAND, JANE, COUNTESS OF,

Eldest daughter of Henry, earl of Surrey, who was beheaded in 1547, was the wife of Charles, earl of Westmoreland, by whom she had four daughters. This lady made such progress in Latin and Greek, under the instruction of Fox, the martyrologist, that she might compete with the most learned men of the age. The latter part of her life was rendered very unhappy by her husband's conduct; for he was engaged in an insurrection, in 1569, and, in consequence, his property was confiscated, and he himself sentenced to death, which he escaped by leaving the country, and remaining a long time in exile.

WESTON, ELIZABETH JANE,

Was born about 1558. She left England very young, and settled at Prague, in Bohemia, where she passed the rest of her life. She was a woman of fine talents, which were highly cultivated; she was skilled in various languages, especially Latin, in which she wrote several works, both in prose and verse, highly esteemed by some of the most learned men of her time. They were published in 1606. She was married to John Leon, a gentleman belonging to the emperor's court, and was living in 1605, as appears by a letter written by her in that year. She was commended by Scaliger, and complimented by Nicholas May in a Latin epigram. She is ranked with Sir Thomas Moore, and the best Latin poets of the sixteenth century.

WHARTON, ANNE, COUNTESS OF,

Daughter of Sir Henry Lee, of Oxfordshire, England, married Thomas, earl of Wharton, and distinguished herself by her learning and poetical works. She died in 1685. One of her plays was entitled, "Love's Martyr, or Wit above Crowns." Many of her poems are printed in the collections of Dryden and Nichols. She had no children.

WHEATLEY, PHILLIS,

Was brought from Africa, to Boston, Massachusetts, in 1761, when she was six years old, and sold in the slave-market, to Mrs. John Wheatley, wife of a merchant of that city. This lady, perceiving her natural abilities, had her carefully educated, and she acquired a thorough knowledge of the English and Latin languages. She wrote verses with great ease and fluency, frequently rising in the night to put down any thought that had occurred to her. In 1772, she accompanied a son of Mr. Wheatley to England, for her health, where she received a great deal of attention from the people in the higher ranks of life. Her poems were published in London, 1773, while she was in that city. She was then nineteen years of age. The volume was dedicated to the countess of Huntingdon; and in the preface are the names of the governor of Massachusetts, and several other eminent gentlemen, bearing testimony to their belief of her having been the genuine writer. Mr. Sparks, who gives these particulars in his "Life and Writings of George Washington," from which the letter quoted below is taken, observes: "In whatever order of merit these poems may be ranked, it cannot be doubted that they exhibit the most favourable evidence on record, of the capacity of the African intellect for improvement. The classical allusions are numerous, and imply a wide compass of reading, a correct judgment, good taste, and a tenacious memory. Her deportment is represented to have been gentle and unpretending, her temper amiable, her feelings refined, and her religious impressions strong and constant."

After her return, Phillis married a coloured man, named Peters, who proved unworthy of her, and made the rest of her life very unhappy. She died at Boston, in great poverty, in 1784, leaving three children. She was but thirty-one years old at the time of her decease. An edition of her poems was published in 1773, and another, with a biography of her, in 1835. Besides these poems, she wrote many which were never published; and one of these, addressed and sent to General Washington, soon after he took command of the American army, gives her a more enduring fame than all her printed pieces. In the following letter from that great man, we see how kind was the soul whose energies were then carrying forward the destinies of the new world, and shaking the dynasties of the old.

Cambridge, February 28th, 1776.

Miss Phillis: Your favour of the 26th of October did not reach my hands till the middle of December. Time enough, you will say, to have given an answer ere this. Granted. But a variety of important occurrences, continually interposing to distract the mind and withdraw the attention, I hope will apologize for the delay, and plead my excuse for the seeming but not real neglect. I thank you most sincerely for your polite notice of me, in the elegant lines you enclosed; and however undeserving I may be of such encomium and panegyric, the style and manner exhibit a striking proof of your poetical talents; in honour of which, and as a tribute justly due to you, I would have published the poem, had I not been apprehensive that, while I only meant to give the world this new instance of your genius, I might have incurred

the imputation of vanity. This, and nothing else, determined me not to give it place in the public prints. If you should ever come to Cambridge, or near head-quarters, I shall be happy to see a person so favoured by the muses, and to whom Nature has been so liberal and beneficent in her dispensations. I am, with great respect, your obedient, humble servant,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Phillis Wheatley's poems have little literary merit; their worth arises from the extraordinary circumstance that they are the productions of an *African woman;* the sentiment is true always, but never new. The elegy and acrostic were her favourite modes of composition. The following is among her best pieces:

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. GEORGE WHITFIELD.

* * * * *

Thou, moon, hast seen, and all the stars of light,
How he has wrestled with his God by night.
He prayed that grace in every heart might dwell;
He longed to see America excel;
He charged its youth that every grace divine
Should with full lustre in their conduct shine.
That Saviour, which his soul did first receive,
The greatest gift that even a God can give,
He freely offered to the numerous throng
That on his lips with list'ning pleasure hung.
"Take him, ye wretched, for your only good,
Take him, ye starving sinners, for your food;
Ye thirsty, come to this life-giving stream,
Ye preachers, take him for your joyful theme;
Take him, my dear Americans," he said,
"Be your complaints on his kind bosom laid:
Take him, ye Africans, he longs for you;
Impartial Saviour, is his title due:
Washed in the fountain of redeeming blood,
You shall be sons, and kings, and priests to God."
But though arrested by the hand of death,
Whitfield no more exerts his lab'ring breath,
Yet let us view him in the eternal skies,
Let every heart to this bright vision rise;
While the tomb safe retains its sacred trust,
Till life divine reanimates his dust.

WILKINSON, ELIZA,

WHOSE published letters give a lively and graphic account of the situation of the people, and the events that occurred during that part of the war of the revolution which was carried on in the section of the country in which she resided, was a daughter of Francis Yrage, a Welsh emigrant, who had settled on Yrage's Island, about thirty miles from Charleston, South Carolina. She married Mr. Wilkinson, who died six months after their union, leaving her a young and beautiful widow. She was noted for her wit, and her kindness to the American soldiers.

WILKINSON, JEMIMA,

A RELIGIOUS impostor, was born in Cumberland, Rhode Island, about 1753. Recovering suddenly from an apparent suspension of life, she announced that she had been raised from the dead, and claimed supernatural power. She made a few proselytes, and removed with them to the neighbourhood of Crooked Lake, in New York, where she died, in 1819.

WILLIAMS, ANNA,

WAS the daughter of a surgeon and physician, in South Wales, where she was born, in 1706. She went with her father to London, in 1730, when, from some failure in his undertakings, he was reduced to great poverty. In 1740, Miss Williams lost her sight by a cataract, which prevented her, in a great measure, from assisting her father; but she still retained her fondness for literature, and what is more extraordinary, her skill in the use of her needle. In 1746, she published the "Life of the Emperor Julian, with Notes, translated from the French." She was assisted by her friends, in this work, and it does not appear that she derived much pecuniary advantage from it. Soon after this, Dr. and Mrs. Johnson became interested in her, and at Dr. Johnson's request an operation was performed on her eyes, but without success; and from that time, even after his wife's death, she remained almost constantly an inmate of Johnson's house. Her circumstances were improved in the last years of her life, by the publication of a volume of prose and verse, and by some other means, and the friendship and kindness of Johnson continued unalterable. She died at his house in Bolt-Court, Fleet street, aged seventy-seven. The following is a good specimen of her poetry, which never rises above the sentimental:

ON A LADY SINGING.

When Delia strikes the trembling string,
She charms our list'ning ears;
But when she joins her voice to sing,
She emulates the spheres.

The feathered songsters round her throng,
And catch the soothing notes;
To imitate her matchless song,
They strain their little throats.

The constant mournful-cooing doves,
Attentive to her strain,
All mindful of their tender loves,
By list'ning soothe their pain.

Soft were the notes by Orpheus played,
Which once recalled his bride;
But had he sung like thee, fair maid,
The nymph had scarcely died.

WILLIAMS, HELEN MARIA,

WAS born, in 1762, in the north of England, and was ushered into public notice by Dr. Kippis, at the age of eighteen. Between 1782 and 1788, she published "Edwin and Eltrada," "An Ode to Peace," and other poems. In 1790 she settled in Paris, and became intimate with the most eminent of the Girondists, and, in 1794, was imprisoned, and nearly shared their fate. She escaped to Switzerland, but returned to Paris in 1796, and died there in 1827.

She wrote "Julia, a Novel," "Letters from France," "Travels in Switzerland," "A Narrative of Events in France," and "A Translation of Humboldt and Bonpland's Personal Narrative." Miss Williams possessed a strong mind, much historical acumen, and great industry, though her

religious sentiments were not free from some errors of the period. As a poetess she had little more than some facility and the talent inseparable from a cultivated taste. One of her pieces has much favour as a devotional hymn:

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

Whilst thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled:
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by thee.

In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,
In ev'ry pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favoured hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill:
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye without a tear
The gath'ring storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

PART OF A PARAPHRASE.

In every note that swells the gale,
Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,
The cavern's depth, or echoing grove,
A voice is heard of praise and love.

As o'er God's works the seasons roll,
And soothe with change of bliss the soul,
Oh, never may their smiling train
Pass o'er the human scene in vain.

But oft, as on the charm we gaze,
Attune the wondering soul to praise;
And be the joys that most we prize
The joys that from His favor rise.

WINCHELSEA, ANNE, COUNTESS OF,

Was the daughter of Sir William Kingsmill, of Sidmonton, in the county of Southampton, England. She was maid of honour to the duchess of York, second wife of James II., and married Heneage, second son of Heneage, earl of Winchelsea, who afterwards succeeded to the title of earl of Winchelsea. She died August 5th, 1720, without leaving any children. Wordsworth speaks highly of her poem called "A Nocturnal Reverie." Another of her poems was addressed to "The Spleen." A collection of the countess's poems was printed in London, together with a tragedy, never acted, entitled "Aristomenes." Mr. Chambers remarks of her poetry, and it should not be forgotten that she was the first Englishwoman who attempted to ascend the Parnassian heights—"Her lines are smoothly versified, and possess a tone of calm and contemplative feeling."

A NOCTURNAL REVERIE.

In such a night, when every louder wind
Is to its distant cavern safe confined,
And only gentle zephyr fans his wings,
And lonely Philomel still waking sings;
Or from some tree, famed for the owl's delight,
She, holloaing clear, directs the wanderer right:
In such a night, when passing clouds give place,
Or thinly veil the heaven's mysterious face;
When in some river overhung with green,
The waving moon and trembling leaves are seen;
When freshened grass now bears itself upright,
And makes cool banks to pleasing rest invite,
Whence springs the woodbine, and the bramble rose,
And where the sleepy cowslip sheltered grows;
Whilst now a paler hue the foxglove takes,
Yet chequers still with red the dusky brakes;
When scattered glow-worms, but in twilight fine,
Show trivial beauties watch their hour to shine;
Whilst Salisbury stands the test of every light,
In perfect charms and perfect virtue bright:
When odours which declined repelling day,
Through temperate air uninterrupted stray;
When darkened groves their softest shadows wear,
And falling waters we distinctly hear;
When through the gloom more venerable shows
Some ancient fabric, awful in repose;
While sunburnt hills their swarthy looks conceal,
And swelling haycocks thicken up the vale:
When the loosed horse now, as his pasture leads,
Comes slowly grazing through the adjoining meads,
Whose stealing pace and lengthened shade we fear,
Till torn-up forage in his teeth we hear;
When nibbling sheep at large pursue their food,
And unmolested kine rechew the cud;
When curlews cry beneath the village walls,
And to her straggling brood the partridge calls;
Their short-lived jubilee the creatures keep,
Which but endures while tyrant man does sleep:
When a sedate content the spirit feels,
And no fierce light disturbs, whilst it reveals;
But silent musings urge the mind to seek
Something too high for syllables to speak;
Till the free soul to a composedness charmed,
Finding the elements of rage disarmed,
O'er all below a solemn quiet grown,
Joys in the inferior world, and thinks it like her own:
In such a night let me abroad remain,
Till morning breaks, and all 's confused again;
Our cares, our toils, our clamours are renewed,
Or pleasures seldom reached again pursued.

The following is another specimen of the correct and smooth versification of the countess, and seems to us superior to the "Nocturnal Reverie:"

LIFE'S PROGRESS.

How gaily is at first begun
Our life's uncertain race;
Whilst yet that sprightly morning sun,
With which we just set out to run,
Enlightens all the place.

How smiling the world's prospect lies,
How tempting to go through!
Not Canaan to the prophet's eyes,
From Pisgah, with a sweet surprise,
Did more inviting show.

How soft the first ideas prove
Which wander through our minds:
How full the joys, how free the love,
Which does that early season move,
As flowers the western winds!

Our sighs are then but vernal air,
But April drops our tears,
Which swiftly passing, all grows fair,
Whilst beauty compensates our care
And youth each vapour clears.

But oh! too soon, alas! we climb,
Scarce feeling we ascend
The gently-rising hill of Time,
From whence with grief we see that prime,
And all its sweetness end.

The die now cast, our station known,
Fond expectation past:
The thorns which former days had sown,
To crops of late repentance grown,
Through which we toil at last.

Whilst every care 's a driving harm,
That helps to bear us down;
Which faded smiles no more can charm,
But every tear's a winter storm,
And every look 's a frown.

WINCKEL, THERESA EMILIA HENRIETTA,

Was born at Dresden, in 1784, and was celebrated for her copies of the old masters. She is said to have been unequalled in the copies she made of Correggio's works. She went to Paris, with her mother, in 1808, and spent her time while in that city in studying the works of art with which it abounds. Her letters from Paris have been published, and she also wrote many articles for periodicals. She began the study of the art of painting, at first, for her own gratification; but her mother losing her fortune, Henrietta supported them both by her own exertions.

WILSON, MRS.,

An Englishwoman, who deserves an honoured place among the distinguished of her sex, for her noble self-sacrifice in going out to India, to introduce the light of female education into that region of moral darkness. She also founded the first orphan refuge, or asylum, for native female children, established under the British sceptre in the East. This beginning of female instruction was introduced only twenty-nine years ago; the English East India Company had held rich possessions and controlling power in India for more than a century, yet no man had sought to remedy or remove the horrible degradation and ignorance of the female sex. The spirit of selfishness or sin reigned paramount in the hearts of men; and their "enmity" to the moral or intellectual influence of women was, and is still, there wrought out in the most awful oppressions, and brutal practices, the corrupt mind can devise. And never will the chains of sin be broken, or the Gospel make progress in that "clime of the sun," till the female sex are instructed, and raised from their social degradation. Mrs. Wilson has done much, for she made the beginning. We give the history as we find it in Chambers's Journal, written, evidently, by a lady. She tells us that Mrs. Wilson, then Miss Cook, went out to India in 1821.

"Up till this time, the education of natives had been confined to boys, for whom a number of schools had been opened; and as no attempt at conversion was allowed, there was no prejudice against them. One of the most benevolent founders of schools for boys in Calcutta was David Hare, a person who, having amassed a considerable fortune in that city, determined to spend it there instead of his native land; and not only did he spend his money, but his life, in benefitting the city where he had so long resided. These attempts, as we have said, met with no opposition on the part of the natives; on the contrary, they warmly seconded them, and the schools were crowded with boys willing to learn after the English fashion instead of their own; but the prejudices against educating females were not to be so easily overcome. For the woman, no education of any kind but such as related to making a curry or a pillau had ever been deemed necessary. As long as infancy and childhood lasted, she was the pet and plaything of the family; and when, with girlhood, came the domestic duties of the wife, she entered on them unprepared by any previous moral training. All intellectual acquirements were out of place for one who was not the companion, but the drudge and slave of her husband; and the more ignorant she was, the less intolerable would be the confinement and monotony of her life. In India, all females above the very lowest ranks, and of respectable character, are kept in seclusion after betrothment; and after marriage, none of any rank, except the very highest, are exempt from those duties which we should consider menial, though not really so when kept in due bounds. A wife can never be degraded by preparing her husband's repast; but it is humiliating to be considered unworthy to partake of it with him, and not even to be permitted to enliven it with her conversation. Those females, again, whose station is not high enough to warrant the privileges of seclusion, present a picture painful to contemplate; the blessing of liberty cannot make up for the incessant toil and drudgery to which they are invariably condemned; and the alternations of the climate, added to the exposure, render the woman in the prime of life a withered crone, either depressed into an idiot or irritated into a virago. Though in the present day something has been effected in the way of elevating the social position of the Hindoo female, thirty years ago even that little was considered unattainable. It was evident that while one entire sex remained so utterly uncared for, the instruction of the other would fail to produce the desired effects; and that if India was to be regenerated, her female as well as her male population must be instructed. The task was difficult; for whilst the government was indifferent, the natives of India were all strongly opposed to any measures for ameliorating the condition, social or intellectual, of their women. One zealous friend, however, devoted herself to the task. The work *was* to be done, and Mrs. Wilson did it.

Animated with a determination to spare no personal exertion, she had herself trained to the business of general instruction, and did not fear the effects of an Indian climate. Physically, morally, and intellectually, she was fitted for her task. Her health was excellent; her spirits elastic; her temper even; her mind clear, quick,

and shrewd; her manners most engaging, though dignified; and her will indomitable. On arriving in India, her first efforts were devoted to acquiring a knowledge of Bengalee, the language of the native of Calcutta; and as soon as she could make herself understood by those around her, she took up her abode in the midst of the native population, and courted and encouraged pupils. Slowly and suspiciously they came in, attracted by a small gratuity each received as a reward for daily attendance. In time others followed their example; and a school which could scarcely be said to aspire to the dignity of ragged, being literally a naked one, was established. The premises occupied by Mrs. Wilson were so confined, that when the *pice*, not the learning, attracted more pupils, she was obliged to open classes in various parts of the bazaar, and go from one to the other. This occasioned much loss of time; and none but those of the very lowest rank could be enticed even by a fee to attend the school. Any one less earnest would have lost heart, and been disgusted to find that all her efforts were to be so confined. But Miss Cook hoped, and trusted, and determined to remedy what appeared remediable. She was convinced that a large house, in a more respectable part of the native town, would be one means of attracting pupils of rather a higher caste; and she determined to secure this. A rajah, who at that time was anxious to pay court to the government, presented the "Ladies' Society for Promoting Native Female Education" with a piece of ground in a very eligible situation; a European gentleman furnished the plan, and kindly superintended the erection of the buildings; and in about five years after her first arrival in Calcutta, Mrs. Wilson took possession of the Central School, a large, airy, and handsome abode. Five years had accustomed the natives to the anomaly of teaching girls, and a somewhat better class than had at first attended were now to be seen congregated round their energetic teacher, seated cross-legged on the floor, tracing their crabbed characters on a slate; reading in sonorous voices the translations of the parables and miracles; or even chanting hymns, also translated. Still none came, unless brought by the women who were employed to go the rounds of the bazaar in the morning, and who received so much for each child: bribery alone ensured attendance; and none of the pupils remained more than two or three years at the most. As for the natives of the upper class, all attempts to gain a footing amongst them proved total failures. The examinations of the school were attended by all the native gentlemen of rank who professed to take an interest in education; but none of them favoured it sufficiently to desire its benefits for his own daughters, though Mrs. Wilson offered to attend them *privately*, when not engaged in the duties of the school. At length the same rajah who had given the ground informed her that his young wife insisted on learning English. She had already learned to read and write Bengalee; but as this did not satisfy her, he requested Mrs. Wilson's services, which were immediately given; and she found her pupil a very apt scholar, eager for information of all kinds. In the course of a few weeks, the lady succeeded in obtaining her husband's permission to visit Mrs. Wilson at the Central School, and to be introduced to some more English ladies. It was not without much persuasion that this boon was granted; and even when we were all seated expecting her arrival, (for the writer of this was present,) we scarcely believed that anything so contrary to etiquette would be permitted. At length, however, the rapid tread of many feet was heard, a closed palanquin, surrounded by *chaprasseys*, entered the veranda, and panting after it were two old crones. The vehicle was set down in the inner veranda, or, as it would be called here, lobby, from which all the male servants were then excluded, and the doors closed; and then a figure enveloped in a large muslin sheet was taken out of the conveyance, and guided up stairs by the duennas. As soon as she was in the sitting-room, the envelope was removed, and disclosed a very pretty young creature, dressed in a pink muslin *sorharee* and white muslin jacket, both spotted with silver, slippers richly embroidered, and her thick plait of dark glossy hair fastened by a richly ornamented pin. She had gold bangles on her neck and arms; but no display of jewellery, though her husband was reputed very wealthy.

I may mention that the sorharee is all the clothing of the Hindoo female. It is about seven yards long and one wide, the width forming the length of the garment. It is wound round the figure as often as convenient, and the remainder brought over the head a sa veil. The boddice is an occasional addition, never adopted by the lower classes, and their sorharees are scanty and coarse. It is but an ungraceful costume, as there are no folds. Our visitor's countenance was very animated, and her extreme youth—for she was not more than sixteen—gave a charm to features not distinguished for regularity. Secluded as her life had been, the young creature was far from being timid. She was quite at her ease, and ready to enter into conversation with any one who understood Bengalee. She could not converse in English; but was proud of displaying her acquirements in reading and spelling, and told us that she had prevailed on the rajah to hear her repeat her lessons every evening.

Of course our dresses excited her curiosity, for she had never seen any of European make, except Mrs. Wilson's widow's garb. She made many enquiries about our children, but would have considered it indelicate even to name our husbands. After replying to all our queries, she became so familiar that she offered to sing to us, regretting that she had not her instrument (a very simple sort of guitar) to accompany her voice. The melody was simple, and her voice very sweet. All this time the old women who had accompanied their lady were crouching down in one corner of the room, watching her intently; and at last, as if they thought her freedom had lasted long enough, they rose, and told her it was the maharajah's orders she should go. She unwillingly complied, and left us to our great regret; for there was a

confiding naïveté about her which was very winning. In a few weeks the lessons were discontinued; her husband fell into well-merited disgrace; and this was the first and last pupil Mrs. Wilson had in the highest ranks. This disappointment, however, was more than compensated by the accomplishment of another scheme, perhaps more important, for the amelioration of the native female character.

I have said that the attendance of the day-scholar seldom exceeded three years; and much as Mrs. Wilson desired to believe that the bread cast upon the waters would not be lost, no well-authenticated evidence ever reached her that the brief school-days produced any permanently beneficial effects, sufficient to counteract the superstition and ignorance with which her pupils were necessarily surrounded. Feeling the impossibility with day-schools of obviating infection from such sources, she had always cherished the idea of rearing some children from their very infancy, uncontaminated by the evil examples of a native home; but it was not till just before she moved into the Central School that she had an opportunity of carrying her plan into execution. Her durzie (tailor) feeling himself dying, sent for her, and implored her to take charge of his only child; he said he could not be a Christian himself, but he wished her to be one; and that if Mrs. Wilson would promise to keep her, he would, in the presence of his relatives, make over the little girl to that lady. The assurance was as readily given as her task was conscientiously fulfilled; and no *first-fruits* could have been more promising, or could have ripened more satisfactorily; no commencement could have been followed by more complete success. In a very few weeks another orphan, totally destitute, was thrown in Mrs. Wilson's way; and much about the same time she was requested to receive as a boarder a little slave girl, the charge of whom had, by very peculiar circumstances, devolved on a lady whose health and position prevented her training the poor castaway satisfactorily. "That there needs only a beginning," was never more fully verified than in the case of the Orphan Asylum. That which for several years had been the chief wish of Mrs. Wilson's heart was accomplished in a few months; and before she had a home to shelter them, she found herself surrounded by twenty-five dependent little creatures. The orphans were entirely and exclusively Mrs. Wilson's own charge; the ladies' committee had no control over them. From the first, the pupils were trained to contribute by their labour to their own support; and she was never without large orders for worsted work, which paid well. She was assisted in all her labours, but more particularly in this department, by a young lady who had joined her from England; and before this very interesting person fell a victim to the climate, some of the elder girls under her tuition had become so expert in the use of the needle, (another innovation on the privileges of the male sex,) that they were able to copy fancy-work of all kinds, from the sale of which a considerable sum was realized yearly. All the orphans, hower, were not entirely dependent on Mrs. Wilson; many of them were boarded with her by individuals who were only too thankful to find such a refuge for any poor stray sheep thrown upon their charity. Indeed, considering the frequency of such cases, it seems wonderful that so many years were required to carry out a plan so beneficial to so many. Thus one girl was the child of a wretched woman executed for a most inhuman murder; the benevolence of the judge's wife rescued the unfortunate child from starvation, and supported her in the Orphan Refuge: another boarder was a girl from the Goomsur country, whose limbs for months retained the marks of the ligatures with which she had been bound previous to sacrifice; another was a fine, handsome New Zealand girl, who was found in the streets of Calcutta, having been concealed on board the vessel that had brought her till its departure, and then left to live or die, as might happen. There was also one boarder of quite another class; she was the wife of a young Hindoo, who, whilst studying at Bishop's College after his conversion, was anxious to rescue his young wife from heathenism, and placed her with Mrs. Wilson, to be educated as a Christian. He died early, and I am not aware of the fate of his wife.

The building in which Mrs. Wilson resided was admirably calculated for day-schools, as it was in the centre of the native population. This proximity was essential to secure day-scholars, who might be seen, just returned from their bath in the not very distant Hoogly, as early as six in the morning beginning their studies, which continued till ten. The situation, however, that was the best for day-scholars, was the worst for those whom it was desirable to wean from their old paths — to obliterate all they knew already that was demoralizing—and, if possible, to present nothing but what was pure and lovely for their imitation. As long as the orphans were in daily contact with the out-pupils, these objects could not be obtained; and it became evident a separation must be made, or that the day-schools, as being of minor importance, should be sacrificed, and the Central School converted into an Orphan Refuge. It seemed hopeless to attempt carrying on both from funds collected on the spot. For all that had in the first instance been raised in Britain and India for the purposes of native female education, and placed at the disposal of the ladies' committee, had been swallowed up in the ruin of one of the large houses of agency in which they had been placed by the treasurer; and the expenses attendant on the day-schools had since been defrayed by subscriptions and donations from the benevolent in Calcutta; which, however liberal, sometimes left the secretary without a rupee in hand. Mrs. Wilson at once negatived the plan of sacrificing the one scheme for the other; she said both should be accomplished; and what seemed impracticable to all consulted on the matter, was effected by the strong will and determined energy of one woman. She individually raised money to purchase ground at Agiparah, a retired spot on the banks of the Hoogly, about fourteen miles from Calcutta, which she obtained on very advan-

tageous terms. She immediately commenced the erection of suitable, but simple buildings, within three walls, so high as to exclude all the outer world, and with the river for the other boundary. Just at the time the ground was obtained, one of those dreadful inundations which sometimes depopulate Cuttack, occurred, and boat-loads of half-drowned women and children arrived off Calcutta. Mrs. Wilson gave a home to all who would take it; and although many came only to die, her number in a few weeks amounted to one hundred likely to live. Many of those past youth were unwilling to conform to the rules; those that remained were generally very young—some mere infants. When all this large accession of numbers was thus suddenly thrown upon her, Mrs. Wilson was still in Calcutta, and was obliged to erect temporary buildings for shelter, and to make a great effort to feed such a host of famishing creatures. Her energies were equal to the emergency, and funds were never wanting.

As soon as the buildings at Agiparah were completed, Mrs. Wilson removed thither with her large orphan family, and discontinued her attendance at the day-schools, and almost her connexion with the outer world. All within the precincts of the establishment professed Christianity; and no more enticing example to follow its precepts could have been afforded than Mrs. Wilson's conduct displayed. Her great aim and object in educating the native girl was to elevate the native woman; not merely to teach reading, writing, arithmetic, the use of the needle, &c., but to purify the mind, to subdue the temper, to raise her in the scale of being, to render her the companion and helpmate of her husband, instead of his slave and drudge. Many of the European patronesses of distinction, as soon as they heard of the plan of an Orphan Refuge, hailed it as a most admirable one for rearing a much better class of ladies'-maids or ayahs than was generally to be found in Calcutta, and who could speak English withal; but they little comprehended Mrs. Wilson's scheme. She did not educate for the benefit of the European, but of the native. A few of the most intelligent were taught to read and write English, but all knowledge was conveyed through the medium of their own language; and none were allowed to quit the Refuge until they were sought in marriage by suitable native Christians, or till their services were required to assist in forming other orphan retreats. As soon as the dwellings were finished, a place of worship was erected, and steps taken to induce a missionary and his wife to proceed to India to preside over this singular establishment. For all these undertakings funds were never wanting; and though their avowed purpose was to spread Christianity, many rich and influential natives contributed to them; and one Brahmin of high caste, when bequeathing a handsome sum, said he did so under the conviction that their originator was more than human. Before all Mrs. Wilson's plans were brought to maturity, many had gone and done likewise; and influential societies of various denominations were formed to promote female education in the East. There are now several Orphan Refuges in Calcutta, and one in almost every large station in India. It is not my purpose to speak of these: I wish only to record whence they all sprung, and who led the way in the good and great work. Mrs. Wilson is no longer with her lambs, but her deeds do follow her; and wherever the despised and outcast native female child may hereafter find a Christian home, and receive a Christian training, she should be taught to bless the name of Mrs. Wilson, as the first originator of the philanthropic scheme.

WINTER, LUCRETIA WILHELMINA,

(Her maiden name was Van Merken,) was born in 1745, in Amsterdam, Holland. She was married to the poet Nicolaus Simon Winter, with whose writings a great deal of her poetry was published. She was a poetess of the Dutch school; all her verses bear the impress of labour, and the marks of a great deal of polishing. She wrote the two epics, "David," and "Germanicus," and a number of miscellaneous poems, published in 1798. She died in 1795, at Leyden, Holland.

WOFFINGTON, MARGARET,

An actress, celebrated for her beauty, elegance, and talent, was born at Dublin in 1718. She acted in the London and Dublin theatres, and was very much admired. She was sprightly, good-humoured, and charitable; and her society was sought by the gravest and most learned persons. She died in London, in 1760.

WOLF, ARNOLDINA,

A native of Cassel, in Germany, was born in 1769. Her father was an officer in the Hessian government; but he died while she was quite young. When she was about eighteen, she was attacked by a very painful disease, which prevented her from sleeping for nearly twenty-six weeks. She alleviated her sufferings by repeating and composing poetry. The poems she composed while in this state were published in 1788. At length she fell into an apparent state of insensibility, in which she hardly seemed to live; but she could hear, and was conscious of a great dread lest she should be buried alive. In four weeks she began to recover, and in time regained her health. She married, in 1791, Mr. Wolf, by whom she had nine children. She died, in 1820, at Smalcalden. Her poems, and an account of her illness, were published by Dr. Wiss.

WOLF, MRS.,

A German actress, who, like her husband, immortalized herself on the stage, and, like him, enjoyed, during her lifetime, the most glorious triumph. She united to a tall figure, an expressive physiognomy, and a noble, dignified carriage. Her pliant organs of speech rendered her utterance very easy, and she had cultivated highly this part of her art. Thus she was peculiarly adapted to tragedy, in which she represented with success the first heroines. Instances of her characters are: Iphigenia, Stella, Mary Stuart, Queen Elizabeth; the Princess, in Schiller's "Bride of Mes-

sina;" Clara, in Goëthe's "Egmont;" Adelheid, in Goëthe's "Goetz von Berlichingen;" Leonore, in Goëthe's "Tasso;" Eboli, in Schiller's "Don Carlos;" Sappho, in Grillparzer's drama of this name; and others. But she has also succeeded in cheerful and *naïf* parts. Everywhere, she betrayed a deep study of her part, a true conception of the whole, and a delicate taste for poetical beauties; moreover, her gestures were animated by charming grace, and she knew how to transport the spectator in those moments which the poet had chosen for his peculiar triumphs. Her declamation was not to be excelled, and still did not at all appear like art; she was also able, by her costume, to beautify and call into existence the artificial character which she represented. Mr. and Mrs. Wolf were engaged at the theatre at Berlin; and the public, though accustomed to Fleck and Zofland, and Mrs. Bethmann, knew how to appreciate this rare couple, and rewarded them with those distinguished marks of approbation which they so richly deserved.

WOOD, JEAN,

Was the daughter of the Rev. John Moncure, a Scotch clergyman of the Episcopal church, who emigrated to America, and was the first progenitor of the numerous Virginia families bearing his name. He possessed considerable talents, which his third daughter, Jean, inherited. She was very intellectual, and highly gifted with poetical and musical genius. Of poetry, she has left some beautiful specimens, which it is in contemplation to publish, as they are sufficiently numerous to constitute a small volume, and well worth being put into such a form.

Though entirely self-taught, she played with taste and skill on the guitar, the piano, and the spinet, an instrument much in vogue in her day; indeed, so thoroughly did she make herself acquainted with it, that she has been known to employ her ingenuity very successfully in restoring an injured one to complete order and harmony; and such was her energy of character and perseverance in whatever she undertook, that when she had the misfortune to be overset in a carriage, and break her right wrist, she quickly learned to use her left hand in working, and even to write with it, not only *legibly* but *neatly*, and this when she was past sixty!

The early part of Mrs. Wood's life was tinged with romance. At seventeen, she reciprocated the ardent attachment of a young gentleman from Maryland, and they became engaged; but their union was prevented by her relations, because of his being a Roman Catholic. When they separated, they exchanged vows never to wed with *others;* so that years afterwards, when addressed by General James Wood (once Governor of Virginia), she declined his proposals, and bidding her, as he thought, "a long and last adieu," he proceeded to the west, intending to join in the war against the Indians. Before his departure, he made a will, bequeathing her, in case of his death, all his property. Fate, however, allotted him a brighter destiny; for Miss Moncure having been informed that her first lover had broken his pledge and wedded another, yielded to the advice of a cousin, with whom, since the death of her parents, she frequently resided, and consented to marry Mr. Wood; and not until after their union, did she discover that she had been deceived!

In the meanwhile, Mr. —— hearing of her marriage, considered himself absolved from his promise, and also entered the bands of matrimony; and here it is worth while to mention a remarkable coincidence in their subsequent history,

Mrs. Wood had an only child—a daughter—who was extremely intelligent until four years old, but was then seized with convulsions, and, owing to their frequent occurrence, grew up an idiot; and Mrs. Wood's first lover, Mr. ——, of Maryland, had a son in a similar state!

Mrs. Wood devoted herself to this ill-fated daughter, with all of a mother's tenderness and zeal, and many of her poetical effusions allude most touchingly to the deep affection she bore her, and the anxiety she suffered on her account. She lost her at the age of eighteen, and bewailed her death as bitterly as if she had been of those whom God endows with the blessings of intellect and beauty. After this event, and the decease of General Wood, she removed from the pleasant shades of Chelsea to Richmond, and there spent the remainder of her days in works of usefulness and charity. *There*, aided by her friend, Mrs. Samuel Pleasants, and by Mrs. Chapman, the lady of a British officer, she founded a society for assisting indigent widows and children. It was termed, the "Female Humane Association of the City of Richmond," and under that title was incorporated by the Legislature of Virginia, in 1811. Some years afterwards it changed its purpose, and exclusively appropriated its efforts and finances to the care and maintenance of female orphan children. Mrs. Wood was elected president, and continued untiringly and faithfully to discharge the arduous duties of that station until her death, in the sixty-eighth year of her age.

After the decease of Mrs. Wood, her pastor and friend, the Rev. Dr. John H. Rice, formed a society of ladies to work for the benefit of poor students of divinity in Hampden-Sydney College, and gave it the appellation of the "Jean Wood Association."

WORONZOFF, ELIZABETH,

A LADY belonging to a distinguished Russian family, was the mistress of Peter III., emperor of Russia. She afterwards married the senator Polänski. The countess Butterlin and the princess Daschkoff both belonged to the same family.

Y.

YATES, MARY,

A CELEBRATED actress, whose maiden name was Graham, was born about 1737. She made her theatrical début at Dublin, in 1752; but succeeded so ill, that Mr. Sheridan, the manager, was glad to dissolve her engagement by a present. Neces-

sity urged her to another attempt; and in 1754, she appeared at Drury Lane, London, but was not very successful. On her marriage with Mr. Yates, under whose instruction her talents first developed themselves, Mr. Garrick received her again at Drury-Lane, and she soon became the first tragic actress of the day. She also excelled in comedy. She was very attractive in her appearance. Mrs. Yates retired from the stage in 1785, and died in London in 1787.

YEARSLEY, ANNE,

A POETESS, novel-writer, and dramatist, born at Bristol about 1756. Her mother was a milkwoman in that city, and she for some time exercised the same occupation. She was taught by her mother and brother to read and write; and having had opportunities of perusing Young's Night Thoughts, and some of the works of Pope, Milton, Dryden, and Shakspeare, her talents were called forth, and she produced several pieces of poetry which excited the attention of Mrs. Hannah More. To the assistance and advice of that lady, she was much indebted for the improvement of her abilities; and under her patronage, she published by subscription a volume of poems in 1785. The profits of this work enabled her to relinquish her business, for the congenial employment of keeping a circulating library at Bristol Hot Wells. Her subsequent publications were, a second collection of "Poems on Various Subjects," 1787; a short poem "On the Inhumanity of the Slave Trade," 1788; "Stanzas of Woe," addressed to Levi Ames, Esq., mayor of Bristol, 1790; "Earl Godwin," an historical tragedy, which was performed at the Bristol and Bath theatres; and a novel, entitled "The Royal Captive," 1795, four volumes, 12mo., founded on the history of the man with the iron mask, imprisoned in the Bastile, whom she supposes to have been a twin-brother of Louis XIV. She experienced great encouragement from the public in the course of her literary career; but an unfortunate quarrel with her patroness, Mrs. More, which, like most affairs of the kind, was carried on in a manner by no means creditable to either party, tended somewhat to injure her popularity. Some years before her death, she retired from trade, and resided with her family at Melksham, in Wiltshire, in a state of almost absolute seclusion. She died May 8th, 1806, leaving a son and two daughters. Another son, who had studied painting as a profession, and who appeared to be a talented individual, was cut off by a pulmonary disease, two or three years previously to the death of his mother. As her name is connected with that of Hannah More, and our readers may, on that account, be curious to see some specimen of the *Lactilla* style of poetry, we insert one written to her patroness in the summer of their friendship, before the frosts of suspicion on one side, and self-conceit on the other, had blighted their trust and hope in each other. Mrs. More overrated her protogée at the beginning, but Mrs. Yearsley had talents of considerable power, as she proved, by continuing to write after her patroness had given her up.

TO STELLA.

(ON HER ACCUSING THE AUTHOR OF FLATTERY.)

Excuse me, Stella, sunk in humble state,
With more than needful awe I view the great;
No glossy diction e'er can aid the thought
First stamped in ignorance with error fraught.
My friends I 've praised — they stood in heavenly guise,
When first I saw thee, and my mental eyes
Shall in that heavenly rapture view thee still;
For mine 's a stubborn and a savage will;
No customs, manners, nor soft arts I boast,
On my rough soul your nicest rules are lost.
Yet shall unpolished gratitude be mine,
While Stella deigns to nurse the spark divine.
A savage pleads — let e'en her errors move,
And your forgiving spirit melt in love.
O cherish gentle Pity's lambent flame,
From Heaven's own bosom the soft pleader came.
Then deign to bless a soul, who 'll ne'er degrade
Your gift, tho' sharpest miseries invade.
You I acknowledge next to bounteous heaven,
Like his, your influence cheers whene'er 'tis given:
Blest in dispensing, gentle Stella, hear
My only short, but pity-moving prayer,
That thy great soul may spare the rustic muse,
Whom science ever scorned, and errors still abuse.

Z.

ZANARDI, GENTILE,

WAS an artist, a native of Bologna, and flourished in the seventeenth century. She was instructed by Marc Antonio Franceschini, and had an extraordinary talent in copying the works of the great masters. She also painted historical subjects of her own design with equal taste and delicacy. The time of her death is not mentioned.

ZANWISKI, CONSTANTIA, PRINCESS CZARTONYSKA,

A NOBLE and accomplished woman, was the wife of Andrzey Zanwiski, a distinguished defender of the rights of Poland. She died in 1797.

ZAPPI, FAUSTINA,

WAS daughter of the painter Carlo Mazatti, and wife of Giambattista Zappi, who was born in 1668, and died in 1719. Faustina was beautiful, and a poetess. Some of her sonnets are very fine. She resided principally at Rome.

ZINGA, ANNA.

A MORE odious spirit, licentious, blood-thirsty, and cruel, never inhabited the form of woman! And yet she is deserving of a place in this Record; for she, in understanding and ability, stepped far beyond her countrymen, and the circumstances under which she lived. Zinga was born in Matamba, in Africa, in 1582. Her father was what the European travellers and writers chose to term a king. What state or elevation could be assumed by a chief of negroes and cannibals, it would be difficult to define; but, at all events, he was the principal personage of his tribe. Nothing can be said about a throne, where a bench or chair was a rare and inappreciable luxury. Zinga manifested a craft and management by which she soon got the better of her brothers; and, upon the death

of her father, investing herself with the sacred character of priestess, became the leading spring of the people. At that time, the Dutch and Portuguese were attempting a rival influence on the coast of Africa for commercial purposes; religious difficulties became involved in this rivalship; there were no doubt many missionaries of high and pure motives; while others, forgetting their message of peace, served to exacerbate the opposition among Christians.

Zinga had the good sense to appreciate the advantages she could derive from the Christians; she visited the Portuguese settlement, ingratiated herself with the governor, and was baptized. With their aid, she soon made herself predominant among all the tribes of the neighbourhood; and, as soon as she had destroyed all whom she might have feared, she abjured her new faith, and returned to her idols. For some time she lived feared and respected among her own people; but, perpetrating acts of despotic cruelty too terrible for detail, she soon became wearied of reigning over a race of trembling savages. Her intercourse with the Portuguese had taught her the advantages of civilization, and her own sagacity perceived that the introduction of Christianity could alone improve her nation. She sent for priests, and again became a nominal member of the Christian church. She was now sixty-five years old, and determined to remain faithful to the injunctions of the missionaries. Her example was followed by those who surrounded her; and, had she lived, the spirit of the Gospel might have tempered this savage race; but a sudden sickness put an end to her existence in 1663.

Her courage and vigour were remarkable; she was naturally formed for government; and her native capacity and energy would, in a different country and with suitable education, have made a great queen; while her extreme hardness of heart must have rendered her hateful and repulsive as a woman. Still, she exhibited better dispositions than any king of her race had ever done; and she was the first of her tribe who made any attempt to adopt Christianity. Had she been born and brought up under its blessed light, how different would have been her character and her destiny! When such instances of the capacity of the coloured race are brought before us, we should be awakened to the importance of sending the Gospel and the means of instruction to the wretched millions of women and children in Africa.

REMARKS ON THE FOURTH ERA.

THIS period is a record of the living—the time comprised being about thirty years, or from 1820 to 1850.

Some readers may think I have given undue prominence to sketches and selections designating those still on the stage of humanity, moving and acting among us. It is my purpose to attract attention to these writers and doers in the present, who are now infusing vitality into the "soul of goodness," thereby depriving evil of its power to deceive. The Past is dead; it may teach like a tomb-stone; it cannot persuade like the living voice.

Open before me an herbarium of choice specimens, gathered from fields of modern fame, and places of old renown; I may admire the beauty of the flowers, and the skill that has preserved their forms and colours; but I never inquire how the plants were cultivated, nor do I try to train my own to become like them.

But show me a living, blossoming plant, that has healing leaves and odour-breathing flowers, blessing alike the sunshine and the shade, and I am in earnest to learn the manner of its growth, and the mode of its culture. Thus the Fourth Era of this Record will be of more benefit, as affording examples for the young, and encouragement to those who are waiting some way to be opened to their endeavours, than all the histories in the preceding pages.

One of the most subtle devices of the powers of darkness to perpetuate sin, is to keep women in restraint and concealment—hidden, as it were, behind the shadow of the evil world. They may not even express openly their abhorrence of vice—it is unfeminine; and if they seek to promote good, it must be by stealth, as though it were wrong for them to be recognised doing anything which has a high aim.

The Saviour gave no precept, and left no example, thus restraining the sex. On the contrary, He was constantly bringing forward female examples of faith and love, encouraging the exertions and commending the piety of his female followers. Thus, when at Bethany Mary came to the feast made for Him, opened her box of "very precious ointment, and poured it on his head as he sat at meat," and the disciples were angry at this public display of her zeal, then Jesus signally rebuked their selfishness, declaring, "She hath wrought a good work," and emphatically announcing her undying fame—"Verily, I say unto you, Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her."

What signal honour was conferred openly on the sex, when a woman was thus praised by the Son of God! Let this console us when men undervalue the female mind, and strive to stifle the female soul. Let us do what we can; trust in God, and He will make our memorial sure. His Word will finally overcome the powers of darkness. Good men will yet follow the example of Christ, and accord, publicly, praise and honour to the work of woman.

This high standard of society is even now approximated by the Anglo-Saxon race, which will soon rule the world—the only people who have the true light. Every false religion may be known by this—it represents woman as *inferior* to man; it sacrifices her honour, happiness, and glory, to his brute appetites, sensuous passions, and selfish pride. In such an atmosphere, the animal lives, the angel perishes, till humanity is morally dead. In this galaxy of living female genius, there is not a single ray from the wide horizon of heathendom. There, the mother mind is shrouded in the pall of ignorance, and therefore men are in the gross darkness of idolatry and sin.

The same low ideas concerning the office and destiny of woman govern, in a degree, all those nations where Christianity is a *form* of words and ceremonies, and not the *quickening spirit* of holiness in the soul—of purity in the life of the believer. Throughout the continent of Europe,

the feminine mind is considered *inferior* to the masculine, and woman's genius is only appreciated as it ministers to the sensuous gratification of man. Hence, the gifted daughters of those lands are romance-writers, public singers, dancers, artists; while every higher effort of their mental powers is, alike by potentates, priests and philosophers, discouraged, disparaged, and nearly annihilated. There is not now an example among them of great feminine genius devoted to the noblest pursuits of the human mind—namely, seeking Truth and teaching Duty. Doubtless there are excellent women in those countries, and some of rare talents; but their souls have no expression, their virtues no voice. Military force extinguishes moral feeling. Where nearly two millions of men are soldiers, much of the out-door work they should do is devolved on the females; which circumstance alone deteriorates society. But the sins and sufferings caused by wars, where these are fought, add the deepest woe to the wrongs of woman.

In truth, when we look over the world, with the exception of *two nations*, it still bears that shadow of gloom which fell when the ground first drank human blood; and Man the Murderer, Woman the Mourner, is still the great distinction between the sexes!

Thank God! there is hope. The Anglo-Saxon race in Europe numbers about twenty millions, living on a little island in the stormy Northern Ocean. But there, for the last hundred years, the sounds of battle have not been heard; the Salic Law never shamed the honour of their royal race; the Holy Bible has been for three centuries their household book, and a free press now disseminates truth among the people. Those twenty millions hold the mastery of mind over Europe and Asia; if we trace out the causes of this superiority, they would centre in that moral influence, which true religion confers on the female sex.

Therefore the Queen of Great Britain is the greatest and most honoured sovereign now enthroned; female genius is the grace and glory of British literature; female piety the purest light of the Anglican Church; and this Era is made brilliant by the distinguished women of the British Island.

There is still a more wonderful example of this uplifting power of the educated female mind. It is only seventy-five years since the Anglo-Saxons in the New World became a nation, then numbering about three millions of souls. Now, this people form the Great American Republic, with a population of twenty-three millions; and the destiny of the world will soon be in their keeping! The Bible has been their "Book of books" since the first Puritan exile set his foot on Plymouth Rock. Religion is free; and the soul, which woman always influences where God is worshipped in spirit and truth, is untrammelled by code, or creed, or caste. No blood has been shed on the soil of this nation, save in the sacred cause of freedom and self-defence; therefore, the blasting evils of war have scarcely been felt; nor has the female ever been subjected to the hard labour imposed by God on the male sex—that of "subduing the earth." The advantages of primary education have been accorded to girls equally with boys, and, though the latter have, in their endowed colleges, enjoyed the special benefit of direct legislation, yet public sentiment has always been favourable to female education, and private liberality has supplied, in a good degree, the means of instruction to the daughters of the republic. The result is before the world,—a miracle of national advancement. American mothers train their sons to be Men!

The Old Saxon stock is yet superior to the New in that brilliancy of feminine genius, the artificial state of social life in England now fosters and elicits—surpassing every nation in its list of learned ladies; yet in all that contributes to popular education and pure religious sentiment among the masses, the women of America are in advance of all others on the globe. To prove this, we need only examine the list of American female missionaries, teachers, editors, and authors of works instructive and educational, contained in this "Record."

But, after all, it is not so much what women do for themselves, as what men do for them, which marks the real state of both. Now, the men of America uphold the honour of the gentle sex by the tenderest care and most respectful observance, acknowledging with warm praises the talents of their countrywomen. And, what is of higher significance, American men believe in the natural excellence of the female mind. Hence the most learned and noble in the land united in the experiment of developing the intellect of a poor little girl—deaf, dumb, blind! And these great men are proud to measure the powers of the human soul by its wonderful capacity as shown in this delicate female form.

The true progress of every race is marked in the condition of the women. The most distinguished exponent of the remarkable progress of the Anglo-Saxons—the governing race of the world—is Laura Bridgman.

FOURTH ERA.

OF LIVING FEMALE WRITERS.

AGNOULT, COUNTESS D',

Is only known as a writer by the name of Daniel Stern. Madame Dudevant, a woman of unquestionable, though very ill-directed, genius, among other eccentricities, adopted the undignified measure of renouncing her sex, as far as possible, by not only entering the lists of fame under a masculine name, but often assuming masculine apparel. False shows and seemings are always unworthy of a strong or healthy mind; unless there are extraordinary circumstances making concealment, for a time, justifiable; but for one who might be a champion, to desert his or her party, merely because it is physically the weakest, to appear in the uniform of the more powerful, shows certainly a want of "spirit, taste, and sense." To repeat this unwomanly and senseless proceeding was a fault in Madame d'Agnoult: it has lost even the grace of novelty, and the talent of the authoress — author, if she wish it, — causes a regret that she is not satisfied to be herself. This lady belongs to a family of rank, and is distinguished not only for literary abilities, but possesses a fine taste in the arts, which has been developed by her travels in Italy. Reversing the career of most imaginative writers, she began as a critic — having contributed, in "La Presse" of 1842 and '43, several articles that attracted much attention. The novel "Nélida," which appeared in 1846, has been received by the reading public with great favour — having been translated into German, English, and Spanish. She has also produced several political and critical essays, besides various romances.

ALBERETTI, VERDONI THERESE,

Of Verona, Italy. This lady, eminently distinguished for her graces and accomplishments, is the authoress of poems that are admired alike for a delicacy of thought and expression. The Abbé Giuseppe Barbresi, well known in Italy for his success in works of elegant literature, has inserted some of the poems of this admired authoress in the collection of his own works.

AMELIA MARIA FREDERICA AUGUSTA,

Duchess and princess of Saxony, was born in 1794. Her father, Prince Maximilian, was the youngest son of the Elector Frederic Christian. His eldest brother, Frederic Augustus, Elector, and afterwards king of Saxony, ruled this country sixty-four years, from 1763 to 1827. His reign was one of much vicissitude, as it embraced the period of Napoleon's career. An allusion to the political events of that day is not foreign to the present subject, as the literary abilities and consequent fame of the Princess Amelia could never have been developed under the old order of things in a contracted German court; neither could she have acquired that knowledge of life essential to the exercise of her dramatic talent: born fifty years sooner, she would have ranked merely among the serene highnesses of whom "to live and die" forms all the history. Fortunately for Amelia, the storms that were to clear the political atmosphere began before her birth: from the age of twelve till that of twenty-three she saw her family suffering exile; then enjoying return and sovereignty; her uncle prisoner — again triumphant. During this period her opportunities for observation, her suggestions for thought, her mental education, were most various and extensive. Scenes and characters were studied fresh from life — "not obtained through books." In 1827, her uncle, King Frederic Augustus, died, and was succeeded by his brother Anthony — a rather jolly old person, but exceedingly fond of his niece Amelia. She possessed much influence over him, and exercised it in a way that gained her great favour with high and low. In 1830, a revolution changed the government from a despotism to a limited monarchy. Anthony died in 1836, when the brother of Amelia became sovereign. Under her uncle's reign it would have scarcely been possible for her to appear as the authoress of acted dramas; but her brother had been brought up under a new order of things, and considered it no derogation for a scion of royalty to extend the influence of virtue and elevated morality by the

aid of an art that makes its way to the general public with a peculiar force.

It is a curious circumstance that her first drama, which was offered under the name of Amelia Heiter, was refused by the managers of the court-theatre, and only appeared there after its confirmed success on the stage of Berlin. Mrs. Jamieson, from whom this sketch is principally derived, observes that the German drama was in an abyss of stupidity at the most flourishing epoch of the French and English stage. It was in the zenith of Garrick's reputation at London that the first efforts were made to give something like sense and taste to the representations of Germany, and these efforts were made by a woman, Johanna Neuber, a manager and director of the best company in Germany; she it was who enabled Lessing to produce his great works, and thus to awaken his countrymen to a sense of beauty and utility in dramatic poetry. Two or three women had manifested some ability in this branch of art before the Princess Amelia began her career. Johanna Von Weisserthurn of Vienna, an actress, has left twelve or fourteen volumes of plays; some of which are still performed, and retain public favour. Another once popular writer was Charlotte Birch-Pfeiffer, who produced dramas depicting the life of the burghers and artisans: one of her pieces, called "Güttenberg," is a series of tableaux of the most extraordinary nature, illustrating the fortunes of the inventor of printing — a subject that would scarcely strike a modern dramatist in a poetical point of view. The Princess Amelia has gained by her plays a popularity deservedly exceeding any of her predecessors or contemporaries in the kind she has undertaken; for it must be remembered she is, though a woman of genius, no poet; her mind is elevated, truth-loving, and eager to convey useful lessons; she possesses a delicate discrimination of character, and infinity of gentle humours; her style is refined, and, at all times, as elegant as the attention to proprieties of the dramatis personæ will permit. She attacks selfishness and deception with an unflinching hostility, and her instructions are conveyed by such amusing and natural delineations that they cannot fail to excite a detestation of these vices; and even when such emotions are transient, they are a refreshing dew to the hard soil they cannot penetrate.

Before leaving the account of this illustrious lady, it may be remarked that her family are distinguished by something more than "leather and prunella" from the merely "monarch crowned." The present king, Amelia's brother, has published a work on botany and mineralogy, and Prince John the Younger has translated Dante into German poetry. She had a grandmother too, another Princess Amelia, whose biography is to be found in a preceding part of this work, who composed operas.

Mrs. Jamieson, in adverting to the possibility of this princess swaying the "reins of empire" in default of a male heir, speaks of the infinitely wider sway she now exercises by her individual goodness and talent. Some of these observations may be quoted, so perfectly do they agree with every idea our own efforts would inculcate.

"I respect her for the good she has done, and I think it honour to be the means of making her farther known. In this kind of spiritual influence, however and wherever exercised, be it in a larger or smaller circle, lies the true vocation, the undisputed empire of the intellectual woman — not in any of those political powers and privileges which have been demanded for us by eloquent pens, and "most sweet voices," but which every woman who has looked long upon life, and well considered her own nature, and the purposes for which she came into the world, would at once abjure if offered."

AMELIE MARIE, EX-QUEEN OF THE FRENCH,

DAUGHTER of Ferdinand I., king of the Two Sicilies, was married to Louis Philippe, then the exiled duke d'Orleans, November, 1809. It was, apparently, a marriage of affection with the duke, but on her side of that absorbing love which seemed to seek nothing beyond the content of her husband — except his salvation — to complete her felicity. In all the changes of his life, she was with him as *his wife;* sensible to the smiles or frowns of fortune only as these affected her husband.

In 1814, after the fall of Napoleon, the duke of Orleans with his family removed to Paris; and the immense estates of his father were restored to him. At Neuilly he resided in a superb palace, surrounded with every luxury; yet amid all this magnificence the simple tastes, order, and economy which distinguish the presence of a good wife, were predominant. They had nine children born to them; the training of these while young was their mother's care, and her example of obedience and reverence towards her husband, deepened and decided his influence over his family, which was a model of union, good morals, and domestic virtues.

By the events of July, 1830, Louis Philippe became King of the French; but this honour seems only to have increased the cares of his wife by her fears on his account; she never appears to have valued the station for any accession of dignity and importance it gave to her. Indeed, it is asserted

that she was very adverse to his assuming the sceptre; with the instinct of a true woman's love, she probably felt that his happiness, if not his good name and his life, might be perilled; but he decided to be king, and she meekly took her place by his side, sharing his troubles, but not seeking to share his power. The French nation respected her character, and never imputed any of the king's folly, treachery, and meanness, to her; still the fervid truth of her soul was never surmised till she descended from the throne. Then she displayed what is far nobler than royalty of birth or station, the innate moral strength of woman's nature, when, forgetting self and sustaining every trial with a calm courage, she devotes her energies for the salvation of others. It has been said, that the queen endeavoured to prevent the abdication of Louis Philippe, that kneeling before him she exclaimed—"C'est le devoir d'un roi de mourir parmi son peuple!" But when he resolved on flight, it is known that her presence of mind sustained and guided him as though he had been a child. The sequel is familiar to all the world. They fled to England; Louis Philippe left Paris for the last time and for ever, on the 26th of February, 1848. Supported on the arm of his noble wife, he reached the carriage that bore them from their kingdom, and on the 26th of August, 1850, he passed from this world—forgiven of his sins, let us hope. He had been all his life a *philosopher*, that is to say, an infidel; but at the closing scene the piety and prayers of his wife seem to have been heard; the old king became a young penitent, performing with earnestness those holy rites his wife believes necessary to salvation. And she, who could never be happy if parted from him even for a day, resigned him to God without a murmur;—and now devotes herself to the interests her deceased husband considered important, calmly and cheerfully as though he was still by her side. Well might that husband feel what one of his biographers observes he manifested so strongly, that "It was impossible to be in the company of Louis Philippe for half an hour, without some indication of his remarkable respect for his wife." And it should always be remembered to his honour, that in his domestic life, as husband and father, he deserves the highest regard. This purity of private morals, so rare in the stations he occupied, was undoubtedly owing to the excellence of his early education, almost entirely conducted by a woman—hence his respect for the sex.

We place the name of Amelie, ex-Queen of the French, in our record, not because she has worn a crown, or displayed great talents, or performed any distinguished deed; but because she has been the perfect example of a good wife.

ANCELOT, VIRGINIE,

Wife of the celebrated M. Ancelot, author of "Marie Padilla," and many other tragedies and dramas of great popularity, has a literary reputation little inferior to that of her husband. As an author of vaudevilles—that species of writing in which the French excel, she is regarded as having surpassed her husband; while her novels have displayed no small degree of talent. She resides in Paris, where her works are highly prized by that increasing class of novel-readers, who are willing to be amused and interested with portraitures of the bright side of nature, the good which may be found in humanity, and hoped for in the future of our race.

Madame Ancelot exhibits artistic skill in the plot of her stories; her style is unexceptionable, and above all she has the merit of purity of thought, and soundness of moral principle. The most noted of her novels are "Gabrielle;" "Emerance;" and "Médérine." The first named has been included in the "Bibliothèque de' Élite," and passed through several editions. The spirit and style of this work are in accordance with the sentiment of the popular English novels; those who admire Mrs. Gore's writings will find as much to amuse and interest them in "Gabrielle," with a more elevated tone of moral feeling. We will select our specimen of this authoress from the opening chapter of "Gabrielle."

AN OLD PEERESS.

—"*There are no longer any women!* no, my dear Count, there are no longer any women," mournfully exclaimed the Marchioness de Fontenay-Mareuil, turning towards the Count de Rhinville, seated by her side in the carriage. The count sighed, but did not appear at all disposed to question or oppose a proposition which might, at first, seem singular and rash.

The marchioness, not meeting any contradiction, was forced to renounce the pleasure of an argument. Was M. de Rhinville, who had been so long familiar with her ideas, convinced, or did he fear lest she should try to convince him? He did not answer, nor even show any surprise, when the marchioness uttered this phrase, which occurred, it is true, often enough in her conversation, for him to be accustomed to it.

They both then remained silent, whilst the carriage continued to proceed with rapidity—they had but little to say, for both had reached an advanced age—then words are slow, sad, and

unfrequent. The ardent expressions of youth always unfold wholly or in part their ideas, plans, hopes, sorrows, and pleasures. They have so much to say that they speak often without knowing it, and all together; but two old people, on the contrary, would naturally be silent if they had not resolved to converse; and even then, in spite of their determination, their sentences are often unfinished. Sometimes, even when on the point of speaking, if they look at each other, they are silent; for they see those whitened locks, those furrowed brows, those traces of time and grief imprinted upon their countenances. They read there the sorrows and regrets of the past; the sadness of the present; and the few hopes which the future can offer, at least for this life.

The Marchioness de Fontenay-Mareuil, notwithstanding her seventy years, seemed now agitated by some great project, for she resumed the conversation with vivacity: "And it is because there are no longer any women, Count de Rhinville, that France is ruined — that the young men are ruined, and that my grandson ——"

Here she stopped, fearing to utter a precise complaint against the object of her pride and tenderness.

M. de Rhinville could not repress a smile while saying:

"I should have thought just the contrary."

She, the marchioness, was not, at this time, inclined to jest, so she remained grave and sad while adding: "Undoubtedly, there are still young girls, married women and mothers. Men still marry women who are rich, and love those who are pretty; but their power is limited exclusively to these rights! Saloons exist no longer; conversation has ceased; good taste has disappeared with it, and mind has lost all its influence. You have a king who appoints and dismisses ministers; a house of deputies which makes and abolishes laws; a house of peers which neither makes nor abolishes anything; but is there any power to create agreeable men? to accustom young men to refined habits? to teach them that good taste is the proof of a good understanding, and noble manners the consequence of noble feelings? to impose upon them, by public opinion, those laws of politeness and good sense which are not found in the civic code? What power will induce them to doubt their own perfections sufficiently to endeavour to become men of merit without ceasing to be agreeable men? Still, my friend, this power, now, with so many others, extinct, formerly existed! — it was the power of women. Then, fear of the opinion of the saloons in which the Duke Yves de Mauléon would live, would have prevented him from separating so entirely from his family; that he, the last scion of two noble houses, the heir of so great a name, should live in the midst of a society which is not ours, and there act ——" She stopped again; she seemed unable to utter the words which were on her lips.

"The rumour is true then," enquired the count, "which I have heard? ——"

"What have you heard? Who has told you? Speak! Tell me! I wish to know all!" asked the marchioness apprehensively.

"Nothing very serious; nothing which could compromise the honour of a family," replied M. de Rhinville.

"I wish to know every thing," repeated she imperiously. Notwithstanding the anxiety and trouble depicted on the countenance of the marchioness, the count could not repress a slight smile in saying:

"Merely some youthful follies which are laughingly related, with which the world is amused, and which it very soon forgets. They say, that having attained his majority, and being put in possession of an income of fifteen or twenty thousand livres, all that remained of the immense wealth of his ancestors, M. de Mauléon, finding this moderate fortune too small to suit his rank and wishes, and, as he said, not willing to live, at twenty and a duke, like an old grocer retired from business, sold his property, and dividing into four parts the four hundred thousand francs which he had received, determined, four years ago, to live as if he had an income of a hundred thousand livres. They add that your son was so faithful to his word, that yesterday saw, at the same time, the end of the four years and of the four hundred thousand livres."

ANGOULÊME, MARIE THERÉSA CHARLOTTE,

Duchess d', dauphiness, daughter of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, born December 19th, 1778, at Versailles, displayed in early youth a penetrating understanding, an energetic will, and the tenderest feelings of compassion. She was about eleven years old when the revolution commenced; its horrors, and the sufferings her royal parents underwent, stamped their impress upon her soul, and tinged her character with a melancholy never to be effaced in this life. The indignities to which her mother was subjected never could be forgotten by the daughter. The whole family were imprisoned, August 10th, 1792, in the Temple. In December, 1795, the princess was exchanged for the deputies whom Dumourier had surrendered to the Austrians. Her income at this time was the interest of 400,000 francs, bequeathed to her by the archduchess Christina of Austria. During her residence at Vienna, she was married by Louis XVIII., to her cousin, the duke of Angoulême, June 10, 1799, at Mittau. The emperor of Russia signed the contract. In 1801, the political situation of Russia obliged all the Bourbons to escape to Warsaw. In 1805, they returned, by permission of the emperor Alexander, to Mittau. Towards the end of 1816, the successes of Napoleon obliged them to flee to England. Here the princess lived a very retired life at Hartwell, till 1814, when on the restoration of the Bourbons, she made her entrance May 4th, into Paris with the king. On the return of Napoleon from Elba, she was at Bordeaux with her husband. Her endeavours to preserve this city for the king being ineffectual, she embarked for England, went to Ghent, and on Napoleon's final expulsion, returned again to Paris. From

this city she was driven by the revolution of 1830, which placed Louis Philipe on the throne of the French. She fled with her husband, the unfortunate Charles X., first to England; from thence the royal fugitives went to Germany, where she now resides. She had realized almost every turn of fortune's wheel, and endured sorrows and agonies such as very seldom are the lot of humanity. In every situation she has exhibited courage and composure, the indubitable evidence of a strong mind. And she also displayed the true nobility of soul which forgives injuries and does good whenever an opportunity presents. Napoleon once remarked that the "Duchess d'Angoulême was the only man of her family," and certainly she was in every respect superior to her husband, whose qualities were rather sound than brilliant; he had good sense, was of a generous disposition, had studied the spirit of the age, and understood the concessions which were due; but he cherished the doctrine that the heir of the throne should be the first to evince the most implicit obedience to the king; and thus sanctioned the adoption of measures he wanted the courage to oppose. "The duchess was of a character more firm," says a writer, describing the causes which led to the revolution of 1830. "She evinced no longer, or but feebly, that haughty expression of feeling with which she had been reproached at the first restoration. The necessity of concession had already wrought many changes in her mind. Without any liberal tendencies, she saw that when once a revolution has pervaded a nation it has scattered the seeds of both good and evil; and that to rule, we must learn how to respect not only commonly-acquired rights, but conquests the most opposed to our own convictions, even as Henry IV. had done. All opinions, then so prevalent upon her character, were erroneous. It was said that she was excessively religious; true; but her piety was real and enlightened, and sought not to be distinguished by a courtly train of bishops and of priests. As her misfortunes had been infinite, so had they left their impression; she could not abandon herself to a careless gaiety of life, and for this she was reproached; but yet there was still mingled with this an asperity both of manner and of speech, and when excited, and reassumiug then all the ancient pride of her house, her opinions were imperatively expressed. Nevertheless, her firm and correct understanding, and the recollections of her misfortunes ever exercised a great influence over the king."

ARNIM, BETTINA VON,

Best known to us by her letters, published as the "Correspondence of Goethe with a Child," is considered by the Germans one of their most gifted female writers. The very remarkable intercourse between the great "poetical Artist" and the "Child," is of a character which could never have happened but in Germany, where Philosophy is half-sister to Romance, and Romance appears half the time in the garb of Philosophy.

Bettina Brentano, grand-daughter of Sophia de la Roche, (see page 489,) was born at Frankfort on the Maine, about the year 1791. Her father, General Brentano, died of wounds received in the Prussian service; his wife did not long survive him, and their children, of whom Bettina was the youngest, were left orphans at an early age. There were two sons: Clement Brentano became celebrated in Germany for his work, "*Des Knaben Wünderhorn,*" (The Boy's Wondrous Horn,) a collection of German popular songs; and Christian is mentioned in Bettina's letters; she had also a sister Sophia. Little Bettina, soon after the decease of her parents, became the favourite of Goethe's mother, who resided at Frankfort. It was his birth-place—Bettina's mother had been one of his devoted friends; so that from here arliest remembrance, the "Child" had heard the praises of the "Poet;"—and now his mother, whose love for him was little short of idolatry, completed the infatuation of Bettina. She had an ardent temperament; the name of Wolfgang Goethe acted as the spell of power to awaken her genius, and what was more remarkable, to develop the sentiment of love in a manner which seems so nearly allied to *passion*, that we cannot read her burning expressions without sadness, when reflecting that she, a maiden of sixteen summers, thus lavished the rich treasures of her virgin affections on a man sixty years old, whose heart had been indurated by such a long course of gross sensuality, as must have made him impenetrable in his selfish egotism to any real sympathy with her enthusiam. And, moreover, he was a married man, if the ceremony which gave his house-keeper a legal right to call herself his wife, after living for sixteen years as his mistress, deseryes the holy name of marriage. Goethe did not love Bettina; but her admiration flattered his vanity,—and he drew her on to make those passionate confessions which seem more like the ravings of an opium-eater, than the acknowledged feelings of a female soul.

The correspondence with Goethe commenced in 1807, when Bettina was, as we have stated, about sixteen, and continued till 1824. Soon after that period she was married to Ludwig Achim von Arnim, who is celebrated in Germany as a poet and novelist. He was born and resided at Berlin; thither he removed his lovely but very romantic wife; and Bettina became the star of fashion, as well as a literary star, in the brilliant circles of that metropolitan city. The sudden death of her husband, which occurred in 1831, left Bettina again to her own guidance; but she had learned wisdom from suffering, and did not give up her soul, as formerly, to the worship of genius. Since her widowhood she has continued to reside in Berlin, dividing her time between literature and charities. The warm enthusiasm of her nature displays itself in her writings, as well as in her deeds of benevolence. One of her works, "*Dies Buch gehoert dem Könige,*" (The King's Book,) was so bold in its tone, and so urgent on behalf of the "poor oppressed," that many of her aristocratic friends took alarm, and avoided the author, expecting she would be frowned upon by the king; but Frederick William is too politic to

persecute a woman who only pleads that he will do good, and Madame von Arnim retains his favour, apparently, though his flatterers look coldly on her. The work has gained her great popularity with the people. Another work of hers, "*Die Günderode*," a romance in letters, is also very much admired, especially by young ladies; it is wild and extravagant, as are all her writings, but, at the same time, full of fine thoughts and beautiful feelings. All the natural impulses of the mind and heart of Bettina are good and pure; what she needed was and is a higher standard of morality, a holier object of adoration. The Æsthetic philosophy, referring the soul to the Beautiful as the perfection of art or human attainments, this, and not the Divine philosophy of the Bible, was the subject of her early study: the first bowed down her nature to worship Goethe — the last would have exalted her spirit to worship God! How the sweet fountain of her affections was darkened by the shadow of Goethe, and how this consciousness of his presence, as it were, constantly incited her to thoughts and expressions foreign to her natural character, must be evident to all who read the "Correspondence with a Child." We shall make our extracts from this work, and wish our limits permitted us to give more of Goethe's letters; these are short, and seem to have been written merely for the purpose of drawing out her replies, that he might study her young fresh heart as an entomologist would the colours of a butterfly he had fastened with his pin, and gain the rejuvenescence of his blasé nature from the full life of hers. That he intended to use her thoughts in his own writings he acknowledged to her; and his later works show that he did thus use them. Our first extract is a letter to Goethe's mother.

BETTINA TO FRAU RATH.*

MARCH 15th, 1807.

It is true I have received a letter from Wolfgang here in Rheingau; he writes, 'Keep my mother warm, and hold me dear.' These sweet lines have sunk into me like the first Spring rain; I am very happy that he desires me to love him; I know well that he embraces the whole world; I know that all men wish to see and speak with him, that all Germany says 'Our Goethe.' But I can tell you that, up to this day, the general inspiration of his greatness and his name has not yet arisen within me. My love to him is confined to that little white-walled room, where I first saw him; where the vine, trained by his own hand, creeps up the window; where he sits on the straw hassock, and holds me in his arms — there he lets in no stranger, and knows of nothing but me alone. Frau Rath, you are his mother, and to you I will tell it. When I saw him for the first time, and returned home, I found that a hair from his head had fallen upon my shoulder; I burnt it at the candle, and my heart was so touched that it also flamed, but merrily and joyfully, as flames in the blue sun-lit air, of which one is scarcely aware, and which consume their sacrifice without smoke: so will it be with me; I shall flutter joyfully my life long in the air, and no one will know whence the joy comes; it is only because I know that, when I come to him, he will be alone with me, and forget his laurels.

Farewell, and write to him of me.

BETTINA TO GOETHE.

When the sun shines hottest, the blue sky is often clouded; we fear the storm and tempest; a sultry air oppresses the breast, but at last the sun conquers, and sinks tranquil and burnished in the lap of evening.

Thus was it with me after writing to you; I was oppressed, as when a tempest gives warning of its approach, and I often blushed at the thought that you would find it wrong; at last my mistrust was dispelled by words which were few, but how dear! If you only knew what quick progress my confidence made in the same moment that I knew you were pleased with it! Kind, friendly man! I am so unskilled in interpreting such delicious words that I doubted their meaning, but your mother said, 'Don't be stupid, let him have written what he will, the meaning is, you shall write to him as often as you can, and what you like.' Oh, I can impart nothing to you but that, alone, which takes place in my heart. Oh, methought, could I now be with him, my sun of joy should illumine him with as bright a glow as the friendly look with which his eye met mine! Yes, splendid indeed! A purple sky my mind, a warm love-dew my words, the soul must come forth like a bride from her chamber, without evil, and avow herself. O, Master! in future I will see thee long and often by day, and often shall it be closed by such an evening.

I promise that that which passes within me, untouched by the outward world, shall be secretly and religiously offered to him who so willingly takes interest in me, and whose all-embracing power promises the fulness of fruitful nourishment to the young germs of my breast.

Without trust, the mind's lot is a hard one; it grows slowly and needily, like a hot plant betwixt rocks: thus am I — thus was I till to-day; and the fountain of the heart which could stream nowhere forth, finds suddenly a passage into light, and banks of balsam-breathing fields, blooming like paradise, accompany its course.

Oh, Goethe! my longings, my feelings, are melodies which seek a song to which they may adapt themselves. Dare I do so? then shall these melodies ascend high enough to accompany your songs.

Your mother wrote, as from me, that I laid no claim to an answer to my letters, and that I would not rob that time which would produce for eternity: but so it is not; my soul cries like a thirsty babe; all this time, past and future, I would drink into myself, and my conscience would make me but small reproach, if the world, from this time forth, should learn but little from you, and I more. Remember, in the mean time, that only a few words from you fill up a greater measure of joy than I expect from all futurity.

* Goethe's mother was always known by this title.

From Several Letters.

GOETHE TO BETTINA.

Thou art a sweet-minded child; I read thy dear letters with inward pleasure, and shall surely always read them again with the same enjoyment. Thy pictures of what has happened to thee, with all inward feelings of tenderness, and what thy witty demon inspires thee with, are real original sketches, which, in the midst of more serious occupations, cannot be denied their high interest; take it, therefore, as a hearty truth, when I thank thee for them. Preserve thy confidence in me, and let it, if possible, increase. Thou wilt always be and remain to me what thou now art. How can one requite thee, except by being willing to be enriched with all thy good gifts. Thou, thyself, knowest how much thou art to my mother; her letters overflow with praise and love. Continue to dedicate lovely monuments of remembrance to the fleeting moments of thy good fortune. I cannot promise thee that I will not presume to work out themes so high-gifted and full of life, if they still speak as truly and warmly to the heart.

* * * * *

You are an unparalleled child, whom I joyfully thank for every enjoyment, for every bright glance into a spiritual life, which, without you, I should, perhaps, never have experienced.

* * * * *

All that you write is a spring of health to me, whose crystal drops impart to me a well-being. Continue to me this refreshment, upon which I place my dependence.

* * * * *

Your clear views upon men and things, upon past and future, are useful to me, and I deserve, too, that you grant me the best. [Such was the egotism of Goethe, who had given Bettina nothing, while he was using her very heart-strings to make him music!]

* * * * *

I wish to have your thoughts on art in general, and particularly on music, transmitted to me. Your solitary hours you can spend in no better way than in meditating on your dear caprice, and to entrust me with it.

* * * * *

By no means let slip the theme upon music, but on the contrary, continue to vary it in every possible manner. Continue to love me till happy stars bring us once more together.

From a Number of Letters.

BETTINA TO GOETHE.

Talent strikes conviction, but genius does not convince; to whom it is imparted, it gives forebodings of the immeasurable and infinite, while talent sets certain limits, and so because it is understood, is also maintained.

The infinite in the finite—genius in every art is music. In itself it is the soul, when it touches tenderly, but when it masters this affection, then it is spirit which warms, nourishes, bears and reproduces the own soul—and, therefore, we perceive music: otherwise the sensual ear would no hear it, but only the spiritual; and thus every art is the body of music, which is the soul of every art: and so is music, too, the soul of love, which also answers not for its working; for it is the contact of divine with human. Love expresses nothing through itself, but that it is sunk in harmony: Love is fluid; it flows in its own element, and that element is harmony.

* * * * *

I wish for you, Goethe, and believe it firmly, too, that all your enquiry, your knowledge, and that which the muse teaches you, and lastly also thy love, may, united, form a glorified body for thy spirit, that it may no longer be subject to the earthly body, when it puts it off, but may already have passed over into the spiritual body. Die you must not, he only must die whose spirit does not find the outlet. Thought wings the spirit, the winged spirit does not die, it finds not back the way to death.—

* * * * *

In love you are with the heroine of your new novel, and this makes you so retiring and cold to me.—God knows what model has served you here for an ideal; ah! you have a unique taste in women; Werther's Charlotte never edified me; had I then been at hand, Werther would never have shot himself, and Charlotte should have been piqued that I could console him so well.

I feel the same in William Meister; there, all the women are disgusting to me, I could "drive them all out of the temple," and I had built, too, upon it, that you have loved me as soon as you knew me, because I am better and more amiable than the whole female assemblage in your novels—yes, (and, really, this is not saying much) for you I am more amiable, if you the Poet will not find it out, for no other am I born; am I not the bee which flies forth, bringing home to you the nectar of each flower?

* * * * *

The moon is shining high above the hills, the clouds drive over like herds. I have already stood awhile at the windows, and looked at the chasing and driving above. Dear Goethe, good Goethe, I am alone, it has raised me out of myself, up to thee! Like a new-born babe, must I nurse this love between us; beautiful butterflies balance themselves upon the flowers which I have planted about its cradle, golden fables adorn its dreams, I joke and play with it, I try every stratagem in its favour. But you rule it without trouble, by the noble harmony of your mind—with you there is no need of tender expressions or protestations. While I take care of each moment of the present, a power of blessing goes forth from you, which reaches beyond all sense and above all the world.

ON MUSIC.

Yes! Christian Schlosser said, that you understood nothing of music, that you fear death, and have no religion; what shall I say to this? I am as stupid as I am mute, when I am so sensibly hurt. Ah! Goethe, if one had no shelter, which could protect in bad weather, the cold loveless

wind might harm one, but I know you to be sheltered within yourself; but these three riddles are a problem to me. I would fain explain to you music in all its bearings, and yet I myself feel, that it is beyond sense and not understood by me; nevertheless I cannot retire from this Indissoluble, and I pray to it; no, the Inconceivable is ever — God; and there is no medium world, in which other secrets can be hidden. Since music is inconceivable, so is it like God; this I must say, and you will, with your notion of the "terz" and the "quint," laugh at me! No! you are too good, you will not laugh; and then you are also too wise; you will surely willingly give up your studies and your conquered ideas, for such an all-hallowing mystery of the Divine Spirit in music. What could repay the pains of enquiry, if it were not this? after what could we enquire, which moves us, except the Divine only? And what can others, the well-studied, say better or higher upon it; — and if one of them should bring something forward against it, must he not be ashamed? If one should say, "Music is there, only that the human spirit may perfect itself therein." Well, yes! we should perfect ourselves in God! If one say, it is only the connecting link with the Divine, but not God himself! No, ye false voices, your vain song is not divinely imbued! Ah! Divinity itself teaches us to understand the signs, that like it by our own powers, we may learn to govern in the realm of Divinity. All *learning* in art is only, that we may lay the foundation of self-dependence within us, and that it may remain our conquest. Some one has said of Christ, that he knew nothing of music: to this I could answer nothing; in the first place I am not nearly enough acquainted with his course of life, and then what struck me at the time, I can say only to *you*, although I do not know what you may answer to it. Christ says: "Your body also shall be glorified." Is not music now the glorifying of sensual nature? Does not music so touch our senses, that we feel them melted into the harmony of the tones which you choose to reckon by terz and quint? Only learn to understand! You will wonder so much the more at the Inconceivable. The senses flow on the stream of inspiration, and that exalts them. All which spiritually lays claim on man, here goes over to the senses; therefore is it that through them he feels himself moved to all things. Love and friendship, and warlike courage, and longing after the Divinity, all boil in the blood; the blood is hallowed; it inflames the body, that it becomes of one instinct with the spirit. This is the effect of music on the senses, this is the glorifying of the body; the senses of Christ were dissolved in the Divine Spirit; they were of one instinct with him; he said: "What ye touch with the spirit as with the senses must be divine, for then your body becomes also spirit." Look! this I myself almost felt and thought, when it was said, that Christ knew nothing about music.

Pardon me, that I thus speak with you, nearly without substantial ground, for I am giddy, and I scarcely perceive that which I would say, and forget all so easily again; but if I could not have confidence in you, to confess that which occurs to me, to whom else should I impart it?

This winter I had a spider in my room; when I played upon the guitar it descended hastily into a web which it had spun lower down. I placed myself before it, and drew my fingers across the strings; it was clearly seen how it vibrated through its little limbs; when I changed the chord, it changed its movements, — they were involuntary; by each different Arpeggio, the rhythm in its motions was also changed; it cannot be otherwise, — this little being was joy-penetrated, or spirit-imbued, as long as my music lasted; when that stopped it retired. Another little playfellow was a mouse, but he was more taken by vocal music: he chiefly made his appearance when I have sung the gamut; the fuller I swelled the tones, the nearer it came; in the middle of the room it remained sitting; my mother was much delighted by the little animal; we took great care not to disturb him. When I sung songs and varying melodies he seemed to be afraid; he could not endure it, and ran hastily away. Thus, then, the gamut seemed fitted for this little creature; prevailed over it, and (who can doubt?) prepared the way for something loftier within it; these tones, given with the utmost purity, — beautiful in themselves, touched these organs; this swelling and sinking to silence raised the little creature into another element. Ah, Goethe! what shall I say? everything touches me so nearly — I am so sensitive to-day I could weep: who can dwell in the Temple upon pure and serene heights, ought he to wish to go forth into a den of thieves? These two little animals resigned themselves up to music; it was their Temple, in which they felt their existence elevated by the touch of the Divine, and thou who feelest thyself touched by the eternal pulsation of the Divine within thee, thou hast no religion? Thou, whose words, whose thoughts are ever directed to the muse, thou not to live in the element of exaltation, in connection with God? O yes! the ascending from out unconscious life into revelation, — that is music!

ON ART.

I have spent a cold night, Goethe, listening to my thoughts; because you, in such a friendly manner, wish to know all; yet I could not write all, these thoughts are too volatile. Ay, Goethe! should I write down all, how odd would that be! Be contented with these; supply them in my mind, in which thou hast a home. You — no other — have ever reminded me to impart my soul to you, and I would withhold you nothing, therefore I would come forth to light out of myself, because you alone enlighten me.

Ah! I have not studied it; I know nothing of its origin, of its history, its condition; how is its influence, how men understand it, — that seems unreal to me.

Art is the hallowing sensual nature, and that is all I know about it. What is beloved shall serve to love: spirit is the beloved child of God, — chosen by God for the service of sensual nature;

this is art; intuition of the spirit into the senses is art. What you feel becomes thought, and what you think, what you strive to invent, that becomes sensual feeling. What men compile in arts; what they produce in it; how they force their way through it; what they do more or less, that would be submitted to many contradictions, but yet is it ever a spelling of the Divine. Let it be.

Ah! what do you ask about art? I can say nothing that shall satisfy you. Ask about love, this is my art; in it I am to perform; in it I shall recollect myself and rejoice.

I am afraid of you; I am afraid of the spirit which you bid to arise within me, because I am not able to express it. In your letter you say: 'the whole internal spirit shall come forth to light out of itself;' never before has this simple infallible command been obvious to me, and now, when your wisdom calls me forth to light, what have I to display as only faults against the internal genius; look there! misused and oppressed it was. But this breaking forth of the mind to light, is it not art? This inner man asking for light, to have by the finger of God loosened his tongue; untied his hearing; awakened all senses to receive and to spend: and is love here not the only master, and we its disciples in every work which we form by its inspiration?

Works of art, however, are those which alone are called art, through which we think to perceive and enjoy art; but as far as the producing of God in heart and mind overpowers the idea we make to ourselves of him and his laws, which, in temporal life, are of value, even so does art overpower men's valuing of it. They who fancy to understand it will perform no more than what is ruled by understanding; but when senses are submitted to its spirit, he has revelation.

To improve the advantages of experiences as they ought to be, is mastership; to transfer them on the scholar is teaching; has the scholar comprehended all, and understands how to employ it, then he becomes absolved; this is the school by which art will be transplanted. To one in such a manner absolved all ways of error are open, but never the right one. Once released from the long frequented school in which system and experience had enclosed him, the labyrinth of errors becomes his world, from which he may never escape. Every way he will choose is a misguided path of error; void of divine spirit, misled by prejudices, he tries to employ all his artificial craft to bring the object of his labour to a good issue. More will never be attained by the endeavours of an artist educated in the school of art. Whoever is come to something in art, did forget his craftiness, his load of experience, became shipwreck, and despair led him to land on the right shore. What from such a violent epoch will proceed is, indeed, often captivating, but not convincing, because the scale of judgment and of perception is no other than those experiences and artifices, which never suit where production will not be made up by means of them; then, also, because the prejudice of an obtained mastership will not allow anything to be that depends on its authority; and because the presentiment of a higher world will thus remain closed to it. The invention of the mastership is justified by the principle, that there is nothing new; that all is invented before imagination; such productions are partly in abuse of that which is invented to new inventions, partly, apparent inventions, where the work of art has not the thought within itself, but must make up for its want by the devices and experience of the school of art, and, finally, productions which go just as far as thought, by improvement, is allowed to comprehend; the more prudent balancing the more faultless and secure; the more comprehensible, too, they are for the multitude; these we call works of art.

In music, producing is, itself, a wandering of the divine idea, which enlightens the mind without object, and man, himself, is conception. In all is union of love; a joining of mental forces one in another.

Excitement becomes language, a summons to the spirit; it answers, and this is invention: the faculty of mind to answer a demand which has no fixed object as problem, but is the, perhaps, unconscious tendency of production.

All motions of mental events in life have such a deep, hidden basis; thus, as the breath of life sinks into the breast, to draw breath anew, so the procreating spirit sinks i to the soul, again to ascend to the higher regions of eternal creative power.

The soul breathes by spirit; spirit breathes by inspiration; and this is the breathing of the divinity.

To inhale the divine spirit is to engenerate, to produce; to exhale the divine breath is to breed and nourish the mind:—thus the divine engenerates, breeds, and nourishes itself in the spirit,—thus through the spirit in the soul—thus through the soul in the body. Body is art, art is the sensual nature engenerated into the life of the spirit.

In the style of art they say: nothing that is new is to be invented, all has existed before:—yes! we can but invent in mankind, nothing is without them, for spirit is not without man, for God himself has no other harbour but the spirit of man; the inventor is love; and because embracing love alone is the foundation of existence, therefore beyond this embraced one, there is no being, no invention. Invention is only perceiving how the genius of love rules in the being founded by love.

Man cannot invent, only feel himself, only conceive, learn what the genius of love speaks to him, how it nourishes itself in him, and how it teaches him by itself. Without transforming its perceptions of divine love into the language of knowledge, there is no invention.

Late yesterday evening, I walked by moonlight in the beautiful, blooming Linden-walk, on the banks of the Rhine; there I heard a clapping and soft singing. Before her cottage beneath the blooming linden-tree, sat the mother of twins: one she had upon her breast, and the other she rocked with her foot, in measure to the song.

B.

BAILLIE, JOANNA,

Sister of the celebrated Dr. Baillie, was born in Bothwell, Scotland, of an honourable family, about 1765. She has spent the greater part of her life at Hampstead, near London, where she now resides. Her "Plays of the Passions," a series of dramas, have made her famous. Scott compares her to Shakspeare; while eminent critics place her name at the head of the living dramatic writers of England.

The social sphere in which this favoured daughter of the muse has ever moved, was peculiarly suited to her character and genius; it was one in which taste, and literature, and the highest moral endowments were understood and appreciated. She had no need to resort to her pen from pecuniary motives, and her standing in society made fame of little moment to her. But the spirit prompted, and she obeyed its voice — always, we think, with that loftiest motive of human action or purpose, *the desire of doing good.*

To accomplish those reforms which she felt society needed, she determined to attempt the reform of that mimic world, the stage, by furnishing dramas whose representation should have a salutary effect on morals. In pursuance of this idea, she planned her celebrated "Plays on the Passions"— *love, hatred, fear, religion, jealousy, revenge* and *remorse*, she has portrayed with the truth, power, and feeling which richly entitle her to the honour of having her fame as a dramatic writer associated with that of Shakspeare. The parallel which was drawn by Scott is true, so far as placing the name of Joanna Baillie in the same relation to the dramatic poets of her own sex, which the name of Shakspeare bears to that of men. In such compositions she is unrivalled by any female writer, and she is the only woman whose genius, as displayed in her works, appears competent to the production of an Epic poem. Would that she had attempted this!

In the portraiture of female characters, and the exhibition of feminine virtues, she has been very successful. Jane de Montfort is one of the most sublime, yet womanly, creations of poetic art.

The power of Miss Baillie's genius seems concentrated in one burning ray — the knowledge of the human heart. She has illustrated this knowledge with the cool judgment of the philosopher, and the pure warm feelings of the Christian. And she has won fame, the highest which the critic has awarded to woman's lyre. Yet we have often doubted whether, in selecting the drama as her path of literature, she judged wisely. We have thought that, as an essayist, or a novelist, she might have made her great talents more effective in that improvement of society, which she evidently has so deeply at heart, and have won for herself, if not so bright a wreath of fame, a more extensive and more popular influence. And even had she chosen poetry as the vehicle of instruction, we still think that she would better and more generally have accomplished her aim, by shorter effusions, and more simple plans.

The remark of Goethe on the danger of a poet's "devoting himself to some great work," and neglecting present thoughts and feelings, and all the touching incidents of the actual world passing before him, is strikingly true of female writers. It seems the very soul of woman's genius to seize on the passing moment, and give to the common and the actual that beauty and interest which their finer imagination and more delicate taste can discover or invent. In this way, too, their moral power is brought to bear on the popular mind at once. The sweet lyrics of Mrs. Hemans have moved the hearts of millions of the unlearned, and moulded their affections to love the beautiful and the good; while the sublime and searching truths taught in the "Plays on the Passions," have been a sealed book to all but the learned and critical. True, many of the greatest poets who have written since these "Plays" appeared, have drawn from this mine of genius much to enrich their own stores. Even Byron had not read Miss Baillie without advantage, as a comparison between the "Ethwald" of the latter, and "Manfred," will clearly show.

But, although it is a proud station which this gifted sister of the lyre has won, thus to become, as it were, a teacher of genius, a beacon in the path of intellectual glory, yet we would prefer that our own sex should rather be admirers of the fame of Joanna Baillie than followers in her own peculiar and chosen sphere. At least since she, with her splendid talents, bold and vigorous fancy, and that calm, persevering energy of purpose, which none but minds of the highest order display, has failed to reform the stage, let no other woman flatter herself with a hope of succeeding. It may be within the scope of female powers to purify and exalt dramatic literature; but then these pattern plays will not be popular on the stage, and meretricious dances or spectacles of some kind will be substituted to draw the multitude. Thus the moral effect of a good play will be destroyed. It will be found more effectual for the gentle purpose of winning hearts to follow virtue and piety, which should be the aim of female literature, to

address the mind through the moral and domestic feelings, rather than through the stern, dark, and wild workings of passion, in its conflicts with the world. One sweet song of home will be more effectual in securing the return of the prodigal, than all the pathetic scenes in Rayner and the penitence of Count Zaterloo.

There is in the "Cyclopædia of English Literature," a very clever and candid criticism on Miss Baillie's peculiar style of constructing her dramas; it is appropriate to our plan of showing, whenever possible, the opinions of literary men concerning the genius, and productions of women. After stating that the first volume of Joanna Baillie's "Plays on the Passions" was published in 1798; that she had, in her theory, "anticipated the dissertations and most of the poetry of Wordsworth," and that her volume passed through two editions in a few months, he goes on:—"Miss Baillie was then in the thirty-fourth year of her age. In 1802 she published a second volume, and in 1812 a third. In the interval she had produced a volume of miscellaneous dramas (1804), and "The Family Legend" (1810), a tragedy founded on a Highland tradition, and brought out with success at the Edinburgh theatre. In 1836, this authoress published three more volumes of plays, her career as a dramatic writer thus extending over the long period of thirty-eight years. Only one of her dramas has ever been performed on the stage: De Montfort was brought out by Kemble shortly after its appearance, and was acted eleven nights. It was again introduced in 1821, to exhibit the talents of Kean in the character of De Montfort; but this actor remarked that, though a fine poem, it would never be an acting play. The design of Miss Baillie in restricting her dramas each to the elucidation of one passion, appears certainly to have been an unnecessary and unwise restraint, as tending to circumscribe the business of the piece, and exclude the interest arising from varied emotions and conflicting passions. It cannot be said to have been successful in her own case, and it has never been copied by any other author. Sir Walter Scott has eulogized 'Basil's love and Montfort's hate,' as something like a revival of the inspired strain of Shakspeare. The tragedies of Count Basil and De Montfort are among the best of Miss Baillie's plays; but they are more like the works of Shirley, or the serious parts of Massinger, than the glorious dramas of Shakspeare, so full of life, of incident, and imagery. Miss Baillie's style is smooth and regular, and her plots are both original and carefully constructed; but she has no poetical luxuriance, and few commanding situations. Her tragic scenes are too much connected with the crime of murder, one of the easiest resources of a tragedian; and partly from the delicacy of her sex, as well as from the restrictions imposed by her theory of composition, she is deficient in that variety and fulness of passion, the 'form and pressure' of real life, which are so essential on the stage. The design and plot of her dramas are obvious almost from the first act—a circumstance that would be fatal to their success in representation. The unity and intellectual completeness of Miss Baillie's plays are their most striking characteristics. Her simple masculine style, so unlike the florid or insipid sentimentalism then prevalent, was a bold innovation at the time of her two first volumes; but the public had fortunately taste enough to appreciate its excellence. Miss Baillie was undoubtedly a great improver of our poetical diction."

Besides these many volumes of Plays, Miss Baillie has written miscellaneous poetry and songs sufficient to fill a volume, which was published in 1841. Her songs are distinguished for "a peculiar softness of diction, yet few have become favourites in the drawing-room." In truth, it is when alone, in the quiet sanctuary of one's own apartment, that the works of Miss Baillie should be studied. She addresses the heart through the understanding, not by moving the fancy or even the passions in any strong degree; she writes to mind, not to feeling; and the mind of the reader must become concentrated on the drama at first, by an effort of the will, before its singular merit will be fully apparent; even the best of all, "De Montfort," requires this close attention. We shall make our selections chiefly from the tragedies.

FROM DE MONTFORT.

[*Jane, in disguise, meets her brother.*]

De Montfort. Yes, it is ever thus. Undo that veil,
And give thy countenance to the cheerful light:
Men now all soft and female beauty scorn,
And mock the gentle cares which aim to please.
It is most terrible! undo thy veil,
And think of him no more.
Jane. I know it well, even to a proverb grown,
Is lovers' faith, and I had borne such slight;
But he, who has, alas! forsaken me,
Was the companion of my early days,
My cradle's mate, mine infant play-fellow.
Within our opening minds, with riper years,
The love of praise and generous virtues sprung:
Through varied life our pride, our joys were one;
At the same tale we wept: he is *my* brother.
De Mon. And he forsook thee?—No, I dare not curse him:
My heart upbraids me with a crime like his.
Jane. Ah! do not thus distress a feeling heart.
All sisters are not to the soul entwined
With equal bands; thine has not watched for thee,
Wept for thee, cheered thee, shared thy weal and wo,
As I have done for him.
De Mon. (*eagerly.*) Ah! has she not?
By heaven! the sum of all thy kindly deeds
Were but as chaff poised against massy gold,
Compared to that which I do owe her love.
Oh pardon me! I mean not to offend—
I am too warm—but she of whom I speak
Is the dear sister of my earliest love;
In noble, virtuous worth to none a second;
And though behind those sable folds were hid
As fair a face as ever woman owned,
Still would I say she is as fair as thou.
How oft amidst the beauty-blazing throng,
I 've proudly to th' enquiring stranger told
Her name and lineage! yet within her house,
The virgin mother of an orphan race
Her dying parents left, this noble woman
Did like a Roman matron, proudly sit,
Despising all the blandishments of love;
Whilst many a youth his hopeless love concealed,
Or humbly distant wooed her like a queen.
Forgive, I pray you! O forgive this boasting;
In faith, I mean you no discourtesy.

DESCRIPTION OF JANE DE MONTFORT.

[*The following has been pronounced to be a perfect picture of Mrs. Siddons, the tragic actress.*]

Page. Madam, there is a lady in your hall
Who begs to be admitted to your presence.
Lady. Is it not one of our invited friends?
Page. No; far unlike to them. It is a stranger.
Lady. How looks her countenance?
Page. So queenly, so commanding, and so noble,
I shrunk at first in awe; but when she smiled,
Methought I could have compassed sea and land
To do her bidding.
Lady. Is she young or old?
Page. Neither, if right I guess; but she is fair,
For Time hath laid his hand so gently on her,
As he, too, had been awed.
Lady. The foolish stripling!
She has bewitched thee. Is she large in stature?
Page. So stately and so graceful is her form,
I thought at first her stature was gigantic;
But on a near approach, I found in truth,
She scarcely does surpass the middle size.
Lady. What is her garb?
Page. I cannot well describe the fashion of it:
She is not decked in any gallant trim,
But seems to me clad in her usual weeds
Of high habitual state; for as she moves,
Wide flows her robe in many a waving fold,
As I have seen unfurled banners play
With the soft breeze.
Lady. Thine eyes deceive thee, boy;
It is an apparition thou hast seen.
Freberg. [*Starting from his seat, where he has been sitting during the conversation between the Lady and the Page.*]
It is an apparition he has seen,
Or it is Jane de Monfort.

From Henriquez: A Tragedy.

TRUE LOVE.

Antonio. O blessed words! my dear, my generous love!
My heart throbs at the thought, but cannot thank thee.
And thou wilt follow me and share my fortune,
Or good or ill!
Ah! what of good can with a skulking outlaw
In his far wanderings, or his secret haunts,
E'er be? O no! thou shalt not follow me.
Mencia. Good may be found for faithful, virtuous love,
In every spot; and for the wandering outlaw
The very sweetest nooks o' the earth are his.
And be his passing home the goatherd's shed,
The woodman's branchy hut, or fishers' cove,
Whose pebbly threshold by the rippling tide
Is softly washed, he may contented live,
Ay, thankfully: fed like the fowls of heaven
With daily food sent by a Father's hand.
Ant. Thou shalt not follow me, nor will I fly.
Severed from thee I will not live, sweet love;
Nor shalt thou be the mate of one disgraced,
And by the good disowned. Here I 'll remain,
And Heaven will work for me a fair deliverance.

From Orra.

A WOMAN'S PICTURE OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

Even now methinks
Each little cottage of my native vale
Swells out its earthen sides, upheaves its roof,
Like to a hillock moved by lab'ring mole,
And with green trail-weeds clamb'ring up its walls,
Roses and every gay and fragrant plant,
Before my fancy stands, a fairy bower.
Ay, and within it, too, do fairies dwell.
Peep thro' its wreathed window, if indeed
The flowers grow not too close; and there within
Thou'lt see some half a dozen rosy brats,
Eating from wooden bowls their dainty milk:—
Those are my mountain elves. See'st thou not
Their very forms distinctly?
I'll gather round my board
All that heav'n sends to me of way-worn folks,
And noble travellers, and neighb'ring friends,
Both young and old. Within my ample hall,
The worn-out man of arms shall o' tiptoe tread,
Tossing his grey locks from his wrinkled brow
With cheerful freedom, as he boasts his feats
Of days gone by.—Music we'll have; and oft
The bick'ring dance upon our oaken floors
Shall thund'ring loud strike on the distant ear
Of 'nighted travellers, who shall gladly bend
Their doubtful footsteps towards the cheering din.
Solemn, and grave, and cloistered, and demure
We shall not be. Will this content ye, damsels?
Ev'ry season
Shall have its suited pastime: even winter
In its deep noon, when mountains piled with snow,
And choaked valleys from our mansion bar
All entrance, and nor guest nor traveller
Sounds at our gate; the empty hall forsaking,
In some warm chamber, by the crackling fire,
We 'll hold our little, snug, domestic court,
Plying our work with song and tale between.

From the Legend of Lady Griseld Baillie.

THE WIFE.

Their long-tried faith in honour plighted,
They were a pair by Heaven united,
Whose wedded love, through lengthened years,
The trace of early fondness wears.
Her heart first guessed his doubtful choice,
Her ear first caught his distant voice,
And from afar her wistful eye
Would first his graceful form descry.
Even when he hied him forth to meet
The open air in lawn or street,
She to her casement went,
And after him, with smile so sweet,
Her look of blessing sent.
The heart's affection—secret thing!
Is like the cleft rock's ceaseless spring,
Which free and independent flows
Of summer rains or winter snows.
The fox-glove from its side may fall,
The heath-bloom fade, or moss flower white,
But still its runlet, bright though small,
Will issue sweetly to the light.
* * * * * *

THE WIDOW AND HER CHILDREN.

With her and her good lord, who still
Sweet union held of mated will,
Years passed away with lightsome speed;
But oh! their bands of bliss at length were riven,
And she was clothed in widow's sable weed,
—Submitting to the will of Heaven.
And then a prosperous race of children good
And tender, round their noble mother stood,
And she the while, cheered with their pious love,
Waited her welcome summons from above.
But whatsoe'er the weal or wo
That Heaven across her lot might throw
Full well her Christian spirit knew
Its path of virtue straight and true.
Good, tender, generous, firm, and sage,
Through grief and gladness, shade and sheen,
As fortune changed life's motley scene,
Thus passed she on to reverend age,
And when the heavenly summons came,
Her spirit from its mortal frame,
And weight of mortal cares to free,
It was a blessed sight to see,
The parting saint her state of honour keeping,
In gifted, dauntless faith, whilst round her, weeping,
Her children's children mourned on bended knee.

From Poems

THE TOMB OF COLUMBUS.

Oh! who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name!
Whilst in that sound there is a charm
The nerve to brace, the heart to warm,

As, thinking of the mighty dead,
The young from slothful couch will start,
And vow, with lifted hands outspread,
Like them to act a noble part?

Oh! who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty *name*!
When, but for those, our mighty dead,
All ages past a blank would be,
Sunk in oblivion's murky bed,—
A desert bare, a shipless sea;
They are the distant objects seen,—
The lofty marks of what hath been.

O! who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name!
When memory of the mighty dead
To earth-worn pilgrim's wistful eye
The brightest rays of cheering shed,
That point to immortality?

A twinkling speck, but fixed and bright,
To guide us through the dreary night,
Each hero shines, and lures the soul
To gain the distant happy goal.
For is there one who, musing o'er the grave
Where lies interred the good, the wise, the brave,
Can poorly think, beneath the mouldering heap,
That noble being shall for ever sleep?
No; saith the generous heart, and proudly swells,—
"Though his cered corse lies here, with God his spirit dwells."

ADDRESS TO MISS AGNES BAILLIE ON HER BIRTHDAY.

[In order thoroughly to understand and appreciate the following verses, the reader must be aware that the author and her sister have lived to an advanced age constantly in each other's society.]

Dear Agnes, gleamed with joy and dashed with tears
O'er us have glided almost sixty years
Since we on Bothwell's bonny braes were seen,
By those whose eyes long closed in death have been —
Two tiny imps, who scarcely stooped to gather
The slender harebell on the purple heather;*
No taller than the fox-glove's spiky stem,
That dew of morning studs with silvery gem.
Then every butterfly that crossed our view
With joyful shout was greeted as it flew;
And moth, and lady-bird, and beetle bright,
In sheeny gold, were each a wondrous sight.
Then as we paddled barefoot, side by side,
Among the sunny shallows of the Clyde,*
Minnows or spotted parr with twinkling fin,
Swimming in mazy rings the pool within.
A thrill of gladness through our bosoms sent,
Seen in the power of early wonderment.

A long perspective to my mind appears,
Looking behind me to that line of years;
And yet through every stage I still can trace
Thy visioned form, from childhood's morning grace
To woman's early bloom — changing, how soon!
To the expressive glow of woman's noon;
And now to what thou art, in comely age,
Active and ardent. Let what will engage
Thy present moment — whether hopeful seeds
In garden-plat thou sow, or noxious weeds
From the fair flower remove, or ancient lore
In chronicle or legend rare explore,
Or on the parlour hearth with kitten play,
Stroking its tabby sides, or take thy way
To gain with hasty steps some cottage door,
On helpful errand to the neighbouring poor —
Active and ardent, to my fancy's eye
Thou still art young, in spite of time gone by.
Though oft of patience brief and temper keen,
Well may it please me, in life's latter scene,
To think what now thou art and long to me hast been.

* The Manse of Bothwell was at some considerable distance from the Clyde, but the two little girls were sometimes sent there in summer to bathe and wade about.

From Romiero: A Tragedy.

JEALOUSY.

Romiero. So late! the first night too of my return!
Is it the tardiness of cold aversion?
'Tis more than that—some damned conference
Elsewhere detains her. Ay, that airy fool
Wore at the supper board a conscious look,
Glancing in concert with the half-checked smile
That moved his quivering cheek, too well betraying
His inward triumph; 'twas a *cursed* smile;
I would have cast my javelin at his throat,
But shame withheld me.

[Zorada enters, and stops short to wipe the tears from her eyes, as if preparing to appear composed, while Romiero, in the shade, after eyeing her suspiciously, bursts suddenly upon her, and, with great violence, upbraids her for want of conjugal affection. The conversation that ensues is very affecting, Zorada showing that she is conscious of what must have seemed unkindness, yet never for a moment thinking that her fidelity is suspected, and thus, in her innocence, alternately soothing and exasperating the passion of her moody lord.]

Rom. Where hast thou been so long?
Wilt thou not answer me?
Zor. You frighten me. Romiero, as I reckon
'Tis little past our usual hour of rest.
Rom. Thou dost evade the question. Not the time;
Where hast thou been?
Zor. Have patience! oh! have patience;
Where I have been I have done thee no wrong;
Let that suffice thee.
Rom. Ha! thou'rt quick, methinks,
To apprehend suspicion. Done no wrong!
What call'st thou wrong? Yea, by that sacred band,
Which linketh soul to soul in wedded love,
Pure, fervent, and confiding—every thought,
Fancy, and consciousness, that from thy husband,
Unfitting for his ear, must be withheld,
Is wrong to him, and is disgrace to thee.
Zor. Then woe is me! Since wives must be so perfect,
Why didst thou wed Zorada de Modinez?
Rom. Dost thou upbraid me for it? Then too well
I see the change. Yes: I will call it change,
For I must still believe thou loved'st me once.
Zor. Yes, yes, I loved thee once, I love thee now,
And will for ever love thee, dear Romiero,
If thou wilt suffer me.
Rom. Suffer thee, dear Zorada! It is paradise
To think thou lovest me, hell to doubt of it.
Zor. Then doubt it not. If I am cold and sad,
I have a cause—I must repeat my words—
Which does to thee no wrong. Some few days hence
Thou shalt know all, and thou wilt pity me.
Did I e'er tell thee that which afterwards
Thou foundest to be untrue?
Rom. Thou never didst.
Zor. Then why suspect me now?
Rom. Give me thy dear, dear hand, my own sweet wife,
Yes, I will trust thee, and do thou the while
Think charitably of my stern rebuke.
Love can be stern as well as tender, yet
Be all the while most true and fervent love.
But go to rest, dear child! and I will follow thee,
For it indeed is late.

* * * * * *

A half-corrupted woman!
If it be come to this, who shall restrain
The hateful progress, which is rapidly——
Restrain it. No! to hell's profoundest pit
Let it conduct her, if she hath so far
Debased her once pure mind, and injured me.
I dare not think on't, yet I am compell'd;
And at the very thought a raging fire
Burns in my head, my heart, through every vein
Of this distracted frame. I'll to the ramparts,
And meet the chilliness of the midnight wind;
I cannot rest beneath this hateful roof.

BATTISTATI, LOUISA,

A NATIVE of Stradella, Sardinia, and a mantua-maker at Milan, displayed remarkable courage during the five days of the Revolution at Milan, in 1848. On Sunday, March 10th, she disarmed a cavalry soldier, though he carried a carbine. She placed herself at the head of the Poppietti bridge, and steadily continued there, fighting against the enemy during the 20th, 21st, and 22d days, heading a valiant band of young men, and killing a Croate at every shot. She defended the large establishment at Vettabia, which contained 580 persons, being the edifice in which the widows and their children, and other females took refuge when Barbaressa stormed Milan. This young woman was, in 1850, married, and doing duty in the civic guard.

BEECHER, ESTHER CATHERINE,

DAUGHTER of the Rev. Lyman Beecher, D. D., was born September 6th, 1800, at East Hampton, Long Island, where she resided till she was about ten years of age. Being the eldest of thirteen children, (ten are now living, all of whom have displayed good talents and some marked genius,) her education was, by her wise parents, considered of essential importance. They knew, that if the eldest child was trained to go in the right way, the others would be almost sure to follow. On the removal of the family to Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1810, the little Catherine was placed at the best school for young ladies there to be found — that of Miss Sally Pierce; and the pupil was soon to excel the teacher.

In a letter to a friend, Miss Beecher thus sketches herself at the age when, her education "finished," as the term is, she was preparing to take her part in the usual routine of woman's life; she says:

"The prominent traits of my *natural* character, as developed in childhood and youth, were great activity of body and mind, great cheerfulness of spirits, a strong love of the ludicrous, and my imagination teeming with poetry and romance. I had no taste for study or anything that demanded close attention. All my acquisitions were in the line of my tastes, so that at twenty, no habits of mental discipline had been formed."

It was about this time an event occurred that for ever ended all Miss Beecher's youthful dreams of poetry and romance, and changed the whole course of thought and feeling as regarded her destiny in this life. But the Providence that withdrew her heart from the world of woman's hopes, has proved a great blessing to her sex and her country. In 1822, she opened a Female Seminary at Hartford, Connecticut, which received pupils from every State in the Union, and soon numbered from 100 to 160 of these treasures of home, committed to her care and guidance. In discharging the important duties thus devolved on her, she not only learned to understand her own deficiencies of education, but also those of all the systems hitherto adopted for female pupils; and a wish to remedy the want of suitable text-books for her school, called forth her first printed work, an "Arithmetic;" her second work was on the more difficult points of Theology; and her third, an octavo, on "Mental and Moral Philosophy." This, like the others, was prepared for her own pupils, and though it has been printed and introduced into one of our Colleges for young men as a text-book, has never yet been published. These works are important as showing the energy of mind, and entire devotion to the duties she undertakes, which characterize Miss Beecher. In truth her school duties were then so arduous that her health gave way, and for a season, she was compelled to retire from the work.

In 1832, her father, with his family, removed to Cincinnati, Ohio. She accompanied them, and there for two years superintended an Institution for Female Education, opened in that city. Since then Miss Beecher has been engaged in maturing and carrying into effect a great plan for the education of all the children in our country. For this end she has written and journeyed, pleaded and laboured, and for the last ten years made it the chief object of her thoughts and efforts. We will quote her own interesting description, given in a letter to a friend, as this best elucidates her views, and shows the feasibility of a plan which, in its results, promises such benefits to humanity.

"The grand aim of this plan has been to unite American women in an effort to provide a *Christian education* for two million children in our country who were destitute of schools.

This plan embraced three departments. The first was designed to secure the *immediate* services of a great body of educated women, already qualified as it respects their own education for the duties of a teacher, but having no opportunity to enter the profession. For this department I succeeded in obtaining the aid and co-operation of the "Board of National Popular Education," with Governor Slade as its general agent, and during the first three years of the operation more than two hundred teachers have, by this agency, been placed in this field of usefulness.

But the second department has been regarded as still more important, and that is the effort to

raise up *prominent institutions* for the education of female teachers. Resigning all direct connection with the Board of National Popular Education, I first received the funds needed, secured an Association of gentlemen in Jacksonville, to aid me by managing the financial matters, and then went forward to do myself what I had hoped would have been done by Governor Slade. It is my expectation that the two operations ere long will be merged in one, and then I shall hope to retire from any direct agency in the work, and devote myself to the preparation of school books. In this last, I believe, is my most *appropriate* field of labour.

The *method* of establishing these prominent institutions is this. First an offer is made to some town or city, that is lacking in good schools, of a Library and Apparatus and four superior teachers, on condition that the citizens give a reliable pledge that there shall be pupils enough to support the teachers, and the current expenses of the school. This pledge is made by an association of the citizens, who subscribe a certain amount to be used by Trustees of their own appointment in case the income of the school fails to support it.

Next, the institution thus established is organized on the *college plan* instead of the plan usually adopted for high schools — that is, instead of one Principal to sustain the whole responsibility and to employ subordinate teachers entirely subject to the control of this principal, the responsibilities of instruction and government are divided among at least *four* teachers, each of whom is the head of a given department, while the vote of a majority instead of the will of an individual decides every question. At the same time a regular plan of study is instituted as is done in colleges. Thus the removal of any one teacher never interrupts the prosperity of the institution, as is always the case when a High School changes from the control of one principal to that of another.

It has been my part to find the proper teachers and to organize the two first institutions on this plan — one in Milwaukee, Michigan, and the other at Quincy, Illinois. In both these places the citizens have met the proposal very cordially, and more than 100 pupils in each place are engaged or already entered on their course of study.

After these High Schools have progressed one year successfully, it is designed to add a *Normal Department* expressly for the education of teachers. A fifth teacher will then be added to superintend this department. The class of Normal pupils will consist chiefly of the daughters of home missionaries and poor ministers. Other young females of promising abilities will also be received, especially orphans. The salary of the teachers of the Normal Department and most of the expenses of the pupils of that department will be defrayed by funds collected for the purpose. This department will be under the control of the association at Jacksonville, Illinois, who also will hold in trust all the Libraries and Apparatus employed.

In case any institution fails from the neglect of the citizens to furnish the requisite support from pupils and the fund, the Library and Apparatus and Teachers will be removed to another place which will give the requisite pledge.

Thus there are two parties to co-operate in the effort, viz: the Educational Association at Jacksonville that furnishes the *instruments of education* — that is, *apparatus, library and good teachers*, and the citizens who give a reliable pledge securing the requisite number of pupils.

Those who are the best friends of education and the best judges of the West, say this plan will work wonders. Each of these High and Normal Schools will be a centre for sending out the best class of teachers to all the vicinity. And there are twenty large towns or cities which would readily welcome such an opportunity within my own sphere of observation. I expect that the services of a gentleman of high character and abilities will soon be secured, and then I shall resign, and the plan will go forward on a great scale."

Such are the noble views of this patriotic, Christian woman; surely, her own sex — the whole nation will respond to her great idea, and assist in its development, till the work is perfect, the female mind prepared for its office of Christian educator, and every child in our wide land, brought under this enlightened and enlightening influence.

The example of Miss Beecher is of singular interest in manifesting the power of female talent directed, as hers has ever been, to objects clearly within the allowed orbit of woman's mission. She has never overstepped nature; she gives authority and reverence to the station of men; she hastens to place in their hands the public and governing offices of this mighty undertaking, which is destined to become of more importance to our country's interests than any projected since America became a nation. Next to having free institutions, stands Christian education, which makes the whole people capable of sustaining and enjoying them. It is only by preparing woman as the educator, and giving her the office, that this end can be attained.

The printed writings of Miss Beecher have been connected with her governing idea of promoting the best interests of her own sex, and can scarcely be considered as the true index of what her genius, if devoted to literary pursuits, might have produced. Her chief intellectual efforts seem to have been in a direction exactly contrary to her *natural tastes;* hence the romantic girl, who, till the age of twenty, was a poet only, has since aimed at writing whatever she felt was most required for her object, and, of course, has chosen that style of plain prose which would be best understood by the greatest number of readers. Besides the three works named, Miss Beecher has prepared an excellent book on "Domestic Economy, for the use of Young Ladies at Home and at School," which has a wide popularity. Many of those who have studied this work will probably be surprised to learn that the author has ever worshipped the muse, and so we will here insert two poems of Miss Beecher's, and then an extract from her "Mental and Moral Philosophy." Her greatest work has yet to be written.

THE EVENING CLOUD.

See yonder cloud along the west
In gay fantastic splendour dressed;
Fancy's bright visions charm the eye,
Sweet fairy bowers in prospect lie,
And blooming fields smile from the sky
Decked in the hues of even;
But short its evanescent stay,
Its brilliant masses fade away,
The breeze floats off its visions gay,
And clears the face of heaven.

Thus to fond man does Life's fair scene
Delusive spread its cheerful green;
Before his path shine pleasure's bowers,
Each smiling field seems drest in flowers,
Hope leads him on, and shows his hours
For peace and pleasure given.
But one by one his hopes decay,
Each flattering vision fades away,
Each cheering scene charms to betray,
And naught remains but heaven.

TO THE MONOTROPA, OR GHOST FLOWER.

This flower grows in shaded places, and has a singular appearance, with its white stem clasped with pale and livid leaves, and its single drooping white petal. A lovely young friend, who, after mourning the loss of parents, sisters, friend and lover, was herself fast passing away, one day espied this flower in a shaded nook: "Poor thing!" she exclaimed, "*it has lost all its friends!* Write some poetry for it and for me!" The following was in obedience to this request.

Pale, mournful flower, that hidest in shade
Mid dewy damps and murky glade,
With moss and mould,
Why dost thou hang thy ghastly head,
So sad and cold?

No freshness on thy petal gleams,
Gone the bright hues like sunny dreams,
Thy balmy breath,
Lost! and thy livid covering seems
The garb of Death.

Do ills that wring the human breast,
The blooming buds of spring infest
And fade their bloom?
And bend they too, with griefs oppressed,
To the cold tomb?

Is thy pale bosom chilled with woe?
Has treachery hushed the genial flow
Of life's young morn?
Have all who woke thy bosom's glow
Left thee forlorn?

Perchance the wailing night-bird's song
That mortal cares and griefs prolong
At midnight hour,
Wakes *thy* full tide of feeling strong
With thrilling power.

Perchance thy paly earth-bowed head
Is bending now above the dead
With dewy eye,
Soft moaning o'er thy treasure fled
In evening's sigh.

And this thy plaint to reason's ear;
In every scene grief will appear
And Death's cold hour,
As springs mid beauties of the year,
One pale, cold flower.

OBEDIENCE TO THE DIVINE LAW.

Thus reason would sustain the belief, that *obedience to the divine law* is the surest mode for securing every species of happiness, attainable in this state of existence.

To this may be added the evidence of the recorded experience of mankind. To exhibit this, some specific cases will be selected, and perhaps a fairer illustration cannot be presented than the contrasted records of two youthful personages who have made the most distinguished figure in the Christian, and in the literary world; Henry Martyn, the Missionary, and Lord Byron, the Poet.

The first was richly endowed with ardent feelings, keen susceptibilities, and superior intellect. He was the object of many affections, and in the principal university of Great Britain, won the highest honours, both in classic literature and mathematical science. He was flattered, caressed, and admired; the road of fame and honour lay open before him; and the brightest hopes of youth seemed ready to be realized. But the hour came when he looked upon a lost and guilty world in the light of eternity; when he realized the full meaning of the sacrifice of our Incarnate God; when he assumed his obligations to become a fellow-worker in redeeming a guilty world from the dominion of selfishness, and all its future woes. "The love of God constrained him;" and without a murmur, for wretched beings, on a distant shore, whom he never saw, of whom he knew nothing but that they were miserable and guilty, he gave up the wreath of fame; forsook the path of worldly honour; severed the ties of kindred and still dearer ties that bound him to a heart worthy of his own; he gave up friends, and country, and home, and with every nerve throbbing in anguish at the sacrifice, went forth alone, to degraded heathen society, to sorrow and privation, to weariness and painfulness, and to all the trials of missionary life.

He spent his days in teaching the guilty and degraded, the way of pardon and peace. He lived to write the law of his God in the wide spread character of the Persian nation, and to place a copy in the hands of its king. He lived to contend with the chief Moullahs of Mahomet in the mosques of Shiraz, and to kindle a flame in Persia, more undying than its fabled fires. He lived to suffer rebuke and scorn, to toil and suffer in a fervid clime, to drag his weary steps over burning sands, with the every day dying hope, that at last he might be laid to rest among his kindred, and on his native shore. Yet even this was not attained, but after spending all his youth in ceaseless labours for the good of others, at the early age of thirty-two, he was laid in an unknown and foreign grave.

He died *alone*—a stranger in a strange land—with no friendly form around to sympathize and soothe. "*Compositus est pauciorubus lachrymis.*" Yet this was the last record of his dying hand: "I sat in the orchard and thought with sweet comfort and peace of my God! in solitude, my company! my friend! my comforter!"

And in reviewing the record of his short yet blessed life, even if we forget the exulting joy with which such a benevolent spirit must welcome to heaven the thousands he toiled to redeem; if we look only at his years of self-denying trial, we can find more evidence of true happiness, than is to be found in the records of the youthful Poet, who was gifted with every susceptibility of happi-

ness, who spent his days in search of selfish enjoyment, who had every source of earthly bliss laid open, and drank to the very dregs.

His works present one of the most mournful exhibitions of a noble mind in all the wild chaos of ruin and disorder. He also was naturally endowed with overflowing affections, keen sensibilities, quick conceptions, and a sense of moral rectitude. He had all the constituents of a master mind. But he passed through existence amid the wildest disorder of a ruined spirit. His mind seemed utterly unbalanced, teeming with rich thoughts and overbearing impulses, the sport of the strangest fancies, and the strongest passions; bound down by no habit, restrained by no principle; a singular combination of noble conceptions and fantastic caprices, of manly dignity and childish folly, of noble feeling and babyish weakness.

The lord of Newstead Abbey — the heir of a boasted line of ancestry — a peer of the realm — the pride of the social circle — the leading star of poesy — the hero of Greece — the wonder of the gaping world, can now be followed to his secret haunts. And there the veriest child of the nursery might be amused at his silly weakness and ridiculous conceits. Distressed about the make of a collar, fuming at the colour of his dress, intensely anxious about the whiteness of his hands, deeply engrossed with monkeys and dogs, and flying about from one whim to another with a reckless earnestness as ludicrous as it is disgusting.

At times this boasted hero and genius seemed nought but an overgrown child, that had broken its leading strings and overmastered its nurses. At other times he is beheld in all the rounds of dissipation and the haunts of vice, occasionally filling up his leisure in recording and disseminating the disgusting minutiæ of his weakness and shame, and with an effrontery and stupidity equalled only by that of the friend who retails them to the insulted world. Again we behold him philosophizing like a sage, and moralizing like a Christian; while often from his bosom bursts forth the repinings of a wounded spirit. He sometimes seemed to gaze upon his own mind with wonder, to watch its disordered powers with curious enquiry, to touch its complaining strings, and start at the response; while often with maddening sweep he shook every chord, and sent forth its deep wailings to entrance a wondering world.

Both Henry Martyn and Lord Byron shared the sorrows of life, and their records teach the different workings of the benevolent and the selfish mind. Byron lost his mother, and when urged not to give way to sorrow, he burst into an agony of grief, saying, "I had but *one* friend in the world, and now she is gone!" On the death of some of his early friends, he thus writes: "My friends fall around me, and I shall be left a lonely tree before I am withered. I *have no resource* but my own reflections, and they present no prospect here or hereafter, except the selfish satisfaction of surviving my betters. I am indeed most wretched!"

And thus Henry Martyn mourns the loss of one most dear. "Can it be that she has been lying so many months in the cold grave! Would that I could always remember it, or always forget it; but to think a moment on other things, and then feel the remembrance of it come, as if for the first time, rends my heart asunder. O my gracious God, what should I do without Thee! But now thou art manifesting thyself as 'the God of all consolation.' Never was I so near thee. There is nothing in the world for which I could wish to live, except because it may please God to appoint me some work. O thou incomprehensibly glorious Saviour, what hast thou done to alleviate the sorrows of life!"

It is recorded of Byron, that in society he generally appeared humorous and prankish; yet, when rallied on his melancholy turn of writing, his constant answer was, that though thus merry and full of laughter, he was at heart one of the most miserable wretches in existence. And thus he writes: "Why, at the very height of desire and human pleasure, worldly, amorous, ambitious, or even avaricious, does there mingle a certain sense of doubt and sorrow — a fear of what is to come — a doubt of what is. If it were not for Hope, what would the future be — *a hell!* as for the past, what predominates in memory — *hopes baffled!* From whatever place we commence, we know *where it must all end.* And yet what good is there in knowing it? It does not make men wiser or better. If I were to live over again, I do not know what I would change in my life, unless it were for — *not to have lived at all.* All history, and experience, and the rest teach us, that good and evil are pretty equally balanced in this existence, and that what is *most* to be desired is an *easy passage out of it.* What can it give us but years? and these have *little of good but their ending.*"

And thus Martyn writes: "I am happier here in this remote land, where I seldom hear what happens in the world, than I was in England, where there are so many calls to look at things that are seen. The precious *Word* is now my only study, by means of translations. Time flows on with great rapidity. It seems as if life would all be gone before anything is done. I sometimes rejoice that I am but twenty-seven, and that unless God should ordain it otherwise, I may double this number in constant and successful labour. But I shall not cease from my happiness and scarcely from my labour, by passing into the other world."

And thus they make their records at anniversaries, when the mind is called to review life and its labours. Byron writes: "At 12 o'clock I shall have completed thirty-three years! I go to my bed with a heaviness of heart at having lived so long and to so little purpose. It is now 3 minutes past 12, and I am 33!

> Eheu fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
> Labuntur anni;

But I do not regret them so much for what I have done, as for what I *might* have done."

And thus Martyn: "I like to find myself employed usefully, in a way I did not expect or foresee. The coming year is to be a perilous one, but my life is of little consequence, whether I finish the Persian New Testament or not. I look back with pity on myself, when I attached so much importance to my life and labours. The more I see of my own works, the more I am ashamed of them, for coarseness and clumsiness mar all the works of man. I am sick when I look at the wisdom of man, but am relieved by reflecting, that we have a city whose builder and maker is God. The least of *his* works is refreshing. A dried leaf, or a straw, make me feel *in good company*, and complacency and admiration take the place of disgust. What a momentary duration is the life of man! '*Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum*,' may be affirmed of the river; but men pass away as soon as they begin to exist. Well, let the moments pass!

'They waft us sooner o'er this life's tempestuous sea,
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity!'"

Such was the experience of those who in youth completed their course. The Poet has well described his own career:

"A wandering mass of shapeless flame,
A pathless comet and a curse,
The menace of the universe;
Still rolling on with innate force,
Without a sphere, without a course,
A bright deformity on high,
The monster of the upper sky!"

In Holy Writ we read of those who are "raging waves of the sea foaming out their own shame; *wandering stars* to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever." The lips of man may not apply these terrific words to any whose doom is yet to be disclosed; but there is a passage which none can fear to apply. "Those that are wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as stars forever and ever!"

To these youthful witnesses may be added the testimony of two who had fulfilled their years. The first was the polished, the witty, the elegant and admired Earl of Chesterfield, who tried every source of earthly enjoyment, and at the end makes this acknowledgment:—"I have seen," says he, "the silly rounds of business and of pleasure, and have done with them all. I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world, and consequently know their futility, and do not regret their loss. I appraise them at their real value, which is, in truth, very low. Whereas those that have not experienced, always over-rate them. They only see their gay outside, and are dazzled at the glare. But I have been behind the scenes. I have seen all the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes which exhibit and move the gaudy machines; and I have seen and smelt the tallow candles which illuminated the whole decoration, to the astonishment and admiration of the ignorant audience. When I reflect on what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry of bustle and pleasure of the world, had any reality; but I look upon all that is passed as one of those romantic dreams, which opium commonly occasions; and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose, for the sake of the fugitive dream. Shall I tell you that I bear this melancholy situation with that meritorious constancy and resignation, which most people boast of? No, for I really cannot help it. I bear it, because I *must* bear it, whether I will or no! I think of nothing but of killing time the best way I can, now that he is become my enemy. It is my resolution to *sleep* in the carriage during the remainder of the journey of life."

The other personage was Paul, the Aged. For Christ and the redemption of those for whom He died, he "suffered the loss of all things;" and this is the record of his course: "In labours abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths, oft; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils among false brethren. In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness,—and that which cometh daily upon me, the care of all the churches. We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, yet not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed. For though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. For our *light* affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen; for the things which are seen, are temporal, but the things which are not seen, are eternal." And when the time drew near that he was to be "offered up," and he looked back on the past course of his life, these are his words of triumphant exultation: "I have fought a *good* fight! I have finished my course! I have kept the faith! from henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which Christ, the righteous judge shall give!"

To this testimony of experience, may be added that of Scripture. "Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he! The fear of the Lord, *that is wisdom*, and to depart from evil is understanding. Wisdom is better than rubies, and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. Keep sound wisdom, so shall it be life to thy soul. Then shalt thou walk in thy way safely, and when thou liest down thou shalt not be afraid, yea, thou shalt lie down and thy sleep shall be sweet." And thus the Redeemer invites to his service: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls!"

BELLOC, LOUISE SWANTON,

Resides in Paris, where she is favourably known for her zeal in promoting female education. She is one of that class of literary women, now, as we trust, fast increasing in France, who believing in God and his revealed Word, are devoting their time and talents to the great work of popular instruction. As the basis of this, female education is indispensable, and those who, with pious hearts and delicate hands, toil in this portion of the vineyard of truth, deserve a high place among the philanthropists of our era.

Madame Belloc is happy in having an ally—*Adelaide Montgolfier*, daughter of the celebrated æronaut; their good works are so interwoven that we cannot well separate their names in this sketch. One of their plans for the moral benefit of society is thus described by Mademoiselle Montgolfier, in a letter to an American friend.

"We have established a *choice circulating library*, designed to counterbalance, as much as possible, the bad effects produced by the numerous reading rooms, which place in all hands, and spread every where, the most dangerous works, and the sad consequences of bad reading. Especially women who have not the active life of men, and cannot therefore correct the visions of imagination as easily, are becoming more and more sensible of this fact in our country. We wish therefore to succour these children, young persons, young women, and parents, and form a choice library of sound and healthy reading, which will develop and enkindle the soul, enlighten the mind, and vivify and direct the imagination. We do not allow any book to enter this library whose tendency is dangerous. We issue to subscribers a leaf of the catalogue every month, giving the title of the works and a short account of their moral and literary character, as well as the effect they will probably produce on the intelligence, character, and taste of the people. As may be practicable, we submit these opinions to the consideration of those who are generally known as good judges."

But previous to the formation of this plan, and soon after the Revolution of Les trois Jours, Madam Belloc was appointed by the Government of France to assist General Lafayette in establishing public libraries; but owing to various obstacles the design was never encouraged, and finally was abandoned. Then the select circulating library was planned,—we do not know what its success has been; but the idea illustrates the noble character of these women. Another work of their united care was very successful. They edited and published a monthly Magazine—"*La Ruche, Journal d' études Familière*,"—devoted to the education of girls.

The principal works of both have been prepared for the young. "Pierre et Pierrette," by Madame Belloc, was crowned (or obtained the prize) by the French Academy; and "Corbeille de l'Année, or Mêlodies de Printemps," by Mademoiselle Montgolfier, was adopted, by the University, in the primary and high schools for girls. She has written many other works for the young, among which are "Piccolissima," and "Contes devenus Histoires."

Madame Belloc has translated many useful works for the youth of her own fair land, from the English language, and from American authors. Miss Sedgwick's writings are among her favourites. She also translated Dr. Channing's "Essay upon the actual State of Literature in the United States, and the importance of a National Literature," to which Madame Belloc prefixed an "Essai sur la vie publique et privie de l' Auteur," written with much discrimination and good sense.

But the lofty patriotism and noble sentiments of Madame Belloc are strikingly expressed in a work published in 1826, at Paris, entitled "Bonaparte and the Greeks:"—those who would become acquainted with the mind of a gifted and true woman should read this work. It breathes the assurance of moral renovation in France,—a nation must struggle upward if the souls of its women hold the truth steadfast; and France has daughters worthy of this encomium.

M. Jullien, the distinguished editor of the Revue Encyclopédique, in speaking of Madame Belloc to an American lady* who visited France in 1830, said she—Madame Belloc—was introduced to him by the Marquise de Villette, as a young person of brilliant talents. She first wrote for the Revue, from the mere impulse of an active and benevolent mind, and her writings had been much admired and spoken of, before she would allow her name to be made public. He told her this was a course unworthy of her. She was responsible for the talent God had given her, and why shrink from that responsibility? Fame would increase her power for doing good to the unfortunate, and of being useful to the world—and for these reasons, she should encounter its inconveniences, and overcome her own delicate though mistaken feelings.

He spoke of her piety, her filial tenderness and sacrifices, the constancy of her attachments, and gave instances to illustrate her compassionate zeal for the unfortunate.

* See Journal of Travels in France and Great Britain, by Mrs. Emma Willard.

She is described as "majestic in figure, with a countenance expressive of benevolence and intelligence;" a Minerva in form, as well as in wisdom and goodness.

The likeness we give of Madame Belloc, is from an engraving taken from a picture painted by her husband.

BLACKWELL, ELIZABETH,

Deserves to have her name recorded for the earnest efforts she is making to prepare herself to be a physician for her own sex. The reform of the practice which has confined all medical and even physiological science to men is, we trust, approaching. The example of this young heroic woman has already had a salutary effect. We give her history, as written by one well qualified to judge of her character, and the fitness of the pursuit she has chosen. Having been a physician, he knows and feels that some branches of medical practice ought to be exclusively in the hands of women.

"The public, through the newspapers, has been pretty generally informed that Elizabeth Blackwell was a regular student of Geneva Medical College, and received the diploma of that institution at its commencement in 1849. As she is the first Medical Doctor of her sex in the United States, the case is, naturally enough, one of those questionable matters upon which there must be a great variety of opinions; and the public sentiment is, besides, influenced by the partial and inaccurate statements of facts and conjectures which usually supply the place of correct information.

Elizabeth Blackwell was born about 1820, in the city of Bristol, England. Her father settled with his family in New York when she was about eleven years old. After a residence there of five or six years, he failed in business, and removed to Cincinnati. A few weeks after his arrival there, he died, leaving his widow and nine children in very embarrassed circumstances. Elizabeth, the third daughter, was then seventeen years of age. During the ensuing seven years, she engaged with two of her sisters in teaching a young lady's seminary. By the joint efforts of the elder children, the younger members of the family were supported and educated, and a comfortable homestead on Walnut Hill was secured for the family. The property which, in the midst of their first difficulties, they had the forecast to purchase, has already quadrupled the price which it cost them. I give this fact for the illustration of character which it affords.

It was in 1843 that Miss Blackwell first entertained the idea of devoting herself to the study of medicine. Having taken the resolution, she went vigorously to work to effect it. She commenced the study of Greek, and persevered until she could read it satisfactorily, and revived her Latin by devoting three or four hours a day to it, until she had both sufficiently for all ordinary and professional purposes. French she had taught, and studied German to gratify her fondness for its modern literature. The former she speaks with fluency, and translates the latter elegantly, and can manage to read Italian prose pretty well.

Early in the spring of 1845, for the purpose of making the most money in the shortest time, she set out for North Carolina, and, after some months teaching French and music, and reading medicine with Dr. John Dickson, at Asheville, she removed to Charleston. Here she taught music alone, and read industriously under the direction of Dr. Samuel H. Dickson, then a resident of Charleston, and now Professor of Practice in the University of New York. In 1847, she came to Philadelphia, for the purpose of pursuing the study. That summer, Dr. J. M. Allen, Professor of Anatomy, afforded her excellent opportunities for dissection in his private anatomical rooms. The winter following, she attended her first full course of lectures at Geneva, N. Y. The next summer, she resided at the Blockley Hospital, Philadelphia, where she had the kindest attentions from Dr. Benedict, the Principal Physician, and the very large range for observation which its great variety and number of cases afford. The succeeding winter, she attended her second course at Geneva, and graduated regularly at the close of the session. Her thesis was upon Ship Fever, which she had ample opportunities for observing at Blockley. It was so ably written, that the Faculty of Geneva determined to give it publication.

It is in keeping with my idea of this story to add, that the proceeds of her own industry have been adequate to the entire expense of her medical education—about eight hundred dollars.

My purpose in detailing these particulars is, to give the fullest notion of her enterprise and object. She gave the best summary of it that can be put into words in her reply to the President of the Geneva College, when he presented her diploma. Departing from the usual form, he rose and addressed her in a manner so emphatic and unusual, that she was surprised into a response. "I thank you, sir," said she. "With the help of the Most High, it shall be the study of my life to shed honour on this diploma."

Her settled sentiment was perhaps unconsciously disclosed in this brief speech. She had fought her way into the profession, openly, without disguise, evasion, or any indirection, steadily refusing all compromises and expediencies, and under better impulses and with higher aims than personal ambition or the distinction of singularity. Her object was not the honour that a medical degree could confer upon her, but the honour that she resolved to bestow upon it; and that she will nobly redeem this pledge is, to all who know her, rather more certain than almost any other unarrived event.

Those who will form opinions about Miss Blackwell herself, from their own views of her enterprise, run a very great risk of making mistakes. It is natural enough for them to ask, 'What sort of a woman is she?' and it is likely that each will answer it for himself, but it is not likely that one in a dozen will hit the truth. Manifest considerations of propriety forbid such a description in this "Record," and especially due respect for her own feelings checks the inclination which I feel to draw her personal character. She seeks

no notoriety that can be avoided, though she shrinks from no necessary exposure. She has not given her name to any of the publications by which she has been earning money for the achievement of her great undertaking, and her avoidance of the occasions of notoriety which court her at every turn amounts almost to a fault. In manner and spirit she is as quiet and retiring as she is inflexible in purpose and determined in action. The spirit of adventure never had a more gentle and tranquil lodgment in woman's nature.

In two or three years, she has solicited perhaps fifty medical men, and at least a dozen medical schools, for the privilege of studying the profession, and was refused by all except those which I have mentioned. I heard her say that she had found in the Union four medical schools willing to admit black men, and only two that would extend the same courtesy to white women. I have seen her often after her successive repulses, but in no instance heard a word of complaint or reproach, or observed the slightest indication of dejection. Her conclusion always was, "There is some place in the world for me, and I'll find it." There are doubtless other physicians, and perhaps other schools, that would have received her, but she always took the first acceptable grant, and instantly availed herself of it, with an industry and promptitude that I never saw equalled. The fact is, that the faith in which she lives and works has the tone and all the force of religious confidence. The secret of her efficiency and her success is in that patience which rests upon the Divine Providence. Her construction of the resistance which she was constantly encountering was always kinder and perhaps truer than any friend would allow or any opponent could fairly ask.

She entertains no particular respect for the science of medicine, and disavows any natural taste for its pursuit; and the incidents of the study I believe are as repugnant to her as to any sensitive woman who would shudder at the thought of them. But she differs in the matter of nerves from those who shudder at anything which comes in the shape of duty and noble enterprise. She devoted herself to her novel undertaking at twenty-three years of age, because she had then worked herself into the spirit of victory, and the tone of an earnest life that could not be smothered in her merely personal interests. Heroes are not made of the metal that is liable to rust.

Will she succeed? Those who, knowing her, do not know that now, are just the kind of geniuses who will not know the fact when it is fulfilled before their eyes.

Women will decide whether they must forever remain only sufferers and subjects of medical indelicacy, if they are once wakened up to the discussion."

Miss Blackwell sailed for Europe on the 18th April, 1849. She spent a couple of weeks in London, Dudley and Birmingham. In Birmingham, (near which her uncle and cousins, large iron manufacturers, reside, one of her cousins now being Government Geologist for Wales,) she was freely admitted to all the hospitals and other privileges of medical visitors. They called her in England, "The Lady Surgeon." Provided with letters to London, she made the acquaintance of the best known medical men there; among others, Dr. Carpenter, author of a standard work on Physiology, much in use in the United States, gave her a soirée, where she met the faculty of the highest rank generally. When she visited St. Bartholomew's hospital (it is the largest in England, and its annual income is £30,000,) the Senior Surgeon met her, and said that, hearing she would visit the hospital that day, though it was not his day for attending, he thought it due to her that he should do the honours of the establishment, and accordingly he lectured to the classes (clinical lectures) in her presence.

Moreover, early in the spring of 1850, the dean of the Faculty of St. Bartholomew's hospital, London, tendered to Miss Dr. Blackwell the privileges of their institution, on the ground that it was due to her, and added that he doubted not all the other schools of the city would do the same.

In Paris, she resided as an élève at the Hospital Maternitè, in the Rue du' Port Royal. It is, as its name indicates, a maternity hospital, and offers great opportunities in that department, as well as in the diseases of women and children.

None of the French physicians seem to have extended any particular courtesy towards Miss Blackwell, except M. Blot, of the Maternitè — and his was characteristic of French delicacy, where they hide every thing which ought to be thrown open, and display just what they should conceal.

In England no difficulty was made or felt about Miss Blackwell's presence at the hospitals and before the classes. In Paris, M. Blot proposed to her to assume *male attire*, — then she might visit these places! Her indignant reply was, that she would not thus dishonour her womanhood, nor seek her object by any indirection, for all they could offer her.

In personal appearance Miss Blackwell is rather below the middle size, lady-like in manners, and very quiet, almost reserved, in company. That her example is destined to work out a great and beneficial change in the medical practice of America, we confidently hope; and that England will soon follow this change, we will not doubt. Is it not repugnant to reason, as well as shocking to delicacy, that men should act the part of *midwives*? Who believes this is necessary? that woman could not acquire all the requisite physiological and medical knowledge, and by her sympathy for the sufferer, which men cannot feel, become a far more congenial helper?

God has sanctioned this profession of Female Physicians; He "built houses" for the Hebrew midwives, and he will bless those who go forward to rescue their sex from subjection to this unnatural and shocking custom of employing men in their hour of sorrow. We trust the time is not far distant when the women of the Anglo-Saxon race will be freed from such a sad servitude to the scientific knowledge of man, which neither God nor nature sanctions.

BREMER, FREDERIKA,

A NAME that has a true feminine celebrity, because it awakens pleasant thoughts and bright hopes in the hearts of all who have read her heart, as it gushes forth from her pen, like a clear, sweet fountain in the sunshine of a summer day. We Americans love her name, as we do those who have contributed to our happiness; and she has done this by opening new sources of innocent enjoyment, and a wider field of benevolent feeling. She has brought the dim, old, Scandinavian world, that seemed completely hidden by the cloud of fable and curtain of time from the Western hemisphere, before us as with an enchanter's wand. Her little white hand has gently led us up among primeval mountains covered with eternal forests of pine, and along the banks of deep lakes, where the blue waters have slept since the creation; guiding us now to bowers of summer loveliness, where morning folds evening to her bosom with a kiss that leaves her own blushing lustre on the brow of her dusky sister; then we are set down among the snow-hills and ice-plains of the Norland winter, where the "dark night entombs the day." She has done more: she has led us "over the threshold of the Swede," introduced us into the sanctuary of their cheerful homes, made us friends with her friends; and awakened in our people an interest for the people of Sweden, which we have never felt for any other nation on the continent of Europe. She has thus prepared the way for the success of another gifted daughter of Sweden, who comes like a new St. Cecilia, to make manifest the heavenly influence of song when breathed from a pure and loving heart.

Frederika Bremer was born in Finland while it formed a portion of the Swedish kingdom; and about the time of its cession to Russia, in 1808, she was taken by her parents to Stockholm. Of these events, which were of much influence in giving her mind its peculiar tone, we will quote her own beautiful description, as communicated to us by her friend and sister spirit, Mary Howitt of London.

"If it should so happen that, as regards me, any one should wish to cast a kind glance behind the curtain which conceals a somewhat eventful life, he may discover that I was born on the banks of the Aura, a river which flows through Abo, and that several of the venerable and learned men of the university were even my godfathers. At the age of three, I was removed, with my family, from my native country of Finland. Of this part of my life, I have only retained one single memory. This memory is a word, a mighty name, which, in the depths of Paganism, was pronounced by the Finnish people with fear and love; and is still so pronounced in these days, although perfected by Christianity. I still fancy that I often hear this word spoken aloud over the trembling earth by the thunder of Thor, or by the gentle winds which bring to it refreshment and consolation. That word is—Jumala: the Finnish name for God, both in Pagan and Christian times.

If any one kindly follows me from Finland into Sweden, where my father purchased an estate after he had sold his property in Finland, I would not trouble him to accompany me from childhood to youth, with the inward elementary chaos, and the outward, uninteresting, and common-place picture of a family, which every autumn removed, in their covered carriage, from their estate in the country to their house in the capital; and every spring trundled back again from their house in the capital to their country-seat; nor how there were young daughters in the family who played on the piano, sang ballads, read novels, drew in black chalk, and looked forward, with longing glances, to the future, when they hoped to see and do wonderful things. With humility, I must confess, I always regarded myself as a heroine.

Casting a glance into the family circle, it would be seen that they collected, in the evening, in the great drawing-room of their country house, and read aloud; that the works of the German poets were read, especially Schiller, whose Don Carlos made a profound impression upon the youthful mind of one of the daughters in particular.

A deeper glance into her soul will show that a heavy reality of sorrow was spreading, by degrees, a dark cloud over the splendour of her youthful dreams. Like early evening, it came over the path of the young pilgrim of life; and earnestly, but in vain, she endeavoured to escape it. The air was dimmed as by a heavy fall of snow, darkness increased, and it became night. And in the depth of that endless winter night, she heard lamenting voices from the east, and from the west; from plant and animal; from dying nature and despairing humanity; and she saw life, with all its beauty, its love, its throbbing heart, buried alive beneath a chill covering of ice. Heaven seemed dark and void;—there seemed to her no eyes, even as there was no heart. All was dead, or, rather, all was dying—excepting pain.

There is a significant picture, at the commencement, in every mythology. In the beginning, there is a bright, and warm, and divine principle, which allies itself to darkness; and from this union of light and darkness—of fire and tears—

proceeds a God. I believe that something similar to this takes place in every human being who is born to a deeper life; and something similar took place in her who writes these lines.

Looking at her a few years later, it will be seen that a great change has taken place in her. Her eyes have long been filled with tears of unspeakable joy; she is like one who has arisen from the grave to a new life. What has caused this change? Have her splendid youthful dreams been accomplished? Is she a heroine? Has she become victorious in beauty, or in renown? No; nothing of this kind. The illusions of youth are past — the season of youth is over. And yet she is again young; for there is freedom in the depth of her soul, and "let there be light" has been spoken above its dark chaos; and the light has penetrated the darkness, and illumined the night, whilst, with her eye fixed upon that light, she has exclaimed, with tears of joy, "Death, where is thy sting? Grave, where is thy victory?"

Many a grave since then has been opened to receive those whom she tenderly loved; many a pang has been felt since then; but the heart throbs joyfully, and the dark night is over. Yes, it is over; but not the fruit which it has borne; for there are certain flowers which first unfold in the darkness; so is it also in the midnight hours of great suffering; the human soul opens itself to the light of the eternal stars.

If it be desired to hear anything of my writings, it may be said that they began in the eighth year of my age, when I apostrophized the moon in French verses, and that during the greater part of my youth I continued to write in the same sublime strain. I wrote under the impulse of restless youthful feelings — I wrote in order to write. Afterwards, I seized the pen under the influence of another motive, and wrote — that which I had read.

At the present time, when I stand on the verge of the autumn of my life, I still see the same objects which surrounded me in the early days of my spring, and I am so happy as still to possess, out of many dear ones, a beloved mother and sister. The mountains which surround our dwelling, and upon which Gustavus Adolphus assembled his troops before he went as a deliverer to Germany, appear to me not less beautiful than they were in the days of my childhood; they have increased in interest, for I am now better acquainted with their grass and their flowers."

An American friend of Miss Bremer thus concludes her sketch.

"The Countess Hahn-Hahn, who visited Miss Bremer at her country residence of Arsta a few years since, speaks of it as being remarkable in an historical point of view. The house is of stone, built during the Thirty Years' War, with large and lofty apartments, overlooking the meadow where Gustavus Adolphus reviewed the army with which he marched into Livonia. It is surrounded with magnificent trees, the dark waters of the Baltic lying in the distance. Here Miss Bremer, with a beloved mother and sister, resides for a part of the year, and here many of our countrymen have had the pleasure of visiting her, and enjoying her hospitality. One of these remarks of her, that in every thought and act, she seems to have but one object — that of making her fellow-beings contented and happy. She is possessed of an ample fortune, and devotes her income mostly to charitable objects. In a recent severe winter, when the poor were dying with hunger and cold, hundreds through her means were warmed and fed, who would otherwise have perished."

The writings of Miss Bremer were first made known to the British and American public by the Howitts, — William and Mary, — who translated "The Neighbours," her first, and in many respects her most remarkable work. This was published in 1842, at New York, and soon made its way, as on the wings of the wind, through the length and breadth of our land. Every where it was welcomed as a messenger bird, that brought good tidings from a far country.

While the soul of the Christian yearns over the heathen, the heart will revolt from their unspeakable pollutions; — we cannot love their homes. But nations who have the Bible are naturally brought together, the moment the barrier of language is removed. "The Neighbours" were "Our Neighbours" as soon as dear Mary Howitt had presented them in English. The warm welcome the work received induced the translator to bring out the other works of Miss Bremer, and in quick succession, we read "Home;" "The H. Family;" "The President's Daughters;" "Nina;" "The Strife and Peace;" "The Diary;" "Life in Delacarlia;" "The Midnight Sun;" and other shorter sketches from periodicals.

In the autumn of 1849, Miss Bremer, whose intention of visiting America had been previously announced, arrived in New York: she was welcomed to the hearts and homes of the American people with a warmth of affection her genius could never have inspired, had she not devoted her talents to the cause of humanity. Americans felt that she would understand the moral power, which in its development here, enables the people to govern themselves without "Cæsar, or his sword." The following remarks which she made to an American, show that she does comprehend it; she said: —

"I have more than once heard you esteem yourself fortunate in being born a citizen of the North American republic. I have listened to your enthusiastic words respecting that empire, founded — so unlike all others, — not by the powers of war, but by those of peace; its wealth and greatness, acquired by bloodless victories; its efforts to become a great and powerful community in a Christian meaning, by raising every one to an equal degree of enlightenment and equal rights, efforts which now so powerfully attract the eyes of Europe and America: and I have understood your love. Will you also be able to understand mine? It belongs exclusively to a poor country, an inconsiderable people, nurtured in necessity and warlike deeds, but under whose blood-stained laurels there dwells a spirit, powerful and profound as their ancient mythology. This is now no more, or lives but as a remembrance in the

breasts of our people, or as an echo in our valleys; corn grows in our fields, and the Linnæa blooms in our woods, protected by many years of peace. Travellers who come to Sweden from more populous countries exclaim, 'How still; how silent and lifeless!' Has that life, then, formerly so powerful, become extinct? No; but it has retired into silence. And in the silence of nature, in Sweden, where primeval mountains, covered with pine forests, surround deep, tranquil lakes, the contemplative spirit lives more profoundly than elsewhere; the listening ear can, better than amid the tumults of the world, become acquainted with the secrets of nature and the human heart, and comprehend the revelations of a life peculiar to that people, beside whose cradle the prophetess Vala sang her wonderful song of the origin, destruction, and regeneration of all things."

In this reference to Sweden, Miss Bremer, unconsciously to herself, accounts for all those blemishes in her works, which English Reviewers have so severely condemned; and which the moral and religious public in America have lamented. We see by her own admission, that what Mr. Laing stated in his "Observations on Sweden," is true — "that Christianity there is a matter of form;" that, "the old gods of the land have still a half-unconscious worship;" and that, "in no Christian community has religion less influence on the state of public morals." * And now bearing in mind these things, should we wonder that Miss Bremer describes dancing and merry making on Sundays; and love-scenes with married women as a matter of course; and even that shocking, incestuous passion between the niece and uncle which made "The H—— Family" a proscribed book? An uncle can intermarry with his niece in Sweden; the church permits festivities on Sundays; and Mr. Laing shows from authentic records the deplorable state of the people.†

But it is remarkable, and in the highest degree honourable to the delicacy of Miss Bremer's moral nature, that when she writes *from her heart*, everything with which she deals becomes pure and instructive. When drawing characters she must show them in the light by which to her human nature has been developed in Sweden; the evils apparent are in the system of government, both of church and state, not in the mind that paints their results.

In order to do justice to Miss Bremer, we shall select, chiefly, from such passages as display her good heart, rather than the more striking passages where her genius in the descriptive appears, or where her peculiar talent of giving to the conversations of her ideal characters a fresh racy and original flow is so graceful and charming. From the selections we make, the holy aspirings of her soul are apparent, and though she has already done so much for literature, her country, and her sex, yet we hope a wider vista is opening before her, and we believe she has power to reach even a higher and a holier fame. With the Bible as her rule of faith and morality, she would be more and more able to answer that prayer of the British friend of Sweden.

"Many of her best writers (says he) are more and more devoting themselves to *domestic* subjects. All who know the bold and honest and ingenuous Swedish yeomanry, must love and esteem them. As yet, in spite of the floods of demoralization flowing from the towns, they are *sound at the core.* May God raise up at least one spirit with courage great enough, and views extensive enough, and a life and heart pure enough, to urge him on to a public avowal and defence of those great, simple, solid, everlasting principles of private and national morals, of truth and justice and mercy, of law and of liberty, which shall turn the stream of public opinion in that country, into a more healthy channel, and restore to this ancient and brave and distinguished people that home right, and those home manners, that sound hearty northern gladness, and that unaffected purity which foreign corruptions and unfortunate government politics have shaken, till the very foundations thereof do tremble."

The hope of Sweden seems now to rest on her women; let the sweet singer be able to realize her plan of founding the common school system for the children; and let Miss Bremer awaken in the hearts of her readers the enthusiastic love of virtue, truth, and justice, which from her heart flows through her works — and with the blessing of God, the victory of Good over Evil will be won.

Selections from "The Neighbours."

ADVICE OF MA CHERE MERE TO A YOUNG WIFE.

A young woman — lay my words to heart — cannot be too circumspect in her conduct. She must take heed of herself, my dear Franziska, take heed of herself. I grant you that this our age is more moral than that of my youth, when King Gustave III., of blessed memory, introduced French manners and French fashions into our country; and I believe now, that there are much fewer Atheists and Asmodeuses in the world. But as I said before, you must take heed of yourself, Franziska, for the tempter may come to you, just as well as to many another one; not because you are handsome — for you are not handsome, and you are very short — but your April countenance has its own little charm, and then you sing very pret-

* "It is a singular and embarrassing fact, that the Swedish nation, isolated from the mass of the European people, and almost entirely agricultural or pastoral; having in about 3,000,000 of individuals only 14,925 employed in manufactories, and these not congregated in one or two places, but scattered among 2037 factories; having no great standing army or navy; no extended commerce; no afflux of strangers; no considerable city but one; and having schools and universities in a fair proportion, and a powerful and complete church establishment undisturbed in its labours by sect or schism; is notwithstanding in a more demoralized state than any nation in Europe — more demoralized even than any equal portion of the dense manufacturing population of Great Britain."— *Laing's Observations on Sweden.*

† "Figures do not bring home to our imagination the moral condition of a population so depraved as that of Stockholm. * * * * Suppose a traveller standing in the streets of Edinburgh (as he might in Stockholm) and able to say from undeniable public returns, "One out of every three persons passing me is, on an average, the offspring of illicit intercourse; and one out of every forty-nine has been convicted within these twelve months of some criminal offence."— *Laing's Observations on Sweden.*

tily; as one may say, you have your own little attractions. And some day or other a young coxcomb will come and figure away before you; now mind my advice, keep him at a distance, keep him at a distance by your own proper behaviour. But if this should not suffice for him — should he still make advances, and speak fulsome seductive words, then you must look at him with a countenance of the highest possible astonishment, and say: 'Sir, you are under a great mistake, I am not such a one as you suppose!' Should this not answer the purpose, but he still continue to make advances, then go you directly to your husband, and say: 'My friend, so and so has occurred, and so and so have I acted; now you must just act as you think proper!' Then, my dear Franziska, depend upon it, the Corydon will soon discover that the clock has struck, and, no little ashamed, he will go about his own business; while you will have no shame, but on the contrary, honour from the affair, and beyond this, will find that a good conscience makes a happy conscience, and that 'a conscience light gives rest by night.'

* * * * *

I will tell you how you must conduct yourself to your husband. You will always find him an honourable man, therefore I give you this one especial piece of advice — never have recourse to untruths with him, be it ever so small, or to help yourself out of ever so great a difficulty; for untruth leads ever into greater difficulty, and besides this it drives confidence out of the house.

* * * * *

When all this rummaging about and this thorough house inspection was brought to an end, we sat down on the sofa to rest, and Ma chère mère addressed me in the following manner: 'It is only now and then, my dear Franziska, that I make such a house review, but it keeps every thing in order, and fills the domestics with respect. Set the clock only to the right time, and it will go right of itself, and thus one need not go about tick-tacking like a pendulum. Keep this in mind, my Franziska. Many ladies affect a great deal, and make themselves very important with their bunch of keys, running for ever into the kitchen and store-room; all unnecessary labour, Franziska; much better is it for a lady to govern her house with her head than with her heels; the husband likes that best, or if he do not he is a stupid fellow, and the wife ought then in heaven's name to box him on the ears with her bunch of keys! Many ladies will have their servants for ever on their feet: that does no good; servants must have their liberty and rest sometimes; one must not muzzle the ox that treads out the corn. Let your people be answerable for all they do; it is good for them as well as the mistress. Have a hold upon them either by the heart or by honour, and give them ungrudgingly whatever by right is theirs, for the labourer is worthy of his hire. But then, three or four times a year, but not at any regular time, come down upon them like the day of judgment; turn every stone and see into every corner, storm like a thunder tempest, and strike down here and there at the right time; it will purify the house for many weeks.

RESOLUTIONS OF A YOUNG WIFE.

How is it that the flame is so soon extinguished on the altar of love? Because the married pair forget to supply materials for the fire. One must unfold, and cultivate, and perfect oneself in one's progress through life, and then life will become an unfolding of love and happiness.

My first employment will be to arrange my house, so that contentment and peace may dwell in it. I will endeavour to be a wise lawgiver in my small, but not mean world; and do you know what law I mean first of all to promulgate and enforce with the most rigorous exactness? A law for the treatment of animals, thus:

All domestic animals shall be kept with the utmost care, and treated in a friendly and kind manner. They shall live happily, and shall be killed in that mode which will make death least painful to them.

No animal shall be tortured in the kitchen; no fish shall be cleaned while alive, or be put alive into the kettle; no bird shall, while half dead, be hung up on a nail: a stroke with a knife shall, as soon as possible, give them death, and free them from their torture.

These, and several other commands shall be contained in my laws. How much unnecessary cruelty is perpetrated every day, because people never think of what they do; and how uncalled for, how unworthy is cruelty toward animals! Is it not enough, that in the present arrangement of things they are sentenced during their lives to be subject to us, and after their deaths to serve us for food, without our embittering yet more this heavy lot? We are compelled in many cases to act hostilely toward them, but there is no reason why we need become cruel enemies. How unspeakably less would they not suffer, if in all these circumstances in which they resemble mankind, in the weakness of their age, in the suffering of their sickness, and in death, we acted humanely toward them!

There were laws in the old world which made mildness towards animals the holiest duty of man, while the violation of such laws was severely punished; and we, Maria, who acknowledge a religion of love, shall we act worse toward the animal creation than the heathen did? Did not He who established the kingdom of love on the earth, say that not a sparrow fell to the ground without the knowledge of our Father which is in heaven? Observe, Maria, he said not that the sparrow should not fall, but that it should not fall without being seen by the Universal Father. Yes, all the unnecessary suffering which the intemperance, the folly, the cruelty of man occasion to animals is also seen; and heard, too, is the lamentable cry and the complaint which the same causes; and on the other side the grave, may not its annoyance add yet one more pang to hell, and trouble even the peace of the spirits in heaven?

Oh, Maria! let not us women and housewives be deserving of this punishment; let us, when we come before the judgment-seat of the Universal

Father, be pure from all unthankfulness, and abuse of any creature which he has made; and let us deserve in that better world to see around us an ennobled race of animals, to live with them in a loving relationship, even as we had already begun to do on earth!

OF CHILDREN.

We will love our children, Fanny! We will bring them up in a clear and steady fear of God. We will teach them order and diligence. What relates to talent and a finer accomplishment, they shall receive that too if we have the means; if we have them not, then do not let us trouble ourselves about them. The chief thing is, that they become good and useful men; they will then find their way both here and hereafter. Thou, my Fanny, wilt early teach them what is in the hymn which thou art so fond of singing—

He who can read his paternoster right,
Fears neither witch nor devil.

* * * * *

Above all things, my dear daughters, bear in mind that you are human beings. Be good, be true; the rest will follow. As much as possible, be kind to every one; tender to every animal. Be without sentimentality and affectation. Affectation is a miserable art, my daughters — despise it as truly as you would acquire moral worth. Do not regard yourselves as very important, let you have as many talents and endowments as you may; consider nature and life, and be humble. Should you be treated by nature like a hard stepmother, and be infirm, ordinary, or the like, do not be discouraged; you may draw near to the Most High. Require not much from other people, especially from one another. The art to sink in the esteem of yourselves and others, is to make great demands, and give little.

From the other Novels of Miss Bremer.

A CHRISTIAN.

When a heart breaks under the burden of its sorrows — when sickness strikes its root in wounds opened by pain, and life consumes away slowly to death, then none of us should say that that heavily-laden heart should not have broken; that it might have exerted its strength to bear its suffering. No; we would express no word of censure on that prostrated spirit because it could not raise itself — before its resurrection from the grave.

But beautiful, strengthening, and glorious is the view of a man who presents a courageous and patient breast to the poisoned arrows of life; who without defiance and without weakness, goes upon his way untroubled; who suffers without complaint; whose fairest hopes have been borne down to the grave by fate, and who yet diffuses joy around him, and labours for the happiness of others. Ah, how beautiful is the view of such a one, to whom the crown of thorns becomes the glory of a saint!

I have seen more than one such royal sufferer, and have always felt at the sight, "Oh, could I be like this one — it is better than to be worldly fortunate!"

BETROTHMENT.

When Moses struck the rock and the water gushed forth; when Aaron's staff budded at once into green leaf and flower — it certainly was miraculous. But almost as miraculous is the change which takes place in two persons who love each other, and who, from mere acquaintance, become — betrothed. A partition wall has been removed from between them. They might love; they might show their love to each other; they might show it before the whole world and stand before each other as suns, and bloom forth in beauty before each other. But who can describe how the mystical depths disclose themselves in the deep, inward soul? It must be experienced. The change is the greatest in the woman; because habit and custom and that bashfulness which nature has given to the young girl before him whom she secretly loves, all fetter her behaviour, and put, as it were, body and soul in armour. But — hast thou read the beautiful old song about the Valkyria which lay bound in a deep sleep in her armour, under the strong power of witchcraft? The knight comes who unlooses her coat of mail, and then she is released. She wakes; salutes the day, salutes the night, heaven and earth, gods and goddesses, and looks joyfully on all the world, and she is now, the newly awakened, who gives to her deliverer, to her beloved, the drink (the mead) which makes him clear-sighted—

Human strength blended
With might of the gods:
Full of sweet singing
And power of healing,
Of beautiful poems
And runes of rejoicing.

It is she who interprets to him the mysterious runes of life; he who, enchanted, listens to her and learns.

MARRIAGE.

We array ourselves for marriages in flowers; and wear dark mourning-dresses for the last sorrowful festivity which attends a fellow-being to his repose. And this often might be exactly reversed. But the custom is beautiful — for the sight of a young bride invites the heart involuntarily to joy. The festal attire, the myrtle wreath upon the virgin brows; all the affectionate looks, and the anticipations of the future, which beautifully accompany her — all enrapture us. One sees in them a new home of love raised on earth; a peaceful Noah's Ark on the wild flood of life, in which the white dove of peace will dwell and build her nest; loving children, affectionate words, looks, and love-warm hearts, will dwell in the new home; friends will enjoy themselves under its hospitable roof; and much beautiful activity, and many a beautiful gift, will thence go forth, and full of blessing diffuse itself over life. There stands the young bride, creator of all this — hopes and joys go forth from her. No one thinks of sufferings at a marriage festival.

And if the eyes of the bride stand full of tears; if her cheeks are pale, and her whole being — when the bridegroom approaches her, fearful and ill at ease — even then people will not think of

misfortune. Cousins and aunts wink at one another and whisper, "I was just so on my wedding-day; but that passes over with time!" Does a more deeply and more heavily tried heart feel perhaps a sigh rise within, when it contemplates the pale, troubled bride, it comforts itself, in order not to disturb the marriage joy, with, "O that is the way of the world!"

A HAPPY FAMILY.

I have now the greatest desire, dear reader, after the lapse of fourteen years, to cast a glance at Adelaide. Before all things must I mention their eight children; all extraordinarily pretty, good, and joyous, as the mother. She had nursed them all herself, attended on them, and played with them; from her they learned to love the sun, gladness, and God, and to reckon on papa Alarik as on a gospel. Count Alarik lived only for his wife, whom he adored — for his children, whom he assisted to educate — for his people, whom he made happy. The mother gave them gentleness and gladness of heart, from the father they learned history, and many other good things. Mamselle Rönnquist instructed the three daughters in French and English. None could compare with Nina; but they promised to be good and merry, and to pass happily through the world. Adelaide devoted very much time to her children; yet she continued for many others "a song of joy," indispensable at all festivities; and wherever her kind, fair countenance showed itself, under lowly roof or in lofty castle, by the song of mourning or the marriage hymn, there was she greeted as a messenger of heaven sent forth with consolation and joy. She was still the swan of whiteness, freshness, slenderness, and grace, and the happiness of her home was the living well in which she bathed her wings.

Of Alarik and Adelaide it might be said with Job: "They increase in goods. Their seed is established in their sight with them, and their offspring before their eyes. Their house is safe from fear, neither is the rod of God upon them. They send forth their little ones like a flock, and their children dance. They take the timbrel and harp, and rejoice at the sound of the organ. They spend their days in wealth, and in a moment go down to the grave."

In a word, they belonged to the fortunate of this earth. I have seen many such; but have also beheld with wonder the dispensations of this world. "For another dies in the bitterness of his soul, and hath never eaten with pleasure."

But — "Who shall teach God?"

WISDOM.

I have already said that we do not become wise through books alone. No! not through books, not through travel, not through clever people, not through the whole world, if we do not carry in ourselves the slumbering power which calls forth out of all the individual parts the harmonious shape; or, to speak more simply, when we do not understand how to unite the end with the sensible deed.

PRAYER.

Prayer is the key of the gate of heaven. It does not open it easily. It requires strength, indefatigable knocking, a firm, determined will; but is the door but once open — behold! then there is no further separation between thee and the Almighty; and the angels of the Lord ascend and descend to bring thee consolation and help. Thou who sufferest perhaps like Clara, yearnest for repose like her, O listen! Sip not lightly at the cup of salvation! Drink deep draughts from the well of redemption! Fill thyself with prayer, with faith and humility, and thou wilt have peace!

PHILANTHROPY.

There is a time in our life when we are almost exclusively occupied by individual endeavours and suffering; when we merely labour for ourselves and those who are nearest to us. Another time also comes when we have in some measure accomplished this, and are in a state of peace, or at least of quietness. It is then the time when the thinking and the good man looks observantly around him into social life, and sees, how he can labour in the best way for the great, neglected family-circle there, and make it a participator in the good things which he has obtained.

RENOVATION.

Calm and strong soul! much may be done by a human being with a pure will and amid a quiet life. But with certain deeper changes in that inner life, and for many a stormy soul, an outward change is almost a necessary means of an inward renovation. There is a power in old places, habits, impressions, connections — as dangerously fascinating as intoxicating liquors; as crippling as heavy fetters, from which no one can free himself — but by flight. But, far removed from them, with a new earth beneath our feet, with new stars above our head, new objects around us, new impressions, new thoughts have birth, and it is much easier for the soul to exert and raise itself. These outward removals are remedies in the hand of Providence for men. They do not supply the good desire, but they support it.

PATRIOTISM.

Happy are they who have a noble fatherland, to whose life and history they can look up with admiration and joy. They do not live insulated upon the earth. A mighty genius leads and animates them. Their little life has a greater one with which to unite itself, and for which to live.

VIRTUE.

She bowed herself while she kissed the mercifully severe hand which, amid wild tempests, calls forth the imperishable flower of virtue. This became to her the loveliest blossom of humanity and of the whole universe. It wound itself with beautifying effect around every creature; the storms of fate tossed rudely its chalice, but served only to promote its fullest expansion; it turned itself, as the sunflower toward the sun, above to

God. Strength, capacity of self-denial, equanimity and repose amid the occurrences of life, purity of heart and of the thoughts which arose to God—these Edla sought after, and found. Of the sacred doctrines of the Gospel, those chiefly acquired a living power in her heart which more especially favoured this bias: and her view of the world led her to regard man as ordained, before all things, to contest and self-denial. But this view of the world was clear and cheerful; the laurel of victory succeeded the trial, and the crown of thorns became the crown of glory.

TWIN-SISTERS.

I cannot conceive a more beautiful existence than that of twin sisters who go hand in hand through life; whose enjoyments are mutual—who participate in each other's feelings and thoughts—who weep over the same sorrow—who rejoice over the same festivity, whether it be only a midsummer merriment or the Holy Supper. They stand in life like two young trees beside each other, and each new spring twines the twigs of their crown closer together. The happy ones! How intimately known is each to the other! How well must they understand each other, and be mutually able to read in each other's eyes as in a clear mirror. Can life ever become to either of them empty and dark? And if the one suffer, then has the other indeed the key to her heart; she knows every fold therein, and can open the locked-up chamber to the beams of daylight.

BRIDGMAN, LAURA,

A pupil in the Boston Institution for the Blind, has attained a wide-spread celebrity through her misfortunes, and through the efforts made by her benevolent instructor, Principal of that Institution, to redeem her from the appalling mental darkness, which the loss in early childhood of the faculties of sight, speech and hearing, had involved her. As yet, her history is only known through the "reports" made from time to time, to the Trustees of that Institution, by Dr. Howe. From these we derive the following information, though not without some regret, that in the modesty which always accompanies exalted worth he has said so little of his own noble exertions in throwing light upon that darkened spirit.

Laura Bridgman was born in Hanover, New Hampshire, on the twenty-first of December, 1829. She is described as having been a very sprightly and pretty infant, with bright blue eyes. She was, however, so puny and feeble, until she was a year and a half old, that her parents hardly hoped to rear her. She was subject to severe fits, which seemed to rack her frame almost beyond its power of endurance, and life was held by the feeblest tenure; but when a year and a half old, she seemed to rally; the dangerous symptoms subsided; and at twenty months old, she was perfectly well.

Then her mental powers, hitherto stinted in their growth, rapidly developed themselves; and during the four months of health which she enjoyed, she appears (making due allowance for a fond mother's account) to have displayed a considerable degree of intelligence.

But suddenly she sickened again; her disease raged with great violence during five weeks, when her eyes and ears were inflamed, suppurated, and their contents were discharged. But though sight and hearing were gone forever, the poor child's sufferings were not ended. The fever raged during seven weeks; "for five months she was kept in bed in a darkened room; it was a year before she could walk unsupported, and two years before she could sit up all day." It was now observed that her sense of smell was almost entirely destroyed; and consequently, that her taste was much blunted.

It was not until four years of age, that the poor child's bodily health seemed restored, and she was able to enter upon her apprenticeship of life and the world.

But what a situation was hers! The darkness and the silence of the tomb were around her; no mother's smile called forth her answering smile,—no father's voice taught her to imitate his sounds: to her, brothers and sisters were but forms of matter which resisted her touch, but which differed not from the furniture of the house, save in warmth and in the power of locomotion; and not even in these respects from the dog and the cat.

But the immortal spirit which had been implanted within her could not die, nor be maimed nor mutilated; and though most of its avenues of communication with the world were cut off, it began to manifest itself through the others. As soon as she could walk, she began to explore the room, and then the house. She became familiar with the form, density, weight, and heat, of every article she could lay her hands upon. She followed her mother, and felt of her hands and arms, as she was occupied about the house; and her disposition to imitate led her to repeat every thing herself. She even learned to sew a little, and to knit.

Her affections, too, began to expand, and seemed to be lavished upon the members of her family with peculiar force.

But the means of communication with her were

very limited; she could only be told to go to a place by being pushed; or to come to one by a sign of drawing her. Patting her gently on the head signified approbation; on the back, disapprobation.

She showed every disposition to learn, and manifestly began to use a natural language of her own. She had a sign to express her knowledge of each member of the family; as drawing her fingers down each side of her face, to allude to the whiskers of one; twirling her hand around, in imitation of the motion of a spinning-wheel, for another; and so on. But although she received all the aid that a kind mother could bestow, she soon began to give proof of the importance of language to the development of human character. Caressing and chiding will do for infants and dogs, but not for children; and by the time Laura was seven years old, the moral effects of her privation began to appear. There was nothing to control her will but the absolute power of another, and humanity revolts at this: she had already begun to diregard all but the sterner nature of her father; and it was evident, that as the propensities should increase with her physical growth, so would the difficulty of restraining them increase.

At this time, Dr. Howe fortunately heard of the child, and immediately hastened to Hanover, to see her. He found her with a well-formed figure; a strongly-marked, nervous-sanguine temperament; a large and beautifully shaped head, and the whole system in healthy action.

Here seemed a rare opportunity of benefiting an individual, and of trying a plan for the education of a deaf and blind person, which he had formed on seeing Julia Brace, at Hartford.

The parents were easily induced to consent to her coming to Boston; and on the fourth of October, 1837, they brought her to the Institution.

For a while, she was much bewildered. After waiting about two weeks, until she became acquainted with her new locality, and somewhat familiar with the inmates, the attempt was made to give her a knowledge of arbitrary signs, by which she could interchange thoughts with others.

There was one of two ways to be adopted: either to go on and build up a language of signs on the basis of the natural language which she had already herself commenced; or to teach her the purely arbitrary language in common use: that is, to give her a sign for every individual thing, or to give her a knowledge of letters, by the combination of which she might express her idea of the existence, and the mode and condition of existence, of any thing. The former would have been easy, but very ineffectual; the latter seemed very difficult, but, if accomplished, very effectual: Dr. Howe determined, therefore, to try the latter.

The first experiments were made by taking articles in common use, such as knives, forks, spoons, keys, &c., and pasting upon them labels with their names printed in raised letters. These she felt of very carefully, and soon, of course, distinguished that the crooked lines *s p o o n*, differed as much from the crooked lines *k e y*, as the spoon differed from the key in form.

Then small detached labels, with the same words printed upon them, were put into her hands; and she soon observed that they were similar to the ones pasted on the articles. She showed her preception of this similarity by laying the label *k e y* upon the key, and the label *s p o o n* upon the spoon. She was here encouraged by the natural sign of approbation, patting on the head.

The same process was then repeated with all the articles which she could handle; and she very easily learned to place the proper labels upon them. It was evident, however, that the only intellectual exercise was that of imitation and memory. She recollected that the label *b o o k* was placed upon a book, and she repeated the process, first from imitation, next from memory, with no other motive than the love of approbation, and apparently without the intellectual perception of any relation between the things.

After a while, instead of labels, the individual letters were given to her on detached pieces of paper: they were arranged side by side, so as to spell *b o o k*, *k e y*, &c.; then they were mixed up in a heap, and a sign was made for her to arrange them so as to express the words *book*, *key*, &c., and she did so.

Hitherto, the process had been mechanical, and the success about as great as teaching a very knowing dog, a variety of tricks. The poor child had sat in mute amazement, and patiently imitated every thing her teacher did; but now the truth began to flash upon her—her intellect began to work—she perceived that here was a way by which she could herself make up a sign of any thing that was in her own mind, and show it to another mind, and at once her countenance lighted up with a human expression: it was no longer a dog, or parrot,—it was an immortal spirit, eagerly seizing upon a new link of union with other spirits! Dr. Howe could almost fix upon the moment when this truth dawned upon her mind, and spread its light to her countenance. He saw that the great obstacle was overcome, and that henceforward nothing but patient and persevering, though plain and straightforward efforts were to be used.

The result, thus far, is quickly related, and easily conceived; but not so was the process: for many weeks of apparently unprofitable labour were passed, before it was effected.

When it was said above, that a sign was made, it was intended to say, that the action was performed by her teacher, she feeling his hands, and then imitating the motion.

The next step was to procure a set of metal types, with the different letters of the alphabet cast upon their ends; also a board, in which were square holes, into which she could set the types, so that only the letters on their ends could be felt above the surface.

Then, on any article being handed to her, for instance, a pencil, or a watch, she would select the component letters, and arrange them on her board, and read them with apparent pleasure.

She was exercised for several weeks in this way, until her vocabulary became extensive; and then the important step was taken of teaching

her how to represent the different letters by the position of her fingers, instead of the cumbrous apparatus of the board and types. She accomplished this speedily and easily, for her intellect had begun to work in aid of her teacher, and her progress was rapid.

This was the period, about three months after she had commenced, that the first report of her case was made, in which it is stated that, "she has just learned the manual alphabet, as used by the deaf mutes, and it is a subject of delight and wonder to see how rapidly, correctly, and eagerly, she goes on with her labours. Her teacher gives her a new object, — for instance a pencil, first lets her examine it, and get an idea of its use, then teaches her how to spell it by making the signs for the letters with her own fingers: the child grasps his hand, and feels of his fingers, as the different letters are formed; she turns her head a little on one side, like a person listening closely; her lips are apart; she seems scarcely to breathe; and her countenance, at first anxious, gradually changes to a smile, as she comprehends the lesson. She then holds up her tiny fingers, and spells the word in the manual alphabet; next, she takes her types and arranges her letters; and at last, to make sure that she is right, she takes the whole of the types composing the word, and places them upon or in contact with the pencil, or whatever the object may be."

The whole of the succeeding year was passed in gratifying her eager enquiries for the names of every object which she could possibly handle; in exercising her in the use of the manual alphabet; in extending by every possible way her knowledge of the physical relations of things; and in taking proper care of her health.

At the end of the year a report of her case was made, from which the following is an extract:

"It has been ascertained, beyond the possibility of doubt, that she cannot see a ray of light, cannot hear the least sound, and never exercises her sense of smell, if she has any. Thus her mind dwells in darkness and stillness, as profound as that of a closed tomb at midnight. Of beautiful sights, and sweet sounds, and pleasant odours, she has no conception; nevertheless, she seems as happy and playful as a bird or a lamb; and the employment of her intellectual faculties, or acquirement of a new idea, gives her a vivid pleasure, which is plainly marked in her expressive features. She never seems to repine, but has all the buoyancy and gayety of childhood. She is fond of fun and frolic, and when playing with the rest of the children, her shrill laugh sounds loudest of the group.

When left alone, she seems very happy if she has her knitting or sewing, and will busy herself for hours: if she has no occupation, she evidently amuses herself by imaginary dialogues, or by recalling past impressions: she counts with her fingers, or spells out names of things which she has recently learned in the manual alphabet of the deaf mutes. In this lonely self-communion she seems to reason, reflect, and argue; if she spells a word wrong with the fingers of her right hand, she instantly strikes it with her left, as her teacher does, in sign of disapprobation: if right, then she pats herself upon the head, and looks pleased. She sometimes purposely spells a word wrong with the left hand, looks roguish for a moment and laughs, and then with the right hand strikes the left, as if to correct it.

During the year, she has attained great dexterity in the use of the manual alphabet of the deaf mutes; and she spells out the words and sentences which she knows, so fast and so deftly, that only those accustomed to this language can follow with the eye the rapid motion of her fingers.

But wonderful as is the rapidity with which she writes her thoughts upon the air, still more so is the ease and accuracy with which she reads the words thus written by another, grasping their hands in hers, and following every movement of their fingers, as letter after letter conveys their meaning to her mind. It is in this way that she converses with her blind playmates; and nothing can more forcibly show the power of mind in forcing matter to its purpose, than a meeting between them. For, if great talent and skill are necessary for two pantomimes to paint their thoughts and feelings by the movements of the body and the expression of the countenance, how much greater the difficulty when darkness shrouds them both, and the one can hear no sound!

When Laura is walking through a passage-way, with her hands spread before her, she knows instantly those whom she meets, and passes them with a sign of recognition; but if it be a girl of her own age, and especially if one of her favourites, there is instantly a bright smile of recognition — a twining of arms — a grasping of hands — and a swift telegraphing upon the tiny fingers, whose rapid evolutions convey the thoughts and feelings from the outposts of one mind to those of the other. There are questions and answers — exchanges of joy or sorrow — there are kisses and caresses — just as between little children with all their senses."

During this year, and six months after she had left home, her mother came to visit her; and the scene of their meeting was an interesting one.

The mother stood some time, gazing with overflowing eyes upon her unfortunate child, who, all unconscious of her presence, was playing about the room. Presently Laura ran against her, and at once began feeling her hands, examining her dress, and trying to find out if she knew her; but not succeeding in this, she turned away as from a stranger, and the poor woman could not conceal the pang she felt, at finding that her beloved child did not know her.

She then gave Laura a string of beads which she used to wear at home, which were recognised by the child at once, who, with much joy, put them around her neck, and sought Dr. Howe eagerly, to say she understood the string was from her home.

The mother now tried to caress her child, but poor Laura repelled her, preferring to be with her acquaintances.

Another article from home was now given her, and she began to look much interested; she ex-

amined the stranger more closely, and gave Dr. Howe to understand that she knew she came from Hanover; she even endured her caresses, but would leave her with indifference at the slightest signal. The distress of the mother was now painful to behold; for, although she had feared that she should not be recognised, the painful reality of being treated with cold indifference by a darling child, was too much for woman's nature to bear.

After a while, on the mother taking hold of her again, a vague idea seemed to flit across Laura's mind, that this could not be a stranger: she therefore very eagerly felt her hands, while her countenance assumed an expression of intense interest; she became very pale, and then suddenly red; hope seemed struggling with doubt and anxiety, and never were contending emotions more strongly depicted upon the human face. At this moment of painful uncertainty, the mother drew her close to her side, and kissed her fondly, when at once the truth flashed upon the child, and all mistrust and anxiety disappeared from her face, as with an expression of exceeding joy she eagerly nestled to the bosom of her parent, and yielded herself to her fond embraces.

After this, the beads were all unheeded; the playthings which were offered to her were utterly disregarded; her playmates, for whom but a moment before she gladly left the stranger, now vainly strove to pull her from her mother; and though she yielded her usual instantaneous obedience to Dr. Howe's signal to follow him, it was evidently with painful reluctance. She clung close to him, as if bewildered and fearful; and when, after a moment, he took her to her mother, she sprang to her arms, and clung to her with eager joy.

Dr. Howe had watched the whole scene with intense interest, being desirous of learning from it all he could of the workings of her mind; but he now left them to indulge, unobserved, those delicious feelings, which those who have known a mother's love, may conceive, but which cannot be expressed.

The subsequent parting between Laura and her mother, showed alike the affection, the intelligence and the resolution of the child; and was thus noticed at the time:

"Laura accompanied her mother to the door, clinging close to her all the way, untill they arrived at the threshold, where she paused and felt around, to ascertain who was near her. Perceiving the matron, of whom she is very fond, she grasped her with one hand, holding on convulsively to her mother with the other, and thus she stood for a moment; then she dropped her mother's hand—put her handkerchief to her eyes, and turning round, clung sobbing to the matron, while her mother departed, with emotions as deep as those of her child."

* * * * *

(1841.) It was remarkable that she could distinguish different degrees of intellect in others, and that she soon regarded almost with contempt, a new comer, when, after a few days, she discovered her weakness of mind. This unamiable part of her character has been more strongly developed during the past year.

She chooses for her friends and companions, those children who are intelligent, and can talk best with her; and she evidently dislikes to be with those who are deficient in intellect, unless, indeed, she can make them serve her purposes, which she is evidently inclined to do. She takes advantage of them, and makes them wait upon her, in a manner that she knows she could not exact of others; and in various ways she shows her Anglo-Saxon blood.

She is fond of having other children noticed and caressed by the teachers, and those whom she respects; but this must not be carried too far, or she becomes jealous. She wants to have her share, which, if not the lion's, is the greater part; and if she does not get it, she says, "*My mother will love me.*"

Her tendency to imitation is so strong, that it leads her to actions which must be entirely incomprehensible to her, and which can give her no other pleasure than the gratification of an internal faculty. She has been known to sit for half an hour, holding a book before her sightless eyes, and moving her lips, as she has observed seeing people do when reading.

She one day pretended that her doll was sick; and went through all the motions of tending it, and giving it medicine; she then put it carefully to bed, and placed a bottle of hot water to its feet, laughing all the time most heartily. When Dr. Howe came home, she insisted upon his going to see it, and feel its pulse; and when he told her to put a blister to its back, she seemed to enjoy it amazingly, and almost screamed with delight.

Her social feelings, and her affections, are very strong; and when she is sitting at work, or at her studies, by the side of one of her little friends, she will break off from her task every few moments, to hug and kiss her with an earnestness and warmth, which is touching to behold.

When left alone, she occupies and apparently amuses herself, and seems quite contented; and so strong seems to be the natural tendency of thought to put on the garb of language, that she often soliloquizes in the *finger language*, slow and tedious as it is. But it is only when alone, that she is quiet; for if she becomes sensible of the presence of any persons near her, she is restless until she can sit close beside them, hold their hand, and converse with them by signs.

She does not cry from vexation and disappointment, like other children, but only from grief. If she receives a blow by accident, or hurts herself, she laughs and jumps about, as if trying to drown the pain by muscular action. If the pain is severe, she does not go to her teachers or companions for sympathy, but on the contrary tries to get away by herself, and then seems to give vent to a feeling of spite, by throwing herself about violently, and roughly handling whatever she gets holds of.

Twice, only, have tears been drawn from her by the severity of pain, and then she ran away from the room, as if ashamed of crying for an accidental injury. But the fountain of her tears is by no means dried up, as is seen when her companions are in pain, or her teacher is grieved.

In her intellectual character, it is pleasing to observe an insatiable thirst for knowledge, and a quick perception of the relations of things. In her moral character, it is beautiful to behold her continual gladness—her keen enjoyment of existence—her expansive love—her unhesitating confidence—her sympathy with suffering—her conscientiousness, truthfulness, and hopefulness.

She is remarkably correct in her deportment; and few children of her age evince so much sense of propriety in regard to appearance. Never, by any possibility, is she seen out of her room with her dress disordered; and if by chance any spot of dirt is pointed out to her on her person, or any little rent in her dress, she discovers a sense of shame, and hastens to remove, or repair it.

She is never discovered in an attitude or an action at which the most fastidious would revolt; but is remarkable for neatness, order, and propriety.

There is one fact which is hard to explain in any way: viz., the difference of her deportment to persons of different sex. This was observable when she was only seven years old. She is very affectionate; and when with her friends of her own sex, she is constantly clinging to them, and often kissing and caressing them; and when she meets with strange ladies, she very soon becomes familiar, examines very freely their dress, and readily allows them to caress her. But with those of the other sex it is entirely different, and she repels every approach to familiarity.

Laura has often amused herself during the past year, (1846,) by little exercises in composition. The following story, written during the absence of her teacher, will serve as a specimen of her use of language. The last sentence, though not grammatical, may be considered as the moral, and a very good moral of the whole.

"THE GOOD-NATURED GIRL—

"Lucy was nearly nine years old. She had excellent parents. She always did with alacrity what her mother requested her to do She told Lucy when it was time for her to go to school; so Lucy ran and put on her bonnet and shawl and then went back to her mama 'She offered Lucy a basket containing some pie and cake for luncheon. And Lucy went precisely at schooltime and when she got to the house she took her own seat and began to study diligently with all the children And she always conformed to her teachers wishes —In recess she took luncheon out of her basket but she gave some of it to her mates—Lucy had some books with pictures and slate in her desk—

"When she went home she found that dinner was all ready—Afterwards her mother took her to take tea with her friends. Lucy was much delighted to play with her little cousin Lucy and Helen; and they let her see their play things. After tea Lucy was sorry to depart; and when she went to bed she thought that she had made it pleasantly to all her friends with little joyful heart."

Laura keeps a sort of diary, in which she writes with her own hand an account of what passes every day. It is generally a bald narration of the facts; but an extract will give an idea of her daily routine of study. The diary is generally very legibly written. We will transcribe a day's record, exactly as she wrote it, with her spelling and punctuation, putting any explanations that may be necessary in brackets. The only alteration is in the use of capitals, which she has never been taught to make.

"SIXTH OF JAN TUESDAY.

"I studied arithmetic before my breakfast. Afterwards Miss Wight was occupied for Dr. till quarter to ten. Then she read to me about Bible. Abraham went to live in the city Gerar. He and his wife lived in the western corner of Palestine place [country]. But his son Isaac was very kind to comfort his parents when they grew old [.] Isaac was always good to take care of them and made them feel very happy. Abraham thanked God for his kindness exceedingly.

"Wight taught me two more lessons geography and history. Putnam was a farmer who was ploughing his land with the cattle in a field. When tidings were brought to him of a battle at Lexington he did not stop to unhartness the cattle but ran very rapidly to his home and went to live in Boston. In a few weeks thirty thousand of soldiers arrived to Boston. Most of them had no cannons nor leads nor guns. And the British went to Bunker Hill from Boston to attack the Americans and expel them away when they were going to fire upon them. And when the British saw them ready they were surprised."

Her store of knowledge has been very much increased during the last year. It will be seen, too, that she has improved in the use of language; and when it is considered that other deaf mutes have as great advantage over her as we have over them, if not greater, her style will bear comparison with theirs.

She has become somewhat more thoughtful and sedate than formerly, though she is generally very cheerful, and sometimes displays a childish humour that shows her age is to be measured by the degrees of her mental development, rather than by the number of years that she has lived.

She has extended the circle of her acquaintance, and has endeared herself to many persons who have learned to converse with her. It is the earnest hope of all that her life may be prolonged, and that we may be enabled to do our duty to her and to ourselves by making it as happy and useful as possible.

* * * * *

(1850.) Her progress has been a curious and an interesting spectacle. She has come into human society with a sort of triumphal march; her course has been a perpetual ovation. Thousands have been watching her with eager eyes, and applauding each successful step, while she, all unconscious of their gaze, holding on to the slender thread, and feeling her way along, has advanced with faith and courage towards those who awaited her with trembling hope. Nothing shows more than her case the importance which, despite their

useless waste of human life and human capacity, men really attach to a human soul. They owe to her something for furnishing an opportunity of showing how much goodness their is in them; for surely the way in which she has been regarded is creditable to humanity.

BRONTÉ, CHARLOTTE,

Known to the literary world as Currer Bell, author of "Jane Eyre," and "Shirley," has won a wide celebrity, and deserves, for her original genius, a high place among living female writers. she is daughter of a clergyman, the Rev. Patrick Brontë, who holds the livings of Haworth and Bradford, in Yorkshire. Miss Brontë has been engaged in what we consider the noblest pursuit of woman—she has been an instructress. To judge from the hints scattered through her works, she is an excellent teacher, or rather was, for her days of governessing are now over. Residing with her father, she devotes herself to literary pursuits. Like Minerva of old, Miss Brontë burst forth on the world complete for her part; her first work placed her among celebrated novel writers. Yet we hope she has better and holier treasures of wisdom yet in store for those who will eagerly read whatever falls from her pen. To make our meaning clear, we will briefly but candidly express our opinion of her novels.

Perhaps no work of fiction has, for the last twenty years, so fastened on its readers, or taken so large a place in public estimation, as "Jane Eyre." Vigour, animation, originality, an interest that never flags, must be conceded to it; the style is far from being invulnerable to criticism,—yet it has its own charm: its faults are often such as "true critics would not mend," imparting a piquancy and individuality to the narrative. We do not reckon among these "failings that lean to virtue's side," certain Gallicisms that occasionally appear, being decidedly opposed to all "confusion of tongues." But the hero of this book, Mr. Rochester, is a personage utterly distasteful and disagreeable. We are told of his fine eyes, and good understanding—the last is, however, never exhibited in action; and except these, no beauty, moral or physical, is anywhere attributed to him. We are not so "superfluous" as to require a reason for Jane's falling in love with him—we will grant the power of the blind god to inspire an ingenuous girl of eighteen with a passion for a coarse, rude, unamiable, ill-looking, blasé roué of forty; but the sort of feeling she is described as entertaining for Mr. Rochester is altogether unnatural, impossible,—and if it were possible, would be revolting. Any true sentiment of love must naturally be confiding, more especially in the breast of an unsophisticated young woman; here we have a girl singularly ignorant of life, whose knowledge of her own sex has been limited to the uniformly moulded habits of inexperienced school-girls, whose knowledge of man has been entirely derived from books, whose knowledge of books has been taken chiefly from those of a didactic nature;—we see this damsel, at the very moment of receiving her lover's vows in all their freshness,—very coolly reducing them to the most frigid standard of reasoning, and seriously predicting to him how all this romance will gradually abate, and how marriage will prove a sedative to his fervent affection. Just as a grandmother might have wished to moderate the too great enthusiasm of youthful expectation, by taking the pencil of sage experience to sketch the brevity of human passion.

As to the chapters which immediately follow Mr. Rochester's most singularly managed declaration of love, they have the air of being a contribution from some male friend—and one, we must add, who has been not much accustomed to the society, and habits of thought, of refined women. Unprincipled men have been known to attempt a seduction, or failing in this, to propose marriage to their intended victims; the author of this book has devised a scheme of entire originality; Mr. Rochester offers marriage, and when that cannot be accomplished, deliberately tries to undermine the principles, and sacrifice the reputation of the woman he professes to love. Jane Eyre is a book which has fascinated so many young readers, and is written with such power, that we deem it right to censure most unsparingly the perverse sophistications it contains. Mr. Rochester's infamous designs, instead of inspiring Jane with resentment, are looked upon as excusable, and as resulting from unfortunate circumstances. Is virtue then to lose her essence, under any circumstances? Is it not the very condition of her nature to support extraordinary trials—and be virtue still!

Mr. Rochester had in youth made a sordid marriage of convenience, in which his heart was not at all engaged. Such marriages usually turn out ill; Mr. Rochester's proved of the very worst sort; his wife became a maniac, and he was obliged to seclude her for life. This state of things, he conceived, justified him in spending his early manhood in a course of avowed immorality and continual dissipation. The gratifications of vice are palling; tired of opera-dancers, he felt himself permitted to try a new crime,—to ruin the character and principles of an innocent young girl, placed under the protection of his roof by circumstances. All this he explains in a way, that appears to convince Jane that he is rather more to be pitied than condemned. And yet she did not fall: the author has here shown wonderful power in depicting the struggle of Jane, not only with the ungovernable passions of Mr. Rochester, but also with her own deep, heart-enthralling love for him. The pure instinct of virtue did not fail her; and as a discriminating critic of her own country has remarked:—She was, in that trial, "a noble, high-souled woman, bound to us by the reality of her sorrow, and yet raised above us by the strength of her will, she stands in actual life before us. If this be Jane Eyre, the author has done her injustice hitherto, not we. Look at her in the first recognition of her sorrow after the discomfiture of the marriage. True, it is not the attitude of a Christian, who knows that all things work together for good to those who love God, but it is a splendidly drawn picture of a natural

heart, of high power, intense feeling, and fine religious instinct, falling prostrate, but not grovelling before the tremendous blast of sudden affliction."

Among the other characters of this work are some very excellent and well sketched, — that of Miss Temple is perfectly charming, — and many touches in Helen Burns are exquisite. — As to the "fine people" assembled at Thornfield, they may be accurate delineations of British gentry; very certainly they do in no respect accord with our cis-Atlantic ideas of high-bred men and women. In these conversational matters, however, every age and every nation has its own laws: — "What can we reason but from what we know?" An author can merely describe as to manners and customs what is proper to his own country. An American writer would be very ridiculous were she to describe a young lady of fashion, or of no fashion in a "morning-robe of sky-blue crape, and a gauzy scarf twisted in her hair," hectoring her mother, and assuming the rude school-boy style of conversation, in which Miss Ingram indulges; but it may be that "they do these things differently in England."

After passing censure which seemed due, upon what is unsound in Jane Eyre, we are happy to notice a very commendable portion of the book, a digression certainly from the story, but in itself tending to utility, admirably conceived and perfectly well executed: this is the episode of her school in the parish of St. John Rivers. Works enough we have, and to spare, upon education, the education of ladies and gentlemen, the polishing and strengthening "the Corinthian columns." — Miss Bronté gives us a homely sketch of what may be effected by an intelligent woman, in awakening the torpidity of those classes of her sex to whom knowledge has but few opportunities of "unrolling her ample page." She shows, that there are things besides a little learning, the germs of which lie in every female bosom, as well in that of the rural milkmaid, as in hers who is the cynosure of the opera-box — things which by a little timely culture, will embellish the cottage as well as the castle, — "make the rough paths of peevish nature even, and open in each breast a little heaven." Order, industry, neatness, courtesy, and kindness of spirit, are suitable to all conditions of life, and may be inculcated with, or without "the useful and ornamental branches of an English education." This moral of Jane Eyre has already produced good results; we find subsequent thinkers are turning their attention to this very point, and the next step, we hope, will be for the doers to act upon it. The female sex must be educated, and become fit for educators, before the world will make much progress in moral wisdom.

"Shirley" is quite exempt from the serious faults of "Jane Eyre." We consider it a more valuable work. It has not the like intense interest which makes it difficult to lay it aside till it is finished; it has some superfluous personages whose portraits are but incumbrances; yet it is replete with wit, has much original and striking thought, and is written with a free, bold spirit, that charms by its spontaneous vigour. The three curates are capitally described. Shirley herself, though a fine, spirited, sensible woman, is rather too "mannish;" but Caroline is charming, and has only that fault which is common to all Miss Bronté's heroines, submitting to too much indignity from her lover. Is this a Yorkshire or an English characteristic of young women?

Miss Bronté cannot be too highly praised for her power of describing natural aspects of the country. It is what many aim at, and what hardly any one succeeds in accomplishing. In general, such pictures are vague and unreadable; but her landscapes and atmospheres are with you; you see them, feel them, and are also affected by them.

From "Jane Eyre."

LOWOOD SCENERY.

But the privations, or rather the hardships, of Lowood lessened. Spring drew on; she was, indeed, already come; the frosts of winter had ceased; its snows were melted; its cutting winds ameliorated. My wretched feet, flayed and swelled to lameness by the sharp air of January, began to heal and subside under the gentler breathings of April. The nights and mornings no longer, by their Canadian temperature, froze the very blood in our veins; we could now endure the play-hour passed in the garden. Sometimes, on a sunny day, it began even to be pleasant and genial; and a greenness grew over those brown beds which, freshening daily, suggested the thought that Hope traversed them at night, and left each morning brighter traces of her steps. Flowers peeped out among the leaves — snowdrops, crocuses, purple auriculas, and golden-eyed pansies. On Thursday afternoons (half holydays) we now took walks, and found still sweeter flowers opening by the wayside, under the hedges.

I discovered, too, that a great pleasure — an enjoyment which the horizon only bounded — lay all outside the high and spike-guarded walls of our garden. This pleasure consisted in a prospect of noble summits girding a great hill-hollow, rich in verdure and shadow; in a bright beck, full of dark stones and sparkling eddies. How different had this scene looked when I viewed it laid out beneath the iron sky of winter, stiffened in frost, shrouded with snow — when mists as still as death wandered to the impulse of east winds along those purple peaks, and rolled down "ing" and holm till they blended with the frozen fog of the beck! That beck itself was then a torrent, turbid and curbless; it tore asunder the wood, and sent a raving sound through the air, often thickened with wild rain or whirling sleet; and for the forest on its banks, *that* showed only ranks of skeletons.

April advanced to May. A bright, serene May it was; days of blue sky, placid sunshine, and soft western or southern gales filled up its duration. And now vegetation matured with vigour: Lowood shook loose its tresses; it became all green, all flowery; its great elm, ash, and oak skeletons were restored to majestic life; woodland plants sprung up profusely in its recesses; unnumbered varieties of moss filled its hollows; and it made a strange ground-sunshine out of the wealth of its

wild primrose plants; I have seen their pale gold gleam, in overshadowed spots, like scatterings of the sweetest lustre. All this I enjoyed often and fully, free, unwatched, and almost alone; for this unwonted liberty and pleasure there was a cause, to which it now becomes my task to advert.

THE MEETING.

The ground was hard, the air was still, my road was lonely; I walked fast till I got warm, and then I walked slowly to enjoy and analyze the species of pleasure brooding for me in the hour and situation. It was three o'clock; the church-bell tolled as I passed under the belfry: the charm of the hour lay in its approaching dimness, in the low-gliding and pale-beaming sun. I was a mile from Thornfield, in a lane noted for wild roses in summer, for nuts and blackberries in autumn, and even now possessing a few coral treasures in hips and haws; but whose best winter delight lay in its utter solitude and leafless repose. If a breath of air stirred, it made no sound here; for there was not a holly, not an evergreen to rustle, and the stripped hawthorn and hazel bushes were as still as the white, worn stones which causewayed the middle of the path. Far and wide, on each side, there were only fields, where no cattle now browsed; and the little brown birds which stirred occasionally in the hedge looked like single russet leaves that had forgotten to drop.

This lane inclined up-hill all the way to Hay: having reached the middle, I sat down on a stile which led thence into a field. Gathering my mantle about me and sheltering my hands in my muff, I did not feel the cold, though it froze keenly — as was attested by a sheet of ice covering the causeway, where a little brooklet, now congealed, had overflowed after a rapid thaw some days since. From my seat I could look down on Thornfield: the grey and battlemented hall was the principal object in the vale below me; its woods and dark rookery rose against the west. I lingered till the sun went down among the trees, and sunk crimson and clear behind them. I turned eastward.

On the hill-top above me sat the rising moon; pale yet as a cloud, but brightening momently; she looked over Hay, which, half lost in trees, sent up a blue smoke from its few chimneys; it was yet a mile distant, but in the absolute hush I could hear plainly its thin murmurs of life. My ear, too, felt the flow of currents; in what dales and depths I could not tell: but there were many hills beyond Hay, and doubtless many becks threading their passes. That evening-calm betrayed alike the tinkle of the nearest streams, the sough of the most remote.

A rude noise broke on these fine ripplings and whisperings, at once so far away and so clear: a positive tramp, tramp; a metallic clatter, which effaced the soft wave-wanderings; as, in a picture, the solid mass of a crag, or the rough boles of a great oak, drawn in dark and strong on the foreground, efface the aerial distance of azure hill, sunny horizon and blended clouds, where tint melts into tint.

The din was on the causeway: a horse was coming; the windings of the lane yet hid it, but it approached. I was just leaving the stile; yet as the path was narrow, I sat still to let it go by. In those days I was young, and all sorts of fancies, bright and dark, tenanted my mind: the memories of nursery stories were there among other rubbish; and when they recurred, maturing youth added to them a vigour and vividness beyond what childhood could give. As this horse approached, and as I watched for it to appear through the dusk, I remembered certain of Bessie's tales wherein figured a North of England spirit, called a "Gytrash;" which, in the form of horse, mule, or large dog, haunted solitary ways, and sometimes came upon belated travellers, as this horse was now coming upon me.

It was very near, but not yet in sight, when, in addition to the tramp, tramp, I heard a rush under the hedge, and close down by the hazel stems glided a great dog, whose black and white colour made him a distinct object against the trees. It was exactly one mask of Bessie's "Gytrash" — a lion-like creature with long hair and a huge head: it passed me, however, quietly enough; not staying to look up, with strange pretercanine eyes, in my face, as I half expected it would. The horse followed — a tall steed, and on its back a rider. The man, the human being, broke the spell at once. Nothing ever rode the "Gytrash:" it was always alone; and goblins, to my notions, though they might tenant the dumb carcasses of beasts, could scarce covet shelter in the common-place human form. No "Gytrash" was this — only a traveller taking the short cut to Millcote. He passed, and I went on; a few steps, and I turned: a sliding sound and an exclamation of "What the deuce is to do now?" and a clattering tumble arrested my attention. Man and horse were down; they had slipped on the sheet of ice which glazed the causeway. The dog came bounding back, and seeing his master in a predicament, and hearing the horse groan, barked till the evening hills echoed the sound; which was deep in proportion to his magnitude. He snuffed round the prostrate group, and then he ran up to me; it was all he could do — there was no other help at hand to summon. I obeyed him, and walked down to the traveller, by this time struggling himself free of his steed. His efforts were so vigorous, I thought he could not be much hurt; but I asked him the question —

"Are you injured, sir?"

I think he was swearing, but am not certain; however, he was pronouncing some formula which prevented him from replying to me directly.

"Can I do anything?" I asked again.

"You must just stand on one side," he answered, as he rose first to his knees, and then to his feet. I did; whereupon began a heaving, stamping, clattering process, accompanied by a barking and baying, which removed me effectually some yards distance: but I would not be driven quite away till I saw the event. This was finally fortunate; the horse was re-established, and the dog was silenced with a "Down, Pilot!" The traveller now stooping, felt his foot and leg, as if

trying whether they were sound; apparently something ailed them, for he halted to the stile whence I had just risen, and sat down.

I was in the mood for being useful, or at least officious, I think, for I now drew near him again.

"If you are hurt, and want help, sir, I can fetch some one, either from Thornfield Hall or from Hay."

"Thank you; I shall do: I have no broken bones—only a sprain;" and again he stood up and tried his *foot*, but the result extorted an involuntary "Ugh!"

Something of daylight still lingered, and the moon was waxing bright; I could see him plainly. His figure was enveloped in a riding-cloak, fur-collared, and steel-clasped; its details were not apparent, but I traced the general points of middle height, and considerable breadth of chest. He had a dark face, with stern features and a heavy brow; his eyes and gathered eyebrows looked ireful and thwarted just now; he was past youth, but had not reached middle age: perhaps he might be thirty-five. I felt no fear of him, and but little shyness. Had he been a handsome, heroic-looking young gentleman, I should not have dared to stand thus questioning him against his will, and offering my services unasked. I had hardly ever seen a handsome youth; never in my life spoken to one. I had a theoretical reverence and homage for beauty, elegance, gallantry, fascination; but had I met those qualities incarnate in masculine shape, I should have known instinctively that they neither had nor could have sympathy with anything in me, and should have shunned them as one would fire, lightning, or any thing else that is bright but antipathetic.

If even this stranger had smiled and been good-humoured to me when I addressed him; if he had put off my offer of assistance gayly and with thanks, I should have gone on my way and not felt any vocation to renew enquiries; but the frown, the roughness of the traveller set me at my ease; I retained my station when he waved me to go, and announced—

"I can not think of leaving you, sir, at so late an hour, in this solitary lane, till I see you are fit to mount your horse."

He looked at me when I said this: he had hardly turned his eyes in my direction before.

"I should think you ought to be at home yourself," said he, "if you have a home in this neighbourhood; where do you come from?"

"From just below; and I am not at all afraid of being out late when it is moonlight: I will run over to Hay for you with pleasure, if you wish it—indeed, I am going there to post a letter."

"You live just below—do you mean at that house with the battlements?" pointing to Thornfield Hall, on which the moon cast a hoary gleam, bringing it out distinct and pale from the woods, that, by contrast with the western sky, now seemed one mass of shadow.

"Yes, sir."

"Whose house is it?"

"Mr. Rochester's."

"Do you know Mr. Rochester?"

"No, I have never seen him."

"He is not resident then?"

"No."

"Can you tell me where he is?"

"I can not."

"You are not a servant at the Hall, of course? You are—" He stopped, ran his eye over my dress, which as usual, was quite simple: a black merino cloak, a black beaver bonnet; neither of them half fine enough for a lady's maid. He seemed puzzled to decide what I was: I helped him.

"I am the governess!"

"Ah, the governess!" he repeated; "deuce take me if I had not forgotten! The governess!" and again my raiment underwent scrutiny.

THE PARTING.

"I used to enjoy a chance meeting with you, Jane," said Mr. Rochester, "at this time; there was a curious hesitation in your manner; you glanced at me with a slight trouble—a hovering doubt; you did not know what my caprice might be—whether I was going to play the master, and be stern—or the friend, and be benignant. I was now too fond of you often to stimulate the first whim; and, when I stretched my hand out cordially, such bloom, and light, and bliss rose to your young, wistful features, I had much ado often to avoid straining you then and there to my heart."

"Don't talk any more of those days, sir," I interrupted, furtively dashing away some tears from my eyes: his language was torture to me; for I knew what I must do—and do soon—and all these reminiscences, and these revelations of his feelings, only made my work more difficult.

"No, Jane," he returned; "what necessity is there to dwell on the Past, when the Present is so much surer—the Future so much brighter?"

I shuddered to hear the infatuated assertion.

"You see now how the case stands—do you not?" he continued. "After a youth and manhood, passed half in unutterable misery and half in dreary solitude, I have for the first time found what I can truly love—I have found *you*. You are my sympathy—my better self—my good angel—I am bound to you with a strong attachment. I think you good, gifted, lovely; a fervent, a solemn passion is conceived in my heart; it leans to you, draws you to my centre and spring of life, wraps my existence about you—and kindling in pure and powerful flame, fuses you and me in one.

"It was because I felt and knew this, that I resolved to marry you. To tell me that I had already a wife is empty mockery; you know now that I had but a hideous demon. I was wrong to attempt to deceive you; but I feared a stubbornness that exists in your character. I feared early instilled prejudice; I wanted to have you safe before hazarding confidences. This was cowardly; I should have appealed to your nobleness and magnanimity at first, as I do now—opened to you plainly my life of agony—described to you my hunger and thirst after a higher and worthier existence—shown to you not my *resolution* (that word is

weak) but my resistless *bent* to love faithfully and well, where I am faithfully and well loved in return. Then I should have asked you to accept my pledge of fidelity, and to give me yours: Jane — give it me now."

A pause.

"Why are you silent, Jane?"

I was experiencing an ordeal; a hand of fiery iron grasped my vitals. Terrible moment; full of struggle, blackness, burning! Not a human being that ever lived could wish to be loved better than I was loved; and him who thus loved me I absolutely worshipped: and I must renounce love and idol. One drear word comprised my intolerable duty — "Depart!"

"Jane, you understand what I want of you? Just this promise — 'I will be yours, Mr. Rochester.'"

"Mr. Rochester, I will *not* be yours."

Another long silence.

"Jane!" recommenced he, with a gentleness that broke me down with grief, and turned me stone-cold with ominous terror — for this still voice was the pant of a lion rising — "Jane, do you mean to go one way in the world, and to let me go another!"

"I do."

"Jane (bending toward and embracing me), do you mean it now?"

"I do."

"And now!" softly kissing my forehead and cheek.

"I do —" extricating myself from restraint rapidly and completely.

"Oh, Jane, this is bitter! This — this is wicked. It would not be wicked to love me."

"It would to obey you."

A wild look raised his brows — crossed his features: he rose, but he forbore yet: I laid my hand on the back of a chair for support; I shook, I feared — but I resolved.

"One instant, Jane. Give one glance to my horrible life when you are gone. All happiness will be torn away with you. What then is left? For a wife I have but the maniac up stairs; as well might you refer me to some corpse in yonder church-yard. What shall I do, Jane? Where turn for a companion, and for hope?"

"Do as I do; trust in God and yourself. Believe in Heaven. Hope to meet again there."

"Then you will not yield?"

"No."

"Then you condemn me to live wretched, and to die accursed?" His voice rose.

"I advise you to live sinless; and I wish you to die tranquil."

"Then you snatch love and innocence from me? You fling me back on lust for a passion — vice for an occupation?"

"Mr. Rochester, I no more assign this fate to you than I grasp at it for myself. We were born to strive and endure — you as well as I; do so. You will forget me before I forget you."

"You make me a liar by such language; you sully my honour. I declared I could not change; you tell me to my face I shall change soon. And what a distortion in your judgment, what a perversity in your ideas, is proved by your conduct? Is it better to drive a fellow-creature to despair than to transgress a mere human law — no man being injured by the breach? for you have neither relatives nor acquaintances whom you need fear to offend by living with me."

This was true; and while he spoke my very conscience and reason turned traitors against me, and charged me with crime in resisting him. They spoke almost as loud as feeling, and that clamoured wildly. "Oh, comply!" it said. "Think of his misery, think of his danger, look at his state when left alone; remember his headlong nature, consider the recklessness following on despair; soothe him, save him, love him: tell him you love him and will be his. Who in the world cares for *you?* or who will be injured by what you do?"

Still indomitable was the reply, "*I* care for myself. The more solitary, the more friendless, the more unsustained I am, the more I will respect myself. I will keep the law given by God, sanctioned by man. I will hold to the principles received by me when I was sane, and not mad — as I am now. Laws and principles are not for the times when there is no temptation; they are for such moments as this, when body and soul rise in mutiny against their rigour: stringent are they; inviolate they shall be. If at my individual convenience I might break them, what would be their worth? They have a worth, so I have always believed; and if I cannot believe it now, it is because I am insane, quite insane, with my veins running fire, and my heart beating faster than I can count its throbs. Preconceived opinions, foregone determinations, are all I have at this hour to stand by; there I plant my foot."

I did. Mr. Rochester, reading my countenance, saw I had done so. His fury was wrought to the highest; he must yield to it for a moment, whatever followed; he crossed the floor and seized my arm, and grasped my waist. He seemed to devour me with his flaming glance; physically, I felt, at the moment, powerless as stubble exposed to the draught and glow of a furnace; mentally I still possessed my soul, and with it the certainty of ultimate safety. The soul, fortunately, has an interpreter — often an unconscious, but still a truthful, interpreter — in the eye. My eye rose to his, and while I looked in his fierce face, I gave an involuntary sigh; his gripe was painful, and my overtasked strength almost exhausted.

"Never," said he, as he ground his teeth, "never was any thing at once so frail and so indomitable. A mere reed she feels in my hand! (and he shook me with the force of his hold.) I could bend her with my finger and thumb, and what good would it do if I bent, if I uptore, if I crushed her? Consider that eye; consider the resolute, wild, free thing looking out of it, defying me, with more than courage, with a stern triumph. Whatever I do with its cage, I cannot get at it, the savage, beautiful creature! If I tear, if I rend the slight prison, my outrage will only let the captive loose. Conqueror I might be of the house, but the inmate would escape to heaven

before I could call myself possessor of its clay dwelling-place. And it is you, spirit, with will and energy, and virtue and purity, that I want; not alone your brittle frame. Of yourself, you could come, with soft flight, and nestle against my heart, if you would; seized against your will, you will elude the grasp like an essence; you will vanish ere I inhale your fragance. Oh! come, Jane, come!"

As he said this, he released me from his clutch, and only looked at me. The look was far worse to resist than the frantic strain; only an idiot, however, would have succumbed now. I had dared and baffled his fury, I must elude his sorrow; I retired to the door.

"You are going, Jane?"

"I am going, sir."

"You are leaving me?"

"Yes."

"You will not come? You will not be my comforter, my rescuer? My deep love, my wild woe, my frantic prayer, are all nothing to you?"

What unutterable pathos was in his voice! How hard it was to reiterate firmly, "I am going."

"Jane!"

"Mr. Rochester."

"Withdraw, then, I consent; but remember, you leave me here in anguish. Go up to your own room; think over all I have said, and, Jane, cast a glance on my sufferings; think of me."

He turned away, he threw himself on his face on the sofa. "Oh, Jane! my hope, my love, my life!" broke in anguish from his lips. Then came a deep, strong sob.

I had already gained the door, but, reader, I walked back—walked back as determinedly as I had retreated. I knelt down by him, I turned his face from the cushion to me; I kissed his cheek, I smoothed his hair with my hand.

"God bless you, my dear master," I said. "God keep you from harm and wrong, direct you, solace you, reward you well for your past kindness to me."

"Little Jane's love would have been my best reward," he answered; "without it, my heart is broken. But Jane will give me her love; yes, nobly, generously."

Up the blood rushed to his face; forth flashed the fire from his eyes, erect he sprung, he held his arms out, but I evaded the embrace, and at once quitted the room.

"Farewell!" was the cry of my heart, as I left him. Despair added, "Farewell, forever!"

* * * * *

MARRIED LIFE.

I have now been married ten years. I know what it is to live entirely for and with what I love best on earth. I hold myself supremely blessed—blessed beyond what language can express; because I am my husband's life as fully as he is mine. No woman was ever nearer to her mate than I am; ever more absolute bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh. I know of no weariness of my Edward's society; he knows none of mine, any more than we each do of the pulsation of the heart that beats in our separate bosoms; consequently, we are ever together. To be together is for us to be at once as free as in solitude, as gay as in company. We talk, I believe, all day long; to talk to each other is but a more animated and an audible thinking. All my confidence is bestowed on him; all his confidence is devoted to me; we are precisely suited in character; perfect concord is the result.

From "Shirley."

SHIRLEY AND CAROLINE.

Shirley easily persuaded Caroline to go with her; and when they were fairly out on the quiet road, traversing the extensive and solitary sweep of Nunnely Common, she as easily drew her into conversation. The first feelings of diffidence overcome, Caroline soon felt glad to talk with Miss Keeldar. The very first interchange of slight observations sufficed to give each an idea of what the other was. Shirley said she liked the green sweep of the Common turf, and, better still, the heath on its ridges, for the heath reminded her of moors: she had seen moors when she was travelling on the borders of Scotland. She remembered particularly a district traversed one long afternoon, on a sultry but sunless day in summer: they journeyed from noon till sunset, over what seemed a boundless waste of deep heath, and nothing had they seen but wild sheep; nothing heard but cries of the wild birds.

"I know how the heath would look on such a day," said Caroline; "purple-black: a deeper shade of the sky-tint, and that would be livid."

"Yes—quite livid, with brassy edges to the clouds, and here and there a white gleam, more ghastly than the lurid tinge, which, as you looked at it, you momentarily expected would kindle into blinding lightning."

"Did it thunder?"

"It muttered distant peals, but the storm did not break till evening, after we had reached our inn: that inn being an isolated house at the foot of a range of mountains."

"Did you watch the clouds come down over the mountains?"

"I did: I stood at the window an hour watching them. The hills seemed rolled in a sullen mist, and when the rain fell in whitening sheets, suddenly were blotted from the prospect: they were washed from the world."

"I have seen such storms in hilly districts in Yorkshire; and at their riotous climax, while the sky was all cataract, the earth all flood, I have remembered the Deluge."

"It is singularly reviving after such hurricanes to feel calm return, and from the opening clouds to receive a consolatory gleam, softly testifying that the sun is not quenched."

"Miss Keeldar, just stand still now, and look down at Nunnely dale and wood."

They both halted on the green brow of the Common: they looked down on the deep valley robed in May raiment; on varied meads, some pearled with daisies, and some golden with king-cups: to-day all this young verdure smiled clear in sun-

light; transparent emerald and amber gleams played over it. On Nunwood—the sole remnant of antique British forest in a region whose lowlands were once all sylvan chase, as its highlands were breast-deep heather—slept the shadow of a cloud; the distant hills were dappled, the horizon was shaded and tinted like mother-of-pearl; silvery blues, soft purples, evanescent greens and rose-shades, all melting into fleeces of white cloud, pure as azury snow, allured the eye as with a remote glimpse of heaven's foundations. The air blowing on the brow was fresh, and sweet, and bracing.

"Our England is a bonnie island," said Shirley, "and Yorkshire is one of her bonniest nooks."

"You are a Yorkshire girl, too?"

"I am—Yorkshire in blood and birth. Five generations of my race sleep under the aisles of Briarfield Church: I drew my first breath in the old black hall behind us."

Hereupon Caroline presented her hand, which was accordingly taken and shaken. "We are compatriots," said she.

* * * * *

"Our power of being happy lies a good deal in ourselves, I believe," remarked Caroline, sagely. "I have gone to Nunwood with a large party, all the curates and some other gentry of these parts, together with sundry ladies; and I found the affair insufferably tedious and absurd: and I have gone quite alone, or accompanied but by Fanny, who sat in the woodman's hut and sewed, or talked to the good wife, while I roamed about and made sketches, or read; and I have enjoyed much happiness, of a quiet kind, all day long. But that was when I was young—two years ago."

"Did you ever go with your cousin, Robert Moore?"

"Yes, once."

"What sort of a companion is he on these occasions?"

"A cousin, you know, is different to a stranger."

"I am aware of that; but cousins, if they are stupid, are still more insupportable than strangers, because you can not so easily keep them at a distance. But your cousin is not stupid?"

"No; but—"

"Well?"

"If the company of fools irritates, as you say, the society of clever men leaves its own peculiar pain also. Where the goodness or talent of your friend is beyond and above all doubt, your own worthiness to be his associate often becomes a matter of question."

"Oh! there I can not follow you: that crotchet is not one I should choose to entertain for an instant. I consider myself not unworthy to be the associate of the best of them—of gentlemen, I mean; though that is saying a great deal. Where they are good, they are very good, I believe. Your uncle, by-the-by, is not a bad specimen of the elderly gentleman; I am always glad to see his brown, keen, sensible old face, either in my own house, or any other. Are you fond of him? Is he kind to you? Now, speak the truth."

"He has brought me up from childhood, I doubt not, precisely as he would have brought up his own daughter, if he had had one; and that is kindness; but I am not fond of him: I would rather be out of his presence than in it."

"Strange! when he has the art of making himself so agreeable."

"Yes, in company; but he is stern and silent at home. As he puts away his cane and shovel-hat in the rectory-hall, so he locks his liveliness in his bookcase and study-desk; the knitted brow and brief word for the fireside, the smile, the jest, the witty sally, for society."

"Is he tyrannical?"

"Not in the least: he is neither tyrannical or hypocritical: he is simply a man who is rather liberal than good-natured, rather brilliant than genial, rather scrupulously equitable than truly just; if you can understand such superfine distinctions?"

"Oh! yes; good-nature implies indulgence, which he has not; geniality, warmth of heart, which he does not own; and genuine justice is the offspring of sympathy and considerateness, of which, I can well conceive, my bronzed old friend is quite innocent."

"I often wonder, Shirley, whether most men resemble my uncle in their domestic relations; whether it is necessary to be new and unfamiliar to them, in order to seem agreeable or estimable in their eyes; and whether it is impossible to their natures to retain a constant interest and affection for those they see every day."

"I don't know; I can't clear up your doubts. I ponder over similar ones myself sometimes. But, to tell you a secret, if I were convinced that they are necessarily and universally different from us—fickle, soon petrifying, unsympathizing, I would never marry. I should not like to find out that what I loved did not love me, that it was weary of me, and that whatever effort I might make to please would hereafter be worse than useless, since it was inevitably in its nature to change and become indifferent. That discovery once made, what should I long for? To go away—to remove from a presence where my society gave no pleasure."

"But you could not, if you were married."

"No, I could not—there it is. I could never be my own mistress more. A terrible thought!—it suffocates me! Nothing irks me like the idea of being a burden and a bore—an inevitable burden, a ceaseless bore! Now, when I feel my company superfluous, I can comfortably fold my independence round me like a mantle, and drop my pride like a veil, and withdraw to solitude: if married, that could not be."

"I wonder we don't all make up our minds to remain single," said Caroline: "we should, if we listened to the wisdom of experience. My uncle always speaks of marriage as a burden; and I believe whenever he hears of a man being married, he invariably regards him as a fool, or, at any rate, as doing a foolish thing."

"But, Caroline, men are not all like your uncle; surely not—I hope not."

She paused and mused.

"I suppose we each find an exception in the

one we love, till we *are* married," suggested Caroline.

"I suppose so; and this exception we believe to be of sterling materials; we fancy it like ourselves; we imagine a sense of harmony. We think his voice gives the softest, truest promise of a heart that will never harden against us: we read in his eyes that faithful feeling—affection. I don't think we should trust to what they call passion, at all, Caroline. I believe it is a mere fire of dry sticks, blazing up and vanishing: but we watch him, and see him kind to animals, to little children, to poor people. He is kind to us, likewise—good, considerate: he does not flatter women, but he is patient with them, and he seems to be easy in their presence, and to find their company genial. He likes them not only for vain and selfish reasons, but as *we* like him—because we like him. Then we observe that he is just—that he always speaks the truth—that he is conscientious. We feel joy and peace when he comes into a room: we feel sadness and trouble when he leaves it. We know that this man has been a kind son, that he is a kind brother; will any one dare to tell me that he will not be a kind husband?"

"My uncle would affirm it unhesitatingly. 'He will be sick of you in a month,' he would say."

"Mrs. Pryor would seriously intimate the same."

"Mrs. Yorke and Miss Mann would darkly suggest ditto."

"If they are true oracles, it is good never to fall in love."

"Very good, if you can avoid it."

"I choose to doubt their truth."

"I am afraid that proves you are already caught."

"Not I: but if I were, do you know what soothsayers I would consult?"

"Let me hear."

"Neither man nor woman, elderly nor young;—the little Irish beggar that comes barefoot to my door; the mouse that steals out of the cranny in the wainscot; the bird that in frost and snow pecks at my window for a crumb; the dog that licks my hand and sits beside my knee."

"Did you ever see any one who was kind to such things?"

"Did you ever see any one whom such things seemed instinctively to follow, like, rely on?"

"We have a black cat and an old dog at the rectory. I know somebody to whose knee that black cat loves to climb; against whose shoulder and cheek it likes to purr. The old dog always comes out of his kennel and wags his tail, and whines affectionately when somebody passes."

"And what does that somebody do?"

"He quietly strokes the cat, and lets her sit while he conveniently can, and when he must disturb her by rising, he puts her softly down, and never flings her from him roughly; he always whistles to the dog, and gives him a caress."

"Does he? It is not Robert?"

"But it is Robert."

"Handsome fellow!" said Shirley, with enthusiasm: her eyes sparkled.

"Is he not handsome? Has he not fine eyes and well-cut features, and a clear, princely forehead?"

"He has all that, Caroline. Bless him! he is both graceful and good."

"I was sure you would see that he was: when I first looked at your face, I knew you would."

"I was well inclined to him before I saw him. I liked him when I did see him: I admire him now. There is a charm in beauty for itself, Caroline; when it is blent with goodness, there is a powerful charm."

"When mind is added, Shirley."

"Who can resist it?"

"Remember my uncle, Mesdames Pryor, Yorke, and Mann."

"Remember the croaking of the frogs of Egypt! He is a noble being. I tell you when they *are* good, they are the lords of the creation—they are the sons of God. Moulded in their Maker's image, the minutest spark of His spirit lifts them almost above mortality. Indisputably, a great, good, handsome man is the first of created things."

"Above us?"

"I would scorn to contend for empire with him—I would scorn it. Shall my left hand dispute for precedence with my right?—shall my heart quarrel with my pulse?—shall my veins be jealous of the blood which fills them?"

"Men and women, husbands and wives, quarrel horribly, Shirley."

"Poor things! poor, fallen, degenerate things! God made them for another lot—for other feelings."

"But are we men's equals, or are we not?"

"Nothing ever charms me more than when I meet my superior—one who makes me sincerely feel that he is my superior."

"Did you ever meet him?"

"I should be glad to see him any day: the higher above me, so much the better: it degrades to stoop—it is glorious to look up. What frets me is, that when I try to esteem, I am baffled: when religiously inclined, there are but false gods to adore. I disdain to be a Pagan."

"Miss Keeldar, will you come in? We are here at the rectory gates."

"Not to-day; but to-morrow I shall fetch you to spend the evening with me. Caroline Helstone—if you really are what at present to me you seem—you and I will suit. I have never in my whole life been able to talk to a young lady as I have talked to you this morning. Kiss me—and good-bye."

BROWN, FRANCES,

Was born in 1816, at Stranerlar, in the county of Donegal, Ireland, where her father was postmaster. She lost her eyesight when she was eighteen months old, yet, from her assiduity in acquiring knowledge, she can compete with many educated women in attainments. Her poems are considered very good; and she has received the title of "The Blind Poetess of Ulster," which awakens in the popular mind of her own country-people pity for her misfortune, and pride in her fame. She has herself given a touching account of the manner in which she acquired her learning: her

intellectual taste was first awakened by the preaching of the village pastor; then she heard the books of children read; and, as her mind gained power, the works of Walter Scott, ancient histories, Burns, Pope's Iliad, Milton, Byron, all were read to her, and furnished her eager spirit with food for thought. She was about twenty, when she gathered courage to write to the editor of the London Athenæum, enclosing a few of her poems; these were favourably received, and she became a poet. She has contributed to several periodicals and annuals. In 1844, a volume of hers, "The Star of Attéghéi, and other Poems," was published in London, with a preface, (probably by her gifted publisher, Edward Moxon,) which truly says:—"The bard gathers dignity from the darkness amid which she sings, as the darkness itself is lightened by the song."

From the Vision of Schwartz.

THE SPANISH CONQUESTS IN AMERICA.

Whence came those glorious shadows? — Say,
Ye far and nameless tombs!
Ye silent cities, lost to-day
Amid the forest glooms!
Is there no echo in the glades,
Whose massive foliage never fades,—
No voice among the pathless shades,
To tell of glory gone?
Gone from faint memory's fading dreams,
From shepherd's tales and poet's themes;
And yet the bright, eternal streams
Unwasted still roll on,—
Majestic as they rolled, before
A sail had sought, or found, the shore.

But by those mighty rivers, *then*,
What peaceful nations met,
Among the race of mortal men
Unnamed, unnumbered yet!
And cities rose and temples shone,
And power and splendour graced the throne,
And autumn's riches, freely strown,
Repaid the peasant's pains;
For homes of love and shrines of prayer
And fields of storied fame were there,
And smiling landscapes freshly fair—
The haunts of happy swains,—
And many a wide and trackless wild,
Where roved the farmer's tameless child.

* * * * * *

Shades of Columbia's perished host!
How shall a stranger tell
The deeds that glorified your coast,
Before its warriors fell?
Where sleeps thy mountain muse, Peru?
And Chili's matchless hills of dew,
Had they no harp, to freedom true,
No bard of native fire,
To sing his country's ancient fame,
And keep the brightness of her name
Unfading as the worshipped flame?—
The wealth of such a lyre
Outvalues all the blood-bought ore
That e'er Iberia's galleons bore.

Iberia! on thine ancient crown
The blood of nations lies,
With power to weigh thy glory down,—
With voice to pierce the skies!
For written with an iron pen,
Upon the memories of men,
The deeds that marked thy conquest, then,
For evermore remain:—
And still the saddest of the tale
Is Afric's wild and weary wail,—
Though prelates spread the slaver's sail,*
And forged the Negro's chain:
The curse of trampled liberty
For ever clings to thine and thee!

* * * * * *

DREAMS OF THE DEAD.

The peasant dreams of lowly love,—
The prince of courtly bowers,—
And exiles, through the midnight, rove
Among their native flowers:—
But flowers depart, and, sere and chill,
The autumn leaves are shed,
And roses come again — yet still,
My dreams are of the dead!

The voices in my slumbering ear
Have woke the world, of old,—
The forms that in my dreams appear
Have mingled with the mould;
Yet still they rise around my rest,
In all their peerless prime,—
The names by new-born nations blest—
The stars of elder time!

They come from old and sacred piles,
Where glory's ashes sleep,—
From far and long-deserted aisles,—
From desert or from deep,—
From lands of ever-verdant bowers,
Unstained by mortal tread;—
Why haunt ye thus my midnight hours,
Ye far and famous dead?

I have not walked with *you*, on earth,—
My path is lone and low,—
A vale where laurels have not birth,
Nor classic waters flow:
But on the sunrise of my soul
Your mighty shades were cast,
As cloud-waves o'er the morning roll,—
Bright children of the past!

And oft, with midnight, I have met
The early wise and brave,—
Oh, ever great and glorious, yet,
As if there were no grave!
As if, upon their path of dust,
Had been no trace of tears,
No blighted faith, no broken trust,
Nor waste of weary years!

But ah! *my* loved of early days,—
How brightly still they bring
Upon my spirit's backward gaze
The glory of its spring!
The hopes that shared their timeless doom
Return, as freshly green
As though the portals of the tomb
Had never closed between!

Oh! man may climb the mountain snows,
Or search the ocean wave,—
But who will choose to walk with those
Whose dwelling is the grave?—
Yet when upon that tideless shore
His sweetest flowers are shed,
The lonely dreamer shrinks no more
From visions of the dead.

BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT,

Of England, one of the most distinguished female poets of the age, is still young, and with her habits of study, will probably enrich the world with many precious gems of thought, in addition to her works already produced. Her maiden name was Barrett, under which she achieved her poetical reputation. In 1846, she was married to Robert Browning, a poet and dramatic writer of

* A bishop is said to have suggested to the emperor, Charles the Fifth, the necessity of introducing Negro slaves into his American colonies.

much celebrity, author of "Paracelsus" and several tragedies. This gifted couple, whose tastes as well as talents are congenial, seem destined to ascend together the hill of Fame. Mrs. Browning is probably more versed in classical learning, and a more complete scholar, than any of her sex now living. Her mind is also well stored with general literature: with an energy and force of character truly rare, she brought out the powers of her mind, and cultivated its faculties, during a wearying illness, which confined her for many years to her apartment. Shut out from the influences of external nature, she surrounded herself with the flowers of poetry, and created tints of the imagination to give unfading radiance to a room the sun's rays never entered. Mrs. Browning enjoys the friendship and correspondence of many of the most eminent men and women of the day, by whom she is justly valued for her abilities and excellence.

She has written in prose some treatises on "The Greek Christian Poets," which are said to be admirable, and among her friends her talents as a letter-writer are quite celebrated. Whether she is destined to go down to posterity as a great *poet*, is a point that will bear discussion; energy, learning, a romantic melancholy chastened by faith, and sincere piety, are found everywhere through her works; she also possesses an exuberance of fancy, and her memory is stored with expressions of the poets of the highest stamp. Do these gifts constitute poetry?

"Mrs. Browning," says a distinguished scholar, (Rev. George W. Bethune,) when commenting on her poems, "is singularly bold and adventurous. Her wing carries her, without faltering at their obscurity, into the cloud and the mist, where not seldom we fail to follow her, but are tempted, while we admire the honesty of her enthusiasm, to believe that she utters what she herself has but dimly perceived. Much of this, however, arises from her disdain of carefulness. Her lines are often rude, her rhymes forced, from impatience rather than affectation; and for the same reason, she falls into the kindred fault of verboseness, which is always obscure. She forgets the advice which Aspasia gave a young poet, 'to sow with the hand, and not with the bag.' Her Greek studies should have taught her more sculptor-like finish and dignity; but the glowing, generous impulses of her woman's heart are too much for the discipline of the classics. Hence it is that we like her less as a scholar than as a woman; for then she compels our sympathy with her high religious faith, her love of children, her delight in the graceful and beautiful, her revelations of feminine feeling, her sorrow over the suffering, and her indignation against the oppressor. It is easy to see, from the melody of rhythm in 'Cowper's Grave,' and a few shorter pieces, that her faults spring not from inability to avoid them, if she would. Her ear, like that of Tennyson (whom she resembles more than any other poet), thirsts for a *refrain;* and like him, she indulges it to the weariness of her reader. Her sonnets, though complete in measure, are more like fragments, or unfinished outlines; but not a few of them are full of vigour. Her verses must be recited; none of them could be sung."

But if the melody of rhythm is sometimes wanting in her lines, the sweet grace of patience, the divine harmony of faith and love, seem ever abiding in her soul. She is among those women who do honour to their sex, and uplift the heart of humanity. Many of her shorter poems are exquisite in their touches of tenderness and devotional pathos. The power of passion is rarely exhibited, in its lava-like flood, on her pure pages; but deep affection and true piety of feeling meet us everywhere, and the sweet, holy emotions of woman's love are truthfully depicted; and thus her great abilities, guided by purity of thought, and hallowed by religious faith, are made blessings to the world.

The published works of Mrs. Browning are: "The Seraphim," "Prometheus Bound," "A Drama of Exile," "The Romaunt of Margaret," "Isobel's Child," "Sonnets," and "Miscellaneous Poems."

Her own appreciation of the holy office of the true poet, is thus glowingly expressed in the Preface to her poems. "'An irreligious poet,' said Burns, meaning an undevotional one, 'is a monster.' An irreligious poet, he might have said, is no poet at all. The gravitation of poetry is upwards. The poetic wing, if it move, ascends. What did even the heathen Greeks — Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Pindar? Sublimely, because born poets; darkly, because born of Adam and unrenewed in Christ, their spirits wandered like the rushing chariots and winged horses, black and white, of their brother-poet, Plato, through the universe of Deity, seeking if haply they might find HIM: and as that universe closed around the seekers, not with the transparency in which it flowed first from His hand, but opaquely, as double-dyed with the transgression of its sons,— they felt though they could not discern the God beyond, and used the gesture though ignorant of the language of worshipping. The blind eagle missed the sun, but soared towards its sphere. Shall the blind eagle soar — and the seeing eagle peck chaff? Surely it should be the gladness and the gratitude of such as are poets among us, that in turning towards the beautiful, they may behold the true face of God."

From the Drama of Exile.

ADAM'S PROPHECY OF WOMAN.

Henceforward, woman, *rise*
To thy peculiar and best altitudes
Of doing good and of enduring ill,—
Of comforting for ill, and teaching good,
And reconciling all that ill and good
Unto the patience of a constant hope,—
Rise with thy daughters! If sin *came* by thee,
And by sin, death, — the ransom-righteousness,
The heavenly life and compensative rest
Shall *come* by means of thee. If woe by thee
Had issue to the world, thou shalt go forth
An angel of the woe thou didst achieve;
Found acceptable to the world instead
Of others of that *name*, of whose *bright* steps
Thy deed stripped bare the hills. Be satisfied;
Something thou hast to bear through womanhood—
Peculiar suffering answering to the sin;
Some pang paid down for some new human life:

Some weariness in guarding such a life—
Some coldness from the guarded; some mistrust
From those thou hast too well served; from those beloved
Too loyally, some treason; feebleness
Within thy heart, and cruelty without;
And pressures of an alien tyranny,
With its dynastic reasons of larger bones
And stronger sinews. But, go to! thy love
Shall chant itself its own beatitudes,
After its own life-working.—A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips, shall make thee glad:
A poor man, served by thee, shall make thee rich;
An old man, helped by thee, shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest. Such a crown
I set upon thy head,—Christ witnessing
With looks of prompting love—to keep thee clear
Of all reproach against the sin foregone,
From all the generations which succeed.

THE SLEEP.

"He giveth His beloved sleep."—*Psalm* cxxvii. 2.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep—
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace surpassing this—
"He giveth His beloved sleep?"

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved—
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep—
The senate's shout to patriot vows—
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?—
"He giveth *His* beloved sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith, all undisproved—
A little dust, to overweep—
And bitter memories, to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake!
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber, when
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices;
O delved gold, the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God makes a silence through you all,
And "giveth His beloved sleep."

His dew drops mutely on the hill;
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men toil and reap!
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Ha! men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man,
In such a rest his heart to keep;
But angels say—and through the word
I ween their blessed smile is *heard*—
"He giveth His beloved sleep!"

For me, my heart, that erst did go,
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the juggler's leap,—
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would child-like on *His* love repose,
Who "giveth His beloved sleep!"

And friends!—dear friends!—when it shall be
That this low breath has gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep—
Let me, most loving of you all,
Say, not a tear must o'er her fall—
"He giveth His beloved sleep!"

ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S-NEST.

Little Ellie sits alone
'Mid the beeches of a meadow,
By a stream-side on the grass;
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow,
On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by;
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow:
Now she holds them *na*kedly
In her hands all sleek and dripping
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,—
And the smile she softly useth
Fills the silence like a speech;
While she thinks what shall be done
And the sweetest pleasure chooseth
For her future, within reach!

Little Ellie, in her smile
Chooseth . . . "I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds!
He shall love me without guile;
And to *him* I will discover
That swan's-nest among the reeds.

Then, ay then, he shall kneel low,
With the red-roan steed anear him
Which shall seem to understand—
Till I answer—'Rise and go!
For the world must love and fear him
Whom I gift with heart and hand.'

Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble
With a *yes*—I must not say—
Nathless, maiden brave, 'Farewell'—
I will trifle and dissemble,
'Light to-morrow with to-day.'

Then he will ride through the hills,
To the wide world, past the river
There to put away all wrong!
To make straight distorted wills,
And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along.

Three times shall a young foot-page
Swim the stream and climb the mountain
And kneel down beside my feet—
'Lo! my master sends this gage,
Lady, for thy pity counting!
What wilt thou exchange for it?'

And the first time I will send
A white rosebud for a guerdon,
And the second time a glove!
But the third time I may bend
From my pride, and answer—'Pardon—
If he comes to take my love.'

Then the young foot-page will run—
Then my lover will ride faster,
Till he kneeleth at my knee!
'I am a duke's eldest son!
Thousand serfs do call me master,
But O *Love*, I love but *thee!*'

He will kiss me on the mouth
Then, and lead me as a lover
Through the crowds that praise his deeds!
And when soul-tied by one troth,
Unto *him* I will discover,
That swan's-nest among the reeds."

Little Ellie with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gayly—
Tied her bonnet, donned the shoe—
And went homeward round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the *two*,

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,
Winding by the stream light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads —
Past the boughs she stoops, and stops!
Lo! the wild swan had deserted —
And a rat had gnawed the reeds.

Ellie went home sad and slow!
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not! But I know
She could show him never, never,
That swan's nest among the reeds!

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

"Dear Lord, dear Lord!"
She aye had prayed — (the heavenly word,
Broken by an earthly sigh!)
"Thou, who didst not erst deny
The mother-joy to Mary mild
Blessed in the blessed child —
Hearkening in meek babyhood
Her cradle-hymn, albeit used
To all that music interfused
In breasts of angels high and good!
Oh, take not, Lord, my babe away —
Oh, take not to thy songful heaven,
The pretty baby thou hast given;
Or ere that I have seen him play
Around his father's knees, and known
That *he* knew how my love hath gone
From all the world to him!
And how that I shall shiver, dim
In the sunshine, thinking e'er
The grave-grass keeps it from his fair
Still cheeks! and feel at every tread
His little body which is dead
And hidden in the turfy fold,
Doth make the whole warm earth a'cold!
O God! I am so young, so young —
I am not used to tears at nights
Instead of slumber — nor to prayer
With shaken lips and hands out-wrung!
Thou knowest all my prayings were
I bless thee, God, for past delights —
Thank God! I am not used to bear
Hard thoughts of death! The earth doth cover
No face from me of friend or lover!
And must the first who teacheth me
The form of shrouds and funerals, be
Mine own first-born-beloved? he
Who taught me first this mother-love?
Dear Lord, who spreadest out above
Thy loving pierced hands to meet
All lifted hearts with blessing sweet, —
Pierce not my heart, my tender heart,
Thou madest tender! Thou who art
So happy in thy heaven alway,
Take not mine only bliss away!"

THE CHILD AND THE WATCHER.

Sleep on, baby on the floor,
Tired of all the playing —
Sleep with smile the sweeter for
That you dropp'd away in;
On your curls' fair roundness stand
Golden lights serenely —
One cheek, push'd out by the hand,
Folds the dimple inly.
Little head and little foot
Heavy laid for pleasure,
Underneath the lids half-shut
Slants the shining azure —
Open-soul'd in noonday sun,
So, you lie and slumber;
Nothing evil having done,
Nothing can encumber.

I, who cannot sleep as well,
Shall I sigh to view you?
Or sigh further to foretell
All that may undo you?

Nay, keep smiling, little child,
Ere the fate appeareth!
I smile, too! for patience mild
Pleasure's token weareth.
Nay, keep sleeping before loss!
I shall sleep, though losing!
As by cradle, so by cross,
Sweet is the reposing.

And God knows, who sees us twain,
Child at childish leisure,
I am all as tired of pain
As you are of pleasure.
Very soon, too, by His grace
Gently wrapt around me,
I shall show as calm a face,
I shall sleep as soundly!
Differing in this, that you
Clasp your playthings sleeping,
While my hand must drop the few
Given to my keeping —
Differing in this, that I
Sleeping, must be colder,
And in waking presently,
Brighter to beholder —
Differing in this beside —
(Sleeper, have you heard me?
Do you move, and open wide
Your great eyes toward me?)
That while I you draw withal
From this slumber solely,
Me, from mine, an angel shall,
Trumpet-tongued and holy!

WORK AND CONTEMPLATION.

The woman singeth at her spinning-wheel
A pleasant song, ballad or barcarolle,
She thinketh of her song, upon the whole,
Far more than of her flax; and yet the reel
Is full, and artfully her fingers feel,
With quick adjustment, provident control,
The lines, too subtly twisted to unroll,
Out to the perfect thread. I hence appeal
To the dear Christian church — that we may do
Our Father's business in these temples mirk,
So swift and steadfast, so intent and strong —
While so, apart from toil, our souls pursue
Some high, calm, spheric tune — proving our work
The better for the sweetness of our song.

THE LADY'S YES.

"Yes!" I answered you last night;
"No!" this morning, Sir, I say!
Colours, seen by candle-light,
Will not look the same by day.

When the tabors played their best,
Lamps above, and laughs below —
Love me sounded like a jest,
Fit for *Yes* or fit for *No!*

Call me false, or call me free —
Vow, whatever light may shine,
No man on thy face shall see
Any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is on us both —
Time to dance is not to woo —
Wooer light makes fickle troth —
Scorn of *me* recoils on *you!*

Learn to win a lady's faith
Nobly, as the thing is high!
Bravely, as for life and death —
With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards,
Point her to the starry skies,
Guard her, by your truthful words,
Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true —
Ever true as wives of yore —
And her *Yes*, once said to you,
SHALL be Yes for evermore.

DISCONTENT.

Light human nature is too lightly tost
And ruffled without cause: complaining on —
Restless with rest — until, being overthrown,
It learneth to lie quiet. Let a frost
Or a small wasp have crept to the inpermost
Of our ripe peach; or let the wilful sun
Shine westward of our window — straight we run
A furlong's sigh, as if the world were lost.
But what time through the heart and through the brain
God hath transfixed us, — we, so moved before,
Attain to a calm! Ay, shouldering weights of pain,
We anchor in deep waters, safe from shore;
And hear, submissive, o'er the stormy main,
God's chartered judgments walk for evermore.

PATIENCE TAUGHT BY NATURE.

"O dreary life!" we cry, "O dreary life!"
And still the generations of the birds
Sing through our sighing, and the flocks and herds
Serenely live while we are keeping strife
With Heaven's true purpose in us, as a knife
Against which we may struggle. Ocean girds
Unslackened the dry land: savannah-swards
Unweary sweep: hills watch, unworn; and rife
Meek leaves drop yearly from the forest-trees,
To show, above, the unwasted stars that pass
In their old glory. O thou God of old!
Grant me some smaller grace than comes to *these*;—
But so much patience, as a blade of grass
Grows by contented through the heat and cold.

CHEERFULNESS TAUGHT BY REASON.

I think we are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope
Indeed beyond the zenith and the slope
Of yon grey blank of sky, we might be faint
To muse upon eternity's constraint
Round our aspirant souls. But since the scope
Must widen early, is it well to droop
For a few days consumed in loss and taint?
O pusillanimous Heart, be comforted, —
And, like a cheerful traveller, take the road —
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints? — At least it may be said,
"Because the way is *short*, I thank thee, God!"

COWPER'S GRAVE.

I will invite thee, from thy envious herse
To rise, and 'bout the world thy beams to spread,
That we may see there's brightnesse in the dead.
HABINGTON.

It is a place where poets crown'd
May feel the heart's decaying —
It is a place where happy saints
May weep amid their praying —
Yet let the grief and humbleness
As low as silence languish;
Earth surely now may give her calm
To whom she gave her anguish.

O poets! from a maniac's tongue
Was pour'd the deathless singing!
O Christians! at your cross of hope
A hopeless hand was clinging!
O men, this man in brotherhood,
Your weary paths beguiling,
Groan'd inly while he taught you peace,
And died while ye were smiling!

And now, what time ye all may read
Through dimming tears his story
How discord on the music fell,
And darkness on the glory —
And how, when, one by one, sweet sounds
And wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face,
Because so broken-hearted.

He shall be strong to sanctify
The poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down
In meeker adoration:
Nor ever shall he be in praise
By wise or good forsaken;
Named softly, as the household name
Of one whom God hath taken!

With sadness that is calm, not gloom,
I learn to think upon him;
With meekness that is gratefulness,
On God, whose heaven hath won him —
Who suffer'd once the madness-cloud
Towards His love to blind him;
But gently led the blind along,
Where breath and bird could find him;

And wrought within his shatter'd brain
Such quick poetic senses,
As hills have language for, and stars
Harmonious influences!
The pulse of dew upon the grass
His own did calmly number;
And silent shadow from the trees
Fell o'er him like a slumber.

The very world, by God's constraint,
From falsehood's chill removing,
Its women and its men became
Beside him true and loving! —
And timid hares were drawn from woods
To share his home-caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes,
With sylvan tendernesses.

But while in blindness he remain'd,
Unconscious of the guiding,
And things provided came without
The sweet sense of providing,
He testified this solemn truth,
Though frenzy desolated, —
Nor man nor nature satisfy
Whom only God created!

Like a sick child, that knoweth not
His mother while she blesses,
And droppeth on his burning brow
The coolness of her kisses;
That turns his fever'd eyes around —
"My mother! where's my mother?" —
As if such tender *words* and *looks*
Could come from any other! —

The fever gone, with leaps of heart
He sees her bending o'er him;
Her face all pale from watchful love,
Th' unweary love she bore him —
Thus, woke the poet from the dream
His life's long fever gave him,
Beneath those deep pathetic eyes
Which closed in death to save him!

Thus! oh, not *thus!* no type of earth
Could image that awaking,
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant
Of seraphs round him breaking —
Or felt the new immortal throb
Of soul from body parted;
But felt *those eyes alone*, and knew
"*My* Saviour! *not* deserted!"

Deserted! who hath dreamt that when
The cross in darkness rested,
Upon the Victim's hidden face
No love was manifested?
What frantic hands outstretched have e'er
Th' atoning drops averted —
What tears have washed them from the soul —
That *one* should be deserted?

Deserted! God could separate
From His own essence rather:
And Adam's sins *have* swept between
The righteous Son and Father —

Yea! once, Immanuel's orphan'd cry
His universe hath shaken —
Went up single, echoless,
"My God, I am forsaken!"

It went up from the Holy lips
Amid his lost creation,
That of the lost, no son should use
Those words of desolation;
That earth's worst Frenzies, marring hope,
Should mar not hope's fruition:
And I, on Cowper's grave, should see
His rapture, in a vision!

C.

CAMPBELL, DOROTHEA PRIMROSE,

Is a native of the Zetland or Shetland Islands, a group situated in the Atlantic Ocean, to the north of Scotland. She was born and resides at Lerwick, the capital of Shetland, which is the only island of much account in the group. Here Miss Campbell made the acquaintance of Walter Scott, when he visited the Northern Isles in 1814. She was then very young, and probably, but for the advent of the great magician into this "*Ultima Thule*" of the olden times, Miss Campbell's name would never have been heard beyond the boundary of her own island home. But his encouragement inspired her with hope. In 1816, she dedicated to him, with his permission, a volume of "Poems," which made her highly celebrated among her own people; and therefore we give her a place among our *distingués*, considering, as we do, such home-fame the most difficult, usually, to win, and the best, when won, for a woman. The character of her poetry, chiefly suggested by the wild, rough scenery with which she lives surrounded, is healthy in its tone, and breathes of home and heaven. We subjoin a specimen:—

MOONLIGHT.

The winds of heaven are hushed and mild
As the breath of slumbering child;
The western bugle's balmy sigh
Breaks not the mist-wreaths, as they lie
Veiling the tall cliff's rugged brow,
Nor dimple the green waves below.
Such stillness round;—such silence deep—
That nature seems herself to sleep.
The full moon, mounted in the sky,
Looks from her cloudless place on high.
And trembling stars, like fairy gleams,
Twinkle their many-coloured beams,
Spangling the world of waters o'er
With mimic gems from shore to shore;
Till ocean, burning on the view,
Glows like another heav'n of blue,
And its broad bosom, as a mirror bright,
Reflects their lucid path and all the fields of light.

CARLEN, EMILY,

Is a native of Sweden; her maiden name was Smith. She began her career as an authoress very early in life, for the purpose of adding to the means of her parents, who were in narrow circumstances. Her inspiration was thus of the noblest kind, and more poetical than the abstract love of fame. Her works were highly successful, soon brought her into notice, and obtained her the acquaintance of many distinguished personages. Her amiable character and exemplary life have secured her consideration in all the circles of Stockholm.

Four of her works have been presented, by translation, to the Anglo-Saxon reading public. They all display originality and inventive genius, together with a poetic and impassioned spirit; they have all the fault which proceeds from a rich and exuberant imagination—too many characters and too many incidents; this always weakens the interest, flattens the pathos of a story, and abates the attention of the reader. To "discreetly blot," is one of the nicest and most delicate parts of an author's craft; it requires judgment, experience and taste, and is unattainable by many; but the abilities of Mrs. Carlen appear such as to assure her of success, if she would do what the French wit complained he had no leisure for—"take time to make her works shorter."

It is not often that a book is complained of for containing too much matter; but out of the novel of "The Magic Goblet," several separate stories and dramas might be made. The number of well-imagined personages in this book is extraordinary. The Count, Uncle Sebastian, the Major, even the old steward Bergstad, are all elderly men; but so perfectly individualized, so strikingly delineated, that each is capital, natural, and quite as unlike as such could be found in real life. The countess and the baroness, though slightly touched, are distinct and living. The three young ladies, also, have no resemblance to each other. Thelma is too much, both in her adventures and her character, removed from reality to awaken strong interest; but Alfhild and Maria are charmingly portrayed. Erika, in the "Rose of Thistle Island," is a woman of the same order of mind with Maria, yet it would be absurd to call one a repetition of the other; their traits of character are as different as the circumstances surrounding them—just as we find it in actual life. The charming Gabriella is perfectly distinct from Alfhild, though both are young, innocent, simple, unlearned country-maidens, and the petted darlings of their fathers. It required no common genius to imagine and describe the young heroes of these works—Arve and Seiler; both are endowed with bravery and remarkable beauty, with courage and qualities to carry on the battle of life; but here all resemblance ends, so strong is the moral difference shown in every resolution and action. "The Magic Goblet" is spoiled by a narrative of crime and misery, introduced towards the end; it may be remarked that, as the story hinges on this, it could not be omitted; but Mrs. Carlen shows plainly that, with her fertility of invention, she might have constructed a different plot. "The Rose of Thistle Island" is too replete with horrors—the curtain falls on too many of the dead and dying. The marriage of Arnman, which is vaguely spoken of, is no consolation—it is evidently none to him—and inspires the reader with no pleasure. But these dark picturings belong to Swedish life; the people of that country have a hard lot; ignorance, oppression and want, never soften human nature.

The "Brothers" and the "Temptations of Wealth," are not equal to the first two productions. Their beauties and defects are, however, of the same character. Upon the whole, Mrs. Carlen appears to yield to few women of our day in original genius. Some of the passages have an approach to sublimity in the descriptions of nature, and of moral suffering; many of the most forcible touches cannot be comprehended or appreciated, but in connection with the entire works. We shall, therefore, limit ourselves in extracting what can best be taken from its niche.

It must not be forgotten that our medium of judging this authoress, has been through particularly bad translations; this prevents any remark on the various poems which are interspersed.

From "The Rose of Thistle Island."

ERIKA.

In the new house on Thistle Island, was a small corner room, the windows of which were scarcely three feet from the rock behind them. This room was Erika's favourite resort: there she sat many hours alone, looking at the rock, which seemed to her a wall of separation between her and the rest of the world. She did not like the sea view — it recalled dark memories; but the rocks were her confidants, and to them she had often whispered the suffering she could not overcome.

Erika's gloomy apartment had but one ornament, a picture of uncommon beauty, representing the Crucifixion, which made the little room more resemble an oratory than a sitting-room. It was, in fact, the place to which Erika retired when she felt the necessity of pouring out her heart in prayer, or to refresh her spirit by salutary tears, and thus give it new energy. But the dark little room had another attraction. Birger had, at the time he brought her the picture after his first voyage, also given her a small writing-desk; and in this she kept the scraps of paper, on which, year after year, she learned better to express her thoughts and feelings. Those pages were as parts of her own mind; it was by them she thought to compensate herself for the singular and painful consciousness of being entirely alone.

It may, perhaps, be worth while to cast an eye on the simple reflections of a woman who, in the whole wide world, possessed no one to whom she could impart that which lived and dwelled within her. The early education she had received, had ripened by the exertion of her own excellent understanding: but Erika had not only understanding, she had also feeling; she had the consciousness of her cast-out situation: and it was those feelings, and that consciousness, that must have vent.

On one page, Erika had written, in large characters, the word, "Longing;" and under it she wrote, "As far back as I can remember, there has been a great void in my soul. I have longed, I still long, and shall ever long, for that which I can never attain — a mother's bosom. Why was I driven out into the world to struggle there, without hope of ever returning to a home? I have never known a home. No mother has ever lulled me on her knee; no father ever blessed me! Alone have I passed through life; alone have I sought the way of light; and alone I shall go hence. No one feels, no one cares, what the motherless one, rejected by the whole world, may suffer. Her longings are but *her's* alone. Often, I seem to myself like a person deaf and dumb, in whose heart dwell feelings rich and deep, but which she wants ability to communicate to others. Thus, I have at times the most delicious sensations — so sweet, that tears often start to my eyes; but I cannot connect my feelings. They are like a bell that one hears at a distance ringing a soft and solemn sound. It is longing — longing for home, which I shall never know here below — but which I shall find on high." On another page she had inscribed the words, "Family ties," and written underneath her reflections; "Very singular is that chain which binds the human race together, and forms connexions between them, which it afterwards becomes a duty to respect. I, the wife of a . . . ., pray daily to God for *him*, whom every one would . . . . if they knew . . . . : but I am his; my life is a long sigh of prayer that the penitent may be brought back to the Father's throne: and if I gain that great object, (comforting angels often whisper to my oppressed heart that it is already attained!) then shall I not complain, or grieve that I thus live alone in the world; assuredly under other circumstances, I neither would, nor could have sacrificed myself. It strikes me, sometimes, as if my calling on earth were a high one; and a deep feeling thrills through my heart when I think of the responsibility I have taken on myself — to live among these people, to train, lead, and form for good, the motherless being I have adopted. Truly, *He* only who is mighty in the weak, can give me strength firmly to pursue my path, and to do some good among those with whom He has placed me.

"When life feels dark and heavy, I have comfort in the certainty that the trial is needful; I feel that it would make me happy if God were to give me one who would call me by that sweet name of mother, for which *I* have longed in vain: then I should be no longer alone; the strongest and holiest bond would then unite me to another being; but ought I to desire it? I ask myself whether I could procure for my child the happiness I would wish him to enjoy. Would he not, one day, when time and intelligence had removed the happy unconsciousness of childhood, blush and mourn for *him* who, according to Nature's laws, he ought to honour? And could there be any suffering comparable to that of hearing the son execrate the father — perhaps reproach his parent for having given him the bitter gift of life? No; rather than that, would I be evermore alone! For a few hours, months, or, at most, years of happiness, would I risk receiving in exchange the deepest and most real of sorrows? God is just. Punishment may not be withheld! I dare not even pray for the blessing which is woman's greatest comfort, the highest object of her existence. Around Gabriella will I enfold all the love that I

could have lavished on a child of my own. Gabriella also is motherless; not in vain has she placed her under my care."

GABRIELLA.

As soon as Gabriella was alone, she went to the looking-glass, and was startled to find how the vexation of a few hours had changed her looks. "No, he shall not perceive this!" said she, in a tone of mortification — Erika is right; she has seen the world, and knows how it is proper to behave. No one sees *her* weep, and yet I am sure she does sometimes, when alone in the corner room. But what have I to cry for? if he *will* go away, who can help it?" And poor Gabriella, who did not rightly comprehend in what Erika's self-command consisted, began to defy her own agitated heart, and so to silence it.

Then followed in due order, the old art of bathing the eyes with cold water, and endeavouring, before the mirror, to assume a smiling and indifferent appearance. It is astonishing how far even a little simple Skärgord girl, acquainted only with the rocks on her island, and the few strangers who occasionally visited it, can be instructed when love begins to give lessons. A hundred things of which she has never dreamt, present themselves of their own accord; she learns easily to understand those small, and in reality innocent devices, which only become coquetry when the young mind is either naturally tainted by vanity, or has imbibed it through flattery. That neither of these was the case with Gabriella, she had to thank the education she had received from Erika, in which there was nothing to lead her to prize the accidental gift of beauty. The pretty appellation of the "Rose of Thistle Island" she had never reflected: she looked upon it as retained by custom since her childhood; and in that there was nothing flattering.

Another circumstance also preserved Gabriella from vanity, namely, that she had little opportunity of comparing herself with others. She had, indeed, of late years, made a trip every summer with Erika to Gothenburg; but she was so fully occupied while there, surveying all the remarkable things in the town, the richness of the shops, and the bustling crowds of people, that she did not at all attend to the appearance of the young women. If, therefore, there had been a tendency to this fault, it had never taken root, nor injured the moral beauty of her young mind. But the time for the heart's first awakening had come, and with it the accompaniments of new feelings, new thoughts, and new conceptions.

"I cannot wear this ugly handkerchief," said our young heroine to herself, and remarked for the first time, that the red-and-yellow cotton handkerchief was excessively unbecoming. "Birger really did not show much taste when he bought that; but if I put on the little pink silk scarf today, Erika will be sure to ask why I have done it." And Gabriella blushed before the mirror at the answer she would have to give, provided she spoke the truth; and she had not yet learned to tell the reverse.

In the mean time, the pink silk scarf was taken out and tried, merely for amusement; but the temptation was too strong; for, evidently the cheeks assumed another tinge; and besides, the yellow handkerchief cast a yellow shade over her face — it was too large, it was quite *bunchy* when it was tied round her neck. After a few miuutes' longer consideration in the looking-glass, it became impossible to part with the pink; and when the resolution was once taken to brave the worst — an inquiring look, or even an interrogation from Erika — the hair was nicely smoothed, the work-basket hung on her arm, and with a mien which tolerably well represented the indifference aimed at, Gabriella went down stairs.

From The Magic Goblet.

[We must remark here, that the same laxity of moral sentiment in Sweden respecting marriage is indicated in the writings of Mrs. Carlen, which we noticed in our Sketch of Miss Bremer and her works. In the "Magic Goblet," the whole interest of the story is involved in the struggles of Rudolph Seiler to obtain a divorce from his wife, Maria, because he had fallen passionately in love with a young girl — Alfhild.]

LETTER OF THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

"RUDOLPH! — In my half-broken heart tremble yet some notes that never found a response, but still could never die away, for they were the gift of the great composer who bestows on us the feelings of life — notes from those wonderful strings that vibrate only in eternal love. But, Rudolph, though these notes sound yet softly, they form no longer an harmonious whole. The strings have slowly rusted — one after the other is loosened, and there is but yet an echo, which now must also die away.

"Perhaps you do not understand me; it may be that you *will* not understand me. This I almost fear, for you have always maintained that there is no love in our marriage. But it is you, Rudolph, you alone, who determined that there should be none. And when I saw the earnest with which you indulged in this once conceived idea, I had not the courage, the strength, to throw myself upon your heart, to clear at least myself from this harsh opinion. Perhaps you grow displeased, if you see that in a moment when I should show most pride, I give signs of a weakness which I heretofore strove to conquer. But, Rudolph, in this weakness there lies perhaps my greatest *strength*. For you may believe it is, for the pride of a woman who knows herself to be rejected, no trifle to open her heart to that man who never wished to read it. I am, however, convinced that my duty as wife and mother, commands me to suppress every feeling of pride. I will show myself as I am, that you may not misjudge me in future. And if you should despise me on that account, then — it would be but one pang more, surely one more bitter, perhaps more painful than all the rest, yet rather this than not to have been candid at this fearful crisis.

"Yes, Rudolph, so it is. In my heart there has

burned a feeling as deep and true as can glow in the breast of woman, and it burned alone. The sparks of this flame have often hovered around you, but they were quenched by the icy breath which you breathed upon them, and the heart, the poor heart trembled with coldness at the same time that it was consumed by its glow. But you know that I have suffered, and been silent. Even now I should have spared you the pain which my confession may cause you, had not your proposition of a divorce caused an uproar and storm in my soul, which I must try, at every hazard, to still; and it has seemed to me that I should grow more calm, if I have no longer a secret from you that dimmed the sun-rays of our domestic relation. I am not so infatuated as to hope that feelings which you never cherished should rise in your soul just now, while you are throwing off those which you heretofore have had for me — a feeling of honour and duty; only I do not wish you to be able to say that want of mutual love is the reason that induces you to the cruel plan of separation. No, you must allege *another* reason; whence you will draw it, I do not know, nor do I wish to know, for my resolution stands firm; I shall never accede to your proposal of divorce.

"Do not think, Rudolph, that it is through weakness, or any thought of my sad condition, that I seek to maintain for myself the rights which belong to me as your wife. No, indeed, no; for I well know that my life will be in future more desolate and joyless than heretofore; but I do it for the sake of our child, and the respect I have for the sacredness of our tie. And then, Rudolph, what have I done to you, that you wish to brand my name before the world, and draw me before a judge who will condemn me to death, while he passes sentence on my honour? For dark shadows always follow a divorce, let the cause be what it will; and this is natural. If husband and wife dissolve the holiest of connexions, some great fault on the one side or the other must necessarily be the cause of it — at least the world thinks so. The pictures you hold up to my eyes of the independence of women, who are at present trodden under foot by men, are, I fear, more imaginary than true. Has not God himself ordained that they should be subordinate? And they will do well not to violate the laws of nature, and force themselves upon the field where man is accustomed to rule. Woman need, on that account, be no 'despotic animal.' She has her peculiar power in her heart, which must suffice, when outward storms are raging around her.

"The picture which you draw in relation to the children in an unlawful marriage, is gloomy; but I ask you if there can be more unfortunate beings than those who grow up without having, properly, either father or mother, since they stand equally removed from both, and have no home-like fireside round which they may gather in child-like delight? You will, no doubt, answer 'No,' to this, unless you have determined both to speak and act against nature; and with this 'No,' you must also admit that the example of separated parents must be of a still more baneful effect upon the moral education of children, than that which you portrayed in colours too glowing.

"Oh, Rudolph! if you will not spare *me*, think, at least, of your son; he is innocent, and yet you mean to cast a shadow upon his tender head, you mean to sow in his heart a seed of discord, which will shoot up between him and us — for who is right, and who is wrong? Is it our child who is to decide? No; he will not be able so to do, and therefore his young heart will close itself against us both. If we had not this child — and if I were perfectly convinced that you could not become happy, and ever find joy in life unless separated from me, then I think I could say 'Yes,' to your unnatural request, though my heart should break by it. But now hope is whispering to me that time will bring up some friendly star that may give light to the present night. But, however this may be, so long as our son lives, I deem that my own honour, as well as the care for his future, demand from me to say, 'No,' to your proposition.

"Rudolph! I cannot bring you back to us, and yet my very soul shudders at the mere thought to put my name to a paper which would deprive me of all hope of happiness.

"MARIA."

* * * * *

Seiler was, indeed, deeply moved by the letter of his wife; but it was not so much through the confession itself, as through the impediment that was thrown in the way of his plans. As his eyes flew over the lines of the letter, he must allow, against his will, that, as she really loved him, and had never in the least offended her conjugal duties, a separation was out of all question, despite his passionate feeling for Alfhild. Without her consent, he had no hopes of being freed from the yoke which he could bear no longer.

* * * * *

The thought of what his wife during this time suffered, occurred to him but seldom. The selfishness of man has no time to occupy itself with the sufferings of others, if he himself is a prey to pains whose weight oppresses his breast, and checks the full flow of his blood. Besides, Seiler thought, when he sometimes felt himself drawn to his wife by a secret power, and against his will, "Who knows if a word is true of all she writes to me of her feelings? She only intended to put a new and stronger chain on me, by this invention. I will inform myself of it more minutely. I will see with my own eyes."

And he might have added, I will be blind, lest I might be disturbed in the execution of my plan that I have formed.

The consequence of it was, that Seiler resolved to return home, and attempt to induce her to consent, by appealing to her generosity; and he was so certain that Maria would become happier by the separation, that he conquered his pride, which would otherwise have forbidden him to call upon the generosity of a woman.

The answer which he sent his wife, after a long delay, was cold, short, expressive of regret, and evasive. The allusion to her love to him was so subtle and calculated, that it could hardly be

found; and the letter stated, in fact, nothing farther than that he would come home by Christmas, to consult with her on the affair in question, personally.

Seiler had put the love of his wife, with the greatest skill, in such a light, that poor Maria could throw her eyes neither upon the letter nor upon herself without blushing at her weakness. It answered, therefore, perfectly its purpose. The rejected heart, offended, withdrew within itself. All hope was now gone; but she would have despised herself, if a sound of complaint had escaped her lips.

In the mean time, her child grew more ill, and the hours in which she watched in prayer and tears, were full of all that earth can approve most — most anguished and oppressive.

When Seiler unexpectedly arrived — he had not appointed the day of his arrival before — there was little hope left for the life of the boy. With what grief did the mother see the hour approach when her last hopes should be carried to the grave!

From the same.

THE DIVORCE.

Night had spread her dark mantle over the earth, and the day, so bitter for Seiler and his wife, which we described at the end of the first Part, had sunk in the wide ocean of eternity.

Maria lay on her knees in her solitary chamber, and prayed to God to give her strength and courage to drain the bitter cup. But peace would not come to her breast. At each look into the future she startled, for she saw herself alone, without the slightest hope of mending her condition, and doomed to bleed to death from the wounds of her breast. Yet Maria did not cease to pray, and not only for herself alone, but also for him who had caused her these bitter pangs.

The love of woman, though she cannot but condemn it as a weakness, remains, if it was true love, so entirely without selfishness, that she forgets herself on account of the beloved object. Maria had loved her husband thus, and loved him still, after the last star in the heaven of hope was quenched, and the last rose lay scattered at her feet.

This night became for her memorable for ever. It had seen her struggle, her prayer, her tears and her anguish; it became also witness of the victory in the painful struggle with her heart! It was long past midnight when, trembling with cold and excitement, she sought her lonesome couch. Mechanically she stretched out her hand, as she was wont to do, toward the place where the bed of her child used to stand. It was empty, and as her hand sank powerless by her side, she felt a violent pain shoot through her heart. Sighs heaved her oppressed breast. Ah, how long and dark was the night for the poor wife, on whose brow cold drops of perspiration stood! But God is kind; morning will dawn,

> "And on the thorn of pains springs up,
> The rose of pure delight."

Also this night was succeeded by a morning whose first pale beams woke Maria and dried the last tears that hung on her eye-lashes. She dressed herself, and breathing with her warm lips she made an open spot on the frozen window-panes, and looked through it up to the Creator of the world. Now that day had come, she felt a hope and trust which night had not given her; a certain peace came over her soul, and gradually her self-control obtained full power again. She knew now what he was going to do — she knew what sacrifice iron necessity demanded of her, and she was ready to make it.

Patient and beautiful in her infinite grief, Maria entered the sitting-room, and arranged the breakfast-table herself, for the first time since the return of her husband.

When Seiler entered, she rose and went, more bashful, perhaps, than a young bride, and blushing, to meet him. He gave her his hand in silence, but when he felt its light trembling, and her indescribably charming confusion, he could not but own himself, that he had never before looked upon her with impartial eyes.

"How do you do to-day, good, dear Maria? Your cheeks appear to me to be fresher than they have been of late."

"I am glad if you find that! Indeed, I feel somewhat better. But the coffee grows cold; allow me to wait upon you to-day."

At the word "to-day," her voice became evidently tremulous; there lay an almost superhuman exertion in her usual tranquillity.

Husband and wife took seats opposite to each other, and Maria was able even to smile, as she reached to him the cup. But there are hours in life when a smile pains us more than the bitterest and sharpest word. This was now the case with Seiler. Maria's smile pierced through his soul, and caused him more pain than a thousand tears and reproaches would have done. He knew her, and was aware that her deeply-wounded feelings forbade her to show the real state of her soul, and that with death in her heart, she was strong enough to smile, in order not to excite his compassion, since she could no more excite another feeling.

"By heaven!" thought Seiler, and brought Maria's hands to his lips with a degree of respect and emotion which he had never shown before — "Bloom is right! I never knew her before. She is a noble high-minded woman; and had she not been so proud, so politely cold while my heart longed, often in past years, for a warmer ray of sun, or if she had only tried to conquer it in the usual ways of little stratagems, she would certainly have succeeded. But now, now it is past. My heart has found a being that does not know what is disguise, or what is the meaning of such strength of mind, which commands to conceal the warmest feelings, and to show an icy coldness, while the blood is seething in the veins, and each beat of the pulse announces to the restless heart that another second is passed without hope. No, Alfhild, my pure white dove, she clings with warmth and yearning desire to my breast, seeking there protection, and her cheek reddens or grows pale, according to the expression she finds in my

looks. Thus, thus must be a woman's love; wholly given up to and dependent on, the man to whom she devotes herself. All her thoughts, feelings and conceptions must unite in the one consciousness that she loves. She must have desire for nothing else. The word of her beloved, or husband, must suffice her; her confidence in it must be her world, and his will the only thing that she consults. The only arithmetic which she needs to understand is, 'to be able to calculate the change of his humour.'"

In thus comparing the love of his wife with that of his beloved, which he carried through with the greatest selfishness, he forgot entirely, which is frequently done, to consider justice; for he took into no account at all *his own* behaviour toward the two beings, which, if he had done so, would have convinced him that he had to seek for the cause of the different conduct of the two women in *himself*, and not in *them*.

CAREY, ALICE,

Has, within the last few years, written poetry that justly places her among the gifted daughters of America. The lyre seems to obey her heart as the Æolian harp does the wind, every impulse gushing out in song. The father of Miss Carey was a native of Vermont, who removed to Ohio whilst it was a territory. The wild place where he settled has become a pleasant village, not far from Cincinnati; there Alice was born, and has always resided. The father has been greatly blessed in his children: he has another talented daughter, Phœbe, (whom we shall notice;) surely, with such treasures he must be rich indeed. The excellent mother of these sweet singers is no longer living; the daughters are thus invested with the matronly duties of house-keeping, and, to their praise be it recorded, they never neglect domestic duties even for the wooings of the Muse.

Miss Carey has written for many periodicals; few, if any, of our young poets have given so much to the public as she has done during the last five or six years. The *author, of "The Female Poets of America," has, in his critical notice, admirably described the characteristics of these sisters—he says: "Alice Carey evinces in many poems a genuine imagination and a creative energy that challenges peculiar praise. We have perhaps no other author, so young, in whom the poetical faculty is so largely developed. Her sister writes with vigour, and a hopeful and genial spirit, and there are many felicities of expression, particularly in her later pieces. She refers more than Alice to the common experience, and has, perhaps, a deeper sympathy with that philosophy and those movements of the day, which look for a nearer approach to equality, in culture, fortune, and social relations."

Two striking peculiarities enhance the interest of the poems of Alice; the absence of learning, properly so called; and the capacity of the heart to endow the true poet for the high office of interpreter of nature without the aid of learning. Doubtless, these sisters would find great benefit from such a course of study as Mrs. Hemans pursued, or such advantages as Mrs. Norton has enjoyed. Still the magic of genius is felt most powerfully, when it triumphs over obstacles seemingly insuperable; the poems we are now considering are fairly entitled to higher praise than though written by a scholar, with all appliances and means for study and composition at command. That, "in the West, song gushes and flows, like the springs and rivers, more imperially than elsewhere" may be true; but it is chiefly from the soul of woman that these beautiful strains are thus, bird-like, poured. In the sentiment of these songs we find the secret of their inspiration; the Bible is the fount from which these young poetesses have quaffed. With the Bible in her hand, and its spirit in her heart, woman can nourish her genius, and prove a guiding angel to all who look heaven-ward for the Temple of Fame.

A volume of "Poems," by "Alice and Phœbe Carey," was published in 1850. "Hualco, a Romance of the Golden Age of Tezcuco," by Alice Carey, appeared in 1851. The poem is founded upon adventures of a Mexican Prince, before the conquest, as related by Clavigero, Torquemada, and other historians.

From "Poems," by Alice Carey

LIGHTS OF GENIUS.

Upheaving pillars, on whose tops
The white stars rest like capitals,
Whence every living spark that drops
Kindles and blazes as it falls!
And if the arch-fiend rise to pluck,
Or stoop to crush their beauty down,
A thousand other sparks are struck,
That glory settles in her crown.
The huge ship, with its brassy share,
Ploughs the blue sea to speed their course,
And veins of iron cleave the air,
To waft them from their burning source!
All, from the insect's tiny wings,
And the small drop of morning dew,
To the wide universe of things,
The light is shining, burning through,
Too deep for our poor thoughts to gauge
Lie their clear sources, bright as truth,
Whence flows upon the locks of age
The beauty of eternal youth.

*Rev. Rufus W. Griswold

Think, oh my faltering brother! think,
If thou wilt try, if thou hast tried,
By all the lights thou hast, to sink
The shaft of an immortal tide!

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all:
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies,
That lead from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland
Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep—
In the lap of that old dim forest
He lieth in peace asleep:
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face:
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

THE TWO MISSIONARIES.

In the pyramid's heavy shadows,
And by the Nile's deep flood,
They leaned on the arm of Jesus,
And preached to the multitude:
Where only the ostrich and parrot
Went by on the burning sands,
They builded to God an altar,
Lifting up holy hands.

But even while kneeling lowly
At the foot of the cross to pray,
Eternity's shadows slowly
Stole over their pilgrim way:
And one, with the journey weary,
And faint with the spirit's strife,
Fell sweetly asleep in Jesus,
Hard by the gates of life.

Oh, not in Gethsemane's garden,
And not by Genesareth's wave,
The light, like a golden mantle,
O'erspreadeth his lowly grave;
But the bird of the burning desert
Goes by with a noiseless tread,
And the tent of the restless Arab
Is silently near him spread.

Oh, could we remember only,
Who shrink from the lightest ill,
His sorrows, who, bruised and lonely,
Wrought on in the vineyard still—
Surely the tale of sorrow
Would fall on the mourner's breast,
Hushing, like oil on the waters,
The troubled wave to rest.

THE CHARMED BIRD.

"Mother, oh, mother! this morning when Will
And Mary and I had gone out on the hill,
We stopped in the orchard to climb in the trees,
And broke off the blossoms that sweetened the breeze,
When right down before us, and close where we were,
There fluttered and fluttered a bird in the air.

"Its crest was so glossy, so bright were its eyes,
And its wings, oh! their colour was just like the skies;
And still as it chirped, and kept eddying round
In narrower circles and nearer the ground,
We looked, and all hid in the leaves of the brake,
We saw, don't you think, oh! the ugliest snake!"

Caressingly folding the child in her arms,
With thoughts of sweet birds in a world full of charms,
"My child," said the mother, "in life's later hours
Remember the morning you stopped for the flowers;
And still when you think of the bird in the air,
Forget not, my love, that the serpent was there."

TO THE EVENING ZEPHYR.

I sit where the wild-bee is humming,
And listen in vain for thy song;
I've waited before for thy coming,
But never, oh, never so long!
How oft with the blue sky above us,
And waves breaking light on the shore,
Thou, knowing they would not reprove us,
Hast kissed me a thousand times o'er!—
Alone in the gathering shadows,
Still waiting, sweet Zephyr, for thee
I look for the waves of the meadows,
And dimples to dot the blue sea.
The blossoms that waited to greet thee
With heat or the noontide oppressed,
Now flutter so lightly to meet thee,
Thou'rt coming, I know, from the west.
Alas! if thou findest me pouting,
'Tis only my love that alarms;
Forgive, then, I pray thee, my doubting,
And take me once more to thine arms!

THE PAST AND PRESENT.

Ye everlasting conjurors of ill,
Who fear the Samiel in the lightest breeze,
Go, moralize with Marius, if you will,
In the old cradle of the sciences!
Bid the sarcophagi unclose their lids—
Drag the colossal sphinxes forth to view—
Rouse up the builders of the pyramids,
And raise the labyrinthian shrines anew;
And see the haughty favourite of the fates—
The arbiter of myriad destinies;
Thebes, with her "feast of lights" and hundred gates,—
And Carthage, mother of sworn enmities,
Not mantled with the desolate weeds and dust
Of centuries, but as she sat apart,
Nursing her lions, ere the eagle thrust
His bloody talons deep into her heart;—
Then say, what was she in her palmiest times
That we should mourn for ever for the past?
In fame, a very Babylon—her crimes
The plague-spot of the nations to the last!

And Rome! the seven-hilled city: she that rose
Girt with the majesty of peerless might,
From out the ashes of her fallen foes—
She in whose lap was poured, like streams of light,
The wealth of nations: was she not endowed
With that most perilous gift of beauty—pride?
And spite of all her glories blazoned loud,
Idolatrous, voluptuous, and allied

Closer to vice than virtue? Hark! the sounds
Of tramping thousands in her stony street!
And now the amphitheatre resounds
With acclamations for the engrossing feat!
Draw near, where men of wars and senates stood,
And see the *pastime*, whence they joyance drank,—
The Libyan lion lapping the warm blood
Oozed from the Dacian's bosom. On the bank
Of the sweet Danube, smiling children wait
To greet their sire, unconscious of his fate.
Oh, draw the wildering veil a little back,
Ye blind idolaters of things that were;
Who, through the glory trailing in their track,
See but the whiteness of the sepulchre;

Then to the Present turning, ye will see
Even as one, the universal mind
Rousing, like genius from a reverie,
With the exalted aim to serve mankind:
Lo! as my song is closing, I can feel
The spirit of the Present in my heart;
And for the Future, with a wiser zeal,
In life's great drama I would act my part:
That they may say, who see the curtain fall
And from the closing scene in silence go,
Haply as some light favour they recall,
Peace to her ashes, — she hath lessened woe!

THE HANDMAID.

Why rests a shadow on her woman's heart?
In life's more girlish hours it was not so;
Ill hath she learned to hide, with harmless art,
The soundings of the plummet-line of woe!

Oh, what a world of tenderness looks through
The melting sapphire of her mournful eyes;
Less softly moist are violets full of dew,
And the delicious colour of the skies.

Serenely amid worship doth she move,
Counting its passionate tenderness as dross;
And tempering the pleadings of earth's love,
In the still, solemn shadows of the cross.

It is not that her heart is cold or vain,
That thus she moves through many worshippers;
No step is lighter by the couch of pain,
No hand on fever's brow lies soft as hers.

From the loose flowing of her amber hair,
The summer flowers we long ago unknit,
As something between joyance and despair
Came in the chamber of her soul to sit.

In her white cheek the crimson burns as faint
As red doth in some cold star's chastened beam;
The tender meekness of the pitying saint
Lends all her life the beauty of a dream.

Thus doth she move among us day by day,
Loving and loved — but passion can not move
The young heart that hath wrapped itself away
In the soft mantle of a Saviour's love.

DEATH'S FERRYMAN.

Boatman, thrice I've called thee o'er,
Waiting on life's solemn shore,
Tracing, in the silver sand,
Letters till thy boat should land.

Drifting out alone with thee,
Toward the clime I can not see,
Read to me the strange device
Graven on thy wand of ice.

Push the curls of golden hue
From thy eyes of starlit dew,
And behold me where I stand
Beckoning thy boat to land.

Where the river mist, so pale,
Trembles like a bridal veil,
O'er yon lowly drooping tree,
One that loves me waits for me.

Hear, sweet boatman, hear my call!
Last year, with the leaflet's fall,
Resting her pale hand in mine,
Crossed she in that boat of thine.

When the corn shall cease to grow,
And the rye-field's silver flow
At the reaper's feet is laid,
Crossing, spake the lovely maid:

Dearest love, another year
Thou shalt meet this boatman here —
The white fingers of despair
Playing with his golden hair.

From this silver-sanded shore,
Beckon him to row thee o'er:
Where yon solemn shadows be,
I shall wait thee — come and see!

There! the white sails float and flow,
One in heaven and one below;
And I hear a low voice cry,
Ferryman of Death am I.

WATCHING.

Thy smile is sad, Elella,
Too sad for thee to wear,
For scarcely have we yet untwined
The rosebuds from thy hair!
So, dear one, hush thy sobbing,
And let thy tears be dried —
Methinks thou shouldst be happier,
Three little months a bride!

Hark! how the winds are heaping
The snow-drifts cold and white —
The clouds like spectres cross the sky —
Oh, what a lonesome night!
The hour grows late and later,
I hear the midnight chime:
Thy heart's fond keeper, where is he?
Why comes he not? — 'tis time!

Here make my heart thy pillow,
And, if the hours seem long,
I 'll wile them with a legend wild,
Or fragment of old song —
Or read, if that will soothe thee,
Some poet's pleasant rhymes;
Oh, I have watched and waited thus,
I can not tell the times!

Hush, hark! across the neighbouring hills
I hear the watch-dog bay —
Stir up the fire, and trim the lamp,
I 'm sure he 's on the way!
Could that have only been the winds,
So like a footstep near?
No, smile Elella, smile again,
He 's coming home — he 's here!

VISIONS OF LIGHT.

The moon is rising in beauty,
The sky is solemn and bright,
And the waters are singing like lovers,
That walk in the valleys at night.

Like the towers of an ancient city,
That darken against the sky,
Seems the blue mist of the river
O'er the hill-tops far and high.

I see through the gathering darkness
The spire of the village church,
And the pale white tombs, half hidden
By the tasselled willow and birch.

Vain is the golden drifting
Of morning light on the hill;
No white hand opens the windows,
Of those chambers low and still.

But their dwellers were all my kindred,
Whatever their lives might be,
And their sufferings and achievements
Have recorded lessons for me.

Not one of the countless voyagers
Of life's mysterious main,
Has laid down his burden of sorrows,
Who hath lived and loved in vain.

From the bards of the elder ages
Fragments of song float by,
Like flowers in the streams of summer,
Or stars in the midnight sky.

Some plumes in the dust are scattered,
Where the eagles of Persia flew,
And wisdom is reaped from the furrows
The plough of the Roman drew.

From the white tents of the crusaders
The phantoms of glory are gone,
But the zeal of the barefooted hermit
In humanity's heart lives on.

Oh, sweet as the bell of the Sabbath
In the tower of the village church,
Or the fall of the yellow moonbeams
In the tasselled willow and birch—

Comes a thought of the blessed issues
That shall follow our social strife,
When the spirit of love maketh perfect
The beautiful mission of life:

For visions of light are gathered
In the sunshine of flowery nooks,
Like the shades of the ghostly Fathers
In their twilight cell of books!

CAREY, PHŒBE,

Sister of the preceding, and usually named with her, though their poetical genius differs, as a double star, when viewed by a telescope, which makes the two distinctly visible, shows different colours of light. The elder sister is superior in genius to the younger, whose light seems to be rather a reflexion of the other's mental power, than an original gift of poetic fancy. The sympathies of the younger have made her a poet. All that we need say of the history of Phœbe Carey, is contained in that of her sister Alice.

From "Poems" by Phœbe Carey.

SONG OF THE HEART.

They may tell for ever of worlds of bloom
Beyond the skies and beyond the tomb;
Of the sweet repose, and the rapture there,
That are not found in a world of care;
But not to me can the present seem
Like a foolish tale or an idle dream.

Oh, I know that the bowers of heaven are fair,
And I know that the waters of life are there;
But I do not long for their happy flow,
While there burst such fountains of bliss below;
And I would not leave, for the rest above,
The faithful bosom of trusting love.

There are angels here; they are seen the while
In each love-lit brow and each gentle smile;
There are seraph voices, that meet the ear
In the kindly tone and the word of cheer;
And light, such light as they have above,
Beams on us here, from the eyes of love.

Yet, when it cometh my time to die,
I would turn from this bright world willingly;
Though, even then, would the thoughts of this
Tinge every dream of that land of bliss;
And I fain would lean on the loved for aid,
Nor walk alone through the vale and shade.

And if 'tis mine, till life's changes end,
To keep the heart of one faithful friend,
Whatever the trials of earth may be,—
On the peaceful shore, or the restless sea,
In a palace home, or the wilderness,—
There is heaven for me in a world like this!

RESOLVES.

I have said I would not meet him; have I said the words in vain?
Sunset burns along the hill-tops, and I'm waiting here again;
But my promise is not broken, though I stand where once we met;
When I hear his coming footsteps, I can fly him even yet.

We have stood here oft when evening deepened slowly o'er the plain,
But I must not, dare not, meet him in the shadows here again;
For I could not turn away and leave that pleading look and tone,
And the sorrow of his parting would be bitter as my own.

In the dim and distant ether the first star is shining through,
And another and another tremble softly in the blue:
Should I linger but one moment in the shadows where I stand,
I shall see the vine-leaves parted, with a quick impatient hand.

But I will not wait his coming! he will surely come once more;
Though I said I would not meet him, I have told him so before;
And he knows the stars of evening see me standing here again—
Oh, he surely will not leave me now to watch and wait in vain!

'Tis the hour, the time of meeting! in one moment 'twill be past;
And last night he stood beside me; was that blessed time the last?
I could better bear my sorrow, could I live that parting o'er;
Oh, I wish I had not told him that I would not come *once* more!

Could that have been the night-wind moved the branches thus apart?
Did I hear a coming footstep, or the beating of my heart?
No! I hear him, I can see him, and my weak resolves are vain;
I will fly, but to his bosom, and to leave it not again!

OUR HOMESTEAD.

Our old brown homestead reared its walls,
From the wayside dust aloof,
Where the apple boughs could almost cast
Their fruitage on its roof:
And the cherry-tree so near it grew,
That when awake I 've lain,
In the lonesome nights I 've heard the limbs,
As they creaked against the pane;
And those orchard trees, oh, those orchard trees!
I 've seen my little brothers rocked
In their tops by the summer breeze.

The sweet-brier under the window sill,
Which the early birds made glad,
And the damask rose by the garden fence,
Were all the flowers we had.
I 've looked at many a flower since then,
Exotics rich and rare,
That to other eyes were lovelier,
But not to me so fair;
For those roses bright, oh, those roses bright!
I have twined them with my sister's locks,
That are laid in the dust from sight!

We had a well, a deep old well,
Where the spring was never dry,
And the cool drops down from the mossy stones
Were falling constantly:

And there never was water half so sweet
As that in my little cup,
Drawn up to the curb by the rude old sweep,
Which my father's hand set up;
And that deep old well, oh, that deep old well!
I remember yet the plashing sound
Of the bucket as it fell.

Our homestead had an ample hearth,
Where at night we loved to meet;
There my mother's voice was always kind,
And her smile was always sweet;
And there I 've sat on my father's knee,
And watched his thoughtful brow,
With my childish hand in his raven hair—
That hair is silver now!
But that broad hearth's light, oh, that broad hearth's light!
And my father's look, and my mother's smile,
They are in my heart to-night.

PARTING AND MEETING.

On the casement, closed and lonesome,
Is falling the autumn rain,
And my heart to-night is heavy
With a sense of unquiet pain.

Not that the leaves are dying
In the kiss of the traitor frost,
And not that the summer flowers
On the bitter winds are tossed.

And not that the reaper's singing
The time no longer cheers,
Bringing home through the merry starlight
The sheaves and the yellow ears.

No, not from these am I sighing,
As the hours pass slow and dull,
For God in his own time maketh
All seasons beautiful.

But one of our household number
Sits not by the hearth-fire's light,
And right on her pathway beating
Is the rain of this autumn night.

And therefore my heart is heavy
With a sense of unquiet pain,
For, but Heaven can tell if the parted
Shall meet in the earth again.

But knowing God's love extendeth
Wherever his children are,
And tenderly round about them
Are the arms of his watchful care;

With him be the time and the season
Of our meeting again with thee,
Whether here on these earthly borders,
Or the shore of the world to be.

CHILD, LYDIA MARIA,

Wife of David Lee Child, was born in Massachusetts, but passed the early portion of her youth in Maine, whither her father, Mr. Francis, had removed when she was quite young. She found few literary privileges in the place of her residence, but she had the genius that nourishes itself on nature; and from the influence of the wild scenes which surrounded her home in childhood, she, doubtless, draws even now much of the freshness of thought and vigour of style which mark her productions.

In 1823, being on a visit to her brother, the Rev. Conyers Francis, then pastor of the Unitarian Church at Watertown, Massachusetts, Miss Francis commenced her literary life with "Hobomok, a Story of the Pilgrims;" and, considering the circumstances under which it was written, a very remarkable production. As the scene has been graphically described by Dr. Griswold, author of "The Prose Writers of America," we will quote his account:—"One Sunday noon, soon after her arrival at her brother's, Miss Francis took up a number of the 'North American Review,' and read Doctor Palfrey's article on 'Yamoyden,' in which he eloquently describes the adaptation of early New England history to the purposes of fiction. She had never written a word for the press,—never had dreamed of turning author,—but the spell was on her, and seizing a pen, before the bell rang for the afternoon meeting she had composed the first chapter of the novel, just as it is printed; when it was shown to her brother, her young ambition was flattered by the exclamation,—'But, Maria, did you *really* write this? Do you mean what you say, that it is *entirely* your own?" The excellent Doctor little knew the effect of his words. Her fate was fixed: in six weeks 'Hobomok' was finished." The book was published in 1824; ever since that time its author has kept her place as a faithful labourer in the field of literature, and, perhaps, no one of our female writers has had wider influence, or made more earnest efforts to do good with her talents. Her next work, "The Rebels," was published in 1825; soon afterwards Miss Francis became Mrs. Child, and her married life has been a true and lovely exemplification of the domestic concord which congenial minds produce as well as enjoy.

In 1827, Mrs. Child engaged as editor of "The Juvenile Miscellany," the first monthly periodical issued in our Union for children. Under her care the work became very popular; she has a warm sympathy with the young—her genius harmonized with the undertaking, and some of the articles in this "Miscellany" are among the best she has written. During the six following years, Mrs. Child's pen was incessantly employed. Besides her editorial duties, she published, successively—"The Frugal Housewife," written as she said in the preface, "for the poor," and one of the most useful books of its kind extant—"The Mother's Book," an excellent manual in training children, though the author has never been a mother—and "The Girl's Book," designed as a holiday present and descriptive of children's plays. She also prepared five volumes for "The Ladies' Family Library," comprising "Lives of Madame de Staël and Madame Roland;" "Lady Russell and Madame Guyon;" "Biographies of Good Wives;" and the "History and Condition of Woman;" which works were published in Boston. Besides all these she published in 1833, "The Coronal," a collection of miscellaneous pieces, in prose and verse. This year is also important in her history for the first step she took with the abolitionists, by issuing her "Appeal for that class of Americans called Africans." This appeal was written with that earnest and honest enthusiasm pervading all Mrs. Child's benevolent efforts. She was true to the generous sympathies of her own heart; but did she carefully examine, in all its bearings, the cause she so ardently advocated? The philanthropist may do incalculable injury to humanity by urging a sys-

tem of reform or relief which removes old abuses it is true, but introduces and cherishes other and far greater evils. Las Casas introduced negro slavery to save the red man from extirpation—behold the result! Philanthropy established "Foundling Hospitals" in Stockholm to save illegitimate infants from exposure; one out of every three children now born in that city are illegitimate! We might multiply illustrations,—but there is no need. The precepts and examples of the Saviour should be the guide of woman's benevolent efforts. In no case did He lend aid or encouragement to the agitation of political questions. His Gospel is "peace and good-will;" which it seems woman's province to illustrate in its deeds till men shall be imbued with its spirit. Wherever there are two modes of attaining a righteous end, is it not better that our sex should follow that which requires ever the gentle ministry of love, mercy and good works, than enter on that which stirs up partisan jealousy, and the thousand evils attendant on political or polemical strife? The design of the abolitionists, let us believe, is the improvement and happiness of the coloured race; for this end Mrs. Child devoted her noblest talents, her holiest aspirations. Seventeen years ago she consecrated her powers to this work. The result has been, that her fine genius, her soul's wealth has been wasted in the struggle which party politicians have used for their own selfish purposes. Had Mrs. Child taken the more quiet, but far more efficient mode of doing good to the coloured race, by aiding to establish schools in Liberia—preparing and sending out free coloured emigrants, who must there become teachers and exemplars to thousands and millions of the poor black heathen; if she had written for this mission of peace as she has poured her heart out in a cause only tending to strife, what blessed memorials of these long years, would now be found to repay her disinterested exertions! Since 1833, only three works of her's have been published: "Philothea" appeared in 1835, a charming romance, filled with the pure aspirations of genius, and rich in classical lore; the scene being laid in Greece in the time of Pericles and Aspasia. The work is in one volume, and was planned and partly written before its author entered the arena of party; but the bitter feelings engendered by the strife, have prevented the merits of this remarkable book from being appreciated as they deserve.

In 1841, Mr. and Mrs. Child removed from Boston to the city of New York, and became conductors of "The National Anti-Slavery Standard." Mrs. Child, while assisting in her husband's editorial duties, now commenced a Series of Letters, partly for the "Boston Courier," a popular newspaper, and partly for the "Standard," (her own paper,) which after being thus published, were collected and reissued in two volumes, entitled, "Letters from New York." This work has been very popular. Mrs. Child is a close observer, she knows "how to observe," and better still, she has a poetical imagination and a pure, warm, loving heart, which invests her descriptions with a peculiar charm. An English Reviewer has well remarked concerning Mrs. Child:—"Whatever comes to her from without, whether through the eye or the ear, whether in nature or art, is reflected in her writings with a halo of beauty thrown about it by her own fancy; and thus presented, it appeals to our sympathies and awakens an interest which carves it upon the memory in letters of gold. But she has yet loftier claims to respect than a poetical nature. She is a philosopher, and, better still, a religious philosopher. Every page presents to us scraps of wisdom, not pedantically put forth, as if to attract admiration, but thrown out by the way in seeming unconsciousness, and as part of her ordinary thoughts."

This is high praise, but truly deserved. Her last work,—excepting a little book, "Spring Flowers," for children,—was "Fact and Fiction," published in 1846. It is a collection of tales, each one possessing some characteristic excellence, but the one we select is such a beautiful illustration of the power of kindness over the human heart, and moreover, it discloses the impulse of her own nature, always seeking to do good, that we prefer it to those in which fancy predominates. Mrs. Child's residence is now in Massachusetts.

From "Fact and Fiction."

THE NEIGHBOUR-IN-LAW.

Who blesses others in his daily deeds,
Will find the healing that his spirit needs;
For every flower in others' pathway strown,
Confers its fragrant beauty on our own.

"So you are going to live in the same building with Hetty Turnpenny," said Mrs. Lane to Mrs. Fairweather; "you will find nobody to envy you. If her temper does not prove too much even for your good nature, it will surprise all who know her. We lived there a year, and that is as long as anybody ever tried it."

"Poor Hetty!" replied Mrs. Fairweather; "she has had much to harden her. Her mother died too early for her to remember; her father was very severe with her; and the only lover she ever had, borrowed the savings of her years of toil, and spent them in dissipation. But Hetty, notwithstanding her sharp features, and sharper words, certainly has a kind heart. In the midst of her greatest poverty, many were the stockings she knit, and the warm waistcoats she made, for the poor drunken lover, whom she had too much good sense to marry. Then you know she feeds and clothes her brother's orphan child."

"If you call it feeding and clothing," replied Mrs. Lane. "The poor child looks cold, and pinched, and frightened all the time, as if she were chased by the east wind. I used to tell Miss Turnpenny she ought to be ashamed of herself, to keep the poor little thing at work all the time, without one minute to play. If she does but look at the cat, as it runs by the window, Aunt Hetty gives her a rap over the knuckles. I used to tell her she would make the girl just such another sour old crab as herself."

"That must have been very improving to her disposition," replied Mrs. Fairweather, with a

good-humoured smile. "But in justice to poor Aunt Hetty, you ought to remember that she had just such a cheerless childhood herself. Flowers grow where there is sunshine."

"I know you think everybody ought to live in the sunshine," rejoined Mrs. Lane; "and it must be confessed that you carry it with you wherever you go. If Miss Turnpenny *has* a heart, I dare say you will find it out, though I never could, and I never heard of any one else that could. All the families within hearing of her tongue call her the neighbour-in-law."

Certainly the prospect was not very encouraging; for the house Mrs. Fairweather proposed to occupy, was not only under the same roof with Miss Turnpenny, but the buildings had one common yard in the rear, and one common space for a garden in front. The very first day she took possession of her new habitation, she called on the neighbour-in-law. Aunt Hetty had taken the precaution to extinguish the fire, lest the new neighbour should want hot water, before her own wood and coal arrived. Her first salutation was, "If you want any cold water, there's a pump across the street; I don't like to have my house slopped all over."

"I am glad you are so tidy, neighbour Turnpenny," replied Mrs. Fairweather; "it is extremely pleasant to have neat neighbours. I will try to keep everything as bright as a new five cent piece, for I see that will please you. I came in merely to say good morning, and to ask if you could spare little Peggy to run up and down stairs for me, while I am getting my furniture in order. I will pay her sixpence an hour."

Aunt Hetty had begun to purse up her mouth for a refusal; but the promise of sixpence an hour relaxed her features at once. Little Peggy sat knitting a stocking very diligently, with a rod lying on the table beside her. She looked up with timid wistfulness, as if the prospect of any change was like a release from prison. When she heard consent given, a bright colour flushed her cheeks. She was evidently of an impressible temperament, for good or evil. "Now mind and behave yourself," said Aunt Hetty; "and see that you keep at work the whole time. If I hear one word of complaint, you know what you'll get when you come home." The rose-colour subsided from Peggy's pale face, and she answered, "Yes ma'am," very meekly.

In the neighbour's house all went quite otherwise. No switch lay on the table; and instead of, "Mind how you do that — if you don't, I'll punish you," she heard the gentle words; "There, dear, see how carefully you can carry that up stairs. Why, what a nice, handy little girl you are!" Under this enlivening influence, Peggy worked like a bee, and soon began to hum much more agreeably than a bee. Aunt Hetty was always in the habit of saying, "Stop your noise, and mind your work." But the new friend patted her on the head, and said, "What a pleasant voice the little girl has. It is like the birds in the fields. By-and-by, you shall hear my music-box." This opened wide the windows of the poor little shut-up heart, so that the sunshine could stream in, and the birds fly in and out, carolling. The happy child tuned up like a lark, as she tripped lightly up and down stairs, on various household errands. But though she took heed to observe all the directions given her, her head was all the time filled with conjectures what sort of a thing a music-box might be. She was a little afraid the kind lady would forget to show it to her. She kept at work, however, and asked no questions; she only looked very curiously at everything that resembled a box. At last, Mrs. Fairweather said, "I think your little feet must be tired, by this time. We will rest awhile, and eat some gingerbread." The child took the offered cake, with a humble little courtesy, and carefully held out her apron to prevent any crumbs from falling on the floor. But suddenly the apron dropped, and the crumbs were all strewn about. "Is that a little bird?" she exclaimed eagerly. "Where is he? Is he in this room?" The new friend smiled, and told her that was the music-box; and after awhile she opened it, and explained what made the sounds. Then she took out a pile of books from one of the baskets of goods, and told Peggy she might look at the pictures, till she called her. The little girl stepped forward eagerly to take them, and then drew back, as if afraid. "What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Fairweather; "I am very willing to trust you with the books. I keep them on purpose to amuse children." Peggy looked down with her finger on her lip, and answered, in a constrained voice, "Aunt Turnpenny won't like it if I play." "Don't trouble yourself about that; I will make it all right with Aunt Hetty," replied the friendly one. Thus assured, she gave herself up to the full enjoyment of the picture-books; and when she was summoned to her work, she obeyed with a cheerful alacrity that would have astonished her stern relative. When the labours of the day were concluded, Mrs. Fairweather accompanied her home, paid for all the hours she had been absent, and warmly praised her docility and diligence. "It is lucky for her that she behaved so well," replied Aunt Hetty; "if I had heard any complaint, I should have given her a whipping, and sent her to bed without her supper."

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But a source of annoyance presented itself, which could not easily be disposed of. Aunt Hetty had a cat — a lean, scraggy animal — that looked as if she were often kicked and seldom fed; and Mrs. Fairweather had a fat, frisky little dog, always ready for a caper. He took a distaste to poor poverty-stricken Tab, the first time he saw her; and no coaxing could induce him to alter his opinion. His name was Pink; but he was anything but a pink of behaviour in his neighbourly relations. Poor Tab could never set foot out of doors without being saluted with a growl, and a short sharp bark, that frightened her out of her senses, and made her run into the house, with her fur all on end. If she even ventured to doze a little on her own door-step, the enemy was on the watch, and the moment her eyes closed, he would wake her with a bark and a box on the ear,

and off he would run. Aunt Hetty vowed she would scald him. It was a burning shame, she said, for folks to keep dogs to worry their neighbours' cats. Mrs. Fairweather invited Tabby to dine, and made much of her, and patiently endeavoured to teach her dog to eat from the same plate. But Pink sturdily resolved he would be scalded first; that he would. He could not have been more obstinate in his opposition, if he and Tab had belonged to different sects in Christianity. While his mistress was patting Tab on the head, and reasoning the point with him, he would at times manifest a degree of indifference, amounting to toleration; but the moment he was left to his own free will, he would give the invited guest a hearty cuff with his paw, and send her home spitting like a small steam-engine. Aunt Hetty considered it her own peculiar privilege to cuff the poor animal, and it was too much for her patience to see Pink undertake to assist in making Tab unhappy. On one of these occasions, she rushed into her neighbour's apartments, and faced Mrs. Fairweather, with one hand resting on her hip, and the forefinger of the other making very wrathful gesticulations. "I tell you what, madam, I wont put up with such treatment much longer," said she; "I'll poison that dog; see if I don't; and I shan't wait long, either, I can tell you. What you keep such an impudent little beast for, I don't know, without you do it on purpose to plague your neighbours."

"I am really sorry he behaves so," replied Mrs. Fairweather, mildly. "Poor Tab!"

"Poor Tab!" screamed Miss Turnpenny; "what do you mean by calling her poor? Do you mean to fling it up to me that my cat don't have enough to eat?"

"I did n't think of such a thing," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "I called her poor Tab, because Pink plagues her so, that she has no peace of her life. I agree with you, neighbour Turnpenny; it is *not* right to keep a dog that disturbs the neighbourhood. I am attached to poor little Pink, because he belongs to my son, who has gone to sea. I was in hopes he would soon leave off quarrelling with the cat; but if he won't be neighbourly, I will send him out in the country to board. Sally, will you bring me one of the pies we baked this morning? I should like to have Miss Turnpenny taste of them."

The crabbed neighbour was helped abundantly; and while she was eating the pie, the friendly matron edged in many a kind word concerning little Peggy, whom she praised as a remarkably capable, industrious child.

"I am glad you find her so," rejoined Aunt Hetty: "I should get precious little work out of her, if I didn't keep a switch in sight."

"I manage children pretty much as the man did the donkey," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "Not an inch would the poor beast stir, for all his master's beating and thumping. But a neighbour tied some fresh turnips to a stick, and fastened them so that they swung directly before the donkey's nose, and off he set on a brisk trot, in hopes of overtaking them."

Aunt Hetty, without observing how very closely the comparison applied to her own management of Peggy, said, "That will do very well for folks that have plenty of turnips to spare."

"For the matter of that," answered Mrs. Fairweather, "whips cost something, as well as turnips; and since one makes the donkey stand still, and the other makes him trot, it is easy to decide which is the most economical. But, neighbour Turnpenny, since you like my pies so well, pray take one home with you. I am afraid they will mould before we can eat them up."

Aunt Hetty had come in for a quarrel, and she was astonished to find herself going out with a pie. "Well, Mrs. Fairweather," said she, "you *are* a neighbour. I thank you a thousand times." When she reached her own door, she hesitated for an instant, then turned back, pie in hand, to say, "Neighbour Fairweather, you need n't trouble yourself about sending Pink away. It 's natural you should like the little creature, seeing he belongs to your son. I'll try to keep Tab in doors, and perhaps after awhile they will agree better."

"I hope they will," replied the friendly matron: "we will try them awhile longer, and if they persist in quarrelling, I will send the dog into the country." Pink, who was sleeping in a chair, stretched himself and gaped. His kind mistress patted him on the head, "Ah, you foolish little beast," said she, "what 's the use of plaguing poor Tab?"

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That same afternoon, the sunshiny dame stepped into Aunt Hetty's rooms, where she found Peggy sewing, as usual, with the eternal switch on the table beside her. "I am obliged to go to Harlem, on business," said she: "I feel rather lonely without company, and I always like to have a child with me. If you will oblige me by letting Peggy go, I will pay her fare in the omnibus."

"She has her spelling lesson to get before night," replied Aunt Hetty. "I don't approve of young folks going a pleasuring, and neglecting their education."

"Neither do I," rejoined her neighbour; "but I think there is a great deal of education that is not found in books. The fresh air will make Peggy grow stout and active. I prophesy that she will do great credit to your bringing up." The sugared words, and the remembrance of the sugared pie, touched the soft place in Miss Turnpenny's heart, and she told the astonished Peggy that she might go and put on her best gown and bonnet. The poor child began to think that this new neighbour was certainly one of the good fairies she read about in the picture-books. The excursion was enjoyed as only a city child *can* enjoy the country. The world seems such a pleasant place, when the fetters are off, and Nature folds the young heart lovingly on her bosom! A flock of real birds and two living butterflies put the little orphan in a perfect ecstasy. She ran and skipped. One could see that she might be graceful, if she were only free. She pointed to the fields covered with dandelions, and said, "See how pretty! It looks as if the stars had come

down to lie on the grass." Ah, our little stinted Peggy has poetry in her, though Aunt Hetty never found it out. Every human soul has the germ of some flowers within, and they would open, if they could only find sunshine and free air to expand in.

Mrs. Fairweather was a practical philosopher, in her own small way. She observed that Miss Turnpenny really liked a pleasant tune; and when winter came, she tried to persuade her that singing would be excellent for Peggy's lungs, and perhaps keep her from going into a consumption.

"My nephew, James Fairweather, keeps a singing school," said she; "and he says he will teach her gratis. You need not feel under great obligation; for her voice will lead the whole school, and her ear is so quick, it will be no trouble at all to teach her. Perhaps you would go with us sometimes, neighbour Turnpenny? It is very pleasant to hear the children's voices."

The cordage of Aunt Hetty's mouth relaxed into a smile. She accepted the invitation, and was so much pleased, that she went every Sunday evening. The simple tunes, and the sweet young voices, fell like dew on her dried-up heart, and greatly aided the genial influence of her neighbour's example. The rod silently disappeared from the table. If Peggy was disposed to be idle, it was only necessary to say, "When you have finished your work, you may go and ask whether Mrs. Fairweather wants any errands done." Bless me, how the fingers flew! Aunt Hetty had learned to use turnips instead of the cudgel.

When spring came, Mrs. Fairweather busied herself with planting roses and vines. Miss Turnpenny readily consented that Peggy should help her, and even refused to take any pay from such a good neighbour. But she maintained her own opinion that it was a mere waste of time to cultivate flowers. The cheerful philosopher never disputed the point; but she would sometimes say, "I have no room to plant this rose-bush. Neighbour Turnpenny, would you be willing to let me set it on your side of the yard? It will take very little room, and will need no care." At another time, she would say, "Well, really my ground is too full. Here is a root of Lady's-delight. How bright and pert it looks. It seems a pity to throw it away, If you are willing, I will let Peggy plant it in what she calls her garden. It will grow of itself, without any care, and scatter seeds, that will come up and blossom in all the chinks of the bricks. I love it. It is such a bright, good-natured little thing." Thus, by degrees, the crabbed maiden found herself surrounded by flowers; and she even declared, of her own accord, that they did look pretty.

One day, when Mrs. Lane called upon Mrs. Fairweather, she found the old weed-grown yard bright and blooming. Tab, quite fat and sleek, was asleep, in the sunshine, with her paw on Pink's neck, and little Peggy was singing at her work, as blithe as a bird.

"How cheerful you look here," said Mrs. Lane. "And so you have really taken the house for another year. Pray, how do you manage to get on with the neighbour-in-law?"

"I find her a very kind, obliging neighbour," replied Mrs. Fairweather.

"Well, this *is* a miracle!" exclaimed Mrs. Lane. "Nobody but you would have undertaken to thaw out Aunt Hetty's heart."

"That is probably the reason why it was never thawed," rejoined her friend. "I always told you, that not having enough of sunshine was what ailed the world. Make people happy, and there will not be half the quarrelling, or a tenth part of the wickedness, there is."

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From the "Mother's Book."

POLITENESS.

In politeness, as in many other things connected with the formation of character, people in general begin outside, when they should begin inside; instead of beginning with the heart, and trusting that to form the manners, they begin with the manners, and trust the heart to chance influences. The *golden rule* contains the very life and soul of politeness. Children may be taught to make a graceful courtesy, or a gentlemanly bow,—but, unless they have likewise been taught to abhor what is selfish, and always prefer another's comfort and pleasure to their own, their politeness will be entirely artificial, and used only when it is their interest to use it. On the other hand, a truly benevolent, kind-hearted person will always be distinguished for what is called native politeness, though entirely ignorant of the conventional forms of society.

BEAUTY.

Perhaps there is no gift with which mortals are endowed, that brings so much danger as beauty, in proportion to the usefulness and happiness it produces. It is so rare for a belle to be happy, or even contented, after the season of youth is past, that it is considered almost a miracle. If your daughter is handsome, it is peculiarly necessary that she should not be taught to attach an undue importance to the dangerous gift; and if she is plain, it certainly is not for her happiness to consider it as a misfortune.

It certainly is natural to admire beauty, whether it be in human beings, animals, or flowers; it is a principle implanted within the human mind, and we cannot get rid of it. Beauty is the outward form of goodness; and that is the reason we love it instinctively, without thinking why we love it. The truth is, beauty is really of *some* consequence; but of very small consequence compared with good principles, good feelings, and good understanding. In this manner children ought to hear it spoken of. There should be no *affected* indifference on this or any other subject. If a child say, 'Everybody loves Jane Snow—she is so pretty.' I would answer, 'Is Jane Snow a good, kind little girl? I should be pleased with her pretty face, and should want to kiss her, when I first saw her; but if I found she was cross and selfish, I should not love her; and I should not wish to have her about me.' In this way the attention will be drawn from the subject of beauty, to the import-

ance of goodness; and there is no affectation in the business — the plain truth is told. We do love beauty at first sight; and we do cease to love it, if it is not accompanied by amiable qualities.

CLARKE, MARY COWDEN,

An English lady, residing near London, who has prepared "The Complete Concordance to Shakspeare." It was a gigantic undertaking, and like "Cruden's Concordance to the Scriptures," would appear to leave nothing to be desired to complete a reference to the works of the immortal dramatist. Mrs. Clarke devoted sixteen years to this study; and seems to have felt such honest enthusiasm in her pursuit as made it a real pleasure. The book is large octavo, three columns on each page, and there are 860 pages, sufficient labour for a lifetime, and her ambition may well be satisfied with the result. From her very sensible preface we will give a quotation, showing the estimation Shakspeare holds in her mind; nor do we think she overrates the influence of his works. Next to genius comes the faculty to appreciate it thus lovingly and truthfully.

"Shakspeare, the most frequently quoted, because the most universal-minded genius that ever lived, of all authors, best deserves a complete Concordance to his works. To what subject may we not with felicity apply a motto from this greatest of Poets? The Divine, commending the efficacy and 'twofold force of prayer — to be forestalled, ere we come to fall, or pardoned, being down;' the Astronomer, supporting his theory by allusions to 'the moist star, upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands;' the Naturalist striving to elucidate a fact respecting the habits of 'the singing masons,' or 'heavy-gaited toads;' the Botanist, lecturing on the various properties of the 'small flower, within whose infant rind poison hath residence, and med'cine power;' or, on the growth of 'summer grass, fastest by night unseen, yet crescive in his faculty;' the Philosopher, speculating upon 'the respect that makes calamity of so long a life,' 'the dread of something after death, the undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveller returns;' 'the Lover, telling his 'whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,' and vowing the 'winnowed purity' and 'persistive constancy' of his 'heart's dear love;' the Lawyer, discussing some 'nice sharp quillet of the law;' the Musician, descanting on the 'touches of sweet harmony;' the Painter, describing his art, that 'pretty mocking of the life;' the Novel-writer, seeking an illustrative heading to a fresh chapter, 'the baby figure of the giant mass to come at large;' the Orator, labouring an emphatic point in an appeal to the passions of assembled multitudes, 'to stir men's blood;' the Soldier, endeavouring to vindicate his profession, by vaunting the 'pomp and circumstance of glorious war;' or the Humanist, advocating 'the quality of mercy,' urging that 'to revenge is no valour, but to bear;' and maintaining that 'the earth is wronged by man's oppression,' may all equally adorn their page, or emblazon their speech with gems from Shakspeare's works."

The "Concordance" was published in London, in 1846. So carefully was the process of correcting proofs, &c., performed, that four years was spent in printing the book.

CLARKE, SARA JANE,

Best known as "Grace Greenwood," was born in Onondaga, a village in the interior of New York. Her parents were from New England, being connected with some of the most distinguished of the Pilgrim and Huguenot families. Mr. Clarke removed to New Brighton, whilst his gifted daughter was yet a child; her home is still there among the wild, bold and picturesque scenery of western Pennsylvania.

In 1844, Miss Clarke commenced her career of authorship in a series of letters, under the signature of "Grace Greenwood," addressed to the Editors of the New Mirror, published in the city of New York. These editors, Messrs. Morris and Willis, were struck with the vivacity of thought, energy of expression, and poetic fancy displayed by the writer; they kindly encouraged her, and soon her *nomme de plume* became celebrated among our readers of literary periodicals. Previous to this, however, Miss Clarke had written several poems under her real name; the discovery that the earnest, impassioned poet, and the "witty, saucy, dashing, brilliant letter-writer," were one and indivisibly the same person, increased the curiosity and admiration; "Grace Greenwood" was at once a favourite.

That she has not only sustained, but increased this wide popularity, seemingly so easily gained, is proof that her talents are of the genuine stamp. An inferior genius would have been satisfied with the honours won; a fearful mind would have hesitated to risk, by any effort to widen her sway, a failure. Genius, however, makes no interested calculations, but pours out its musings and melodies as prayer gushes from a heart filled with the love of heaven. Miss Clarke has written much during the last four or five years; and though these "Greenwood leaves," both poetry and prose, have been scattered about in various periodicals, and pre-

pared without that concentration of thought and purpose which a great work requires, yet she has made good progress, and is a writer of whom her country may be justly proud.

The characteristics of her prose are freshness, vigour, and earnestness of thought, combined with exquisite humour and sprightliness; and although she is distinguished by great freedom and fearlessness of expression, she never transcends the bounds of strict feminine delicacy. A slight vein of playful satire is discernible here and there, which adds to the piquancy of her style, but which, like the heat lightning of a summer night, flashes and coruscates, while it does not blast. As an instance of this, in speaking of men's appreciation of elevated womanhood, she says —

"I know that the sentiment of men, even great men, often is, from a *perfect woman*, 'good Lord, deliver us'—and He generally hears their prayer. Speak to them of feminine natures exalted by genius, or great goodness, and they will put at you, as they understand it, the poet's idea of loveable womanhood —

> 'A Creature not too bright, nor good,
> For *human nature's daily food.*'

Which, probably, is also a New Zealander's highest ideal of a missionary."

The high, almost passionate appreciation of the holy dignity of womanhood is a striking characteristic of Miss Clarke's poetry: this elevates her soul, and gives the strength of expression nearly approaching masculine sternness and depth of passion to her most remarkable production — "Ariadne." It is from this intenseness of feminine feeling, that we predict her future poetical triumphs, when throwing aside the pretty trifles of verse in which she now too often sportively indulges, she chooses the theme worthiest of her high powers — and bending her brave benevolent spirit to the work, in her burning words shall picture forth the moral mission of woman!

In person, Miss Clarke is neither large nor small. Her height is a little above the middle size. Her form combines delicacy with agility and vigour. Her mien, and carriage, voice, gesture, and action, all manifest, by the most perfect correspondence of a natural language, her rich variety of intellectual powers and moral sentiments. The physical answering to the mental, in all that susceptible nobility of temperament which endows genius with its "innate experiences" and universality of life. Her head is of the finest order, and larger than the Grecian model, whose beauty it rivals in symmetrical development. The forehead is high, broad, and classic. Her brows are delicately pencilled. Her complexion is a light olive, or distinct brunette, and as changeable as the play of fancy and the hues of emotion. Her eyes are deep, full orbs of living light; their expression is not thoughtfulness, but its free revealings — not feeling, but its outgushings. Just as her poetry is never penned till perfectly matured, so her thoughts and feelings leap, and play, and flow in the flashing light, free from all sign of mental elaboration.

A volume of Miss Clarke's prose writings, was published in Boston, by Ticknor, Reed & Fields, under the title of "Greenwood Leaves," in 1850; and a small volume of "Poems," in 1851; also a book for children, entitled "My Pets."

From "Poems"

MY LAYS.

My lays, my lays, would they might find
An echo in my country's heart!
Be in its home-affections shrined,
Form of its cherished things a part;
Be like wild flowers and common air,
Blooming for all, breathed everywhere —
Or like the song of forest bird,
Gushing for all, *felt* more than *heard*.
Earnest, untiring, might they be
Like barques before a breeze at sea,
Whose dashing prows point home —
Like good knights bound for Palestine,
Like artists, warmed by fire divine,
O'er icy Alp and Apennine,
Holding their way to Rome —
Like arrows flashing through the light,
Like eagles on their sunward flight,
Like to all things, in which we see
An errand and a destiny.

ARIADNE.*

Daughter of Crete — how one brief hour,
E'en in thy young love's early morn,
Sends storm and darkness o'er thy bower —
Oh doomed, oh desolate, oh-torn!
The breast which pillowed thy fair head,
Rejects its burden — and the eye
Which looked its love so earnestly,
Its last cold glance hath on thee shed;
The arms which were thy living zone,
Around thee closely, warmly thrown,
Shall others clasp, deserted one!

Yet, Ariadné, worthy thou
Of the dark fate which meets thee now,
For thou art grovelling in thy woe:
Arouse thee! joy to bid him go;
For god above, or man below,
Whose love's warm and impetuous tide
Cold interest or selfish pride
Can chill, or stay, or turn aside,
Is all too poor and mean a thing
One shade o'er woman's brow to fling
Of grief, regret, or fear;
To cloud one morning's golden light —
Disturb the sweet dreams of one night —
To cause the soft flash of her eye
To droop one moment mournfully,
Or tremble with one tear!

'Tis *thou* shouldst triumph; thou art free
From chains which bound thee for a while;
This, this the farewell meet for thee,
Proud princess on that lonely isle:

"Go — to thine Athens bear thy faithless name;
Go, base betrayer of a holy trust!
Oh, I could bow me in my utter shame,
And lay my crimson forehead in the dust,
If I had ever loved thee as thou art,
Folding mean falsehood to my high, true heart!

"But thus I loved *thee* not: before me bowed
A being glorious in majestic pride,
And breathed his love and passionately vowed
To worship only me, his peerless bride;
And this was thou, but crowned, enrobed, entwined,
With treasures borrowed from my own rich mind!

* The demigod Theseus having won the love of Ariadné, daughter of the king of Crete, deserted her on the isle of Naxos. In Miss Bremer's H——— Family, the blind girl is described as singing "Ariadné á Naxos," in which Ariadné is represented as following Theseus, climbing a high rock to watch his departing vessel, and calling upon him in her despairing anguish.

"I knew thee not a creature of my dreams,
And my rapt soul went floating into thine;
My love around thee poured such halo-beams,
Hadst thou been true, had made thee all divine.
And I, too, seemed immortal in my bliss,
When my glad lip thrilled to thy burning kiss!

"Shrunken and shrivelled into Theseus now
Thou standst: behold, the gods have blown away
The airy crown that glittered on thy brow—
The gorgeous robes which wrapped thee for a day;
Around thee scarce one fluttering fragment clings—
A poor lean beggar in all glorious things!

"Nor will I deign to cast on thee my hate—
It were a ray to tinge with splendour still
The dull, dim twilight of thy after-fate—
Thou shalt pass from me like a dream of *ill*—
Thy name be but a thing that crouching stole
Like a poor thief, all noiseless from my soul!

"Though thou hast dared to steal the sacred flame
From out that soul's high heaven, she sets thee free;
Or only chains thee with thy sounding shame:
Her memory is no Caucasus for thee;
And e'en her hovering hate would o'er thee fling
Too much of glory from its shadowy wing!

"Thou thinkst to leave my life a lonely night—
Ha! it is night all glorious with its stars!
Hopes yet unclouded beaming forth their light,
And free thoughts rolling in their silver cars!
And queenly pride, serene, and cold, and high,
Moves the Diana of its calm, clear sky!

"If poor and humbled thou believest me,
Mole of a demigod, how blind art thou!
For I am rich—in scorn to pour on thee:
And gods shall bend from high Olympus' brow,
And gaze in wonder on my lofty pride;
Naxos be hallowed, I be deified!"

On the tall cliff where cold and pale
Thou watchest his receding sail,
Where thou, the daughter of a king,
Wail'st like a wind-harp's breaking string,
Bendst like a weak and wilted flower
Before a summer evening's shower—
There shouldst thou rear thy royal form,
Like a young oak amid the storm,
Uncrushed, unbowed, unriven!
Let thy last glance burn through the air,
And fall far down upon *him there*,
Like lightning stroke from heaven!
There shouldst thou mark o'er billowy crest
His white sail flutter and depart;
No wild fears surging at thy breast,
No vain hopes quivering round thy heart;
And this brief, burning prayer alone
Leap from thy lips to Jove's high throne:
"Just Jove! thy wrathful vengeance stay,
And speed the traitor on his way;
Make vain the siren's silver song,
Let nereids smile the wave along—
O'er the wild waters send his bark
Like a swift arrow to its mark!
Let whirlwinds gather at his back,
And drive him on his dastard track;
Let thy red bolts behind him burn,
And blast him, should he dare to turn!"

THE MARCH OF MIND.

See yon bold eagle, toward the sun
Now rising free and strong,
And see yon mighty river roll
Its sounding tide along:

Ah! yet near the earth the eagle tires;
Lost in the sea, the river;
But naught can stay the human mind,—
'Tis upward, onward, ever!

It yet shall tread its starlit paths,
By highest angels trod,
And pause but at the farthest world
In the universe of God.

'Tis said that Persia's baffled king,
In mad tyrannic pride,
Cast fetters on the Hellespont,
To curb its stormy tide;

But freedom's own true spirit heaves
The bosom of the main—
It tossed those fetters to the skies,
And bounded on again!

The scorn of each succeeding age
On Xerxes' head was hurled,
And o'er that foolish deed has pealed
The long laugh of a world.

Thus, thus defeat, and scorn, and shame,
Be his who strives to bind
The restless, leaping waves of thought,
The free tide of the mind!

"THERE WAS A ROSE."

There was a rose, that blushing grew
Within my life's young bower;
The angels sprinkled holy dew
Upon the blessed flower:
I glory to resign it, love,
Though it was dear to me;
Amid thy laurels twine it, love,
It only blooms for thee.

There was a rich and radiant gem
I long kept hid from sight,
Lost from some seraph's diadem—
It shone with Heaven's own light!
The world could never tear it, love,
That gem of gems from me;
Yet on thy fond breast wear it, love,
It only shines for thee.

There was a bird came to my breast,
When I was very young;
I only knew that sweet bird's nest,
To me she only sung;
But, ah! one summer day, love,
I saw that bird depart:
The truant flew thy way, love,
And nestled in thy heart.

I NEVER WILL GROW OLD.

Oh, no, I never will grow old;
Though years on years roll by,
And silver o'er my dark brown hair,
And dim my laughing eye.

They shall not shrivel up *my soul*,
Nor dim the glance of love
My *heart* casts on this world of ours,
And lifts to that above!

Now, with a passion for those haunts
Where wild, free nature reigns,
With life's tide leaping through my heart,
And revelling through my veins,—

'Tis hard to think the time must come
When I can seek no more,
With step bold as a mountain child's,
Deep dell and rocky shore;—

No longer on my swift young steed,
Bound o'er the hills as now,
And meet half way the winds that toss
The loose locks from my brow!

Yet still my *spirit* may go forth
Where fearless fancy leads,
May take at will as glorious rides,
On wild, invisible steeds!

Ye tell me as a morning dream
Shall pass away, ere long,
My humble, yet most passionate,
Adoring love of song.

No, no! life's ills may throng my way,
And pride may bend the knee,
And Hope's bright banner kiss the dust;—
But lofty Poesy

Shall fling their slavish chains aside,
And spurn their dark control;
They never, never shall lay waste
That Italy of the soul!

My father, — pleasant years may pass,
Ere his last sun shall set;
And — blessed be the God of life! —
My mother liveth yet.

My sisters blend their souls with mine,
A laughing, loving band;
A heaven-set guard along our paths,
Our six brave brothers stand.

While God thus pours the light of joy
As sunshine round my home,
O, I'll lay up such a store of loves
For the stormy days to come!

In the joy and grief of every one
I'll seek to share a part,
Till grateful thoughts and wishes fond
Come thronging to my heart.

The earnest praises of the young,
The blessings of the old, —
I'll gather them in, I'll hoard them up,
As a miser hoards his gold!

Those loves may die, yet hopeful trust
Shall leave me, fail me, never;
I will plant roses on their graves, —
Vive la jeunesse for ever!

Smile on, doubt on, say life is sad,
The world is false and cold —
I'll keep my heart glad, true, and warm, —
I never will grow old!

From "Greenwood Leaves."

MY FIRST FISHING.

Please picture to yourself, my obliging reader, a tall, slender girl of thirteen, just out of short frocks, but retaining still her long, black, Kenwigsian braids, having a downward look with her eyes commonly, and gifted with a

"Complexion
The shadowed livery of the burnished sun,"

and you have my daguerreotype at that period of my humble existence.

It was summer, and Harry came home for a vacation, accompanied by two college friends. As one of the young gentlemen was hopelessly lame, hunting was out of the question, and fishing parties on the lake took its place. Every favourable morning their boat put off the shore, and every evening they returned, famously dirty and hungry, and generally, with the exception of Harry, cursing their luck. I well recollect that, however large the party, Harry always insisted on furnishing the fishing tackle. The colonel once remonstrated with him on this extravagance, but was archly reminded, that "he who spares the *rod* spoils the child," and that as a good parent he should "give *line* upon *line*" as well as "precept upon precept." So the old gentleman turned laughingly away, being like all other amateur soldiers, proverbially good-natured.

Those parties were, I regret to say, made up of the sterner sex exclusively, but after Harry's friends had left, I proposed one morning that he should take cousin Alice and myself to the lake on a fishing excursion.

"Alice is quite skilful," he replied; "but do *you* understand angling?"

"No, but there's nothing which I cannot learn."

"Very well, my modest coz, put on your bonnet, and we will go down and practise awhile by catching small fish for bait in the old mill-pond."

The sheet of water to which my cousin referred, was nothing more than an enlargement and deepening of the stream which ran through the town. The mill which its waters once turned had been destroyed by fire, and all the fixtures, &c., fallen to decay; and Henry remarked, that as a *mill-pond* it was not worth a *dam*, but a capital place for catching bait, nevertheless. I did not smile approvingly at this profane pun, not I; but reminded the offender, with chilling dignity, that I should be full fourteen in eleven months and nine days.

After spending a half hour in initiating me into the mysteries of angling, Harry took a station farther up stream. Near me lay a small log, extending out into the pond, the top only lying above the water. Wearied at last with sitting on the bank, and catching not even a "glorious nibble," I picked my way out to the very end of this log, and cast my bait upon the waters. Presently I marked an uncommonly large "shiner," glancing about hither and thither, now and then tantalizingly turning up his glittering sides to the sunlight. My heart was in my throat. Could I manage to capture that fish by hook or by crook, it were glory enough for one day. Reader, have you ever seen a "shiner?" Is he not the most finifine dashing, dandyish, D'Orsay of the waves that ever *cut a swell* among "sheep-heads," or coquetted with a young trout?

The conduct of this particular fish was peculiarly provoking. It was in vain that I clad the uninviting hook in the garb of a fresh young worm, and dropped it, all quick and quivering, down before his very nose. Like a careful wooer, who fears "a take in," he would not come to the point; he had evidently dined, and, unlike the old Reformer, played shy of the Diet of Worms.

At last, as though a sudden appetite had been given him which required *abatement*, he caught the worm, and the hook caught him, and — and — but language fails me ——

Ye may tell, oh, my sisters, in author-land, of the exquisite joy, the intoxicating bliss which whelms a maiden's heart when love's first kiss glows on her trembling lip; but give to me the rapturous exultation which coursed through every vein, and thrilled along every nerve, as my first fish bent the top of the slender cane-rod towards the water!

But, ah, the instability of human happiness! that unfortunate "shiner" was strong — very. I had just balanced myself on the rounded three inches of the log; I now saw that I must drop the rod and lose the fish, or lose my balance and win a plunge. Like a brave girl, as I flatter myself that I am, I chose the latter. Down, down I went into six feet depth of water, pertinaciously grasping the rod, which, immediately on rising, I flung with its glittering pendant, high and dry on the shore; and having given one scream, only one, went quietly down again.

Just then, Harry, who had heard my fall at first, reached the spot, plunged in, caught and bore me safely to the bank. When I had coughed the water from my throat, and wiped it from my eyes, I pointed proudly toward my captive "shiner." Alas! what did I behold! — that fish, *my* fish, releasing himself from the hook, and floundering back into his native element! Yes, he was gone, gone for ever, and for one dark moment,

"Naught was everything, and everything was naught."

I need not tell of our walk homeward, of the alarm and merriment which our appearance created; or how I was placed in bed and half smothered with blankets, how a nauseous compound was sent up to me, which Harry kindly quaffed, and grew ill as I grew well. All such matters can be safely left to the imagination of my intelligent reader.

I will but add, that though of late years I have angled more extensively and successfully, have flung a lucky hook into the beautiful rivers and glorious lakes of the West, and have dropped *occasional lines* into the waters of American literature, I have never since known that pure, young delight, that exquisite zest, that wild enthusiasm, which led me to stake all on one mad chance, and brave drowning for a "shiner."

From "Letters and Sketches."

THE INTELLECTUAL WOMAN.

The intellectual woman should be *richest* in "social and domestic ties," she should have along her paths a guard of friendship, and about her life a breastwork of love. True feminine genius is ever timid, doubtful, and clingingly dependent; a perpetual childhood. A true woman shrinks instinctively from greatness, and it is "against her very will and wish transgressing," and in sad obedience to an inborn and mighty influence, that she turns out the "silver lining" of her soul to the world's gaze; permits all the delicate workings of her inner-nature to be laid open; her heart passed round, and peered into as a piece of curious mechanism. In her loftiest soarings, when we almost think to see the swift play of her pinion lost in the distant heaven, even then, her wildest and most exalting strains come down to us with a delicious thrill of home-music. The radiant realms of her most celestial visions have always a ladder leading earthward. Her ways and words have nothing of the lofty and severe; over her face, sun-gleams and shadows succeed each other momentarily; her eyes are alternately dreamy and tender, and their intensest fire quivers through tears. Her lips, moulded in love, are tremulously full of the glowing softness they borrow from the heart, and electrically obedient to its impulses.

WOMAN'S HEART.

Never *unsex* yourself for greatness. The worship of one true heart is better than the wonder of the world. Don't trample on the flowers, while longing for the stars. Live up to the full measure of life; give way to your impulses, loves, and enthusiasms; sing, smile, labour, and be happy. Adore poetry for its own sake; yearn for, strive after, *excellence;* rejoice when others attain it; feel for your contemporaries a loving envy; steal into your country's heart; glory in its greatness, exult in its power; honour its gallant men, and immortalize its matchless women. Then shall that grateful country throw around you a fame which shall be like the embrace of fond arms; a joy to cheer, and a strength to support you.

There is a joy which must, I think, be far more deep and full than any which the million can bestow; one which precedes, and is independent of, the fame which sometimes results rather from the caprice than the justice of the world. This is *the joy of inspiration.* I have elsewhere expressed my meaning thus:—

Oh, when the heaven-born soul of song is blending
With the rapt poet's, in his burning strains,
'Tis like the wine drank on Olympus, sending
Divine intoxication through the veins!

But this is for the *masters* of the lyre; it can never be felt by woman with great intensity; at least, can never *satisfy* her. I repeat, that *her* well-spring of joy is in the heart.

WOMAN'S GRATITUDE.

So she did not yield to woman's amiable weakness, and love because she was loved; did not let *gratitude* lead her blindfold to the altar. I know I should put on gloves while handling this dear pet-fault of my sex. But, my charming sisters, why are you grateful? Just bring your every-day tenderness, your patient, fond, worshipping, self-sacrificing love; and then place man's holiday admiration, his fanciful, patronizing, exacting, doubting affection, in the opposite scale, and see in what a passion of haste they will go up. Thank a man for reading you five unacted acts from his drama, for writing an acrostic on your name, for asking an introduction to a rival belle, for saying you are surprisingly like his maiden aunt; but never for the honour of his preference. Be grateful to him for the offer of his *mouchoir* to hem, or his gloves to mend, but never for that of his heart and hand. In love matters, fling away gratitude; 'tis but a charity-girl sort of virtue, at the best.

THE POET'S MISSION.

One long-cherished hope of my life is, that in the world of letters, *heart*, the feminine spirit of man's nature, is to be exalted to the throne of intellect, and they are to reign together.

* * * * *

It is no longer enough that a poet has imagination, fancy, and passion; he must possess a genial philosophy, an unselfish sympathy, a cheerful humanity — in short, *heart.* And not a heart like a walled-up well, undisturbed, and holding fast its own, till some thirsty mortal, with toil and pains, draws up a draught for his fevered lips; but as a laughing, leaping fountain, flinging its living waters far and wide, creating to itself an atmosphere of freshness, and making beauty and melody its surroundings. The world will tolerate no longer an arrogant disbelief in its most cherished

and sacred truths. It will waste no more of its admiring sympathy on the egotism of misanthropy, or the childishness of a sickly sentimentality: its poets must look up to heaven in faith, on the earth with love, and revel in the rich joy of existence. They must beguile us of our sorrows, and lighten us of our cares; must turn to us the sunny side of nature, and point us to the rainbows amid the storms of life: and they must no longer dare to wed vice to poetry—a lost spirit to a child of light.

COLERIDGE, SARA HENRY,

An English poetess, daughter of the distinguished poet, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and wife of his nephew, Henry Nelson Coleridge, well known for his contributions to classical learning, and as editor of his uncle's posthumous works, has shown herself worthy of her birth-right as a "poet's daughter," and of her station as the bosom-companion of an eminent scholar.

The first work of Mrs. Coleridge was a translation of the "History of the Abipones," from the Latin of Dobrizhoffer; her next was a beautiful fairy-tale, called "Phantasmion," published in 1837, and deservedly admired as an exquisite creation of feminine genius. Besides these, she has written poems, evincing talent of no common order. A distinguished critic remarks thus, concerning her:—"With an imagination like a prism shedding rainbow changes on her thoughts, she shows study without the affectation of it, and a Greek-like closeness of expression."

From "Fugitive Pieces."

A MOTHER OVER HER CHILD DEVOTED TO DEATH.

O sleep, my babe! Hear not the rippling wave,
Nor feel the breeze that round thee lingering strays,
To drink thy balmy breath,
And sigh one long farewell!

Soon shall it mourn above thy watery bed,
And whisper to me, on the wave-beat shore,
Deep murm'ring in reproach
Thy sad, untimely fate.

Ere those dear eyes had opened on the light,
In vain to plead, thy coming life was sold;
Of wakened but to sleep,
Whence it can wake no more!

A thousand and a thousand silken leaves
The tufted beach unfolds in early spring
All clad in tenderest green,
All of the self-same shape;

A thousand infant faces, soft and sweet,
Each year sends forth, yet every mother views
Her last, not least, beloved
Like its dear self alone.

No musing mind hath ever yet foreshaped
The face to-morrow's sun shall first reveal,
No heart hath e'er conceived
What love that face will bring.

O sleep, my babe! nor heed how mourns the gale
To part with thy soft locks and fragrant breath,
As when it deeply sighs
O'er autumn's latest bloom.

LOVE.

One face alone, one face alone,
These eyes require;
But when that longed-for sight is shown,
What fatal fire
Shoots thro' my veins a keen and liquid flame
That melts each fibre of my wasting frame!

One voice alone, one voice alone,
I pine to hear;
But when its meek, mellifluous tone
Usurps mine ear,
Those slavish chains about my soul are wound,
Which ne'er, till death itself, can be unbound.

One gentle hand, one gentle hand,
I fain would hold;
But when it seems at my command,
My own grows cold;
Then low to earth I bend in sickly swoon,
Like lilies drooping 'mid the blaze of noon.

COOK, ELIZA,

Is deservedly distinguished for her poetical productions, which are popular with "the people" everywhere in our American nation as in her own country, England. Miss Cook resides in London; her childhood and youth were passed partly in Southwark, where her father, a calker by trade, resided, and partly in the country. She was the "youngling of the flock" by eleven years, and, like a babe born out of due season, was tenderly cherished by her excellent mother, whose character, disciplined by suffering, seems to have exerted a great and beneficial influence over her gifted child.

The death of this beloved mother, when Miss Cook was about fifteen, left her in that heart-desolation which is the ordeal of woman's character, often developing new talents and energies, chastening the spirit of youthful hope for its tasks of duty, and thus, by exalting her aims in life, such sorrows serve to kindle the torch of her genius. It was thus with Miss Cook. Her home, after her beloved mother was withdrawn, was neither pleasant nor happy, and the young girl was compelled to find in intellectual pursuits her means of contentment. She gave expression to her earnest thoughts and generous feelings: the language seems to have flowed spontaneously in rhyme, for there is hardly a trace of labour or study in her poetry. But there is that which is for a woman, perhaps, better than classical learning; as an elegant critic has well observed—"There is a heartiness and truthful sympathy with human kind, a love of freedom and of nature, in this lady's productions, which, more even than their

grace and melody, charms her readers. She writes like a whole-souled woman, earnestly and unaffectedly, evidently giving her actual thoughts, but never transcending the limits of taste or delicacy. The favour with which her numerous pieces have been received, and the ease with which she writes, encourage us to hope for much future delight and instruction from her generous pen. It may be hoped, also, that she will take more pains in the finishing of her verses, than she has hitherto done, and avoid a repetition of ideas, a fault to which she is somewhat prone."

The closing remark is not without reason. Miss Cook has hitherto written exclusively for the class in which she was born, the people; but so, also, did Burns; yet he studied his art, and thus elevated the lowliest subject he sung by the flower-breath of true poesy, whose course is always upward. We allude to the "Rural Bard," because we think Miss Cook resembles him in her ardent philanthropy of soul, and in its direction: her love of the virtues and enjoyments of humble English life, as he sung of his "Old Scotia." She is far more fortunate than was poor Burns, for she gathers not only praise but large profits from her writings, and enjoys her own popularity, probably the greatest, counting by the number of those who read rhyme, of any living female poet.

Miss Cook's poetry began to appear in various London journals about 1836. In 1839, an American poetess, Mrs. Osgood, met Miss Cook in London, and thus describes her—"Eliza Cook is just what her noble poetry would lead you to imagine her; a frank, generous, brave, and warm-hearted girl, about twenty years of age; rather stout and sturdy looking, with a face not handsome but very intelligent. Her hair is black, and very luxuriant, her eyes grey and full of expression, and her mouth indiscribably sweet."

In 1840, the poems of Miss Cook were collected and republished in London, under the title of "Melaia, and other Poems." The beautiful volume was soon republished in New York; and, with many additions from the fertile mind of the author, these poems have passed through a variety of editions both in England and America.

In September, 1849, the poetess made her appearance in a new character, as editor of a work, styled "Eliza Cook's Journal," published weekly, in London. The introductory paper from her pen, has some remarks which so clearly describe the feelings of this interesting and noble-minded woman, that we must give them, while thanking her for this daguerreotype sketch of her inner-self.—She says—"I have been too long known by those whom I address, to feel strange in addressing them. My earliest rhymes, written from intuitive impulse, before hackneyed experience or politic judgment could dictate their tendency, were accepted and responded to by those whose good word is a 'tower of strength.' The first active breath of nature that swept over my heart-strings, awoke wild but earnest melodies, which I dotted down in simple notes; and when I found that others thought the tune worth learning—when I heard my strains hummed about the sacred altars of domestic firesides, and saw old men, bright women, and young children scanning my ballad strains, then was I made to think that my burning desire to pour out my soul's measure of music was given for a purpose. My young bosom throbbed with rapture, for my feelings had met with responsive echoes from honest and genuine Humanity, and the glory of heaven seemed partially revealed, when I discovered that I held power over the affections of earth.

* * * * *

"I am anxious to give my feeble aid to the gigantic struggle for intellectual elevation now going on, and fling my energies and will into a cause where my heart will zealously animate my duty.

"It is too true, that there are dense clouds of Ignorance yet to be dissipated—huge mountains of Error yet to be removed; but, there is a stirring development of progressive mind in 'the mass,' which only requires steady and free communion with Truth to expand itself into that enlightened and practical wisdom on which ever rests the perfection of social and political civilization; and I believe that all who work in the field of Literature with sincere desire to serve the many by arousing generous sympathies and educational tastes, need make little *profession* of their service, for 'the people' have sufficient perception to thoroughly estimate those who are truly 'with' and 'for' them."

From "Melaia."

SILENCE.

The whirling blast, the breaker's dash,
The snapping ropes, the parting crash,
The sweeping waves that boil and lash,
The stunning peal, the hissing flash,
The hasty prayer, the hopeless groan,
The stripling sea-boy's gurgling tone,
Shrieking amid the flood and foam,
The names of mother, love, and home;
The jarring clash that wakes the land,
When, blade to blade, and hand to hand,
Unnumbered voices burst and swell,
In one unceasing war-whoop yell;
The trump of discord ringing out,
The clamour strife, the victor shout;—
Oh! these are noises any ear
Will dread to meet and quail to hear;
But let the earth or waters pour
The loudest din or wildest roar;
Let Anarchy's broad thunders roll,
And Tumult do its worst to thrill,
There is a *silence* to the soul
More awful, and more startling still.

To hear our very breath intrude
Upon the boundless solitude,
Where mortal tidings never come,
With busy feet or human hum;
All hushed above, beneath, around—
No stirring form, no whispered sound;—
This is a loneliness that falls
Upon the spirit, and appals
More than the mingled rude alarms
Arising from a world in arms.

This is a silence bids us shrink,
As from a precipice's brink;
But ye will rarely meet it, save
In the hot desert, or cold grave.
Cut off from life and fellow-men,
This silence was around me then.

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

I never see a young hand hold
The starry bunch of white and gold,
But something warm and fresh will start
About the region of my heart
My smile expires into a sigh;
I feel a struggling in the eye,
'Twixt humid drop and sparkling ray,
Till rolling tears have won their way;
For soul and brain will travel back
Through memory's chequered mazes,
To days when I but trod life's track
For buttercups and daisies.

Tell me, ye men of wisdom rare,
Of sober speech and silver hair,
Who carry counsel, wise and sage,
With all the gravity of age;
Oh! say, do ye not like to hear
The accents ringing in your ear,
When sportive urchins laugh and shout,
Tossing those precious flowers about,
Springing with bold and gleesome bound,
Proclaiming joy that crazes,
And chorusing the magic sound
Of buttercups and daisies?

Are there, I ask, beneath the sky
Blossoms that knit so strong a tie
With childhood's love? Can any please
Or light the infant eye like these?
No, no; there 's not a bud on earth,
Of richest tint or warmest birth,
Can ever fling such zeal and zest
Into the tiny hand and breast.
Who does not recollect the hours
When burning words and praises
Were lavished on those shining flowers,
Buttercups and daisies?

There seems a bright and fairy spell
About their very names to dwell;
And though old Time has marked my brow
With care and thought, I love them now.
Smile, if ye will, but some heart-strings
Are closest linked to simplest things;
And these wild flowers will hold mine fast,
Till love, and life, and all be past;
And then the only wish I have,
Is, that the one who raises
The turf-sod o'er me, plant my grave
With buttercups and daisies.

A LOVE SONG.

Dear Kate, I do not swear and vow,
Or sigh sweet things, as many can;
But though my lip ne'er plays the slave,
My *heart* will not disgrace the *man*.
I prize thee — ay, my bonny Kate,
So firmly fond this breast can be,
That I would brook the sternest fate
If it but left me health and thee.

I do not promise that our life
Shall know no shade on heart or brow;
For human lot and mortal strife
Would mock the falsehood of such vow.
But when the clouds of pain and care
Shall teach us we are not divine,
My deepest sorrows thou shalt share,
And I will strive to lighten thine.

We love each other, yet perchance
The murmurs of dissent may rise;
Fierce words may chase the tender glance,
And angry flashes light our eyes.
But we must learn to check the frown,
To reason rather than to blame;
The wisest have their faults to own,
And you and I, girl, have the same.

You must not like me less, my Kate,
For such an earnest strain as this;
I love *thee* dearly, but I hate
The puling rhymes of "kiss" and "bliss."
There 's truth in all I 've said or sung;
I woo thee as a man *should* woo;
And though I lack a honied tongue,
Thou 'lt never find a breast more true.

I MISS THEE, MY MOTHER.

I miss thee, my mother! Thy image is still
The deepest impressed on my heart,
And the tablet so faithful in death must be chill
Ere a line of that image depart.
Thou wert torn from my side when I treasured thee most —
When my reason could measure thy worth;
When I knew but too well that the idol I 'd lost
Could be *never replaced* upon earth.

I miss thee, my mother, in circles of joy,
Where I 've mingled with rapturous zest;
For how slight is the touch that will serve to destroy
All the fairy-web spun in my breast!
Some melody sweet may be floating around —
'Tis a ballad I learnt at thy knee;
Some strain may be played, and I shrink from the sound,
For my fingers oft woke it for thee.

I miss thee, my mother; when young health has fled,
And I sink in the languor of pain,
Where, where is the arm that once pillowed my head,
And the ear that once heard me complain?
Other hands may support, gentle accents may fall —
For the fond and the true are yet mine;
I 've a blessing for each; I am grateful to all —
But whose care *can* be soothing as thine?

I miss thee, my mother, in summer's fair day,
When I rest in the ivy-wreathed bower,
When I hang thy pet linnet's cage high on the spray,
Or gaze on thy favourite flower.
There 's the bright gravel-path where I played by thy side
When time had scarce wrinkled thy brow,
Where I carefully led thee with worshipping pride
When thy scanty locks gathered the snow.

I miss thee, my mother, in winter's long night:
I remember the tales thou wouldst tell —
The romance of wild fancy, the legend of fright —
Oh! who could e'er tell them so well?
Thy corner is vacant; thy chair is removed:
It was kind to take *that* from my eye:
Yet relics are round me — the sacred and loved —
To call up the pure sorrow-fed sigh.

I miss thee, my mother! Oh, when do I not?
Though I know 'twas the wisdom of Heaven
That the deepest shade fell on my sunniest spot,
And such tie of devotion was riven;
For when thou wert with me my soul was below,
I was chained to the world I then trod;
My affections, my thoughts, were all earth-bound; but now
They have followed thy spirit to God!

OH! NEVER BREATHE A DEAD ONE'S NAME.

Oh! never breathe a dead one's name
When those who loved that one are nigh:
It pours a lava through the frame
That chokes the breast and fills the eye;
It strains a chord that yields too much
Of piercing anguish in its breath;
And hands of mercy should not touch
A string made eloquent by death.

Oh! never breathe a lost one's name
To those who called that one their own:
It only stirs the smouldering flame
That burns upon a charnel-stone.
The head will ache and well-nigh break
To miss that one for ever fled;
And lips of mercy should not wake
A love that cherishes the dead.

THE FREE.

The wild streams leap with headlong sweep
In their curbless course o'er the mountain steep;
All fresh and strong they foam along,
Waking the rocks with their cataract song.
My eye bears a glance like the beam on a lance
While I watch the waters dash and dance;
I burn with glee, for I love to see
The path of anything that 's free.

The skylark springs with dew on his wings,
And up in the arch of heaven he sings
Trill-la, trill-la — oh, sweeter far
Than the notes that come through a golden bar.
The joyous bay of a hound at play,
The caw of a rook on its homeward way —
Oh! these shall be the music for me,
For I love the voices of the free.

The deer starts by with his antlers high,
Proudly tossing his head to the sky;
The barb runs the plain unbroke by the rein,
With steaming nostrils and flying mane;
The clouds are stirred by the eaglet bird,
As the flap of its swooping pinion is heard.
Oh! these shall be the creatures for me,
For my soul was formed to love the free.

The mariner brave, in his bark on the wave,
May laugh at the walls round a kingly slave;
And the one whose lot is the desert spot
Has no dread of an envious foe in his cot.
The thrall and state at the palace-gate
Are what my spirit has learnt to hate;
Oh! the hills shall be a home for me,
For I 'd leave a throne for the hut of the free.

THE CLOUDS.

Beautiful clouds! I have watched ye long,
Fickle and bright as a fairy throng;
Now ye have gathered golden beams,
Now ye are parting in silver streams,
Now ye are tinged with a roseate blush,
Deepening fast to a crimson flush;
Now, like aerial sprites at play,
Ye are lightly dancing another way;
Melting in many a pearly flake,
Like the cygnet's down on the azure lake;
Now ye gather again, and run
To bask in the blaze of a setting sun;
And anon ye serve as Zephyr's car,
Flitting before the evening star.

Now ye ride in mighty form,
With the arms of a giant, to nurse the storm;
Ye grasp the lightning, and fling it on earth,
All flashing and wild as a maniac's mirth;
Ye cavern the thunder, and bravely it roars,
While the forest groans, and the avalanche pours;
Ye launch the torrent with headlong force,
Till the rivers hiss in their boiling course;
Ye come, and your trophies are scattered around
In the wreck on the waters, the oak on the ground.
Oh! where is the eye that doth not love
The glorious phantoms that glide above?
That hath not looked on the realms of air
With wondering soul and bursting prayer?
Oh! where is the spirit that hath not bowed
To its God at the shrine of a passing cloud?

HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

List to the dreamy tone that dwells
In rippling wave or sighing tree;
Go, hearken to the old church bells,
The whistling bird, the whizzing bee.
Interpret right, and ye will find
'Tis "power and glory" they proclaim;
The chimes, the creatures, waters, wind,
All publish, "hallowed be thy name!"

The pilgrim journeys till he bleeds,
To gain the altar of his sires;
The hermit pores above his beads,
With zeal that never wanes nor tires;
But holiest rite or longest prayer
That soul can yield or wisdom frame,
What better import can it bear
Than, "FATHER! hallowed be thy name!"

The savage kneeling to the sun,
To give his thanks or ask a boon;
The raptures of the idiot one
Who laughs to see the clear round moon;
The saint well taught in Christian lore;
The Moslem prostrate at his flame —
All worship, wonder, and adore;
All end in, "hallowed be thy name!"

Whate'er may be man's faith or creed,
Those precious words comprise it still;
We trace them on the bloomy mead,
We hear them in the flowing rill.
One chorus hails the Great Supreme;
Each varied breathing tells the same.
The strains may differ; but the *theme*
Is, "FATHER! *hallowed* be thy name!"

THROUGH THE WATERS.

Through *the forest*, through the *forest*, oh! who would not like to roam,
Where the squirrel leaps right gaily and the shy fawn makes a home;
Where branches, spreading *high* and *wide*, shut out *the golden* sun,
And hours of noontide steal away all shadowy and dun?
'Tis sweet to pluck the ivy sprigs or seek the hidden nest,
To track the spot where owlets hide, and wild deer take their rest;
Through the forest, through the forest, oh, 'tis passing sweet to take
Our lonely way 'mid springy moss, thick bush, and tangled brake.

Through the valley, through the valley, where the glittering harebells peep,
Where laden bees go droning by, and hum themselves to sleep;
Where all that 's bright with bloom and light springs forth to greet the day,
And every blade pours incense to the warm and cloudless ray;
Where children come to laugh away their happy summer hours,
To chase the downy butterfly, or crown themselves with flowers;
Through the valley, through the valley, oh! who does not like to bask
Amid the fairest beauties Heaven can give or man can ask?

Through the desert, through the desert, where the Arab takes his course,
With none to bear him company except his gallant horse;
Where none can question will or right, where landmarks ne'er impede,
But all is wide and limitless to rider and to steed.
No purling streamlet murmurs there, no chequered shadows fall;
'Tis torrid, waste, and desolate, but free to each and all.
Through the desert, through the desert! Oh, the Arab would not change
For purple robes or olive-trees his wild and burning range.

Through the waters, through the waters, ah! be this the joy for me,
Upon the flowing river or the broad and dashing sea;
Of all that wealth could offer me the choicest boon I'd crave
Would be a bold and sturdy bark upon the open wave.
I love to see the wet sails fill before the whistling breath,
And feel the ship cleave on, as though she spurned the flood beneath.
Through the waters, through the waters, can ye tell me what below
Is freer than the wind-lashed main, or swifter than the prow?

I love to see the merry craft go running on her side;
I laugh to see her splashing on before the rapid tide;
I love to mark the white and hissing foam come boiling up,
Fresh as the froth that hangs about the Thunderer's nectar cup.
All sail away: ah! who would stay to pace the dusty land
If once they trod a gallant ship, steered by a gallant band:
Through the waters, through the waters, oh! there's not a joy for me
Like racing with the gull upon a broad and dashing sea!

STANZAS TO THE YOUNG.

Long have the wisest lips confessed
That minstrel ones are far from wrong
Who "point a moral" in a jest,
Or yield a sermon in a song.

So be it! Listen ye who will,
And, though my harp be roughly strung,
Yet never shall its lightest thrill
Offend the old or taint the young.

Mark me! I ne'er presume to teach
The man of wisdom, grey and sage:
'Tis to the growing I would preach
From moral text and mentor page.

First, I would bid thee cherish truth,
As leading star in virtue's train:
Folly may pass, nor tarnish youth,
But falsehood leaves a poison stain.

Keep watch, nor let the burning tide
Of impulse break from all control:
The best of hearts needs pilot-guide
To steer it clear from error's shoal.

One wave of passion's boiling flood
May all the sea of life disturb;
And steeds of good but fiery blood
Will rush on death without a curb.

Think on the course ye fain would run,
And moderate the wild desire;
There's many a one would drive the sun,
Only to set the world on fire.

Slight not the one of honest worth,
Because no star adorns his breast:
The lark soars highest from the earth,
Yet ever leaves the lowest nest.

Heed but the bearing of a tree,
And if it yield a wholesome fruit
A shallow, envious fool is he
Who spurns it for its forest root.

Let fair humanity be thine
To fellow-man and meanest brute:
'Tis nobly taught; the code's divine,—
Mercy is God's chief attribute.

The coward wretch whose hand and heart
Can bear to torture aught below,
Is ever first to quail and start
From slightest pain or equal foe.

Be not too ready to condemn
The wrong thy brothers may have done;
Ere ye too harshly censure them
For human faults, ask — "Have I none?"

Live that thy young and glowing breast
Can think of death without a sigh;
And be assured *that* life is best
Which finds us least afraid to die.

WASHINGTON.

Land of the West! though passing brief the record of thine age,
Thou hast a name that darkens all on history's wide page!
Let all the blasts of fame ring out — thine shall be loudest far:
Let others boast their satellites — thou hast the planet star.

Thou hast a name whose characters of light shall ne'er depart;
'Tis stamped upon the dullest brain, and warms the coldest heart;
A war-cry fit for any land where freedom's to be won.
Land of the west! it stands alone — it is thy Washington!

Rome had its Cæsar, great and brave; but stain was on his wreath:
He lived the heartless conqueror, and died the tyrant's death.
France had its Eagle; but his wings, though lofty they might soar,
Were spread in false ambition's flight, and dipped in murder's gore.
Those hero-gods, whose mighty sway would fain have chained the waves —
Who fleshed their blades with tiger zeal, to make a world of slaves —
Who, though their kindred barred the path, still fiercely waded on —
Oh, where shall be *their* "glory" by the side of Washington?

He fought, but not with love of strife; he struck but to defend;
And ere he turned a people's foe, he sought to be a friend.
He strove to keep his country's right by reason's gentle word,
And sighed when fell injustice threw the challenge — sword to sword.
He stood the firm, the calm, the wise, the patriot and sage;
He showed no deep, avenging hate — no burst of despot rage.
He stood for liberty and truth, and dauntlessly led on,
Till shouts of victory gave forth the name of Washington.

No car of triumph bore him through a city filled with grief;
No groaning captives at the wheels proclaimed him victor chief:
He broke the gyves of slavery with strong and high disdain,
And cast no sceptre from the links when he had crushed the chain.
He saved his land, but did not lay his soldier trappings down
To change them for the regal vest, and don a kingly crown.
Fame was too earnest in her joy — too proud of such a son —
To let a robe and title mask a noble Washington.

England, my heart is truly thine — my loved, my native earth! —
The land that holds a mother's grave, and gave that mother birth!
Oh, keenly sad would be the fate that thrust me from thy shore,
And faltering my breath, that sighed, "Farewell for evermore!"
But did I meet such adverse lot, I would not seek to dwell
Where olden heroes wrought the deeds for Homer's song to tell.
Away, thou gallant ship! I'd cry, and bear me swiftly on:
But bear me from my own fair land to that of Washington.

THE LAST GOOD-BYE.

Farewell! Farewell! is often heard
From the lips of those who part:
'T is a whispered tone, 't is a gentle word,
But it springs not from the heart.
It may serve for the lover's lay,
To be sung 'neath a summer sky;
But give me the lips that say
The honest words, "Good-bye!"

Adieu! Adieu! may greet the ear
In the guise of courtly speech;
But when we leave the kind and dear,
'T is not what the soul would teach.
Whene'er we grasp the hands of those
We would have for ever nigh,
The flame of friendship burns and glows
In the warm, frank words, "Good-bye!"

The mother sending forth her child
To meet with cares and strife,
Breathes through her tears her doubts and fears
For the loved one's future life.

No cold "adieu," no "farewell," lives
Within her choking sighs;
But the deepest sob of anguish gives,
"God bless thee, boy!—good-bye!"

Go, watch the pale and dying one,
When the glance has lost its beam—
When the brow is cold as the marble stone,
And the world a passing dream;
And the latest pressure of the hand,
The look of the closing eye,
Yield what the heart *must* understand—
A long, a last "Good-bye."

COUTTS, ANGELA GEORGINA BURDETT,

Is distinguished as possessing more wealth than any other private woman in the world; and a far higher distinction is hers also, that she is using her immense riches in the noblest works of charity.

Miss Burdett Coutts is the youngest daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, Bart., late of Bramcote, county of Warwick, a philanthropist and reformer, whose political career is well known; her mother was Sophia, youngest daughter of Thomas Coutts, Esq., the opulent banker of the Strand. The family of Burdett, enriched by alliances with the houses of Camville of Arrow, Bruin of Bramcote, and Fraunceys of Foremark, can be traced to one of the soldiers of the Conquest. But whatever the ancestry of Miss Burdett Coutts might have been, it can confer no honour on her name so noble as do her own benevolent deeds. She was born April 25th, 1814, and carefully trained in those religious sentiments which develop the best faculties of the female mind. She was not educated as an expectant heiress, because her grandfather's marriage with Miss Mellon,* the actress, and his gift by will of his whole fortune to this, comparatively, young wife, must have deprived his children of any expectancy from the step-mother, who subsequently married the young Duke of St. Albans. But the amiable, interesting and affectionate Angela Burdett, was ever a favourite with her step-grandmother; and as the latter had no children or near relations of her own, she justly determined the fortune she had received from her first husband, should return to his family, and wisely selected the youthful Angela Georgina Burdett, as her heiress. One condition only was annexed to the possession of this vast property—that the heiress should assume the additional surname and arms of Coutts, which, by royal license was permitted. In September, 1837, the subject of our sketch took the style and surname, and came into possession of her fortune; she was then twenty-three years of age. The few simple facts we have narrated, strikingly illustrate the differences in the masculine and feminine nature. Harriet Mellon, the self-educated actress, was far more disinterested, more generous, more just, than either of her two husbands,—one versed in all the knowledge of the world of business, the other born to high rank, and educated in a nobleman's notions of honour and morality; and that this great wealth, accumulated by the elder Coutts, is now in the hands of a woman, should be a subject of thankfulness to all who wish the advancement of piety, morality, and Christian education among the people.

Since Miss Burdett Coutts came into possession of her fortune, she has been indefatigable in her works of benevolence. Besides her private charities, which are innumerable, she has given largely for missionary purposes; to assist religious societies; endowed the see of a bishopric in Adelaide, South Australia; and bestowed *thirty thousand pounds sterling* to build and endow a church, with parsonage-house and schools in Westminster, London! Who, among all the living noble and rich *men* of England, has done deeds of disinterested benevolence to be compared with these? A woman is now the leader of British charities; and the name of Miss Burdett Coutts is honoured throughout the Christian world.

An interesting account of the ceremonies attendant on laying the foundation-stone of this new church was given in a London paper. The site was Rochester-Row, selected by the Bishop of London, in one of the most densely populated portions of the city and liberties. Tuesday, the 20th of July, 1847, was fixed for the ceremonies. The site was enclosed, and accommodations were prepared for spectators. "Before two o'clock, the appointed hour, several galleries were occupied, and ladies were accommodated with seats on the platform, whereon were made the requisite arrangements for laying the stone, suspended from a truck, travelling along an elevated tramway. At two o'clock, the several authorities engaged in the ceremony entered the inclosure in procession, preceded by the officials, bearing their silver staves. Amongst those present were, Miss Angela Burdett Coutts (who was accompanied by Lady King, Lady Antrobus, Miss Burdett, and Mrs. Ramsden;) the Lord Bishop of London, the Lord Bishop of Oxford; Earl Brownlow, Lord Sandom, M. P., Lord Ashley: the Very Rev. Dr. Buckland, Dean of Westminster; the Venerable John Sinclair, M. A., Archdeacon of Middlesex; the Rev. Lord John Thynne, M. A., Canon of Westminster: the Venerable Archdeacon Bentinck; Foster Owen, Esq., High Constable of Westminster; the Right Rev. Dr. Short, Bishop of Ade-

* See Biography of the Duchess of St. Albans, page 424.

laide, South Australia, (the new see endowed by Miss Coutts;) the Lord Bishop of Tasmania; Sir Frederick Trench, Col. Sturt; the Rev. Edward Repton, M. A., Canon of Westminster, and a large number of clergy.

"The general arrangements were under the superintendence of the High Constable, and were very satisfactory. A large concourse of persons had assembled in the neighbourhood; and the walls and house-tops, commanding a view of the ceremony, were fringed with spectators.

"The appointed office was read by the Bishop of London, and three of the Canons of the Abbey Church of Westminster. It consisted of the 84th Psalm, the Lord's Prayer, and the following Collect:—

'Almighty God, whom the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain, who yet vouchsafest to dwell with thy Church upon earth; look down with thy favour upon us, thine unworthy servants, who are now about to lay the foundation of a house, to be dedicatod to thy service, and to the glory of thy Holy Name; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with Thee, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.'

"The bottle of coins, &c., and the inscription-plate, being placed within the stone, Miss Coutts spread the mortar with an elegant silver trowel; the stone was then lowered from the tramway, and it being adjusted, the Founder said, 'We place this Foundation Stone in faith and hope, to the glory of God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.' Miss Coutts then slightly struck the stone thrice with the mallet.

"A hymn was next sung by the children of the Grey Coat, Green Coat, Blue Coat, and Emery Hill's Schools.

"The singing of this hymn, the spectators being uncovered, had a very impressive effect.

"A Psalm and three other Prayers and Collects were then read; and the Bishop of London addressed the assembly at some length, dwelling on the pious munificence of the lady who had so handsomely contributed to the provision of spiritual instruction through the instrumentality of the Church, in that densely populated district. Miss Coutts's father (Sir Francis Burdett) had represented that ancient city in Parliament during a course of thirty years, and this new Church would serve to perpetuate his memory. The ancient parish churches and cathedrals had been reared through the Christian liberality of benevolent individuals, but none, he regretted to say, had of late years been equal to the work they were now commencing, and he trusted it would be one of those bright examples which would redound to the strength of the Church and the ultimate security of the country.

"The Bishop then pronounced the Blessing; 'God save the Queen' was sung, and the congregation dispersed; three cheers being given as they retired from the platform."

The church will accommodate one thousand persons; the two schools educate four hundred children, two hundred and thirty boys and one hundred and seventy girls. In the present low state of popular education in England, we look upon these schools as calculated to produce more benefit to the cause of morality and true piety, than will be done by the preacher in the church. We wish, however, that the relative proportion between the sexes of the pupils had been reversed, for we believe the education of female children more important than that of boys. If the mother has been instructed, she will impart whatever she has learned to her children; the father uses his knowledge more for his own benefit. Popular education has been so utterly neglected by the English government, that there are now, it is calculated, nearly eight millions of persons in England and Wales, who do not know how to read! The larger proportion of the neglected is females. To instruct these poor, ignorant women and girls till they can read, and place a copy of the Bible in every family, would be the greatest boon human philanthropy could confer on the British nation.

Miss Burdett Coutts has now in her keeping a power of doing good, which an angel might joyfully leave the mansions of bliss to wield. To provide the means of education for her own sex, seems the special privilege entrusted to her. Normal schools, for the training of female teachers, are wanted in England, as the preparatory step to popular education; male teachers are not fitted by nature to have the care of children; and never will universal education be enjoyed, till women are the instructors of the young.

CROWE, CATHARINE,

Whose maiden name was Stevens, was born at Borough Green, in the county of Kent, England. She married Lt. Colonel Crowe, of the British army. She has one child — a son; the family reside chiefly at Edinburgh, or in the neighbourhood. Her published books are pretty numerous, and she has written much for the periodicals and other serials, within the last ten years. One only of her works has been reprinted in America,— "The Night-Side of Nature,"—celebrated for the undeniable evidence it affords of the belief of Mrs. Crowe in "those things" which the philosophy of schools does not teach as abstract truths —namely, the belief in dreams, omens, wraiths, ghosts, and other transcendental matters pertaining to the world of spirits. Her writings have attracted considerable attention among the learned, and attained, as might have been expected, a wide popularity among those who like to read ghost-stories, though stoutly denying any belief in such nonsense. The term, "Night-Side of Nature," Mrs. Crowe explains as being borrowed from the German, signifying "that side of a planet which is turned from the sun; and during this interval, external objects loom upon us but strangely and imperfectly: the Germans draw a parallel between these vague and misty perceptions and the similar obscure and uncertain glimpses we get of that veiled department of nature, of which, whilst comprising, as it does, the solution of questions concerning us more nearly than any other, we are yet in a state of entire and wilful ignorance."

The principal works of Mrs. Crowe are:—"Susan Hopley," "Lilly Dawson," "Manorial Rights," and "Aristodemus," a tragedy. But the "Night-Side of Nature" is her great work, and had she done as the Sibyl of old, burnt two-thirds of her matter, the book would have been much more valued. The truth is, so many foolish, inconsistent, and useless examples of preternatural appearances and warnings are given, that the reader, even though a little inclined to believe there may be more things in heaven and earth than philosophy has explained, will yet become disgusted with the trivial scenes in which these spiritual influences are represented as chiefly engaged. A few selections will best show the character of the work and bias of the author.

From "The Night-Side of Nature."

THE FUTURE THAT AWAITS US.

In all ages of the world, and in all parts of it, mankind have earnestly desired to learn the fate that awaited them when they had "shuffled off this mortal coil;" and those pretending to be their instructors have built up different systems, which have stood in the stead of knowledge, and more or less satisfied the bulk of the people. The interest on this subject is, at the present period, in the most highly civilized portions of the globe, less than it has been at any preceding one. The great proportion of us live for this world alone, and think very little of the next; we are in too great a hurry of pleasure or business to bestow any time on a subject of which we have such vague notions. Notions so vague, that, in short, we can scarcely, by any effort of the imagination, bring the idea home to ourselves; and when we are about to die, we are seldom in a situation to do more than resign ourselves to what is inevitable, and blindly meet our fate; whilst, on the other hand, what is generally called the religious world, is so engrossed by its struggles for power or money, or by its sectarian disputes and enmities, and so narrowed and circumscribed by dogmatic orthodoxies, that it has neither inclination nor liberty to turn back or look around, and endeavour to gather up, from past records and present observation, such hints as are now and again dropt in our path, to give us an intimation of what the truth may be. The rationalistic age, too, out of which we are only just emerging, and which succeeded one of gross superstition, having settled, beyond appeal, that there never was such a thing as a ghost—that the dead never do come back to tell us the secrets of their prison-house—and that nobody believes such idle tales but children and old women, seemed to have shut the door against the only channel through which any information could be sought. Revelation tells us very little on this subject, reason can tell us nothing; and if nature is equally silent, or if we are to be deterred from questioning her from the fear of ridicule, there is certainly no resource left for us but to rest contented in our ignorance; and each wait till the awful secret is disclosed to ourselves. A great many things have been pronounced untrue and absurd, and even impossible, by the highest authorities in the age in which they lived, which have afterwards, and, indeed, within a very short period, been found to be both possible and true. I confess myself, for one, to have no respect whatever for these dogmatic denials and affirmations, and I am quite of opinion that vulgar incredulity is a much more contemptible thing than vulgar credulity. We know very little of what *is*, and still less of what may be; and till a thing has been proved by induction logically impossible, we have no right whatever to pronounce that it is so. As I have said before, à priori conclusions are perfectly worthless; and the sort of investigation that is bestowed upon subjects of the class of which I am treating, something worse; inasmuch as they deceive the timid and the ignorant, and that very numerous class which pins its faith on authority, and never ventures to think for itself, by an assumption of wisdom and knowledge, which, if examined and analyzed, would very frequently prove to be nothing more respectable than obstinate prejudice and rash assertion.

DREAMS.

A gentleman, who resided near one of the Scottish lakes, dreamt that he saw a number of persons surrounding a body, which had just been drawn out of the water. On approaching the spot, he perceives that it is himself, and the assistants are his own friends and retainers. Alarmed at the life-like reality of the vision, he resolved to elude the threatened destiny by never venturing on the lake again. On one occasion, however, it became quite indispensable that he should do so; and, as the day was quite calm, he yielded to the necessity, on condition that he should be put ashore at once on the opposite side, whilst the rest of the party proceeded to their destination, where he would meet them. This was accordingly done: the boat skimmed gaily over the smooth waters, and arrived safely at the rendezvous, the gentlemen laughing at the superstition of their companion, whilst he stood smiling on the bank to receive them. But, alas! the fates were inexorable: the little promontory that supported him had been undermined by the water; it gave way beneath his feet, and life was extinct before he could be rescued. This circumstance was related to me by a friend of the family.

PRESENTIMENT.

One of the most remarkable cases of presentiment I know, is that which occurred, not very long since, on board one of her Majesty's ships, when lying off Portsmouth. The officers being one day at the mess-table, a young Lieutenant P—— suddenly laid down his knife and fork, pushed away his plate, and turned extremely pale. He then rose from the table, covering his face with his hands, and retired from the room. The president of the mess, supposing him to be ill, sent one of the young men to inquire what was the matter. At first, M. P. was unwilling to speak; but on being pressed, he confessed that he had been seized by a sudden and irresistible impression

that a brother he had then in India was dead. "He died," said he, "on the 12th of August, at six, o'clock; I am perfectly certain of it!" No arguments could overthrow this conviction, which, in due course of post, was verified to the letter. The young man had died at Cawnpore, at the precise period mentioned.

APPARITIONS.

A maid-servant, in one of the midland counties of England, being up early one morning, heard her name called in a voice that seemed to be her brother's, a sailor, then at sea; and running up, she found him standing in the hall; he said he was come from afar, and was going again, and mentioned some other things, when her mistress, hearing voices, called to know who she was talking to; she said it was her brother, from sea. After speaking to her for some time, she suddenly lost sight of him, and found herself alone. Amazed and puzzled, she told her mistress what had happened, who being thus led to suspect the kind of visiter it was, looked out of the window to ascertain if there were any marks of footsteps, the ground being covered with snow. There were, however, none; and it was therefore clear that nobody could have entered the house. Intelligence afterwards arrived of the young man's death.

TROUBLED SPIRITS.

There is an old saying, that we should never lie down to rest at enmity with any human being; and the story of the ghost of the Princess Anna of Saxony, who appeared to Duke Christian of Saxe-Eisenburg, is strongly confirmatory of the wisdom of this axiom.

Duke Christian was sitting one morning in his study, when he was surprised by a knock at his door—an unusual circumstance, since the guards, as well as the people in waiting, were always in the ante-room. He, however, cried, "Come in!" When there entered, to his amazement, a lady in an ancient costume, who, in answer to his inquiries, told him that she was no evil spirit, and would do him no harm; but that she was one of his ancestors, and had been the wife of Duke John Casimer of Saxe-Coburg. She then related that she and her husband had not been on good terms at the period of their deaths, and that although she had sought a reconciliation, he had been inexorable, pursuing her with unmitigated hatred, and injuring her by unjust suspicions; and that, consequently, although *she* was happy, *he* was still wandering in cold and darkness, betwixt time and eternity. She had, however, long known that one of their descendants was destined to effect this reconciliation for them, and they were rejoiced to find the time for it had at length arrived. She then gave the duke eight days to consider if he were willing to perform this good office, and disappeared; whereupon he consulted a clergyman, in whom he had great confidence, who, after finding the ghost's communications verified by a reference to the annals of the family, advised him to comply with her request.

As the duke had yet some difficulty in believing it was really a ghost he had seen, he took care to have his door well watched; she, however, entered at the appointed time, unseen by the attendants; and having received the duke's promise, she told him that she would return with her husband on the following night; for that although she could come by day, he could not; that then, having heard the circumstances, the duke must arbitrate between them, and then unite their hands and bless them. The door was still watched, but nevertheless the apparitions both came, the Duke Casimer in full royal costume, but of a livid paleness; and when the wife had told her story, he told his. Duke Christian decided for the lady, in which judgment Duke Casimer fully acquiesced. Christian then took the ice-cold hand of Casimer, and laid it in that of his wife, which felt of a natural heat. They then prayed and sang together, and the apparitions disappeared, having foretold that Duke Christian would ere long be with them. The family records showed that these people had lived about one hundred years before Duke Christian's time, who himself died in the year 1707, two years after these visits of his ancestors. He desired to be buried in quick-lime—it is supposed, from an idea that it might prevent his ghost from walking the earth. The costume in which they appeared, was precisely that they had worn when alive, as was ascertained by a reference to their portraits.

The expression, that her husband was *wandering in cold and darkness, betwixt time and eternity*, are here very worthy of observation; as are the circumstances that his hand was cold, whilst hers was warm; and, also, the greater privilege she seemed to enjoy. The hands of the unhappy spirits appear, I think, invariably to communicate a sensation of cold.

CUSHMAN, CHARLOTTE,

An American Artiste who has, deservedly, become celebrated in her profession, holding now the highest rank for original genius, in the personation of those female characters which display the passions in their greatest intensity and power, of any living actress either of England or her own country.

Charlotte Cushman was born in Boston, being the eldest of five children, who, by the decease of their father, were left, when young, wholly dependent on their mother's care and instruction. Mrs. Cushman seems to have sustained the part of double guardianship over her children, which devolves on a widowed mother, with a noble courage and firm faith in God; this early training has, no doubt, had great influence on her gifted daughter. The sketch we shall give of Miss Cushman, is chiefly taken from "The People's Journal," published in London, and edited by William Howitt. The sketch is from the pen of Mrs. Mary Howitt.

"Charlotte Cushman inherited from her mother, who was a beautiful singer, a fine taste for music. As a child, she was remarkable for her grave and earnest character; she was not fond of playing with other children, but retired apart, where she read tragedies and practised singing.

Seeing her great taste for music, her mother wisely determined to cultivate it to the utmost in her power. She was not wealthy enough, however, to obtain the first-rate masters for her daughter; but native talent is like love, give it only breathing-room, and it will struggle into day; so it was here. Her first teacher was but himself at that time a pupil; but she improved under his tuition.

"She sang in the chapel, and at a public concert, where she was heard by a gentleman of great wealth and taste in the city, who resolved that such extraordinary promise should not fail for lack of cultivation. Through his means, therefore, the best instruction was afforded her, and she was placed as an articled-pupil for three years with the master of her former pupil-teacher, an Englishman of the name of Paddon, formerly an organist in London. After two years, being invited by some wealthy relations in New York to visit them for a month, she went there. Her relations were delighted with their young and wonderfully gifted kinswoman, and wished much to adopt her, and provide for her for life. She wrote for her mother's consent, or opinion; and three months, instead of one, were spent in deciding the matter. The mother would not consent to parting with her daughter, and Charlotte returning home, found that this long visit had broken her articles with Mr. Paddon. This caused her the less regret, as she had found that he could give her but limited instruction which would not, in the end, qualify her for more than a teacher herself.

"Soon after this, Mrs. Wood, formerly Miss Paton, came to Boston, and with her she sung in a concert. Mrs. Wood, who was astonished and delighted with her voice, declared it to be the finest contralto she had ever heard, and advised her to turn her attention to singing on the stage. This advice was greatly against the wishes and views of her family and connexions. Both in former and later times, her family, on her father's and mother's side, had been rigid Presbyterians, and the sons, through many generations, had often been preachers; there was, therefore, in the minds of all, an inborn horror of the stage; it was to their ideas a place of sin and degradation. All, therefore, steadfastly set their faces against such a misuse and abuse of talent. The young genius was strong in her own wilfulness; she felt that a great and pure spirit was in her, and she feared no evil.

"Mrs. Wood had brought over with her a young musical director, an Irishman, of the name of Maeder, who afterwards married Clara Fisher; and under his care, Charlotte Cushman was brought out as a public singer, in the character of the Countess, in the *Marriage of Figaro*. She was then just nineteen, and her success was complete. She bade fair to be one of the first singers of the age; an engagement was made for her by Maeder, in which, as *prima donna*, she was to accompany himself and his wife to New Orleans, where a new theatre had been erected, and here she became acquainted with Decamp, and Mrs. Frederick Brown, the brother and sister of Mrs. Charles Kemble.

"At New Orleans, however, a misfortune befel our young singer, which must inevitably have crushed any spirit less buoyant than her own; and but for her own scope of untried powers, which, as it were, lay in reserve for the evil day, she must have sunk under it. The change of climate from the north to the south, the severity of practice requisite, and the unwise attempt to overstrain her voice from a pure contralto to an available soprano, certainly destroyed it. No situation can be conceived more distressing, or more calculated to drive to utter despair. There she was, in a strange city, away from her own friends and family — disappointed, ruined, as it seemed, by the step she had taken against their counsel. What was to be done? She could not return to her mother a beggar, after having left her with a fortune, as she believed, in her voice. What, indeed was to be done?

"With a noble resolution not to sink, she took heart, although she knew not then upon what plank she was to be saved. She had one true friend, however, in the tragedian of the theatre, a gentleman named Barton, now a professor of elocution in the West of England, a noble-hearted man and a fine scholar. From him she asked advice in her difficult and painful circumstances; and he, appreciating her yet untried talent for acting, recommended that as a profession. With him, therefore, she read such plays as *Venice Preserved*, *Macbeth*, &c.; but as all this was in opposition to the will of Maeder, who would have discountenanced any attempt of the kind, she was obliged to keep it secret from him, and her studies were carried on in a little garret, where, at least, she could ensure privacy; and here, in this little mean room, she studied and conceived all those great tragedy parts in which she has so remarkably distinguished herself. Any one but she must have been daunted by the outward circumstances that surrounded her; but the strength of real greatness was in her, and few, indeed, are the untoward and adverse circumstances which genius, and a high, clear moral nature will not

overcome. Charlotte Cushman is one of these; they are among the noblest of God's creatures, whose strength and truth are only the more called out by trial. Such cannot be subdued, and, like the acanthus leaf under the tile, the very pressure which would have crushed a meaner weed, fashions them into beauty, which becomes a decoration for the temple of the gods.

"The time now drew near when she was to have a trial in her new vocation. To the utter astonishment of every one connected with the theatre she was announced for Lady Macbeth on the occasion of the benefit of her friend Mr. Barton. She had no dress whatever for the character, and fearing that if this were known it would throw an insuperable impediment in the way, she did not mention it until the very morning of rehearsal. It was then too late to make any alteration, and the manager, in great dismay and anger, sent her with a note to Madame Clozel, of the French Theatre, with whose personal appearance she was not even acquainted. She took the note, requesting the loan of a dress for lady Macbeth, herself. She was tall, and at that time very slender; of course, therefore, she imagined that the lady whose dress she was to wear was of a figure similar to her own. Her consternation and dismay may be imagined, therefore, when we say that Madame Clozel was a very short and immensely stout woman, whose waist alone would measure nearly two yards round. However, no lions, real or imaginary, ever stood in Miss Cushman's path. Nothing could equal the ready good nature of the kind-hearted French woman; and by dint of taking in huge seams, and letting down broad hems, a dress was manufactured, in which the new aspirant for tragedy fame made a very respectable appearance. The theatrical corps had from the first held up their hands and foretold defeat, and many a one came to laugh. But the performance was a complete triumph; the most unanimous applause showered upon her, and there no longer existed any doubt regarding her being a great tragic actress. The piece was repeated many nights, and then, with her fame established, as far as New Orleans was concerned, she returned to New York, happy in the possession of a new path to fame and independence, and thinking, in her young imagination, that she was about to set the world on fire.

"However, all was not as smooth and easy as she had anticipated. At the principal theatre in New York she found it impossible to obtain an engagement without first acting on trial. An engagement was at once offered her by a minor theatre. Pride warred against it; but pecuniary considerations induced her to accept it; more especially as by so doing she was enabled to assist those dearest to her, and who now needed assistance. Her engagement here was for three years; and during this time she determined to establish such a reputation as should enable her to make her own terms with any theatre. She sent accordingly for her family to New York; but scarcely had she entered on her engagement when she was attacked by a violent illness, which completely prostrated her strength, and brought her very low. She suffered extremely both in body and mind; she was unable to fulfil her engagement, and she had induced, in the certain hope of success, others to depend upon her. Her anxieties may be imagined. As soon as she was at all convalescent she entered upon her theatrical duties; but she had done this before her strength was equal to it. For one whole week she acted and every night a fresh character; the exertion was immense; and on the Saturday night she went ill to her bed, and a violent and long attack of fever was the consequence. On the following Monday the theatre was burnt to the ground, and with it perished all her theatrical wardrobe.

"Thus was she left penniless, without an engagement, on a bed of sickness, and with her family dependent upon her."

* * * * *

About this time, her young sister, Mrs. Merriman, a deserted wife, who was soon left a widow, and, reassuming her maiden name, was known as Miss Susan Cushman, became, with her infant child, dependent on Charlotte for support. The elder persuaded the younger to enter on a theatrical life. Mrs. Howitt thus describes the result:

"The most beautiful feature in this narrative, perhaps, is the affection of these two noble-hearted sisters. Charlotte's was a character on which her sister, disappointed and heart-broken, could lean, and from which she could derive strength. She was her teacher; they worked hard together, and, as was natural, the sick heart, if it grew not well, at least grew stronger.

"Mrs. Merriman, or Miss Susan Cushman, as she was theatrically called, made her first appearance before the public in a manuscript play called *The Genoese*, written by a young American, in which, to encourage her sister, Miss Cushman took the part of the lover. And here let a few words be said on a subject which has excited some remarks, and, as we think, needlessly, to Miss Cushman's disadvantage—we mean on her taking male parts. We can assert it as a fact, and it is a fact full of generosity and beautiful affection, that it is solely on her sister's account that she has done so. By taking herself the male character, for which she was in many cases admirably suited, she was enabled to obtain the *first* female character for her sister; there being, as is well known, no plays written in which two prominent female characters are found. Affection for one who, if not possessed of her strong, original masculine talent, had yet beauty, grace, tenderness, and many requisites for a successful actress, made her willing to give her every support and advantage she could, even where she herself had, as it seemed, to step out of a woman's province.

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"The two sisters now took a high stand together, and for one season they performed in Philadelphia all the principal characters. The next year they returned to New York. During this season, while that celebrated comedy of *London Assurance* was in vogue, they acted in it upwards of ninety nights.

"The following season, Miss Cushman assumed the management of the Philadelphia Theatre, where she remained until Mr. Macready came to America, when he, being so much satisfied with the assistance she rendered him, solicited her to accompany him in his engagements to the North.

"Soon after this, a desire which had long operated upon her mind took a more determinate shape, and she resolved to carry it into effect; this was no other than the coming to England, and trying her powers before a higher tribunal than any which her native country could afford her. Throughout the whole of her career, a noble ambition had ever urged her onward; she was not satisfied to come short in any way of that excellence at which she aimed. While yet young in her art, she aspired to stand side by side with Mrs. Siddons. Mrs. Siddons, or rather the fame which she had left behind, was the grand ideal after which she strove. But supposing she equalled, or even, were such a thing possible, surpassed Mrs. Siddons, it would have availed her very little to have fame awarded to her by America alone. To England she must come. It was an idea that haunted her, night and day. To be loved and appreciated by England, that was her great ambition, and nothing short of that would satisfy her.

"Like all Miss Cushman's great steps in life, this also was destined to be taken alone. It was at the commencement of winter, 1845, that she set out alone, excepting for one female attendant. Many difficulties and painful circumstances conspired at the last moments to throw a gloom upon her departure. A timid, doubtful mind must have turned back even then; but with her, to resolve was to act. On the voyage, however, the full sense of the bold, uncertain venture on which she had hazarded so much, fell heavily on her mind; she was depressed and unhappy. The gloom, however, of her melancholy thoughts was greatly diverted by the kindness of an American family, her fellow-voyagers, and from them, on her first arrival in that vast world of London, where the friendless feel friendless indeed, she continued to receive the utmost attention. With them, soon after her arrival in this country, she paid a short visit to Scotland and Paris, being really and naturally anxious to see something of this wonderful old world, with its famous cities, and realms of poetry and romance, while her mind was yet untasked, and free to enjoy all things fully; for she knew, as who would not have known? that in case of failure in her great trial with the British public, she would be disheartened and depressed beyond the power of enjoyment. To Scotland and Paris, therefore, she went; and parting from her kind country-people at the latter place, she returned alone to London, to put her fortune at once to the trial.

"She received offers from the managers of Covent-Garden Theatre — then open, from St. James's, and one or two others; but here, again, a difficulty arose, which made her additionally unhappy. She knew not what was best or wisest for her to decide upon or do. She wanted at that moment a friend and counsellor; but she had none. However, the circumstance of Mr. Forrest coming to England afforded her an opportunity of performing her own peculiar characters with a better chance of success, and, in the end, she accepted an engagement at the Princess's, and resolved to make her *debût* before a London audience in the character of Bianca, in Milman's tragedy of *Fazio*. But here a new difficulty presented itself in the unwillingness there existed on the part of the gentlemen to take the character of Fazio, which is considered inferior to that of the lady. At length, one more self-forgetting than the rest was found in the person of Mr. Graham, who admirably supported her in her part. Her success was great and unquestioned, nor must it be forgotten, that at that time she was not known to a dozen persons in London, and no means had been taken to prepare the press, or dispose the public mind to her favour. All depended upon her own merit and original power; yet only one opinion prevailed regarding her.

"One engagement at the Princess's succeeded another, until she had acted there eighty-four nights, during which she appeared as Emilia to Mr. Forrest's Othello, as Lady Macbeth, Julia, in the *Hunchback*, Mrs. Haller, Beatrice, Lady Teazle, Meg Merrilies, Rosalind, and Juliana, in the *Honeymoon* — a range of characters which required extraordinary ability and power.

"Her success in London induced her sister to hope that the same audience which received with such distinguished favour her efforts to please them, would also receive hers with kindness. She accordingly, accompanied by her mother, joined her sister in July, 1846, and made her first appearance before a London public in the following December, at the Haymarket, in the character of Juliet.

"Since then, they have visited together all the principal towns in the three kingdoms, and everywhere, whilst their distinguished talent is acknowledged by the public at large, their personal accomplishments, and their qualities of heart and mind, win for them the firmest friends."

Thus far we have quoted the interesting narrative of Mrs. Howitt, and need only add, that in the autumn of 1849 Miss Cushman returned to New York, where she was welcomed by the friends of dramatic representations with warm enthusiasm. She has since performed in her celebrated characters, not only in New York, but in all the large cities of our country, with great applause. Her sister Susan married in England, where she now resides.

D.

DACRE, LADY,

Is English by birth, and in 1833 published a series of tales, written with taste, feeling and passion, which were favourably received by the public. Another work of hers, "Trevelyan," a novel of considerable interest, appeared the following year, though by no means justifying the comparison which a leading British journal made between it

and Miss Edgeworth's "Vivian." The best work of Lady Dacre is "Recollections of a Chaperone," containing several stories. Dr. Johnson has been often quoted for his saying, that it is a wonderful effort of mind to frame a good plot, even if it be indifferently filled up. The first of these stories has certainly surmounted this difficulty; the plot of "Ellen Wareham" is strikingly interesting; it has been dramatized with a success that some of our best novels have failed to obtain, when thus prepared for the stage, because their merit was of the sort that did not admit condensation. The other "Recollections" are interesting stories; the second has some admirable scenes of common life, describing the ludicrous bathos of high-flown romance, when "love in a cottage" has to descend to the common cares of cookery and children. We must not omit to notice that "Ellen Wareham" has, most unjustifiably, been taken from its rightful author, and brought out in America with the name of the late "Ellen Pickering," who being favourably distinguished by her own numerous and popular works, does not need to borrow reputation from the very different pen of Lady Dacre.

DASH, MADAME LA COMTESSE,

Born and residing in Paris, is considered, by that large class of novel-readers who love romantic incident and sentimental characters, as a charming writer. Her works are numerous, comprising over thirty volumes, usually found in the "Circulating Libraries" of Paris; but we believe none of her novels have been translated into English, nor republished in America. The best we have read, is entitled "Madame Louise de France," a work of considerable merit; among the others, may be named, "Arabelle," "Les Bals Masqués," "Les Chateaux en Afrique," "La Chaine d'Or," "Le Jeu de la Reine," "Madame de la Sabliére," "Maurice Robert," &c. &c. We know nothing of the private history of the Comtesse Dash; but, judging from her writings, should rank her among those who seek to promote good morals through the medium of what they consider innocent amusements. Like "The Children of the Abbey," and other fictions of the sentimental, romantic kind, the works of this writer are read, at first, with interest, but leave little impression on the mind.

DUDEVANT, MARIE AURORE,

Better known as *George Sand*, the most remarkable French woman of our time, was born in the province of Berry, within the first ten years of the present century. A royal descent is claimed for her, through her paternal grandmother, a daughter of Marshal Saxe, well known to be a son of Augustus II., king of Poland. Her father, Maurice Dupin, was an officer in the Imperial service. Dying young, he left his daughter to the care of her grandmother, by whom she was brought up, *à la Rousseau*. At the age of fourteen, she was transferred to the aristocratic convent of the *Dames Anglaises*, in Paris; the religious reaction which followed the restoration, rendering some modification of Madame Dupin's philosophical system of education necessary. Here the ardent, excitable imagination of the young Marie Aurore exhibited itself in a fervour of devotion so extreme as to call for the interposition of her superior. Young, rich, and an orphan, she suffered herself, at the age of twenty, to be led into

one of those marriages — called "*suitable*," by the French — with a retired Imperial officer; an upright, honest, but very dull man. Utterly unsuited to one another, and neither of them willing to make sacrifices to duty, the unhappy pair struggled on through some years of wretchedness, when the tie was snapt by the abrupt departure of Madame Dudevant, who fled from her husband's roof to the protection of a lover. While living in obscurity with this lover, her first work, "Indiana," was published. This connexion, which had a marked and most deleterious influence upon her mind and career, did not continue long. She parted from her lover, assumed half of his name, and has since rendered it famous by a series of writings, amounting to more than forty volumes, which have called forth praise and censure in their highest extremes.

Madame Dudevant's subsequent career has been marked by strange and startling contrasts. Taking up her residence in Paris, and casting from her the restraints and modesty of her sex, she has indulged in a life of license, such as we shrink from even in man. Step by step, however, her genius has been expanding, and working itself clear of the dross which encumbered it. Her social position having been rendered more endurable by a legal separation from her husband, which restored her to fortune and independence, a healthier tone has become visible in her writings, the turbulence of her volcanic nature is subsiding, and we look forward, hopingly, to the day of better things. She has lately written a dramatic piece, called "François le Chamfri," which has been highly successful in Paris, and is represented to be a production of unexceptionable moral character; it is said to have been greatly applauded.

Much has been said and written of the *intention* of Madame Dudevant's early writings. That she

had any "intention" at all, save the almost necessary one of wreaking upon expression the boiling tide of emotions which real or fancied wrongs, a highly poetic temperament, and violent passions engendered, we do not believe. Endowed with genius of an order capable of soaring to the most exalted heights, yet eternally dragged to earth by the clogs of an ill-regulated mind, never disciplined by the saving influences of moral and Christian training, she dipped her pen into the gall and wormwood of her own bitter experience, and we have the result. We cannot say that works have an immoral *intention*, which contain as much that is high, good and elevating, as there is of an opposite character. We might as soon declare those arrows pointed by *design*, which are flung from the bow of a man stung and wounded to blindness.

Of their *tendency*, we cannot speak so favourably. Among her thousands of readers, how many are there who pause, or who are capable of pausing, to reflect that life is seen from only *one* point of view by this writer, and that that point was gained by Madame Dudevant when she lost the approval of her own conscience, abjured her womanhood, and became *George Sand!*

However, we are willing—ay, more, we are glad—to hope Madame Dudevant will henceforth strive to remedy the evils she has caused, and employ her wonderful genius on the side of virtue and true progress. To do this effectually, she must throw by her miserable affectation of manhood, and the wearing of man's apparel, which makes her a recreant from the moral delicacy of her own sex, without attaining the physical power of the other. Surely, one who can write as she has lately written, must be earnestly seeking for the good and true. It was, probably, this which led her, in the Revolution of 1848, to connect herself with the Socialist Party; but she will learn, if she has not already, that political combinations do not remove moral evils. Her genius should teach truth, and inspire hearts to love the good; thus her influence would have a mightier effect on her country than any plan of social reform political expediency could devise. That she does now write in this manner, a glance at one of her late works will show. "La Mare au Diable," (The Devil's Pond,) notwithstanding its name, is as sweet a pastoral as we have ever read. There is a naive tenderness in its rural pictures, which reminds one of the "Vicar of Wakefield," while its feminine purity of tone invests it with a peculiar charm. We will make some extracts from the preface, which will show what are Madame Dudevant's present views as to works of fiction.

"Certain writers of our day, looking seriously upon the world, apply themselves to describing pain, wretchedness, poverty, the dung-hill of Lazarus. This may enter into the domain of art, and of philosophy; but in depicting poverty so hideous, so debased, often so vicious and so criminal, have they effected their purpose? and is the effect as salutary as might be desired? We do not presume to decide upon this point. They may say, that in showing the mine prepared under the hollow ground of opulence, they frighten Dives. They point out the bandit breaking open his door, and the assassin invading his slumbers. We confess that we cannot well see how he is to be reconciled to humanity that he despises, how he is to be rendered compassionate to the evils of poverty, by showing him the poor man, under the form of an escaped felon, and a nocturnal plunderer. Albert Durer, Michael Angelo, Holbein, and Callot, composed forcible satires on the evils of their age. These are immortal works, and historical pages of incontestable value. We do not deny artists their right to probe the wounds of society, to take off the bandages before our eyes; but can art do nothing but present these loathsome and terrifying pictures? In this literature of the mysteries of iniquity, that talent and imagination have brought into fashion, we greatly prefer the mild and gentle personages to the terrible dramatic villains. The former may allure to virtuous thoughts and resolutions; the others awaken fear, and fear does not cure egotism — it increases that unworthy sentiment.

"We believe that the mission of Art is a mission of feeling and of love; that the modern novel should take the place of the parable of primitive times, and that the author has a task more lofty and more poetic than that of proposing municipal measures of prudence and conciliation, to soften the fright his pictures inspire. His aim should be to awaken an interest for the objects of his solicitude by engaging representations; and I would not be extreme to mark a little heightening and embellishing of his portraits. Art is not confined to positive, dry reality; it is a search after ideal beauty; and the 'Vicar of Wakefield' is a book more useful and salutary to the mind, than 'The Profligate Countryman,' or the 'Dangerous Intrigues.'"

The story that follows these strictures is of the most simple construction, a very artless tale of peasant life; but the characters are so individualized and so perfectly drawn, that the interest never fails. Yet though we are brought into an atmosphere of simplicity and innocence, there is enough of human error to keep up the sympathy we have with our own imperfect world, to relieve us from the unreal insipidity of the golden age. The shepherds and peasants are not the elegant operatic figures of Florian, talking far-fetched sentiment in poetical language; they are just such folks in manners and discourse as we would be likely to meet among the inhabitants of comfortable farmhouses and decent cabins. Germain, a young widower, who resides with his father-in-law, Maurice, a rich farmer, is urged by the latter to marry again, that he may have a help-mate in rural labour, and especially that his children may be withdrawn from hanging as a burden upon their old grandmother. Germain is at first unwilling, still dwelling tenderly on the memory of his late wife; but filial obedience and the excellent reasoning of Maurice at last obtained his consent, and he agreed to go on Saturday afternoon to visit a widowed daughter of one of the father's friends: this dame lives at a place called 'The Forks;' one of the

neighbours, a poor widow, solicits the good Maurice to persuade his son to take her little daughter Mary with him, as she is to go to service in the vicinity of the Forks, and has no means of getting there. This proposal is cheerfully acceded to, and at the appointed time, they set out on a famous mare that is accustomed to carrying the farmer and his wife to church. After proceeding some distance they find Pièrre, the little son of Germain, who has waylaid his father, hoping to be taken with him on the journey: the tears of the child, added to the persuasion of little Mary, induce the father to consent, and the three continue their route. Germain is not well acquainted with the way, being delayed by the child, night comes on, a mist arises and they become completely lost; all their efforts to recover the track only involve them in thicker woods, till at last they are compelled to wait till morning in this wild spot, called the 'Devil's Pond.' Here little Mary develops extraordinary genius for expedients, and adroitness in arrangements. She makes a fire, a bed for the child, even cooks a supper, when Germain had quite given up every idea of comfort. Joined with all this usefulness and ability, there is a childish simplicity, and a sweet disinterestedness of character manifesting itself continually, and Germain 'begins to think' he would rather marry little Mary, poor and young as she is, than the rich widow of the Forks. Upon visiting the latter, he finds her vain and disagreeable, and decides that she never can become his wife. Little Mary has found her place unsuitable, and they return as they went. The family of Germain observe that he has lost his spirits, and seems to work without heart; the old grandmother undertakes to win his confidence, and upon discovering that he cannot be happy without obtaining little Mary as his wife,—every body consents; and, to the great delight of little Pièrre, Mary is taken into the family,—he is delighted to call her mother, and 'they all lived happy'—as fairy tales were wont to end. This is a very meagre outline of the book, but the details are charming—the purity, truth, and thorough integrity of little Mary, form a character one loves to dwell on. The old folks, as beseems experience in this sordid world, are keen to see and value the goods of life—they are by no means indifferent to money, but their good hearts and sterling principles, never allow the cares of pelf to predominate over what is due to feeling and kindness. Germain is the beau ideal of an unlettered hero, spirited, gentle, courageous, and true. The child, too, is remarkably well drawn. If we are to judge of a book by the impression it leaves, we must pronounce this a very valuable one, since all our feelings and reflections are drawn to the side of probity, charity and virtue.

Of 'Consuelo,' which was published in 1842, we must say, that though circumstances, unconnected with the author, have given this novel, unfortunately, a bad reputation in our own country—it does not deserve the obloquy. On the contrary, Madame Dudevant, doubtless, intended to be *very* good; it was the first of her works which decidedly manifested the reform, in her views of life, to which we have already alluded. It is true, her ideas on the subject of morals are not yet grounded, as a woman's should be, on the Word of God; and there are, in this novel, extravagant philosophical theories, and too much German mysticism; still it was intended to exhibit in the character of Consuelo the heroism of chastity, genius, truth and disinterestedness, and their triumph in exalting a female soul. The English reviewers gave the work, when it appeared, warm praise, acknowledging its wonderful genius, and also its freedom from the usual immoralities of French novels. We need not go over the long list of Madame Dudevant's works, (would that the greater part could be blotted out for ever!) the last of which, 'True Love,' has been translated into English, elegantly illustrated and published in Philadelphia; we select the following beautiful thoughts from another of her works.

From "Letters of a Traveller."

In doing good to our fellow-creatures, it is from God alone, that we must seek a recompense! To labour in the service of mankind with either gratitude or applause in view, is merely courting the triumphs of vanity, and benevolence of this kind must necessarily die, at the first check or disappointment it meets.

Let us never expect any thing for ourselves, when we enter the barren road of self-devotion. Our own heart must suffice for the task, and then God will renew it, and fortify it when it begins to fail.

* * * * *

I believe that the smallest virtue put in action, and sustained with energy, will do more good than all the wisdom of the age diffused through literary disquisitions, or packed away in philanthropic meetings.

* * * * *

A man of good sense, and pure conscience, with perseverance and firmness, may accomplish great things, if he act at a propitious moment, and when the sympathies of mankind pave the way—while the most profound theories, and the most subtle demonstrations will profit nothing to their propounder, if he trust to the moral action of his unseasonable revelations.

* * * * *

Raising my hand towards my head, I breathed the perfume of a flower, whose leaves I had touched some hours before. This little plant was still flourishing on its mountain several leagues from me; I had only carried away part of its exquisite smell. How could it be thus imparted? What a precious thing is the perfume which without any loss to the plant from which it emanates adheres to the hands of a friend, and follows him in his travels to charm him, and recall to him the beauty of the flower he loves! The perfume of the soul is memory; it is the sweetest and most delicate part of the heart, that detaches itself to cling to another's heart, and follow it every where. The affection of the absent is but a perfume; but how sweet and refreshing it is! What comforting thoughts and hopes it brings to the sick and bruised spirit!

From "Consuelo."

PORPORA TELLS CONSUELO HER LOVER IS FALSE.

'Consuelo,' said Porpora, in a low tone, 'it is useless to hide your features, I heard your voice, and cannot mistake it. What are you come to do here at this hour, poor child, and whom do you look for in this house?' 'I seek my betrothed,' replied Consuelo, catching the arm of her master, 'and I know not why I should blush to own it to my best friend. You blame my attachment, but I cannot tell you a falsehood. I am anxious. Since the day before yesterday at the theatre I have not seen Anzoleto. I fear he may be ill.' 'He,' said the Professor, shrugging his shoulders,—'come with me, poor girl; we must talk together: and since you decide at last on opening your heart to me, mine must be laid open also. Give me your arm, we will talk as we go on. Listen, Consuelo, and mark well what I say to you. You cannot, you must not be the wife of this young man; I forbid you in the name of the living God who gave me for you the heart of a father.' 'Oh, my master,' she replied, sorrowfully, 'ask the sacrifice of my life, not that of my love.' 'I do not ask, I exact it,' replied Porpora, firmly; 'your lover is accursed: he will cause your torment and your shame if you do not renounce him now.' 'Dear master,' she replied, with a sad caressing smile, 'you have told me this very often, and I have vainly tried to obey you: you hate the poor youth because you do not know him, you will abjure your prejudices.'

'Consuelo,' said the maestro more forcibly, 'I have till now made vain objections, and issued useless commands: I know it. I spoke as an artist to an artist, for in him I saw the artist only. But I speak now as a man, and of a man, and as to a woman: that woman has ill placed her love, that man is unworthy of it: he who tells you so is certain.' 'Oh, God! Anzoleto unworthy! my friend, my protector, my brother! you do not know what his support and respect have been ever since I came into the world.' And Consuelo told the details of her life and her love, which was one and the same story. Porpora was affected but not shaken. 'In all this,' said he, 'I see your innocence, your fidelity, your virtue, and in him the need of your society, and your instruction, to which, whatever you may think, he owes the little he has learned and the little he is worth; but it is not less true that this pure lover is the discarded of the frailest of Venice.' 'Beware of what you say,' replied Consuelo, in a stifled voice, 'I am accustomed to believe in you as in Heaven. O, my master; but in what concerns Anzoleto, I close to you mine ears and my heart. Let me quit you,' she added, striving to unlink her arm from that of the Professor. 'You destroy me.' 'I will destroy your unhappy passion, and by truth I will restore you to life,' he replied, pressing the child's arm against his generous and indignant breast. 'I know I am rough and rude, Consuelo; I have not learned to be otherwise; and it was for this I retarded as long as I could the blow I was to deal to you. I had hoped that your eyes would open; that you would comprehend what was passing round you; but, in place of being enlightened, you cast yourself into the abyss like the blind. I will not let you fall: you are the sole being I have esteemed during ten years: it must not be that you shall perish; no, it must not.' 'But, my friend, I am in no danger. Do you think I speak falsely when I swear to you by all that is sacred that I have respected the oath sworn by the mother's deathbed? Anzoleto respects it also. I am not yet his wife, therefore nothing to him.' 'Let him say the word, and you will be all.' 'My mother made us promise.' 'And you came here tonight to seek the man who cannot and will not be your husband?' 'Who says this?' 'Would Corilla permit him?' 'What has he in common with Corilla?' 'We are close to her habitation; you sought your betrothed, let us go there to find him.' 'No, no! a thousand times no,' replied Consuelo, staggering as she stepped, and supporting herself against the wall, 'do not kill me ere I have lived! Leave me life, O my master, I tell you I shall die.' 'You must drink of this cup,' said the inexorable old man, 'I perform here the part of destiny. Having caused only ingratitude and consequently sorrow by my tenderness and mild caution, I must speak the truth to those I love. It is the sole good which can issue from a heart dried up and petrified by its own suffering. I pity you, my poor child, in having no gentler friend to support you in this fatal crisis; but formed as I am, I must light as by the ray of the lightning, since I cannot vivify as by the warmth of the sun. Thus then, Consuelo, let there be between us no weakness! Come to this palace. If you cannot walk, I will drag you; if you fall, I will carry you. Old Porpora is strong still, when the fire of divine anger burns in his heart.' 'Mercy, mercy!' exclaimed Consuelo, grown paler than death; 'let me doubt still. Give me one day more, only one day, to believe in him; I am not prepared for this torture.' 'No, not a day, not an hour,' he replied in an inflexible tone; 'for this hour which passes, I shall not find again to place the truth before your eyes; and this day which you demand, the wretch would profit by to bow you again beneath the yoke of his falsehood. You shall come with me, I command you.' 'Well then, yes, I will go,' said Consuelo, recovering her strength by a violent revulsion of feeling: 'I will go to prove your injustice and his faith; for you deceive yourself unworthily, and you would have me deceived along with you. Go then! I follow and do not fear you.'

* The great Italian composer and teacher of singing.

E.

ELLET, ELIZABETH F.,

DAUGHTER of Dr. William A. Lummis, a man honourably distinguished in his profession, was born at Sodus, a small town on the shores of Lake Ontario, in the State of New York. Her mother was the daughter of General Maxwell, an

officer in our Revolutionary war; and thus the subject of this sketch was in childhood imbued with patriotic feelings, which, next to the religious, are sure to nourish in the female mind the seeds of genius. Miss Lummis was early distinguished for vivacity of intellect and a thirst for learning, which her subsequent life has shown was no evanescent fancy, but the natural stamp of her earnest mind. She was married, before she was seventeen, to Dr. William H. Ellet, an accomplished scholar, and then Professor of Chemistry in Columbia College, New York city, whither he removed his youthful bride. There she had such advantages of study as she had never before enjoyed, and her proficiency was rapid. She soon began to write for the periodicals; her first piece, a poem, appeared in 1833 in the "American Ladies' Magazine," published at Boston. Her articles were favourably noticed, and the name of Mrs. Ellet became known among literary circles.

In 1834, appeared her translation of "Euphemia of Messina," one of the most admired productions of Silvio Pelico; and in the following year, an original tragedy from her pen, "Teresa Contarini," was successfully represented in New York, and also in some of the western cities. In the same year, 1835, she published her "Poems — Translated and Original." For several succeeding years, Mrs. Ellet wrote chiefly for periodicals; to the American Review, she contributed "Papers on Italian Tragedy," "Italian Poets," "Lamartine's Poems," "Andreini's Adam," &c.

Dr. Ellet receiving the appointment of Professor of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy in the college at Columbia, South Carolina, removed thither, and Mrs. Ellet found herself among new scenery and new friends, but her old love of literature remained unchanged. Besides contributing to the North American Review, Southern Quarterly Review, "The Lady's Book," and other periodicals, in 1841 she produced "The Characters of Schiller," an analysis and criticism of the principal persons in Schiller's plays, with an essay on Schiller's genius, and translated extracts from his writings. "Joanna of Sicily" was her next work; soon followed by "Country Rambles," a spirited description of the scenery she had observed in her journeyings through the United States.

In the autumn of 1848, her most elaborate, as well as important work, was published in New York, "The Women of the American Revolution," in two volumes, to which she has since added a third. This contribution to American history, and the ability with which it was executed, has, deservedly, given Mrs. Ellet a high place among our female writers. Of the plan and object, we shall quote her own exposition, written in the unaffected but fervid style which characterizes the work. Her activity of mind is remarkable, and also the judgment and taste with which she disposes of the materials her researches accumulate. In 1850, she published "Domestic History of the American Revolution," in one volume, designed to exhibit the spirit of that period, to pourtray, as far as possible, the social and domestic condition of the colonists, and the state of feeling among the people during the war. Though dealing with the same great events which developed the peculiar characteristics of "The Women of the American Revolution," this last work is not a continuation, but a novel and interesting view of that tremendous struggle which resulted in gaining for America a place among nations. Another work of hers, "Pictures from Bible History," was also published in 1850.

Mrs. Ellet has tried nearly all varieties of literature, original and translation — poetry, essay, criticism, tragedy, biography, fiction, history, and stories for children; to say, as we truly can, that she has not failed in any, is sufficient praise. Still she has not, probably, done her best in any one department; the concentration of genius is one of the conditions of its perfect development. She is yet young, hopeful, and studious. Nor are her accomplishments confined to the merely literary; in music and drawing she also excels; and in the graces that adorn society, and make the charm of social and domestic intercourse, she is eminently gifted. Her residence is now fixed in the city of New York.

From "The Women of the American Revolution."

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

All Americans are accustomed to view with interest and admiration the events of the Revolution. Its scenes are vivid in their memory, and its prominent actors are regarded with the deepest veneration. But while the leading spirits are thus honoured, attention should be directed to the source whence their power was derived — to the sentiment pervading the mass of the people. The force of this sentiment, working in the public heart, cannot be measured; because, amidst the abundance of materials for the history of action, there is little for that of the feeling of those times. And, as years pass on, the investigation becomes more and more difficult. Yet it is both interesting and important to trace its operation. It gave statesmen their influence, and armed heroes for victory. What could they have done but for the

home-sentiment to which they appealed, and which sustained them in the hour of trial and success? They were thus aided to the eminence they gained through toils and perils. Others may claim a share in the merit, if not the fame, of their illustrious deeds. The unfading laurels that wreathe their brows had their root in the hearts of the people, and were nourished with their life-blood.

The feeling which wrought thus powerfully in the community depended, in great part, upon the women. It is always thus in times of popular excitement. Who can estimate, moreover, the controlling influence of early culture! During the years of the progress of the British encroachment and colonial discontent, when the sagacious politician could discern the portentous shadow of events yet far distant, there was time for the nurture, in the domestic sanctuary, of that love of civil liberty, which afterwards kindled into a flame, and shed light on the world. The talk of matrons, in American homes, was of the people's wrongs, and the tyranny that oppressed them, till the sons who had grown to manhood, with strengthened aspirations towards a better state of things, and views enlarged to comprehend their invaded rights, stood up prepared to defend them to the utmost. Patriotic mothers nursed the infancy of freedom. Their counsels and their prayers mingled with the deliberations that resulted in a nation's assertion of its independence. They animated the courage, and confirmed the self-devotion of those who ventured all in the common cause. They frowned upon instances of coldness or backwardness; and in the period of deepest gloom, cheered and urged onward the desponding. They willingly shared inevitable dangers and privations, relinquished without regret prospects of advantage to themselves, and parted with those they loved better than life, not knowing when they were to meet again. It is almost impossible now to appreciate the vast influence of woman's patriotism upon the destinies of the infant republic. We have no means of showing the important part she bore in maintaining the struggle, and in laying the foundations on which so mighty and majestic a structure has arisen. History can do it no justice; for history deals with the workings of the head, rather than the heart. And the knowledge received by tradition, of the domestic manners, and social character of the times, is too imperfect to furnish a sure index. We can only dwell upon individual instances of magnanimity, fortitude, self-sacrifice, and heroism, bearing the impress of the feeling of Revolutionary days, indicative of the spirit which animated all, and to which, in its various and multiform exhibitions, we are not less indebted for national freedom, than to the swords of the patriots who poured out their blood.

"'Tis true, Cleander," says a writer in one of the papers of the day,* "no mean merit will accrue to him who shall justly celebrate the virtues of our ladies! Shall not their generous contributions to relieve the wants of the defenders of our country, supply a column to emulate the Roman women, stripped of their jewels when the public necessity demanded them?" Such tributes were often called forth by the voluntary exertions of American women. Their patriotic sacrifices were made with an enthusiasm that showed the earnest spirit ready on every occasion to appear in generous acts. Some gave their own property, and went from house to house to solicit contributions for the army. Colours were embroidered by fair hands, and presented with the charge never to desert them; and arms and ammunition were provided by the same liberal zeal. They formed themselves into associations renouncing the use of teas, and other imported luxuries, and engaging to card, spin, and weave their own clothing. In Mecklenburgh and Rowan counties, North Carolina, young ladies of the most respectable families pledged themselves not to receive the addresses of any suitors who had not obeyed the country's call for military service.

The needy shared the fruit of their industry and economy. They visited hospitals daily; sought the dungeons of the provost, and the crowded holds of prison-ships; and provisions were carried from their stores to the captives whose only means of recompense was the blessing of those who were ready to perish. Many raised grain, gathered it, made bread, and carried it to their relatives in the army, or in prisons, accompanying the supply with exhortations never to abandon the cause of their country. The burial of friends slain in battle, or chance-encounters, often devolved upon them; and even enemies would not have received sepulture without the service of their hands.

When the resources of the country scarcely allowed the scantiest supply of clothing and provisions, and British cruisers on the coast destroyed every hope of aid from merchant vessels; when, to the distressed troops, their cup of misfortune seemed full to overflowing, and there appeared no prospect of relief, except from the benevolence of their fellow-citizens; when even the ability of these was almost exhausted by repeated applications—then it was that the women of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, by their zealous exertions and willing sacrifices, accomplished what had been thought impossible. Not only was the pressure of want removed, but the sympathy and favour of the fair daughters of America, says one of the journals, "operated like a charm on the soldier's heart—gave vigour to exertion, confidence to his hopes of success, and the ultimate certainty of victory and peace." General Washington, in his letter of acknowledgment to the committee of ladies, says, "The army ought not to regret its sacrifices or its sufferings, when they meet with so flattering a reward, as in the sympathy of your sex; nor can it fear that its interests will be neglected, when espoused by advocates as powerful as they are amiable." An officer in camp writes, in June, 1780: "The patriotism of the women of your city is a subject of conversation with the army. Had I poetical genius, I would sit down and write an ode in praise of it. Burgoyne, who, on his first coming to America,

* New Jersey Gazette, October 11th, 1780.

boasted that he would dance with the ladies, and coax the men to submission, must now have a better understanding of the good sense and public spirit of our females, as he has already heard of the fortitude and inflexible temper of our men." Another observes: "We cannot appeal in vain for what is good, to that sanctuary where all that is good has its proper home — the female bosom."

How the influence of women was estimated by John Adams, appears from one of his letters to his wife:

"I think I have sometimes observed to you in conversation, that upon examining the biography of illustrious men, you will generally find some female about them, in the relation of mother, or wife, or sister, to whose instigation a great part of their merit is to be ascribed. You will find a curious example of this in the case of Aspasia, the wife of Pericles. She was a woman of the greatest beauty, and the first genius. She taught him, it is said, his refined maxims of policy, his lofty imperial eloquence, nay, even composed the speeches on which so great a share of his reputation was founded.

"I wish some of our great men had such wives. By the account in your last letter, it seems the women in Boston begin to think themselves able to serve their country. What a pity it is that our generals in the northern districts had not Aspasias to their wives.

"I believe the two Howes have not very great women for wives. If they had, we should suffer more from their exertions than we do. This is our good fortune. A smart wife would have put Howe in possession of Philadelphia a long time ago."

The venerable Major Spalding, of Georgia, writes, in reply to an application to him for information respecting the revolutionary women of his state: "I am a very old man, and have read as much as any one I know, yet I have never known, and never read of one — no, not one! — who did not owe high standing, or a great name, to his mother's blood, or his mother's training. My friend Randolph said he owed every thing to his mother. Mr. Jefferson's mother was a Randolph, and he acknowledged that he owed every thing to her rearing. General Washington, we all know, attributed every thing to his mother. Lord Bacon attributed much to his mother's training. And will any one doubt that even Alexander believed he owed more to the blood and lofty ambition of Olympia, than the wisdom or cunning of Philip?"

The sentiments of the women towards the brave defenders of their native land, were expressed in an address widely circulated at the time, and read in the churches of Virginia. "We know," it says — "that at a distance from the theatre of war, if we enjoy any tranquillity, it is the fruit of your watchings, your labours, your dangers. * * * * And shall we hesitate to evince to you our gratitude? Shall we hesitate to wear clothing more simple, and dress less elegant, while at the price of this small privation, we shall deserve your benedictions?"

The same spirit appears in a letter found among some papers belonging to a lady of Philadelphia. It was addressed to a British officer in Boston, and, written before the Declaration of Independence. The following extract will show its character:

"I will tell you what I have done. My only brother I have sent to the camp with my prayers and blessings. I hope he will not disgrace me; I am confident he will behave with honour, and emulate the great examples he has before him; and had I twenty sons and brothers they should go. I have retrenched every superfluous expense in my table and family; tea I have not drunk since last Christmas, nor bought a new cap or gown since your defeat at Lexington; and what I never did before, have learned to knit, and am now making stockings of American wool for my servants; and this way do I throw in my mite to the public good. I know this — that as free I can die but once; but as a slave I shall not be worthy of life. I have the pleasure to assure you that these are the sentiments of all my sister Americans. They have sacrificed assemblies, parties of pleasure, tea drinking and finery, to that great spirit of patriotism that actuates all degrees of people throughout this extensive continent. If these are the sentiments of females, what must glow in the breasts of our husbands, brothers, and sons! They are as with one heart determined to die or be free. It is not a quibble in politics, a science which few understand, that we are contending for; it is this plain truth, which the most ignorant peasant knows, and is clear to the weakest capacity — that no man has a right to take their money without their consent. You say you are no politician. Oh, sir, it requires no Machiavelian head to discover this tyranny and oppression. It is written with a sunbeam. Every one will see and know it, because it will make every one feel; and we shall be unworthy of the blessings of Heaven if we ever submit to it.

* * * * *

"Heaven seems to smile on us; for in the memory of man, never were known such quantities of flax, and sheep without number. We are making powder fast, and do not want for ammunition."

From all portions of the country thus rose the expression of woman's ardent zeal. Under accumulated evils, the manly spirit that alone could secure success, might have sunk but for the firmness and intrepidity of the weaker sex. It supplied every persuasion that could animate to perseverance, and secure fidelity.

The noble deeds in which this irrepressible spirit breathed itself, were not unrewarded by persecution. The case of the Quakeress, Deborah Franklin, who was banished from New York by the British commandant for her liberality in relieving the sufferings of the American prisoners, was one among many. In our days of tranquillity and luxury, imagination can scarcely compass the extent or severity of the trials endured; and it is proportionately difficult to estimate the magnanimity that bore all, not only with uncomplaining patience, but with a cheerful forgetfulness of suffering in view of the desired object. The alarms

of war — the roar of the strife itself, could not silence the voice of woman, lifted in encouragement or prayer. The horrors of battle or massacre could not drive her from her post of duty. The effect of this devotion cannot be questioned, though it may not now be traced in particular instances. These were, for the most part, known only to those who were themselves actors in the scenes, or who lived in the midst of them. The heroism of the Revolutionary women has passed from remembrance with the generation who witnessed it; or is seen only by faint and occasional glimpses, through the gathering obscurity of tradition.

To render a measure of justice — inadequate it must be — to a few of the American matrons, whose names deserve to live in remembrance — and to exhibit something of the domestic side of the Revolutionary picture — is the object of this work. As we recede from the realities of that struggle, it is regarded with increasing interest by those who enjoy its results; while the elements which were its life-giving principle, too subtle to be retained by the grave historian, are fleeting fast from apprehension. Yet without some conception of them, the Revolution cannot be appreciated. We must enter into the spirit, as well as master the letter.

While attempting to pay a tribute but too long withheld, to the memory of women who did and endured so much in the cause of liberty, we should not be insensible to the virtues exhibited by another class, belonging equally to the history of the period. These had their share of reverse and suffering. Many saw their children and relatives espousing opposite sides; and with ardent feelings of loyalty in their hearts, were forced to weep over the miseries of their families and neighbours. Many were driven from their homes, despoiled of property, and finally compelled to cast their lot in desolate wilds and an ungenial climate.* And while their heroism, fortitude, and spirit of self-sacrifice were not less brightly displayed, their hard lot was unpitied, and they met with no reward.

In the library of William H. Prescott, at his residence in Boston, are two swords, crossed above the arch of an alcove. One belonged to his grandfather, Colonel William Prescott, who commanded the American troops in the redoubt at Bunkerhill. The other was the sword of Captain Linzee, of the royal navy, who commanded the British sloop of war — The Falcon, then lying in the Mystic; from which the American troops were fired upon as they crossed to Bunkerhill. Captain Linzee was the grandfather of Mrs. Prescott. The swords of those two gallant soldiers who fought on different sides upon that memorable day — now in the possession of their united descendants, and crossed — an emblem of peace, in the library of the great American historian — are emblematic of the spirit in which our history should be written. Such be the spirit in which we view the loyalists of those days.

* The ancient Acadia, comprising Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, was settled by many of the refugee loyalists from the United States.

From "Poems, Original and Translated."

SODUS BAY.

I bless thee, native shore!
Thy woodlands gay, and waters sparkling clear!
'Tis like a dream once more
The music of thy thousand waves to hear
As, murmuring up the sand,
With kisses bright they lave the sloping land.

The gorgeous sun looks down,
Bathing thee gladly in his noontide ray;
And o'er thy headlands brown
With loving light the tints of evening play:
Thy whispering breezes fear
To break the calm so softly hallowed here.

Here, in her green domain,
The stamp of Nature's sovereignty is found;
With scarce disputed reign
She dwells in all the solitude around:
And here she loves to wear
The regal garb that suits a queen so fair.

Full oft my heart hath yearned
For thy sweet shades and vales of sunny rest;
Even as the swan returned,
Stoops to repose upon thy azure breast,
I greet each welcome spot
Forsaken long — but ne'er, ah, ne'er forgot.

'T was here that memory grew —
'T was here that childhood's hopes and cares were left;
Its early freshness, too —
Ere droops the soul, of her best joys bereft:
Where are they? — o'er the track
Of cold years, I would call the wanderers back!

They must be with thee still:
Thou art unchanged — as bright the sunbeams play:
From not a tree or hill
Hath time one hue of beauty snatched away:
Unchanged alike should be
The blessed things so late resigned to thee.

Give back, oh, smiling deep,
The heart's fair sunshine, and the dreams of youth
That in thy bosom sleep —
Life's April innocence, and trustful truth!
The tones that breathed of yore
In thy lone murmurs, once again restore.

Where have they vanished all?—
Only the heedless winds in answer sigh;
Still rushing at thy call,
With reckless sweep the streamlet flashes by?
And idle as the air,
Or fleeting stream, my soul's insatiate prayer.

Home of sweet thoughts — farewell!
Where'er through changeful life my lot may be
A deep and hallowed spell
Is on thy waters and thy woods for me:
Though vainly fancy craves
Its childhood with the music of thy waves.

TO THE LANCE-FLY.

Forth with the breezy sweep
Of spirit wings upon thy path of light,
Thou creature of the sunbeam! upward keep
Thine earth-defying flight!

The glowing west is still;
In hallowed slumber sinks the restless sea;
And heaven's own tints have wrought o'er tree and hill
A purpling canopy.

Go — bathe thy gaudy wing
In freshened azure from the deepening sky —
In the rich gold yon parting sunbeams fling,
Ere yet their glories die.

The boundless air is thine,
The gorgeous radiance of declining day;
Those painted clouds their living hues entwine,
To dark thy heavenward way.

Soar on! my fancies too
Would quit awhile the fading beauties here,
To roam with thee that waste of boundless blue,
And view yon heaven more near!

Lost—in the distant page,
Ere my bewildered thoughts for flight were free;
Farewell! in vain upon the void I gaze,—
I cannot soar like thee!

ELLIS, SARAH STICKNEY,

Was first known as a writer by her maiden name, Miss Sarah Stickney; one of her early works—"The Poetry of Life"—giving her not only celebrity in her own country, England, but also introducing her favourably to the reading public of America. In 1837, Miss Stickney was married to the Rev. William Ellis, widely known and highly respected for his indefatigable labours, as a Christian missionary, to promote education, and a knowledge of the true God among the people of the South Sea Islands, then just emerging from the most awful idolatry and barbarism. Mr. Ellis was sent out in 1817, by the London Missionary Society, and he it was who established at Tahiti the first printing-press ever erected in the "Green Islands of the Pacific." He devoted ten years to this arduous and effective service, and then returned to London; and some years after the decease of his first wife, who had been his faithful helper and tender comforter in his missionary trials and toils, he found in Miss Sarah Stickney, a second partner worthy to share his home, and aid in the plans, and sympathize in the high hopes of benefiting society which he had cherished. "A good wife is from the Lord;" surely the man who has been thus "twice blest," may well consider the female sex as deserving peculiar honour. That Mr. Ellis does consider woman's education and influence of paramount importance in the progress of true Christian civilization, we infer from Mrs. Ellis's constant devotion to this cause. The wife, doubtless, expresses in her books the moral sentiments, and inculcates the principles which her husband approves, and sees verified in his own family. Such an union of souls as well as hearts and hands, gives the most perfect idea of the Eden happiness true marriage was designed to confer on the human race, which our fallen world exhibits.

Mrs. Ellis, since her marriage, has written many books, almost every year sending forth a new one; among which the series addressed particularly to the women of her own land, is most important. "The Women of England," appeared in 1838, and was followed by "The Daughters of England;" "The Wives of England;" "Hints to Make Home Happy;" "The Iron Rule; "Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees;" "The Sons of the Soil;" "A Voice from the Vineyard;" "Family Secrets;" &c., &c. In considering the writings of Mrs. Ellis, an estimate of praise must be awarded far beyond that which falls to the more brilliant productions of the day. Candid and conscientious, her principles grounded on sincere religion, it seems the aim of this excellent woman, to be humbly useful in her generation, and make the utmost use of her talents in doing good. Madame de Staël has wittily said—"good intentions are nothing in respect to fine writing." In respect to fine writing this is true; but in respect to useful literature, a very earnest wish to do good, added to moderate abilities and untiring industry, will produce much fruit. There are very many of the half-educated, and wholly untrained, whom Mrs. Ellis's works will improve, and whom they have improved. To such persons, the eloquence and originality of a higher flight, would be but dazzling, and in no wise illuminating. Nor must it be forgotten, how many need common-places, sensibly and clearly expressed. "The Women of England," and the other manuals of this series, are written professedly to direct the young, the unwise, and the ignorant. Neither metaphysical subtlety nor novelty was required to strike the sage and the philosopher. Well known truths, and the sensible reiteration of useful advice are plainly set forth, and the guide of the whole is Christian doctrine. Such works must do good.

The novels of Mrs. Ellis, as novels, are not, certainly, of a high character. According to Rochefoucault, there are two classes of persons unfitted to delineate human nature; those who never look into themselves, and those who never look out of themselves. In a good sense, not an egotistic one, Mrs. Ellis is of this latter class. She has a certain set of characters, framed out of her own fancy, not found in the wide world, and these she fits into her moralities as is convenient for the occasion. Perhaps we underrate her power of observation; but we are loth to believe she pictures truly the condition of her own countrywomen, because, if she does, the character of the men of England must be selfish, sensual, hard and coarse! Where women are represented, not only as subordinate but *inferior* to men, there can be no true progress in Christian morals; where women are constantly reminded that they must prepare for suffering, we know there must be oppression of the worst sort—even domestic

tyranny. Both "Home, or The Iron Rule," and "Family Secrets," leave the impression that, among the middle classes in England, the husband is what Jane Eyre calls Mr. Rochester — the "master" of his wife, as well as his house. Where there is not companionship there can be no sympathy, nor that mutual love and trust which makes the married pair one, as God designed, as Christ directed. Artistically speaking, "The Poetry of Life," is the best work of Mrs. Ellis; without much originality of thought, or any peculiar beauty of style, it shows refined taste and a well-cultured mind; and, like all the books of this authoress, an attempt at something more than merely pleasing, the wish to inculcate the purest morality based upon the religion of the Bible.

From "The Poetry of Life."

MAN AND WOMAN.

Man is appointed to hold the reins of government, to make laws, to support systems, to penetrate with patient labour and undeviating perseverance into the mysteries of science, and to work out the great fundamental principles of truth. For such purposes he would be ill qualified, were he liable to be diverted from his object by the quickness of his perception of external things, by the ungovernable impulse of his own feelings, or by the claims of others upon his regard or sensibility; but woman's sphere being one of feeling rather than of intellect, all her peculiar characteristics are such as essentially qualify her for that station in society which she is designed to fill, and which she never voluntarily quits without a sacrifice of good taste — I might almost say, of good principle. Weak, indeed, is the reasoning of those who would render her dissatisfied with this allotment, by persuading her that the station, which it ought to be her pride to ornament, is one too insignificant or degraded for the full exercise of her mental powers. Can that be an unimportant vocation to which peculiarly belong the means of happiness and misery? Can that be a degraded sphere which not only admits of, but requires the full development of moral feeling? Is it a task too trifling for an intellectual woman, to watch, and guard, and stimulate the growth of reason in the infant mind? Is it a sacrifice too small to practise the art of adaptation to all the different characters met with in ordinary life, so as to influence, and give a right direction to their tastes and pursuits? Is it a duty too easy, faithfully and constantly to hold up an example of self-government, disinterestedness, and zeal for that which constitutes our highest good — to be nothing, or anything that is not evil, as the necessities of others may require — to wait with patience — to endure with fortitude — to attract by gentleness — to soothe by sympathy judiciously applied — to be quick in understanding, prompt in action, and what is perhaps more difficult than all, pliable yet firm in will — lastly, through a life of perplexity, trial, and temptation, to maintain the calm dignity of a pure and elevated character, earthly in nothing but its suffering and weakness; refined almost to sublimity in the seraphic ardour of its love, its faith, and its devotion.

THE LOT OF WOMAN.

In looking at the situation of woman merely as regards this life, we are struck with the system of unfair dealing by which her pliable, weak and dependent nature is subjected to an infinite variety of suffering, and we are ready to exclaim, that of all earthly creatures she is the most pitiable. And so unquestionably she is, when unenlightened by those higher views which lead her hopes away from the disappointments of the present world, to the anticipated fruition promised to the faithful in the world to come.

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When we think of the falsehood practised towards women, at that season of life when their minds are most capable of receiving impressions, and when their intellectual powers, just arriving at maturity, are most liable to serious and important bias, we can only wonder that there should be any substantial virtue found amongst them.

WOMAN'S DISINTERESTEDNESS.

In the natural delicacy of woman's constitution, however, we see only one of the slightest causes of suffering peculiar to her character and station in society; because her feelings are so entirely relative and dependent, that they can never be wholly, or even half absorbed by that which is confined to her own experience, without reference to that of others. There are unquestionably many exceptions to this rule, but the rule is the same notwithstanding; and I desire to be understood to speak not of women individually, but of the essential characteristics of woman as a genius. Amongst these characteristics, I am almost proud to name her personal disinterestedness, shown by the unhesitating promptness with which she devotes herself to watchfulness, labour, and suffering of almost every kind, for, or in lieu of others. In seasons of helplessness, misery, or degradation, who but woman comes forward to support, to console, and to reclaim? From the wearisome disquietudes of puling infancy, to the impatience and decrepitude of old age, it is woman alone that bears with all the trials and vexations which the infirmities of our nature draw down upon those around us. Through the monotony of ceaseless misery, it is woman alone that will listen to the daily murmurings of fruitless anxiety, and offer again the cup of consolation after it has been petulantly dashed at her feet.

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It is considered a mere duty, too common for observation, and too necessary for praise, when a woman forgets her own sorrows to smile with the gay, or lays aside her own secret joys to weep with the sad. But let lordly man make the experiment for one half hour, and he will then be better acquainted with this system of self-sacrifice, which woman in every station of society, from the palace to the cottage, maintains through the whole of her life, with little commendation, and with no

reward, except that which is attached to every effort of disinterested virtue. It is thought much of, and blazoned forth to the world, when the victim at the stake betrays no sign of pain; but does it evince less fortitude for the victim of corroding care to give no outward evidence of the anguish of a writhing soul? — to go forth arrayed in smiles, when burning ashes are upon the heart? — to meet, as a woman can meet, with a never-failing welcome the very cause of all her suffering? — and to woo back with the sweetness of her unchangeable love, him who knows neither constancy nor truth?

From "Home; or The Iron Rule."

THE HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Stephen Grey, the father of this promising family, was a man who gravely and thoughtfully studied the laws of his country, its politics, and the religion of his forefathers; he had even obtained a smattering of philosophy under some of its most practical forms; but of the study of the human heart he had scarcely condescended so much as to think. He loved his children because they were his own; he determined to make them good citizens because it was decent and politic to be so; and good Christians, let us hope, for a better reason. In business, his alacrity, promptness, and ability, were such as to render his influence extensive; while in his household, the will of the master was law. Whatever he chose to plan or put into execution, passed without question or comment, unless behind the scenes; for like Falstaff, he refused to tell his reasons on compulsion.

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He believed that all human beings were to be governed by the same *iron rule*, and that the errors of all might be corrected by the same chastisement. The principle upon which he maintained his authority was that of implicit obedience; but he overlooked the most important part of *moral* government, the necessity of making obedience a matter of choice, and not of *compulsion*. Had Stephen Grey permitted the good-will he really felt for his fellow-creatures sometimes to appear before the eyes of men, more especially had he occasionally been known to sacrifice his own personal gratification for that of others, he might have won more affection from the warm young hearts around him; but it is not in human nature to love long or consistently the being who never makes any sacrifice of self, or who never exhibits such natural signs of tenderness as create a bond of protection and dependence between the powerful and the weak.

Let who would be sick or sorry around the board or the hearth of Stephen Grey, his was the choice portion, and the warmest place. Not but that these privileges would have been willingly conceded to him as a right; but his manner was one that conveyed the idea of seizing rather than receiving; and it is wonderful the difference these two ideas produce in the feelings of the party whose place it is to resign.

Yet with all these alarming peculiarities, Stephen Grey was a good neighbour, a lover of peace, an impartial judge, a powerful defender of the injured, and, in short, a man who maintained both in his private and public life a character of the most scrupulous integrity and independence. Indeed, this feeling of independence was carried to such an extreme in all his pecuniary affairs, that it became questionable whether money-making was not the primary object of his existence; not certainly for the purpose of hoarding, for he was penurious in nothing but his domestic management. Here the same *rule* pervaded the kitchen, the parlour, and the school-room, where industry — that is, the industry of turning every effort and every talent into gold, was established as the cardinal virtue. 'How much will it save,' or 'how much will it cost,' was the universal interlude between every childish petition and its invariable denial; and as the expenses of clothing and education increased with his children's growth, he marked their necessities with as many reproaches as if it had been unnatural to grow, or a crime to learn.

Nor were the religious observances of this family more tempered with the leaven of humanity. There was no pleasure, no congeniality, no meeting of the wants and wishes of our weak nature, in the religious discipline of Stephen Grey; but public justice for the erring, a sure sentence for the culprit, the strong arm for the rebellious, and the same uniform law of implicit obedience, from which there was no appeal, for all.

It may reasonably be asked, how such a man as we have here described could ever stoop to solicit the love of woman — a question which, on the plea of utter ignorance, the writer declines to answer; it having always appeared to her one of the greatest mysteries in life, how men whose very birthright seems to be the inalienable privilege of commanding, should humble themselves to the common language of love; yet that they do actually *solicit*, and not command, we cannot for the honour of the female sex permit ourselves to doubt. And certain it is, that Stephen Grey did lead to the altar a fair and gentle bride, who found little difficulty in conforming to the very letter of her vow. It is true, she was hardly prepared for *all* that followed; for being considered merely as a piece of domestic machinery, whose office was to keep the rest of the household furniture in order; she was not prepared to have *all* her womanish wishes thwarted as if for very pastime, or to bring up children whose infantine caresses should never meet a father's tenderness; and for some time she persisted in introducing them occasionally to his notice. When they looked their loveliest, and sometimes when her heart was lightest, she would suffer them to reach so far as the sober page upon which her husband's eye was fixed, while the merry urchins would laugh and crow, and pat the rustling paper, until an angry growl, or a sharp stroke upon the little rosy fingers, sent both mother and children into the nursery, to hide their disappointment and their tears. Here it was that Mrs. Grey learned, like many other weak women, to seek the sympathy she was denied, elsewhere; for with her servants she

could converse about her children, and in the society of her humble friends she could freely enjoy their playful prattle.

Dangerous as this system of confidence was, it would have been well if the stern discipline of her husband had driven the helpless wife to no other resource; but there was one more lamentable means of escaping the harshness she dared not brook, to which poor Mrs. Grey at last descended, and that was to *deceive*. It was not her nature, and still less her wish, but she was harassed, frightened, and systematically denied every trifling request, merely because it was a woman's; and though she could have borne all this for herself, for her children she thought it not only justifiable, but meritorious, to find some way of escape. Hence followed the forbidden wish secretly indulged; the detected transgression covered with an evasion—perhaps with more; the unlawful treat when papa was gone from home; and all that fatal undermining of domestic comfort, of social union, and of moral rectitude, so sure to follow when the wide field of deception is once thrown open.

From "The Daughters and Wives of England."

SECRET SORROWS.

Observation and experience have taught me to believe that many of the secret sorrows of woman's life, owe half their poignancy to the disappointment of not being able to maintain the degree of admiration which has been studiously sought. A popular and elegant writer has said—'How often do the wounds of our vanity form the secret of our pathos!' And to the situation, and the feelings of woman, this observation is more especially applicable. Still there is much to be said for woman in this respect. By the nature of her own feelings, as well as by the established rules of polished life, she is thrown, as it were, upon the good-will of society. Unable to assert her own claims to protection, she must endeavour to ensure it by secondary means, and she knows that the protection of man is best ensured by recommending herself to his admiration.

DELICACY.

Though truth should be engraven upon every thought, and word, and act, which occurs in your intercourse with the man of your choice, there is implanted in the nature of woman, a shrinking delicacy, which ought ever to prompt her to keep back some of her affection for the time when she becomes a wife. No woman ever gained, but many, very many have been losers, by displaying all at first. Let sufficient of your love be told, to prevent suspicion, or distrust; and the self-complacency of man will be sure to supply the rest. Suffer it not, then, to be unfolded to its full extent. In the trials of married life, you will have ample need for an additional supply. You will want it for sickness, for sorrow, for all the different exigencies of real experience; but, above all, you will want it to re-awaken the tenderness of your husband, when worldly cares and pecuniary disappointments have too much absorbed his better feelings; and what surprise so agreeable to him, as to discover in his farther progress through the wilderness of life, so sweet, so deep a fountain, as woman's perfect love!

FLATTERY.

To speak of the popular style of conversation used by gentlemen when making themselves agreeable to young ladies, as trifling, is the best thing we can say of it. Its worst characteristic is its falsehood, while its worst tendency is to call forth selfishness, and to foster that littleness of mind, for which man is avowedly the despiser of woman. If intellectual conversation occupies the company, how often does he turn to whisper nonsense to woman; if he sees her envious of the beauty of her friend, how often does he tell her that her own charms are unrivalled; if he discovers that she is foolishly elated with the triumph of having gained his attentions, how studiously does he feed her folly, waiting only for the next meeting with a boon companion, to treat the whole with that ridicule which it deserves—deserves, but not from him.

It may be—I would fain believe it is, his wish that woman should be simple-hearted, intelligent, generous, frank, and true; but how is his influence in society exercised to make her any one of these? Woman is blamed, and justly so, for idle thoughts, and trifling conversation; but, I appeal to experience, and ask, whether, when a young girl first goes into society, her most trifling conversation is not that which she shares with men. It is true that woman has the power to repel by a look, a word, or even a tone of her voice, the approach of falsehood or folly; and admirable are the instances we sometimes find of woman thus surrounded as it were by an atmosphere of moral purity, through which no vulgar touch can penetrate. But all are not thus happily sustained, and it seems hard that the weaker sex should not only have to contend with the weakness of their own hearts; but that they should find in this conflict, so much of the influence of man on the side of evil.

SINGLE LIFE.

I imagine there are few, if any, who never have had a suitable or unsuitable offer at some time in their lives; and wise, indeed, by comparison, are those who, rather than accept the latter, are content to enjoy the pleasures, and endure the sorrows of life, alone. Compare their lot for an instant with that of women who have married from unworthy motives. How incomparably more dignified, more happy, and more desirable in every way, does it appear! It is true there are *times* in their experience when they will have to bear what woman bears so hardly—the consciousness of being alone; but they escape an evil far more insupportable—that of being a slighted or an unloved wife.

EMBURY, EMMA CATHARINE,

Was born in the city of New York, where her father, Dr. James R. Manley, was a distinguished physician. Miss Manley began to write when very young, her first effusions appearing in the periodicals of the day, under the name of "Ianthe."

In 1828, she was married to Daniel Embury, of Brooklyn; and soon afterwards a volume of her youthful compositions was published — entitled "Guido, and other Poems." The choice of subjects for the principal poems was unfortunate. The writer had entered the circle in which L. E. L., Barry Cornwall, and other English writers were then strewing their flowers of fancy, sentiment and genius; no wonder the delicate blossoms offered by our young poetess were considered merely exotics which she had trained from a foreign root; imitations in style, if not in thought.

It is the natural impulse of poetic and ardent minds to admire the genius and glory of Italy, and to turn to that land of bright skies and passionate hearts for themes of song. Mrs. Embury did but follow the then expressed opinion of all European critics, and the admitted acknowledgment of most Americans — that our new world afforded no subjects propitious for the muses.

Yet surely, in a land where the wonders of nature are on a scale of vast and glorious magnificence which Europe cannot parallel; and the beautiful and the fertile are opening their treasures on every side; and enterprise and change, excitement and improvement, are the elements of social life, — there must be poetry! happily "Gertrude of Wyoming," to say nothing of what American poets have written, has settled the question. We have named this subject, chiefly for the purpose of entreating our American writers to look into their own hearts, not into the poems of others, for inspiration, and to sing, in accordance with nature and human life around them,

"The beauteous scenes of our own lovely land."

Mrs. Embury has a fertile fancy, and her versification flows with uncommon ease and grace. In her later poems she has greatly improved her style — that is, she writes naturally, from her own thoughts and feelings, and not from a model; and some of her short pieces are very beautiful. She is, too, a popular prose writer; many sketches and stories from her pen enrich our periodical literature. She is also warmly engaged in the cause of improving her own sex, and has written well on the subject of "Female Education." Since her marriage, Mrs. Embury has published more prose than verse; her contributions to the various periodicals, amount to about one hundred and fifty original tales, besides her poetical articles, all written within the last twenty years. Her published works, during the same time, are "Constance Latimer, or The Blind Girl;" Pictures of Early Life;" "Nature's Gems, or American Wild Flowers;" "The Waldorf Family;" "Glimpses of Home Life." An eminent American critic remarks of Mrs. Embury's works — "Her stories are founded upon a just observation of life, although not a few are equally remarkable for attractive invention. In point of style, they often possess the merit of graceful and pointed diction, and the lessons they inculcate are invariably of a pure moral tendency." Mrs. Embury has been very fortunate, (we do not say singularly so, because American marriages are usually happy,) in her married life. Mr. Embury is a scholar as well as a banker, and not only has he the taste to appreciate the talents of his gifted wife, but he has had also the good sense to encourage and aid her. The result has been the most perfect concord in their domestic as well as literary life; the only aim of each being to secure and increase the happiness of the other, the highest improvement and happiness of both have been the result. Nor have the pursuits of literature ever drawn Mrs. Embury aside from her duties as a mother; her three children have been trained under her careful supervision, and her daughter's education she has entirely conducted. These traits of character, corresponding so fitly with the principles she has inculcated, increase greatly the value of her works for the young. *Consistency* is a rare and excellent quality; Mrs. Hannah More placed it high among female virtues.

From "Glimpses of Home Life."

THE ONE FAULT.

I wonder if it ever occurred to a discontented husband that much of the discomfort of his married life might be attributed to this over-estimation which is so general a characteristic of the days of courtship. To man, love is but the interlude between the acts of a busy life — the cares of business, or the severe studies of a profession are the *duties* of his existence, while the attentions which he bestows on the young and fair being whom he has chosen to share his future lot, are the actual pleasures of his life. He comes to her weary with the sordid anxieties or the oppressive intellectual labours in which he has been engaged, and he finds her ever the gentle minister to his happiness, while the atmosphere which

surrounds her is one of such purity and peace, that all his better nature is awakened by her presence. What marvel, then, that he should make her the idol of his dreams, and enthrone her on high in his imagination, as the good genius of his life? Wilfully blind to every defect in her character, he views her through the medium of his own excited feelings, and thus, like one who should pretend to judge of the real landscape by beholding its reflection in a Claude Lorraine glass, he sees only the softened lineaments of the actual being. Then comes the hour of disenchantment. In the familiar intercourse of wedded life, he ceases to be the worshipper at an idol's shrine. The love still exists, perhaps even increases in its fervour, but the blind worship is at an end; she is now his fellow-traveller through the rugged and dusty path of life, and she must bear with him the heat and burden of the day.

But it often happens that the past has not been without its evil influence upon her. She has been taken from among her companions, and set on high as an object of adoration; the intellect of man has been humbled before her, and her very caprices have been laws to him. Is it to be wondered at, if she cannot at once resign her queenly station, and become the gentle and submissive and forbearing woman? Is it strange that the reproof or the cold rebuke of him who once taught her that she was all perfection, should sound strangely to her ear, and fall with bitterness upon her heart? The change which takes place in the mere *manners'* of him who was once the devoted lover, is hard to understand. "I cannot describe," said a lady, who was by no means remarkable for sensitiveness of feeling, "I cannot describe how unhappy I felt the first time after my marriage, that my husband put on his hat and walked out of the house to his daily business, without bidding me farewell. I thought of it all the morning, and wondered whether he was displeased with me, nor until I had questioned him on the subject, did I discover, (what was perhaps equally painful to me then,) that he was so occupied with his business, as to have forgotten it." Many a misunderstanding in married life has arisen out of circumstances as trifling as the one just recorded; for when a woman has been made to believe that she is the sole object of her lover's thoughts, it is difficult for her to realize that the act which transfers to him the future guardianship of her happiness, exonerates him from those minute attentions, which have hitherto contributed so much to her enjoyment. Do not mistake me, gentle reader; I do not mean to say as some have ventured to assert, that "Courtship is a woman's Paradise, and Marriage her Purgatory," for many a blessed experience would quickly give the lie to any such false theory; but I would merely suggest whether this exaltation of a mistress into something *more than woman*, before marriage, does not tend to produce a reaction of feeling, which is apt to degrade her into something less than the rest of her sex afterwards; and whether he who saw no faults in his "ladye-love" will not be likely to see more than she ever possessed, in his *wife?*

Charles Wharton had certainly committed this common error. Loving his mother and sisters with the most devoted affection, he had learned to regard them as models of feminine virtue and grace, yet there was something of sombre and grave in their characters, which did not exactly agree with his *beau-ideal* of woman,

> "Skilled alike to dazzle and to please."

He was therefore peculiarly susceptible to the charms of playful wit and gayety in his beloved Mary, and finding her thus in possession of the only gift which was wanting in his home circle, he, by a very natural error, attributed to her all the other qualities which he found there in such perfection. He had created an imaginary being, who should unite the lighter graces with the nobler virtues, and fascinated by the beauty, and the sunny temper of Miss Lee, he found no difficulty in embodying in her form his ideal mistress. For a time he was perfectly enchanted, but the familiar intercourse of married life at length discovered some defects in the character of the young and light-hearted wife, and Wharton, feeling as men are apt to do,

> "As charm by charm unwinds,
> That robed their idol,"

was almost tempted to believe that he had utterly deceived himself.

But in this opinion he was as far wrong as when he had fancied her all perfection. Mary possessed all the material for forming an estimable woman, but she was young, thoughtless, and untaught. She was one of a family who lived but for society, and whose deportment to each other was an exemplification of the old copy-book apophthegm, "Familiarity breeds contempt." The self-respect which inculcates personal neatness as a duty—the respect towards each other, which should be as carefully cherished between brothers and sisters, as the affection which, in truth, will not long exist without it—were entirely unknown among them. In society, they were models of propriety, but, in the domestic circle, there was a want of method, and a neglect of neatness, which could not fail to be injurious to every member of the family. I may be mistaken, but, it seems to me, that habitual slovenliness cannot fail to have its effect upon the mental as well as the bodily habits. To a well balanced mind, external order seems as essential as intellectual purity, and however great may be the genius, there is surely something wanting to a perfect equilibrium of the faculties, when the body—through the medium of which ideas must necessarily be conveyed to the mind—is habitually neglected, and consequently exposed to disgustful rather than agreeable images. But whatever may be the effect of a want of neatness on one's individual character, there is no doubt as to its influence on others. No man can have a proper respect for female purity and delicacy, when he has been accustomed, from childhood, to witness slovenly habits in his mother and sisters; for that chivalric feeling towards the gentler sex, which has preserved many a man from the early attacks of vice, never exists in the heart of him who has had the

barriers of refinement broken down, ere he left his childhood's home.

Mrs. Wharton was not deficient in personal cleanliness; few women are found guilty of so revolting a fault; but she wanted personal neatness and order. She had learned to treat her husband as she was accustomed to do her brothers, and while she never appeared before company in an *undress*, scarcely ever honoured him with anything else. Her breakfast, dress, has already been described, and if the day happened to be rainy, or anything else occurred to induce her to deny herself to visitors, she generally greeted her husband's eye in the same loose and flowing robes at dinner, as well as tea. Her total ignorance of everything like method, was visible throughout all her domestic arrangements. Instead of *directing* her servants, she only *reproved* them, for she found it much easier to scold when a thing was *ill done*, than to attend to having it *well* done. Her domestics soon became familiar with her ignorance of the details of housekeeping, and availed themselves of it to neglect their duty as much as possible; and, when she began to add to her other defects, that of *indolence*, her household fell into a state which cannot be better designated than by the expressive Irish word, "*Throughotherness.*"

Such was the state of things at the end of the first two years of their married life. Mrs. Wharton, disheartened and dispirited, took little interest in her family concerns, while her husband, accustomed to seek his enjoyments elsewhere, found always something to censure at home. Fortunately his good principles kept him from the haunts of dissipation, or he might have added another to the list of those who have been driven, by an *ill-ordered home*, to a *well-ordered* tavern or billiard-room. His mother had long seen and mourned his evident disquiet, and, while she partially divined its cause, was in doubt as to the course which she ought to pursue. She was aware of the danger of interference in the domestic concerns of another, but she could not bear to see her son and his sweet-tempered wife so estranged from each other.

"You are unhappy, Charles," said the old lady, one day, when they were alone. "Will you not tell me the cause of your trouble? Is it your business?"

"No, mother, my business was never in a more prosperous condition."

"Then something is wrong at home, my son; can you not confide in me?"

"Oh, there is nothing to tell; Mary is one of the best-hearted and good-tempered creatures in the world, but—"

"But what, Charles?"

"She has one fault, mother, and it is about the worst she could have."

"The worst, Charles? Is she ill-tempered, or deficient in affection for you? Does she run into extravagant excesses for dress or company?"

"Why, mother, you know she has none of these defects?"

"Then, Charles, she has not the *worst* faults she might have."

"Well, well, perhaps I used too strong a term, but really I am heart-sick—I have a house, but no home—I have servants, but no service for them—I have a wife, but no helpmeet; I cannot yet afford to keep a housekeeper, and, until I can, I see no probability of finding comfort at home. Mary is as ignorant as a baby, of all that the mistress of a family ought to know, and I am tired of living at the mercy of a pack of careless domestics."

"Mary has been unfortunate in not learning such duties in her early home, Charles, but certainly there is no difficulty in acquiring a knowledge of them now; did you ever try to teach her?"

"Try to teach housekeeping, mother? no, indeed; I should as soon think of teaching a woman how to put on her dress; who ever heard of a man teaching his wife how to keep house?"

"I will tell you, Charles, what you might have taught her; you have such habits of order, and are so systematic in your arrangement of time, that you could easily have imparted to her your notions on such subjects, without appearing to meddle with woman's affairs, and when she had once learned them, half her task would have been accomplished."

"A woman ought not to be married till she knows her duties. The parent who allows a daughter to marry, when conscious that she is utterly ignorant of these, is guilty of an actual imposition upon the luckless husband."

"You would scarcely expect a parent to blazon his child's defects, Charles; a man chooses a wife for himself—he marries with his eyes open."

"No, I'll be hanged if he does! he is blinded by a pretty face, at first, and then the lady and her friends take good care to noose him, before he gets his eyes open."

"You are angry, Charles, and I am afraid you have used bitter words, rather than arguments, with poor Mary."

"Mother, I am as unhappy as ever was mortal man; I love home—I love my wife, but when I seek both, I am disgusted by the sight of a disordered house and a slovenly woman, and my feelings are instantly changed into anger and almost dislike. I shall break up housekeeping in the spring; I can't bear it any longer."

"I think I could remedy the evil of which you complain, if I was only sure that Mary would not resent my interference."

"Resent! why, mother, she never resents any thing; I never heard an angry word from her in my life, and I have given her many a one." Mrs. Wharton looked significantly at her son, as he made this acknowledgment, and smiled, as she promised to make the attempt.

It happened, not long after the conversation above narrated, that Charles Wharton was taken seriously ill, and his mother became an inmate of his family until his recovery. There is nothing which so effectually subdues wrathful feelings,

and obliterates the recollection of past unkindness, as the touch of sickness. When death sits watching beside the bed of pain, the animosity of a life-long enemy seems like a sin against the charities of life, and how much more vain and wicked seem the angry bickerings of those whom love has bound together! Charles saw nothing of the sloven in the attentive and devoted nurse, who untiringly ministered to his wants, and Mary felt more happiness, notwithstanding her apprehensions, than she had enjoyed for many months. But Mrs. Wharton, the mother, now obtained a clear insight into the difficulties which had marred their domestic comfort, and, no sooner was Charles restored to convalescence, than she set herself to the task of subduing them. Fortunately for her scheme, Mary possessed that perfect good temper which was not to be ruffled even by the interference of a mother-in-law, and Mrs. Wharton had sufficient tact to know just how far that interference could be carried with success. In the course of the frequent confidential conversations which occurred between the mother and wife, during the time when both were engrossed in the care of the invalid, Mary learned much of her husband's early tastes and habits, of which she had before been utterly ignorant. She heard, but not in the language of personal rebuke, of his peculiar notions of order and system, and her mind, which had unconsciously acquired habits of reflection and thought in her hours of solitude, began to understand the benefit of a regular and well-ordered plan of life. But still she was at a loss to know exactly how to arrange such a plan, and it was not until she had summoned sufficient moral courage, (smile not, reader, it required no small share of it,) to explain her dilemma, and ask the aid of her mother-in-law, that she was enabled to enter upon her new course of life.

Following the advice of Mrs. Wharton, the first bad habit which she corrected, was that of indulging in morning slumbers. Early rising afforded her the time to attire herself with neatness and propriety, while it also gave her the opportunity of visiting the important domain of the 'Land of Cookery,' and of inspecting the arrangement of the morning meal. It required a serious struggle with that hardest of all tyrants, Indolence, but Mrs. Wharton soon found that bad habits are like the bonds with which the Lilliputians fettered the slumbering Gulliver—united, it was impossible to break the fragile threads, but if taken singly each could be severed by the movement of a finger. One by one she contended against her former faults. It required not only resolution, but the rarer virtue of perseverance, to carry all her good intentions into effect, for many a week and month elapsed, ere she could fully arrange the mechanism of her domestic concerns. In truth, it is no small task to regulate the microcosm of a household—to manage in such a manner as to bestow the greatest proportion of comfort upon each individual—to divide the duties of domestics, so as to secure the performance of business in its proper time, and the enjoyment of leisure when the tasks are over—to remember and provide for the wants of all—to study the peculiar tastes of each—to preserve order and neatness throughout the multifarious departments of domestic life—and to do all this without neglecting the claims of friendship and society—without relinquishing the cultivation of one's mind, and the study of one's own heart—without becoming a mere household drudge. It is no easy task, yet it may be done; the first steps in this, as in all other labours, are the most difficult; only employ the aid of system in the beginning, and all may be fully accomplished.

From "Poems."

THE WIDOW'S WOOER.

He woos me with those honied words
That women love to hear,
Those gentle flatteries that fall
So sweet on every ear.
He tells me that my face is fair,
Too fair for grief to shade;
My cheek, he says, was never meant
In sorrow's gloom to fade.

He stands beside me, when I sing
The songs of other days.
And whispers, in love's thrilling tones,
The words of heartfelt praise;
And often in my eyes he looks,
Some answering love to see—
In vain! he there can only read
The faith of memory.

He little knows what thoughts awake,
With every gentle word;
How, by his looks and tones, the founts
Of tenderness are stirred.
The visions of my youth return,
Joys far too bright to last;
And while he speaks of future bliss,
I think but of the past.

Like lamps in Eastern sepulchres,
Amid my heart's deep gloom,
Affection sheds its holiest light
Upon my husband's tomb.
And as those lamps, if brought once more
To upper air, grow dim,
So my soul's love is cold and dead,
Unless it glow for him.

NEVER FORGET.

Never forget the hour of our first meeting,
When, mid the sounds of revelry and song,
Only thy soul could know that mine was greeting
Its idol, wished for, waited for, so long.
Never forget.

Never forget the joy of that revealment,
Centring an age of bliss in one sweet hour,
When Love broke forth from friendship's frail concealment,
And stood confest to us in godlike power:
Never forget.

Never forget my heart's intense devotion,
Its wealth of freshness at thy feet flung free—
Its golden hopes, whelmed in that boundless ocean,
Which merged all wishes, all desires, save thee:
Never forget.

Never forget the moment when we parted—
When from life's summer-cloud the bolt was hurled
That drove us, scathed in soul and broken-hearted,
Alone to wander through this desert world.
Never forget.

STANZAS.

"The night cometh, when no man can work."

Ye who in the field of human life
Quickening seeds of wisdom fain would sow,
Pause not for the angry tempest's strife,
Shrink not from the noontide's fervid glow,
Labour on, while yet the light of day
Sheds upon your path its blessed ray,
For the Night cometh!

Ye who at man's noblest engine stand,
Moulding noble thought into opinion,
Oh! stay not for weariness your hand.
Till ye fix the bounds of truth's dominion,
Labour on while yet the light of day
Sheds upon your path its blessed ray,
For the Night cometh!

Ye to whom a prophet-voice is given,
Stirring men as by a trumpet call:
Utter forth the oracles of Heaven,
Earth gives back the echoes as they fall;
Oh, speak not, while yet the light of day
Breaks life's slumber with its blessed ray,
For the Night cometh!

Ye who in home's narrow circle dwell,
Feeding love's flame upon the household hearth,
Weave the silken bond, and wake the spell,
Binding heart to heart throughout the earth:
Gentle toil is yours, the light of day
On nought holier sheds its blessed ray,
Yet the Night cometh!

Diverse though our paths in life may be,
Each is sent some mission to fulfil,
Fellow-workers in the world are we
While we seek to do our Master's will,
But our doom is labour, while the light of day
Lights us to our tasks with blessed ray,
For the Night cometh!

Fellow-workers are we,—hour by hour,
Human tools are shaping Heaven's great schemes,
Till we see no limit to man's power,
And reality outstrips old dreams:
Toil and struggle, therefore, work and weep,
In "God's Acre *" ye shall calmly sleep,
When the Night cometh!

F.

FANTASTICI, ROSELLINA MASSIMINA,

Is an Italian, born in the city of Pisa, near the close of the last century. The daughter of a very accomplished mother, Rosellina had, from maternal care, uncommon advantages of education. She appeared at an early age to have a remarkable talent for miniature-painting, and attained great excellence in that art. Her marriage displayed her good qualities as a wife and mother, and also as the manager of household economy; but these occupations, though properly fulfilled, do not, or need not, suspend the intellectual improvement of women. Madame Fantastici found time to pursue her painting, until after the birth of her fifth child; when her eyes failing her, she was obliged to give up entirely the practice of this art. She then occupied her leisure hours with literature, and obtained the silver medal from the Academy of Pistoia for one of her poems. When her children were old enough to require her constant attention, she devoted her time entirely to their education, and wrote nothing but little plays and stories, expressly for their improvement. She experiences the reward of these cares in the love and reverence with which her children regard her. She is now emancipated from her duties as teacher, and has returned with renewed ardour to her beloved studies, the fruits of which will no doubt in time enrich the literature of her country. Her published works are—"A Collection of Sonnets and Odes," "Cefale e Procri," a poem in octave-rhyme, and "Four little plays for children." She now resides in Pisa.

FARLEY, HARRIET,

Well and widely known as editor of "The Lowell, or New England Offering," a monthly magazine of industry, the contributors being factory girls, employed in the mills at Lowell, Massachusetts. This work has excited more interest in Europe than any other written by American female authors, because it is entirely unparalleled in the annals of factory life; and in no country, except America, is such a proof of female intellect yet possible. As one of the pioneers in this new development of mental culture and moral progress, and the chief agent by whom it has been upheld, Miss Farley deserves the good celebrity she has gained. We design to let her tell her own story, as it is impossible to give so true an impression of her character by any other delineation. The simplicity and earnest sincerity of spirit in which her letter is written, make this scrap of autobiography a model of its kind. Yet, lest there might be one reader who would be offended by this open-hearted sketch, and call it egotistic, we add, that Miss Farley had no idea that her language would be quoted.

"My father is a congregational clergyman, and at the time of my birth was settled in the beautiful town of Claremont, in the state of New Hampshire. Though I left this place when six years of age, I still remember its natural beauties, which even then impressed me deeply. The Ashcutney Mountain, Sugar River, with its foaming falls, the distant hills of Vermont, all are in my memory. My mother was descended from the

* The German name of a burial ground.

Moodys, somewhat famous in New England history. One of them was the eccentric and influential Father Moody. Another was Handkerchief Moody, the one who wore, so many years, 'the minister's veil.' One was the well-known Trustee Moody, of Dummer Academy, who educated my grandmother. She was a very talented and estimable lady.

"My father was of the genuine New Hampshire stock — from a family of pious, industrious, agricultural people; his brothers being deacons, and some of his sisters married to deacons. I have not learned that any one of them ever committed a disgraceful act. His grandmother was eminent for her medical knowledge and skill, and had as much practice as is usually given to a country doctor. His mother was a woman of fine character, who exerted herself, and sacrificed much, to secure his liberal education. His sisters were energetic in their coöperation with their husbands, to secure and improve homes among the White and the Green Mountains, and Wisconsin. So much for progenitors.

"I was the sixth of ten children, and, until fourteen, had not that health which promises continued life. I was asthmatic, and often thought to be in a consumption. I am fortunate now in the possession of excellent health, which may be attributed to a country rearing, and an obedience to physical laws, so far as I understand them. At fourteen years of age, I commenced exertions to assist in my own maintenance, and have at different times followed the various avocations of New England girls. I have plaited palm-leaf and straw, bound shoes, taught school, and worked at tailoring; besides my labours as a weaver in the factory, which suited me better than any other.

"After my father's removal to the little town of Atkinson, New Hampshire, he combined the labours of preceptor of one of the two oldest Academies in the State with his parochial duties; and here, among a simple but intelligent people, I spent those years which give the tone to female character. At times, there was a preceptress to the academy; but it was in the summer, when I was debilitated, and my lessons were often studied on my bed. I learned something of French, drawing, ornamental needle-work, and the usual accomplishments; for it was the design of my friends to make me a teacher — a profession for which I had an instinctive dislike. But my own feelings were not consulted. Indeed, perhaps it was not thought how much these were outraged; but their efforts were to suppress the imaginative and cultivate the practical. This was, undoubtedly, wholesome discipline; but it was carried to a degree that was painful, and drove me from my home. I came to Lowell, determined that if I had my own living to obtain, I would get it in my own way; that I would read, think and *write, when I could*, without restraint; that if I did well, I would have the credit of it; if ill, my friends should be relieved from the blame, if not from the stigma. I endeavoured to reconcile them to my lot, by a devotion of all my spare earnings to them and their interests. I made good wages; I dressed economically; I assisted in the liberal education of one brother; and endeavoured to be the guardian angel to a lovely sister, who, after years of feebleness, is now, perhaps, a guardian angel to me in heaven. Twice before this had I left "the mill," to watch around the death-beds of loved ones—my older sister and a beautiful and promising brother. Two others had previously died; two have left their native State for a Texan home. So you will see that my feelings must have been severely tried. But all this has, doubtless, been beneficial to me.

"It was something so new to me to be praised, and encouraged to write, that I was at first overwhelmed by it, and withdrew as far as possible from the attentions that some of my first contributions to the 'Offering' directed towards me. It was with great reluctance that I consented to edit, and was quite as unwilling at first to assist in publishing. But circumstances seem to have compelled me forward as a business woman, and I have endeavoured to *do my duty*.

"I am now the proprietor of 'The New England Offering.' I do all the publishing, editing, canvassing, and, as it is bound in my office, I can, in a hurry, help fold, cut covers, stitch, &c. I have a little girl to assist me in the folding, stitching, &c.; the rest, after it comes from the printer's hand, is all my own work. I employ no agents, and depend upon no one for assistance. My edition is four thousand.

"These details, I trust, are not tedious; I have given them, because I thought there was nothing remarkable about the 'Offering' but its source, and the mode in which it was conducted.

"Indeed, I thought at one time of begging you not to insert my name in your book; and was only dissuaded by the reflection that you could not be expected to unearth all the gems which may be hidden in the caverns of this age, or prophesy of those who are to be famous in the future, but only to note those whose names, from whatever adventitious or meritricious circumstances, have gone forth, even if thrown from the point of a shuttle.

"I consider myself superior to many of my sex, principally in qualities where they all might equal me — in hope, perseverance, content and kindliness."

Thus frankly, but with true modesty, does this singularly gifted young woman close her reminiscences, without one allusion to her genius, or a complaint that she has only had a few fragments of time to give to the pursuit of literature, which is, in truth, the desire of her heart.

The greater portion of all she has written has appeared in the "Offering;" but in 1847 she selected from these pieces, and added a few original, making a volume, published in Boston under the title of "Shells from the Strand of the Sea of Genius." In the dedication of this book, Miss Farley touches a string which should make every parental heart vibrate—"To my Father and Mother, who gave me that education which has enlivened years of labour; and, while constituting my own happiness, has enabled me to contribute

to the enjoyment of others." Let those who think education unnecessary for "operatives," consider what it has done for Harriet Farley, and what sweet reward she has rendered to those who trained her!

Indeed we may truly say, that few poets, philosophers, or fine writers, have accomplished half that has been effected by the Editor of the "New England Offering." Without unnecessary flourishes, we may call the consequences that must follow the impulse she has given to her own order, immense and wonderful. Her energy, her example, her own life, standing forth to prove her theories, have been of more value than a library of dissertations, to advance intellectual improvement and elevated morality among thousands of the young countrywomen of America now found in the large and constantly increasing class of "factory girls." To submit these unpretending compositions, written to improve the leisure hours of actual labour, to the rules of criticism, made for those who have been fed upon learning in college halls, or who have lived in an atmosphere of literature, art, and elegance, would be both foolish and ungenerous. Yet this "Offering," the production wholly of female operatives, is a work of which any country might be justly proud. The good sense, good principles, and useful information found in its pages, prove the respectable, we may say, dignified, position in which industry and laudable ambition for intellectual culture, may maintain the operative portion of our community. The shocking pictures English writers give us of factory life in their own land, form a painful contrast to this.

Miss Farley stands at the head of her *collaborateurs*, not only in her capacity of editor, but in her superiority as a writer; yet she has many and talented assistants, contributors, who deserve to share with her in the honour of this new literature. "Mind among the Spindles," is the title given to a handsome volume, selected from the "Lowell Offering," and published in London in 1849. The English critics have acknowledged the merit of the work, and also their astonishment at the intellectual progress which it proves the American *people* to have made. But we do not rate the genius displayed in the "Offering" as constituting a tithe of its merit. It is the moral goodness, the true Gospel sentiment pervading every page which stamps its inestimable value. Rejecting all the fashionable *isms* of the day, resisting all persuasions from those who have striven to draw their journal into the arena of party, these noble-minded young women have been true to their sex and to their Saviour. The "Lowell Offering" was first issued in January, 1841; in 1843, Miss Harriet F. Curtis, an operative, was associated with Miss Farley in the editorial department, in which she continued two years. We quote the following sound doctrine from the pen of the former—

"We started with no lance or spear to fight battles, not even our own—our aim was 'to elevate the humble, and show that good might come out even of Nazareth.' *Individually* we have no sentiments or sympathies in unison with that spirit which would reform its neighbour and leave its own heart the abode of every bitter, malignant passion—which devotes so much time to hunting the mote in a brother's eye, that it has no time to find the beam in its own, and which publishes upon the folds of its banner, that its aim is, to *level*, not to elevate. We would not pull down the superior to the position of the more humble, but would raise the humble to the elevation of the superior. And this, we feel assured, can never be done but by the moral means of education, and the all-pervading influence of true Christianity."

But we must return to the subject of our sketch. The following are from Miss Farley's writings.

From "The Lowell Offering."

THE WINDOW DARKENED.

I had a lovely view from my window, but it was not of a level landscape, nor a group of towering hills; it was neither city nor country exclusively, but a combination of both. I looked from the central street of a city across a narrow strip of vacant land, divided by a quiet stream, to a slope, covered with the residences of those who prefer the comparative stillness of the suburb to the bustle of the heart of a city.

It was like a beautiful picture—that glittering panorama—when the sunshine flashed back from the whitened dwellings, as they rose one above another upon the green amphitheatre—the mansions more distinct and more splendid as they approached the summit of the hill, and but two or three magnificent dwellings graced like a radiant crown its verdant brow. Yes, it was beautiful in the glorious sunlight, when countless windows flashed forth a diamond radiance, but just as lovely, though more subdued in the influence of its charms, in the grey twilight, or at eve, or moonlit night.

I have watched the footsteps of Night, as she crept slowly up the hill, her dark shadow falling before her, until the roof-tree of the highest mansion lay hid beneath her shroud. And then the moon, like a gentle conqueror, stole placidly above the brightening horizon, and Night awoke to smiles and peace. She lifted her shroud from the fair earth, and a gentle day had dawned upon the world. Another day—yes, for that was no time to sleep—it was no night—while so soft, so exquisite a brilliance bathed that congregated mass of life and beauty.

My window!—it was my only constant companion. It told me of sunshine and of storm; it heralded the morn, and warned me of the waning light of day. It gave me, gratis, a ticket to that picture-gallery, where my eye wandered on an involuntary, though oft-repeated, tour of pleasure.

My window!—it has taught me much in quiet pantomime; and its lessons did not weary, for they were ever varying, and ever new.

My window!—it gave me light for constant occupations—it gave me daily bread with the pleasure and instruction which it afforded me, and *my window was to be darkened.*

I have alluded to the narrow waste beyond the

stream. My window told me that there was to be laid the foundation of a mighty structure. It was a sad tale to hear, but, as if to make amends, my window each day exhibited an active, bustling and novel scene, such as it had not shown me before. There were shouting crowds of men, digging deep the trenches for the foundation stones, and boats came up the monotonous stream with the solid granite for their freight. This continued so long that I almost wearied of my window's show; but after a time it was over, and the walls were commenced. Now boats came up the stream laden with brick, and huge red piles arose upon its banks. The red walls arose — *red*, the colour of the conqueror — and they proclaimed a victory over my pleasures. With one story of the great fabric was screened from me whole streets of pleasant dwellings. The early sunrise was gone—the blush of morn—those brilliant clouds, the orphans of departed Night, and happy wards of coming day. The first soft glance of moonlight was forever hid, and it seemed as though my best treasures were taken from me. But I clung more fervently to those which were left, and the more tenaciously as I saw them departing. This beautiful dwelling, and that majestic tree, were never to me so lovely as when they were shut from my window's view. Then I began to measure with my eye the scene, and to calculate how long I should retain this or that beauty, and what might remain at the last. The church spire — that I should always have — and those highest houses, and the brow of the hill. But no! I had not calculated wisely. They began to recede from me— for the huge building rose still higher and higher. Men walked around the scaffoldings, as of old they patrolled the ramparts of some giant castle, and at night the unfinished walls, relieved against the dark sky, might well remind a reader of romance of the descriptions of ancient chateaux, with their high massive turreted walls.

Higher, higher still, arose the fabric. The mansions were gone — the church — the brow of the hill—and at last the very tip of the spire was taken from me. Oh! how was my window darkened! — but not quite dark, for there still was light from the skies above.

And thus, methought, it is in life. We look, with the eye of youth, through Hope's magical window, upon a fair world. Earth lies like a glorious panorama before us. Our own path leads on at first like the crowded street, amidst the hum of business, but it soon stretches forward to the place where lie combined the pleasures and leisure of the country. Yes, our anticipated life seems like that brilliant amphitheatre, crowded and exciting at first, but more quiet, more imposing and beautiful, as we look upward. The minor details of the scenery are not carefully scanned. We look not at the narrow dusty paths through which we must trace our steps, nor at the stones against which we may often dash our feet, nor the intruders who will dispute our way. We consider not that we may falter, or faint, or fall; and there is always at the top of the hill some mansion which is to us the temple of riches, fame and pleasure. But while we look upon the scene, it sinks from our view. The stern realities of life arise before us like the brick-built wall, and we see the prose where we have before but witnessed the poetry of this world's scenes.

We know that our pleasures are passing away — that our window is darkening — but we think that the tallest trees, the highest mansions, the summit of the hill, will yet be left. But sterner and higher still arises the wall before us. One hope after another is gone — one pleasure after another has been taken away — one image after another, which has been lovely to our eye, and dear to our heart, has forever disappeared. The church-spire, with its heaven-pointing finger, leaves us last. But finally it has been taken, and we must turn to whatever temple we may have prepared within.

How has the scene changed! How is our window darkened! Yet we grope not in utter darkness, for there still is light from the heavens above. We are subdued — with hearts rightly attuned not miserable. We look forward less, but upward more. We are more peaceful, if less joyful; and we transfer the bright pictures, which the window has daguerreotyped upon our memories, to another and more enduring world. We think that had the wall been still higher — had it encircled us yet more closely, there would still have been light above; and, unless, Heaven itself is shut from our view, there will be bright starbeams, and calm moonlight, and blessed sunshine, coming down, and struggling towards us through *the darkened window.*

DEAL GENTLY.

"Can you name her now so lightly!
Once the idol of you all:—
When a star has shone so brightly,
Can you glory in its fall?" T. MOORE.

There were loud voices in Madam Bradshaw's little sitting-room: tones of anger, derision, and reproach, uttering words of detraction. Madam sat silently listening to her young visitors, but her brow contracted, and her lips compressed, as harsh feelings seemed to strengthen by an open expression of them. She remembered that just one year before this Sophy Melton had come to visit her, with the same young ladies who were now paying her their annual visit.

Madam Bradshaw was the widow of the old village clergyman; who, when he died, left her poor, though not destitute. In the parish she had been much respected and beloved, and there was no fear that Madam would ever be left to want, among so many friends. They had a very delicate way of bestowing their bounty, and made several annual parties; when they went to the old parsonage always "carrying their welcome." The children went when her cherries were ripe; the married ladies, at Thanksgiving time, bringing their bounties; the elderly spinsters — considerate souls — just after Fast, and did her spring cleaning for her, and replenished her exhausted winter stores. The misses came when her roses were in blossom, and her front garden was one little wilderness of fragrant beauty. Then they did up her summer

caps, collars, and neckerchiefs, and saw that her wardrobe needed no addition.

Among those who came with the roses, "herself a fairer flower," had been Sophy Melton; but this year she was absent, and Madam missed her bright smile and sweet voice. The morning was busily passed by the girls in washing, starching, and ironing—the afternoon in mending and making for the good old lady.

But now the sewing was all done, the tea-table had been nicely cleared away, and, as twilight came on, the girls sat in the old parlour talking of their past and future annual visits. How they loved this old room—the old pictures in their heavy frames—the dark mahogany, polished to the brightness of crystal—the worn and faded but spotless carpet, the old china, as perfect as ever—the well kept silver, and her store of curiosities, as curious as ever. Then there were her portraits, upon which they all loved to gaze. There was the old pastor himself, looking at them from the canvass as benignly as he had ever done from the pulpit. There was the son, who had gone a missionary to foreign lands, and left name and fame, if nought else, to his fond mother. There was the noble boy, too, who left his mother for a long voyage to the Arctic seas, and was never heard of more. There was the mild but steadfast daughter, who had gone to the far West, and laid down her life in that home missionary enterprise, the education of the young. The girls loved to look upon those relics, and feel, awakening in themselves, aspirations for that excellence which had been embodied and lived by those who had now passed away.

Perhaps they imagined they were showing respect for virtue by their severe remarks upon Sophy Melton; but Madam Bradshaw was evidently displeased. At length she spoke:

"Can you name her now so lightly?" &c.

The girls were abashed for a moment.

But Caroline Freeman replied, "Ma' Bradshaw, I have not yet spoken; but I have not attempted to stop my friends, for it has always appeared to me that the reproach of the good was but the just penalty for this violation of the laws of virtue. Sophy's error has not brought upon her poverty, pain, or any diminution of the physical enjoyments of life. If her friends must still, from motives of compassion or philanthropy, countenance her, where is the punishment society should inflict for contempt of its opinions?"

"I asked you not to countenance her, or associate with her, not to speak lightly of her sin, or accustom yourselves to think of it as a venial error; but, my dear girls, I only beg of you to *deal gently*. Let compassion, rather than resentment, influence your thoughts of her. I have seen anger where I would have beheld grief. Moreover, may there not be too much self-confidence exhibited in such remarks? You place yourselves among the *good*. Sophy has perhaps once thought herself as good, as safe as either of you. She was the most beautiful, the most fascinating of you all, therefore, the most tried and tempted. Be not angry with me, when I bid you ask yourselves whether there is not a little gratified envy in all these aspersions of your fallen sister; whether there is not a slight feeling of triumph, that the first has now become the last; that she who was greatest is now the least among you?"

"O, Ma' Bradshaw! *deal gently* with us. We never envied her; we were proud that one so beautiful, and, as we thought, so good, was of our little band. We do not rejoice, we mourn that the most beautiful star is lost from our little constellation. But, how are we to show our hatred of wickedness, unless we speak severely of sin? Were we to speak mildly of this fault, might we not be misunderstood? You must remember that our principles have not been tested by a long life, as our dear Ma' Bradshaw's have been."

"My dear girls," said Madam, "do not think there is no better way of showing your detestation of sin than by reproach or vituperation of the fellow-being who has fallen into it. Keep your own garments spotless, your own hearts clean, your own hands unstained, and then fear not that your commiseration of the sinful and guilty will ever be misunderstood—that pity will be mistaken for sympathy, that kindness will be thought weakness. Never fear, with a clear conscience and a firm heart, to *deal gently*.

FERRIER, MARY,

Was born in Edinburgh. Her father, James Ferrier, Esq., was a writer to the Signet, "one of Sir Walter Scott's brethren of the clerk's table;" and the great novelist, at the conclusion of the "Tales of my Landlord," alluded to his "sister shadow," the author of "the very lively work entitled Marriage," as one of the labourers capable of gathering in the large harvest of Scottish character and fiction. In his private diary, Sir Walter has thus jotted down his reminiscences of Miss Ferrier:—"She is a gifted personage, having, besides her great talents, conversation the least *exigeante* of any author, female at least, whom I have ever seen, among the long list I have encountered; simple, full of humour, and exceedingly ready at repartee; and all this without the least affectation of the blue-stocking." Commenting on this, Mr. Chambers, in his "Cyclopædia of Literature," thus endorses the opinion of the great novelist:—"This is high praise; but the readers of Miss Ferrier's novels will at once recognise it as characteristic, and exactly what they would have anticipated. Miss Ferrier is a Scottish Miss Edgeworth—of a lively, practical, penetrating cast of mind; skilful in depicting character, and seizing upon national peculiarities; caustic in her wit and humour, with a quick sense of the ludicrous; and desirous of inculcating sound morality and attention to the courtesies and charities of life. In some passages, indeed, she evinces a deep religious feeling, approaching to the evangelical views of Hannah More; but the general strain of her writing relates to the foibles and oddities of mankind, and no one has drawn them with greater breadth of comic humour or effect. Her scenes often resemble the style of our best old comedies,

and she may boast, like Foote, of adding many new and original characters to the stock of our comic literature."

"Marriage," the first work of Miss Ferrier, was published in 1818. "The Inheritance" appeared in 1824, and "Destiny, or the Chief's Daughter," in 1831—all novels in three volumes each. It is rather strange that, as all these works were successful, the author has never tried another venture in literature. She resides chiefly in Edinburgh, where she is highly honoured. Mr. Chambers, from whom we have before quoted, pays a just and elegant tribute to her genius; his opinion of her merits coincides entirely with our own, and as he is the best judge of her Scotticisms, we subjoin his remarks.

"Miss Ferrier's first work is a complete gallery of new and original characters. The plot is very inartificial; but after the first twenty pages, when Douglas conducts his pampered and selfish Lady Juliana to Glenfern castle, the interest never flags. The three maiden aunts at Glenfern—Miss Jacky, who was all over sense, the universal manager and detector, Miss Grizzy, the letter-writer, and Miss Nicky, who was not wanting for sense either, are an inimitable family group. Mrs. Violet Macshake, the last remaining branch of the noble race of Girnachgowl, is a representative of the old hard-featured, close-handed, proud, yet kind-hearted Scottish matron, vigorous and sarcastic at the age of ninety, and despising all modern manners and innovations. Then there is the sentimental Mrs. Gaffaw, who had weak nerves and headaches; was above managing her house, read novels, dyed ribbons, and altered her gowns according to every pattern she could see or hear of. There is a shade of caricature in some of these female portraits, notwithstanding the explanation of the authoress that they lived at a time when Scotland was very different from what it is now—when female education was little attended to, even in families of the highest rank; and, consequently, the ladies of those days possessed a *raciness* in their manners and ideas that we should vainly seek for in this age of cultivation and refinement. It is not only, however, in satirizing the foibles of her own sex that Miss Ferrier displays such original talent and humour. Dr. Redgill, a medical hanger-on and diner-out, is a gourmand of the first class, who looks upon bad dinners to be the source of much of the misery we hear of in the married life, and who compares a woman's reputation to a beefsteak—'if once breathed upon, 'tis good for nothing.' Many sly satirical touches occur throughout the work. In one of Miss Grizzy's letters, we hear of a Major MacTavish, of the militia, who, independent of his rank, which Grizzy thought was very high, distinguished himself, and showed the greatest bravery once when there was a very serious riot about the raising the potatoes a penny a peck, when there was no occasion for it, in the town of Dunoon. We are told, also, that country visits should seldom exceed three days—the *rest* day, the *dressed* day, and the *pressed* day. There is a great shrewdness and knowledge of human nature in the manner in which the three aunts got over their sorrow for the death of their father, the old laird. 'They sighed and mourned for a time, but soon found occupation congenial to their nature in the little department of life: dressing crape; reviving black silk; converting narrow hems into broad hems; and, in short, who so busy, so important, as the ladies of Glenfern?'

"Aware, perhaps, of the defective outline or story of her first novel, Miss Ferrier has bestowed much more pains on the construction of the 'Inheritance.' It is too complicated for an analysis in this place; but we may mention that it is connected with high life and a wide range of characters, the heroine being a young lady born in France, and heiress to a splendid estate and peerage in Scotland, to which, after various adventures and reverses, she finally succeeds. The tale is well arranged and developed. Its chief attraction, however, consists in the delineation of characters. Uncle Adam and Miss Pratt—the former a touchy, sensitive, rich East Indian, and the latter another of Miss Ferrier's inimitable old maids—are among the best of the portraits; but the canvass is full of happy and striking sketches. 'Destiny' is connected with Highland scenery and Highland manners, but is far from romantic. Miss Ferrier is as *human* and as discerning in her tastes and researches as Miss Edgeworth. The chief, Glenroy, is proud and irascible, spoiled by the fawning of his inferiors, and in his family circle is generous without kindness, and profuse without benevolence. The Highland minister, Mr. Duncan MacDow, is an amiable character, though no very prepossessing specimen of the country pastor, and, either in his single or married state, is sufficiently amusing. Edith, the heroine, is a sweet and gentle creation, and there is strong feeling and passion in some of the scenes. In the case of masculine intellects, like those of the authoress of 'Marriage' and the great Irish novelist, the progress of years seems to impart greater softness and sensibility, and call forth all the gentler affections."

From "Destiny; or, the Chief's Daughter."

A BUSTLING WIFE.

Why Mr. Malcolm had married Mrs. Malcolm was one of those mysteries which had baffled all conjecture, for she had neither beauty, money, connexions, talents, accomplishments, nor common sense. Not that she was ugly, for she would have looked very well in a toy-shop window. She had pink cheeks, blue eyes, and a set of neat yellow curls ranged round her brow. She was much younger than her husband, and looked still more juvenile than she really was, for not all the contempt and obloquy that had been poured upon her for upwards of twenty years had ever made her change either countenance or colour; in fact, she had neither passions, feelings, nerves—scarcely sensations. She seemed precisely one of those whom nature had destined to "suckle fools and chronicle small-beer;" but fate had denied her the fools, and Inch Orran had debarred her from all interference even with the small-beer; for such

was his contempt for the sex in general, and for his own portion of it in particular, that he deemed a woman quite incompetent to regulate a household. His domestic concerns were therefore conducted ostensibly by himself, but virtually by his fat serving-man, who was his foster-brother, and had been his factotum long before he married. Even his dress, to the most minute article, was all of Simon's providing. Simon alone knew to a hair the cut and colour of his wig, the pattern of his pocket-handkerchiefs, the texture of his shirts and neckcloths, the precise latitude and longitude of his flannel waistcoats, with various other particulars incident to a particular man. Now, the chief occupation of Mrs. Malcolm's life was trailing from shop to shop, in search of anything or nothing, and she would have liked to have the dressing of Mr. Malcolm for the pleasure of buying bargains for him. She had therefore attempted to wrest this privilege out of Simon's hands, but in vain; she had picked up a pennyworth of a wig, which she said "looked remarkably neat on the head," but which Simon turned up his nose at, and his master threw into the fire. She had haggled till she was hoarse about a dozen of cotton pocket-handkerchiefs, which, after all, Simon pronounced to be perfectly useless, as they were of the diamond pattern, and his master would not blow his nose with anything but a spot. Her improvements upon flannel jackets had very nearly caused a formal separation, and from that time her active energies not being permitted to exercise themselves either upon her household affairs or her husband's wardrobe, had centered entirely in her own person. She lived in a perpetual, weak, impotent bustle about nothing, spent her money in buying hoards of useless clothes, and her time in looking at them, folding and unfolding them, airing them, locking them up, protecting them from the moths in summer, and mildew in winter, and so on. To crown the whole, she set up for being a sensible woman, and talked maudlin nonsense by the yard; for she was one of those who would ask if the sea produced corn, rather than hold her tongue. Here it may be remarked, that it requires a great deal of mind to be silent at the right time and place. True, there are some few gifted individuals, whose conversation flows like a continued stream, fertilizing all around, enriching others without impoverishing themselves; but how different from the idle chatter of empty heads, whose only sounds are caused by their own hollowness! "Two things there are indicative of a weak mind," says Saadi, the Persian sage, "to be silent when it is proper to speak, and to speak when it is proper to be silent." Such was the helpmate of Inch Orran.

"I am happy to see you, gentlemen," said she, in her little tiresome croaking voice; "indeed I am thankful to see anybody, for this is such a lonely out-of-the-way place. I was just saying this morning, what an improvement a town would be on the water-side; it would be a great ornament, and of great use in making a stir, and giving employment to poor people, and very convenient too. I'm surprised it has never struck any body to set such a thing a-going, when there's such a want of employment for the poor."

"Rome was not built in a day, you know, ma'am," said the facetious Mr. M'Dow, with one of his loud laughs: "but if you will use your influence with Inch Orran, and prevail upon him to begin, there's no saying where it may end"—another peal—"and I hope the kirk and the manse will not be forgot, Inch Orran."

"Still less the stipend, sir," said Inch Orran, with one of his vicious sneers.

"I'll answer for it the stipend will no get leave to be forgot," returned the incorrigible Mr. M'Dow, with one of his loudest roars; "you may trust the minister for keeping you in mind of that."

"I believe I may, sir."

"And let it be a good one at the first, Inch Orran, that he may not have such a battle to fight for his augmentation as I have had. I really think the Teind Court has taken an entire wrong view of the subject there, or they would have given me the decreet at once. You'll no go along with me there, Glenroy."

But Glenroy disdained to reply; so the little old man said, "It was the saying, sir, of one of the wisest judges who ever sat upon the Scottish bench, that a *poor* clergy made a *pure* clergy—a maxim which deserves to be engraven in letters of gold on every manse in Scotland."

"Deed, then, I can tell you, Inch Orran, the gold would be very soon picket off," returned Mr. M'Dow, with redoubled bursts of laughter. "Na, na, you must keep the gold for your fine English Episcopalian palaces, where it's no so scarce as it's among us;" and Mr. M'Dow perfectly revelled in the delight of this *jeu d'esprit*. Mrs. Malcolm now struck in. "I'm quite tormented with these midges. I don't think they'll leave the skin upon me. I wish they would bite you, Mr. Malcolm."

SUNDAY.

The next day was Sunday—day of rest to the poor and the toil-worn—of weariness to the rich and the idle. Ah! little do they enter into the feelings of many who look forward to this day as the day when even the "wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest," as the day blessed and hallowed to those on whom rests, in its full force, the primeval command, "Six days shalt thou labour;" and which makes the Sabbath lovely in the sight

"Of blessed angels, pitying human cares;"

as the day when heavenly truths are proclaimed alike to all from the prince to the beggar; from the man of grey hairs standing on the threshold of the grave, to the young who have lately entered the arena of this life;—there, in the house of God, "the rich and the poor meet together;" and there they are reminded of those impressive truths, so humbling to the haughty, so elevating to the lowly—"that the Lord is the maker of them all," and that one day they shall stand before his judgment-seat, without respect of persons, to "receive the reward of the deeds done in the body." On that day, how many a sorrowing heart can more freely

pour forth its griefs to that gracious ear which is ever open to the cry of the afflicted!

DISAPPOINTED LOVE.

And now Edith felt as though her destiny was sealed. Never more, did it seem, could her heart awaken to the love of aught that life could bestow. The idol her imagination had fashioned had fallen; but even while it lay in shivers at her feet, still her fond, credulous heart had unconsciously hovered amid the broken fragments, in the vain hope that the image it had so adored might again rise, to receive the homage of a still enslaved soul. But now it had turned to very dust and ashes in her sight — now the illusion was dispelled, and the selfish, hollow character of her lover appeared in its true colours. It was then a purer light dawned upon the darkness of her spirit. She now discerned that the image of the creature had held that place in her heart, and exercised that sway over her mind which belonged only to the Creator. The enchantment of life was then indeed dissolved, but what heir of immortality would wish to remain the dupe of this world's enchantments?

* * * * *

Edith felt as all must feel, more or less, at the breaking of so dear and sacred a tie. Friendship and love, dear and holy affections as they may be, are the affections we ourselves have formed and chosen—we can look back upon the time when as yet they were not, and their existence was not linked with ours; but from the first dawn of consciousness, it was a parent's love that beamed upon our hearts, and awakened all their best and holiest sympathies. Friends may meet as strangers — the tenderest bands of love, even wedded love, may be broken — but 'tis God himself who has formed that one indissoluble bond which neither human power nor human frailty ever can dissolve.

SUDDEN POVERTY.

It is not those who have been born and bred in affluence who can all at once comprehend the nature of absolute poverty — those who have been accustomed to will their every gratification can ill conceive the privations of want — the shifts and expedients of fallen fortune—the difficulty which the mind has to contract its desires, and the habits of self-indulgence and luxury which have to be overcome or annihilated; in short, no things differ more than abstract and actual poverty.

SECOND LOVE.

How like a dream, a vision of the night, did this brief and passing scene appear to Edith! — Again and again she asked herself, could it be that the lost, the lamented, had thus, as it were, started into life—that the loved companion of her childish days was now the chosen of her matured affections? And these affections, had they been lightly transferred — could affections, once so blighted as hers had been, ever again revive, and own a second spring? Was it indeed love that she now owned and felt? Oh, how different from that which had cast its dazzling and delusive glare over her young imagination, and tinged so many of the radiant years of youth with colours fair, 'tis true, but fading as the tints of the rainbow!

Love had formerly been a sentiment — a false, narrow, exclusive sentiment — shared only by the object which inspired it; now, it was a noble, generous, diffusive principle, which glowed in her heart, and sought to impart a portion of its own blessedness around. She had loved Reginald, as she could have loved anything that fancy had painted to her as fair and fascinating. She had invested him with every noble and generous attribute which the young and imaginative so lavishly bestow on those they love. But the illusion had long since been dispelled, never again to gather over her heart. Again she loved, but by a light which could not deceive; by that divine light which taught her not to love the mere perishing idol of life's passing hour, but the immortal being with whose soul her own might joy to claim kindred throughout eternity. And the dear ones who still mourned his loss — Oh, theirs would be rapture almost to agony! But she dared not allow her thoughts to dwell on such a theme.

FOLLEN, ELIZA LEE,

Whose maiden-name was Cabott, was born in Boston, Mass. In 1828, she married Charles Follen, a native of Germany, and Professor of the German language and literature in Harvard College. He was lost or perished in the conflagration of the Lexington, January 13th, 1840. Mrs. Follen is a well-known writer. Her principal works are — "Sketches of Married Life," "The Skeptic," and a "Life of Charles Follen," published in 1844. She has also edited the works of her late husband, in four volumes, besides contributing to various literary periodicals, and has written a volume of Poems, which appeared in 1839. And, moreover, she has prepared several books for the young; her talents as an educator being, perhaps, more successful than in literary pursuits. Mrs. Follen, on the death of her lamented husband, was left to provide for the education of their only child, a son, of nine or ten years of age. She resolved to conduct the instruction of her son, and receiving into her home a few boys, sons of her beloved and true friends, as companions for her child and pupils of her care, she fitted these youths for Harvard University. Such honourable exertions to perform faithfully the duty of father as well as mother to her son, demand a warmer tribute of praise than the highest genius, disconnected from usefulness, can ever claim for a Christian woman.

From "Poems."

THE EXILED STRANGER.

Hark! what sweetly solemn sound
Rises on the morning air?
Shedding gentle peace around,
And stilling busy earthly care.

The mighty city holds its breath,
As the sacred music swells;
And discord dies a transient death,
While listening to those Sabbath bells.

Hearts that had forgot to pray.
Eyes that had been fixed below,
Now look to Heaven, and ask the way,
As to the house of God they go.

But there is one who hears those notes,
To whom like angels' songs they seem;
O'er whose glad soul the music floats,
Like memory of a youthful dream;—

Far from his well-loved father-land,
From early friends, and blessed home,
Chased by the tyrant's bloody hand,
An exiled stranger, doomed to roam:

In freedom's land a home to find,
He hastens o'er the dark blue sea,
Leaving each youthful joy behind,
And asking only to be free.

And now the blessed tones he hears
Of those soft, soothing Sabbath bells;
And as the shore the vessel nears,
More full and strong the anthem swells.

And as he hears the solemn sound,
He leaps with rapture on the shore:
He feels he stands on holy ground;
Feels that his perils are all o'er.

And see, amidst the gazing crowd,
Unheeding all, he 's kneeling there:
To the free earth his head is bowed;
His full wrapt soul is lost in prayer.

That prayer shall not be breathed in vain;
Nor vain the sacrifice be made:
There is a Hand will give again
The wreath that 's on his altar laid.

WINTER SCENES IN THE COUNTRY.

The short, dull, rainy day drew to a close;
No gleam burst forth upon the western hills,
With smiling promise of a brighter day,
Dressing the leafless woods with golden light;
But the dense fog hung its dark curtain round,
And the unceasing rain poured like a torrent on.
The wearied inmates of the house draw near
The cheerful fire; the shutters all are closed;
A brightening look spreads round, that seems to say,
Now let the darkness and the rain prevail;
Here all is bright! How beautiful is the sound
Of the descending rain! how soft the wind
Through the wet branches of the drooping elms!
But hark! far off, beyond the sheltering hills
Is heard the gathering tempest's distant swell,
Threatening the peaceful valley ere it comes.
The stream that glided through its pebbly way
To its own sweet music, now roars hoarsely on;
The woods send forth a deep and heavy sigh;
The gentle south has ceased; the rude northwest,
Rejoicing in his strength, comes rushing forth.
The rain is changed into a driving sleet,
And when the fitful wind a moment lulls,
The feathery snow, almost inaudible,
Falls on the window-panes as soft and still
As the light brushings of an angel's wings,
Or the sweet visitings of quiet thoughts
'Midst the wild tumult of this stormy life.
The tightened strings of nature's ceaseless harp
Send forth a shrill and piercing melody,
As the full swell returns. The night comes on,
And sleep upon this little world of ours,
Spreads out her sheltering, healing wings; and man—
The heaven-inspired soul of this fair earth,
The bold interpreter of nature's voice,
Giving a language even to the stars—
Unconscious of the throbbings of his heart,—
Is still; and all unheeded is the storm,
Save by the wakeful few who love the night;
Those pure and active spirits that are placed
As guards o'er wayward man; they who show forth
God's holy image on the soul impressed,
They listen to the music of the storm,
And hold high converse with the unseen world;
They wake, and watch, and pray, while othe s sleep.
The stormy night has passed; the eastern clouds
Glow with the morning's ray; but who shall tell
The peerless glories of this winter day?
Nature has put her jewels on, one blaze
Of sparkling light and ever-varying hues
Bursts on the enraptured sight.
The smallest twig with brilliants hangs its head;
The graceful elm and all the forest trees
Have on a crystal coat of mail, and seem
All decked and tricked out for a holiday,
And every stone shines in its wreath of gems.
The pert, familiar robin, as he flies
From spray to spray, showers diamonds around,
And moves in rainbow light where'er he goes.
The universe looks glad; but words are vain,
To paint the wonders of the splendid show.
The heart exults with uncontrolled delight.
The glorious pageant slowly moves away,
As the sun sinks behind the western hills.
So fancy, for a short and fleeting day,
May shed upon the cold and barren earth
Her bright enchantments and her dazzling hues;
And thus they melt and fade away, and leave
A cold and dull reality behind.
But see where in the clear, unclouded sky,
The crescent moon, with calm and sweet rebuke,
Doth charm away the spirit of complaint.
Her tender light falls on the snow-clad hills,
Like the pure thoughts that angels might bestow
Upon this world of beauty, and of sin,
That mingle not with that whereon they rest;—
So should immortal spirits dwell below.
There is a holy influence in the moon,
And in the countless hosts of silent stars,
The heart cannot resist: its passions sleep,
And all is still; save that which shall awake
When all this vast and fair creation sleeps.

FULLER, SARAH MARGARET,*

Was the daughter of Timothy Fuller, a member of the Boston bar, but a resident of Cambridge, Massachusetts, where Margaret was born. From 1817 until 1825, Mr. Fuller was sent to Congress, representative of the district of Middlesex. At the close of these political duties, he retired from his profession and settled in the country as an agriculturist; soon afterwards he died.

Margaret was the oldest child of the family, and at an early age evinced remarkable aptitude for study; it became her father's pride and pleasure to cultivate her intellect to the utmost degree. We are told that his tasks were often oppressive, and that her juvenile brain was taxed to the disadvantage of her physical healthy development. Most particularly did the father instruct his daughter in the learning he considered of the first importance—the classic tongues. An acquaintance with these, subsequently led her to study the modern languages, and Miss Fuller was, from her youth, distinguished for her extraordinary philological accomplishments. Of course, the German literature exercised a potent sway over her taste and genius; such influence being now-a-days too common, with both adepts and dabblers in learning, to excite wonder. Yet why is this enthusiasm for German? this peculiar reverence for its unpronounceable vocabularies, and

* We give the *name* by which only she was known in America; and we give her a place among the living, where she was numbered when our Third Era was completed. Her death can hardly yet be realized: she seems only to have withdrawn, not passed away forever

unfathomable philosophy? Where all is mysticism, nothing can be clear; even truth, when thus shadowed, loses its strength as well as simplicity.

Miss Fuller was, however, besides her classical studies, most thoroughly exercised in every solid and elegant department of literature, and probably no American woman was ever before so fully *educated*, as that term is usually applied. After her father's decease, she devoted her talents and acquirements to the assistance of her mother and sisters, by opening classes for the instruction of ladies, both single and married, first in Boston, then in Providence, Rhode Island; and afterwards in Boston again. During this period her womanly characteristics, — self-sacrificing generosity, industry, untiring kindness in the domestic circle, — were beautifully displayed. Her memory is more sanctified by the love her exemplary qualities called forth in the privacy of home, than by all the literary laurels her admirers wish to offer her.

In 1839, she made a translation of Goëthe's "Conversations;" — this is her first work. She was, in the following year, concerned with Ralph Waldo Emerson in editing the "Dial," a periodical of some note in its day; to which both these writers contributed essays, highly applauded by their transcendental readers. To those who require perspicuity as a condition of excellence in literature, such "wanderings round about a meaning," however fine may be the diction, are never appreciated; yet it is but fair to say, that the meaning of Miss Fuller was always honest and generous. She was so far from being in adoration before herself, that she seemed ever aiming to enlarge the moral good of her "brother man and sister woman."

In 1843, she published a volume — "Summer on the Lakes," being an account of a tour to Illinois. This book contains, with much irrelevant matter, some sensible remarks; but there is little in it, as far as regards style or story, beyond what might be found in the letters of any well-educated gentlewoman of moderate abilities, who thought it worth while to journalize on a summer's ramble. About this period Miss Fuller resided for a time in New York, where she edited the literary department of the "Tribune," contributing papers on various subjects, but chiefly critical notices of the works of distinguished authors, for which task both education and genius seemed peculiarly to fit her.

In 1845, her most important work, "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," was published in New York. It is evident that a strong wish to benefit her own sex, moved her heart and guided her pen. One male critic, whose title of Reverend should have inspired more charity, has flippantly remarked, that Miss Fuller wrote because she was vexed at not being a man. — Not so. Though discontented with her woman's lot, she does not seek to put aside any duty, or lower the standard of virtue in order to escape the pressure of real or imagined evils in her position. Nor was it for herself that she sought freedom; she wanted a wider field of usefulness for her sex; and unfortunately for her own happiness, which would have been secured by advancing that of others, she mistook the right path of progress. With her views we are far from coinciding: she abandoned the only safe guide in her search for truth. Whatever be the genius or intellectual vigour possessed by a woman, these avail her nothing without that moral strength which is nowhere to be obtained, save from the aid God has given us in His revealed Word. Experience and observation prove that the greater the intellectual force, the greater and more fatal the errors into which women fall who wander from the Rock of Salvation, Christ the Saviour, who, "made of a woman," is peculiarly the stay and support of the sex.

But though Miss Fuller's theories led to mazes and wanderings, her mind was honest in its search for truth, and with much that is visionary and impracticable, "Woman in the Nineteenth Century" contains many useful hints and noble sentiments.

In 1844, a selection from her contributions to various periodicals was issued, under the title of "Papers on Literature and Art;" a work much admired by those who profess to understand the new thoughts, or new modes of expressing old apothegms, which the transcendental philsophy has introduced. It was her last published work. In the summer of 1845, Miss Fuller accompanied some dear friends to Europe; after visiting England, Scotland, France, and passing through Italy to Rome, they spent the ensuing winter in the "Eternal City," where she continued, while her friends returned to America. In the following year, Miss Fuller was married, in Rome, to Giovanni Marquis d'Ossoli, an Italian. She remained in Rome till the summer of 1849, when, after the surrender of that city to the French, the Marquis d'Ossoli and his wife, having taken an active part in the Republican movement, considered it necessary to emigrate. They went to Florence, and remained there till June, 1850, when they determined to come to the United States, and accordingly embarked at Leghorn, in the brig Elizabeth,

bound for New York. The deplorable and melancholy catastrophe is well known; the ship, as she neared our coast, encountered a fearful storm, and on the morning of the 8th of August was wrecked on Fire Island, south of Long Island; and the D'Ossoli family — husband, wife, infant son and nurse — all perished!

Margaret Fuller, or the Marchioness d'Ossoli, possessed among a host of professed admirers, many grateful, loving friends, to whom her sad, untimely death was a bitter grief. These mourn also, that she left her mission unfinished, because they believe a work she had prepared "On the Revolution in Italy," (the MS. was lost with her), would have given her enduring fame. One indication of true mental improvement she exhibited — her enthusiasm for Goëthe had abated; and a friend of hers, a distinguished scholar, asserts that, "with the Reformers of the Transcendental School she had no communion, nor scarcely a point in common." Whatever she might have done, we are constrained to add, that of the books she has left, we do not believe that they are destined to hold a high place in female literature. There is no true moral life in them. The simple "Prose Hymns for Children," of Mrs. Barbauld, or the "Poems" of Jane Taylor, will have a place in the hearts and homes of the Anglo-Saxon race, as long as our language endures; but the genius of Margaret Fuller will live only while the tender remembrance of personal friendship shall hold it dear. Her fame, like that of a great actor, or singer, was dependent on her living presence,— gained more by her conversational powers than by her writings. Those who enjoyed her society declare, that her mind shone most brightly in collision with other minds, and that no adequate idea of her talents can be formed by those who never heard her talk. This was also true of Coleridge; and Dr. Johnson is certainly a greater man in Boswell's Reports than in the "Rambler." Margaret Fuller had no reporter.

From "Summer on the Lakes."

A NIGHT IN MICHIGAN.

No heaven need wear a lovelier aspect than earth did this afternoon, after the clearing up of the shower. We traversed the blooming plain, unmarked by any road, only the friendly track of wheels which tracked, not broke the grass. Our stations were not from town to town, but from grove to grove. These groves first floated like blue islands in the distance. As we drew nearer, they seemed fair parks, and the little log houses on the edge, with their curling smokes, harmonized beautifully with them.

One of these groves, Ross's grove, we reached just at sunset. It was of the noblest trees I saw during this journey, for the trees generally were not large or lofty, but only of fair proportions. Here they were large enough to form with their clear stems pillars for grand cathedral aisles. There was space enough for crimson light to stream through upon the floor of water which the shower had left. As we slowly plashed through, I thought I was never in a better place for vespers.

That night we rested, or rather tarried at a grove some miles beyond, and there partook of the miseries so often jocosely portrayed, of bed-chambers for twelve, a milk-dish for universal hand-basin, and expectations that you would use and lend your "handkerchief" for a towel. But this was the only night, thanks to the hospitality of private families, that we passed thus, and it was well that we had this bit of experience, else might we have pronounced all Trollopian records of the kind to be inventions of pure malice.

With us was a young lady who showed herself to have been bathed in the Britannic fluid, wittily described by a late French writer, by the impossibility she experienced of accommodating herself to the indecorums of the scene. We ladies were to sleep in the bar-room, from which its drinking visitors could be ejected only at a late hour. The outer door had no fastening to prevent their return. However, our host kindly requested we would call him, if they did, as he had "conquered them for us," and would do so again. We had also rather hard couches, (mine was the supper-table;) but we yankees, born to rove, were altogether too much fatigued to stand upon trifles, and slept as sweetly as we would in the "bigly bower" of any baroness. But I think England sat up all night, wrapped in her blanket shawl, and with a neat lace cap upon her head; so that she would have looked perfectly the lady, if any one had come in; shuddering and listening. I know that she was very ill next day, in requital. She watched, as her parent country watches the seas, that nobody may do wrong in any case, and deserved to have met some interruption, she was so well prepared. However, there was none, other than from the nearness of some twenty sets of powerful lungs, which would not leave the night to a deadly stillness. In this house we had, if not good beds, yet good tea, good bread, and wild strawberries, and were entertained with most free communications of opinion and history from our hosts. Neither shall any of us have a right to say again that we cannot find any who may be willing to hear all we may have to say. "A's fish that comes to the net," should be painted on the sign at Papaw grove.

THE PRAIRIE.

In Chicago I first saw the beautiful prairie flowers. They were in their glory the first ten days we were there—

"The golden and the flame-like flowers."

The flame-like flower I was taught afterwards, by an Indian girl, to call "Wickapee;" and she told me, too, that its splendours had a useful side, for it was used by the Indians as a remedy for an illness to which they were subject.

Beside these brilliant flowers, which gemmed and gilt the grass in a sunny afternoon's drive near the blue lake, between the low oakwood and the narrow beach, stimulated, whether sensuously by the optic nerve, unused to so much gold and crimson with such tender green, or symbolically through some meaning dimly seen in the flowers,

I enjoyed a sort of fairy-land exultation never felt before, and the first drive amid the flowers gave me anticipation of the beauty of the prairies.

At first, the prairie seemed to speak of the very desolation of dulness. After sweeping over the vast monotony of the lakes to come to this monotony of land, with all around a limitless horizon, — to walk, and walk, and run, but never climb, oh! it was too dreary for any but a Hollander to bear. How the eye greeted the approach of a sail, or the smoke of a steamboat; it seemed that any thing so animated must come from a better land, where mountains gave religion to the scene.

The only thing I liked at first to do, was to trace with slow and unexpecting step the narrow margin of the lake. Sometimes a heavy swell gave it expression; at others, only its varied colouring, which I found more admirable every day, and which gave it an air of mirage instead of the vastness of ocean. Then there was a grandeur in the feeling that I might continue that walk, if I had any seven-leagued mode of conveyance to save fatigue, for hundreds of miles without an obstacle and without a change.

But after I had rode out, and seen the flowers and seen the sun set with that calmness seen only in the prairies, and the cattle winding slowly home to their homes in the "island groves"—peacefullest of sights—I began to love because I began to know the scene, and shrank no longer from "the encircling vastness."

It is always thus with the new form of life; we must learn to look at it by its own standard. At first, no doubt my accustomed eye kept saying, if the mind did not, What! no distant mountains? what, no valleys? But after a while I would ascend the roof of the house where we lived, and pass many hours, needing no sight but the moon reigning in the heavens, or starlight falling upon the lake, till all the lights were out in the island grove of men beneath my feet, and felt nearer heaven that there was nothing but this lovely, still reception on the earth; no towering mountains, no deep tree-shadows, nothing but plain earth and water bathed in light.

From "Woman *in* the Nineteenth Century."

AMERICAN WOMEN.

In our own country, women are, in many respects, better situated than men. Good books are allowed, with more time to read them. They are not so early forced into the bustle of life, nor so weighed down by demands for outward success. The perpetual changes, incident to our society, make the blood circulate freely through the body politic, and, if not favourable at present to the grace and bloom of life, they are so to activity, resource, and would be to reflection, but for a low materialist tendency, from which the women are generally exempt in themselves, though its existence, among the men has a tendency to repress their impulses and make them doubt their instincts, thus, often, paralyzing their action during the best years.

But they have time to think, and no traditions chain them, and few conventionalities compared with what must be met in other nations. There is no reason why they should not discover that the secrets of nature are open, the revelations of the spirit waiting for whoever will seek them. When the mind is once awakened to this consciousness, it will not be restrained by the habits of the past, but fly to seek the seeds of a heavenly future.

Their employments are more favourable to meditation than those of men.

Woman is not addressed religiously here, more than elsewhere. She is told she should be worthy to be the mother of a Washington, or the companion of some good man. But in many, many instances, she has already learnt that all bribes have the same flaw; that truth and good are to be sought solely for their own sakes. And, already, an ideal sweetness floats over many forms, shines in many eyes.

Already deep questions are put by young girls on the great theme: What shall I do to enter upon the eternal life?

Men are very courteous to them. They praise them often, check them seldom. There is chivalry in the feeling towards "the ladies," which gives them the best seats in the stage-coach, frequent admission, not only to lectures of all sorts, but to courts of justice, halls of legislature, reform conventions. The newspaper editor "would be better pleased that the Lady's Book should be filled up exclusively by ladies. It would then, indeed, be a true gem, worthy to be presented by young men to the mistresses of their affections." Can gallantry go further?

In this country is venerated, wherever seen, the character which Goëthe spoke of an Ideal, which he saw actualized in his friend and patroness, the Grand Duchess Amelia. "The excellent woman is she, who, if the husband dies, can be a father to the children." And this, if read aright, tells a great deal.

LOVE.

To you, women of America, it is more especially my business to address myself on this subject, and my advice may be classed under three heads:

Clear your souls from the taint of vanity.

Do not rejoice in conquests, either that your power to allure may be seen by other women, or for the pleasure of rousing passionate feelings that gratify your love of excitement.

It must happen, no doubt, that frank and generous women will excite love they do not reciprocate, but, in nine cases out of ten, the woman has, half consciously, done much to excite. In this case she shall not be held guiltless, either as to the unhappiness or injury to the lover. Pure love, inspired by a worthy object, must ennoble and bless, whether mutual or not; but that which is excited by coquettish attraction of any grade of refinement, must cause bitterness and doubt, as to the reality of human goodness, so soon as the flush of passion is over. And that you may avoid all taste for these false pleasures,

"Steep the soul
In one pure love, and it will last thee long."

TRUE MARRIAGE.

We are now in a transition state, and but few steps have yet been taken. From polygamy, Europe passed to the marriage *de convenance*. This was scarcely an improvement. An attempt was then made to substitute genuine marriage, (the mutual choice of souls inducing a permanent union,) as yet baffled on every side by the haste, the ignorance, or the impurity of man.

Where man assumes a high principle to which he is not yet ripened; it will happen, for a long time, that the few will be nobler than before; the many worse. Thus now. In the country of Sidney and Milton, the metropolis is a den of wickedness, and a stye of sensuality; in the country of Lady Russell, the custom of English Peeresses, of selling their daughters to the highest bidder, is made the theme and jest of fashionable novels by unthinking children who would stare at the idea of sending them to a Turkish slave-dealer, though the circumstances of the bargain are there less degrading, as the will and thoughts of the person sold are not so degraded by it, and it is not done in defiance of an acknowledged law of right in the land and the age.

I must here add that I do not believe there ever was put upon record more depravation of man, and more despicable frivolity of thought and aim in woman, than in novels which purport to give the picture of English fashionable life, which are read with such favour in our drawing-rooms, and give the tone to the manners of some circles. Compared with the hard-hearted cold folly there described, crime is hopeful, for it, at least, shows some power remaining in the mental constitution.

FEMALE PROGRESS.

Another sign of the times is furnished by the triumphs of female authorship. These have been great and constantly increasing. Women have taken possession of so many provinces for which men had pronounced them unfit, that though these still declare there are some inaccessible to them, it is difficult to say just *where* they must stop.

The shining names of famous women have cast light upon the path of the sex, and many obstructions have been removed. When a Montagu could learn better than her brother, and use her lore afterward to such purpose, as an observer, it seemed amiss to hinder women from preparing themselves to see, or from seeing all they could, when prepared. Since Somerville has achieved so much, will any young girl be prevented from seeking a knowledge of the physical sciences, if she wishes it? De Stael's name was not so clear of offence; she could not forget the woman in the thought; while she was instructing you as a mind, she wished to be admired as a woman; sentimental tears often dimmed the eagle glance. Her intellect too, with all its splendour, trained in a drawing-room, fed on flattery, was tainted and flawed; yet its beams make the obscurest schoolhouse in New England warmer and lighter to the little rugged girls, who are gathered together on its wooden bench. They may never through life hear her name, but she is not the less their benefactress.

The influence has been such, that the aim certainly is, now, in arranging school instruction for girls, to give them as fair a field as boys. As yet, indeed, these arrangements are made with little judgment or reflection; just as the tutors of Lady Jane Grey, and other distinguished women of her time, taught them Latin and Greek, because they knew nothing else themselves, so now the improvement in the education of girls is to be made by giving them young men as teachers, who only teach what has been taught themselves at college, while methods and topics need revision for these new subjects, which could better be made by those who had experienced the same wants. Women are often at the head of these institutions, but they have, as yet, seldom been thinking women, capable to organize a new whole for the wants of the time, and choose persons to officiate in the departments. And when some portion of instruction is got of a good sort from the school, the far greater proportion which is infused from the general atmosphere of society contradicts its purport. Yet books and a little elementary instruction are not furnished in vain. Women are better aware how great and rich the universe is, not so easily blinded by narrowness or partial views of a home circle. "Her mother did so before her," is no longer a sufficient excuse. Indeed, it was never received as an excuse to mitigate the severity of censure, but was adduced as a reason, rather, why there should be no effort made for reformation.

Whether much or little has been done or will be done, whether women will add to the talent of narration, the power of systematizing, whether they will carve marble, as well as draw and paint, is not important. But that it should be acknowledged that they have intellect which needs developing, that they should not be considered complete, if beings of affection and habit alone, is important.

Yet even this acknowledgment, rather conquered by woman than proffered by man, has been sullied by the usual selfishness. So much is said of women being better educated, that they may become better companions and mothers *for men*. They should be fit for such companionship, and we have mentioned with satisfaction, instances where it has been established. Earth knows no fairer, holier relation than that of a mother. It is one which, rightly understood, must both promote and require the highest attainments. But a being of infinite scope must not be treated with an exclusive view to any one relation. Give the soul free course, let the organization, both of body and mind, be freely developed, and the being will be fit for any and every relation to which it may be called. The intellect, no more than the sense of hearing, is to be cultivated merely that she may be a more valuable companion to man, but because the Power who gave a power, by its mere existence, signifies that it must be brought out towards perfection.

In this regard of self-dependence, and a greater simplicity and fulness of being, we must hail as a

preliminary the increase of the class contemptuously designated as old maids.

From "Poems."

ON LEAVING THE WEST.

Farewell, ye soft and sumptuous solitudes!
Ye fairy distances, ye lordly woods,
Haunted by paths like those that Poussin knew,
When after his all gazers' eyes he drew:
I go — and if I never more may steep
An eager heart in your enchantments deep,
Yet ever to itself that heart may say,
Be not exacting — thou hast lived one day —
Hast looked on that which matches with thy mood,
Impassioned sweetness of full being's flood,
Where nothing checked the bold yet gentle wave,
Where naught repelled the lavish love that gave.
A tender blessing lingers o'er the scene,
Like some young mother's thought, fond, yet serene,
And through its life new born our lives have been.
Once more farewell — a sad, a sweet farewell;
And if I never must behold you more,
In other worlds I will not cease to tell
The rosary I here have numbered o'er;
And bright-haired Hope will lend a gladdened ear,
And Love will free him from the grasp of Fear,
And Gorgon critics, while the tale they hear,
Shall dew their stony glances with a tear,
If I but catch one echo from your spell:
And so farewell — a grateful, sad farewell!

TO ALLSTON'S PICTURE, "THE BRIDE."

Not long enough we gaze upon that face,
Nor pure enough the life with which we live,
To be full tranced by that softest grace,
To win all pearls those lucid depths can give;
Here Fantasy has borrowed wings of Even,
And stolen Twilight's latest, sacred hues,
A soul has visited the woman's heaven,
Where palest lights a silver sheen diffuse.
To see aright the vision which he saw,
We must ascend as high upon the stair
Which leads the human thought to heavenly law,
And see the flower bloom in its natal air;
Thus might we read aright the lip and brow,
Where Thought and Love beam too subduing for our senses now.

THE SACRED MARRIAGE.

And has another's life as large a scope?
It may give due fulfilment to thy hope,
And every portal to the unknown may ope.
If, near this other life, thy inmost feeling
Trembles with fateful prescience of revealing
The future Deity, time is still concealing:
If thou feel thy whole force drawn more and more
To launch that other bark on seas without a shore,
And no still secret must be kept in store —
If meannesses that dim each temporal deed,
The dull decay that mars the fleshly weed,
And flower of love that seems to fall and leave no seed —
Hide never the full presence from thy sight
Of mutual aims and tasks, ideals bright,
Which feed their roots to-day on all this seeming blight.

Twin stars that mutual circle in the heaven,
Two parts for spiritual concord given,
Twin sabbaths that inlock the sacred seven —
Still looking to the centre for the cause,
Mutual light giving to draw out the powers,
And learning all the other groups by cognizance of one another's laws:
The parent love the wedded love includes,
The one permits the two their mutual moods,
The two each other know mid myriad multitudes;
With childlike intellect discerning love,
And mutual action energizing love,
In myriad forms affiliating love.
A world whose seasons bloom from pole to pole,
A force which knows both starting-point and goal,
A home in heaven — the union in the soul.

G.

GAY, SOPHIE,

Was born in Paris, where she now resides. She is a writer of considerable talent and great industry, and has long been a favourite with French novel readers. None of her works have been translated into English, nor are the French editions often met with in America. Her style is pleasing; she describes a drawing-room circle with liveliness; her dialogues are natural and appropriate, and she sometimes rises to the pathetic. "Anatole" is, perhaps, her most finished production. "La Duchess de Chateroux," "Marie Louise d'Orleans," "Salons Célébres," "Souveniers d'une Vielle Femme," have all enjoyed a very favourable reputation. But greater interest has attached to the name of Madame Sophie Gay from her motherhood than her authorship. Her celebrated daughter, Delphine, now Madame Emile Girardin, is the living page which enlarges as well as reflects the genius of Sophie Gay.

GILMAN, CAROLINE,

One of those estimable women, true-born Americans, who are doing good in whatever way duty opens before them, be it to write, teach, or work, with unfailing zeal and cheerfulness. We are glad to give the reminiscences of her early days in her own pleasant vein; such glimpses of the inner workings of a female mind have great value on the question of female education.

"I am asked for some 'particulars of my literary and domestic life.' It seems to me, and I suppose at first thought it seems to all, a vain and awkward egotism to sit down and inform the world who you are. But if I, like the Petrarchs and Byrons, and Hemanses, greater or less, have opened my heart to the public for a series of years, with all the pulses of love, and hatred, and sorrow, so transparently unveiled, that the throbs may be almost counted, why should I or they feel embarrassed in responding to this request? Is there not some inconsistency in this shyness about autobiography?

"I find myself, then, at nearly sixty years of age, somewhat of a patriarch in the line of American female authors — a kind of past-master in the order.

"The only interesting point connected with my birth, which took place, October 8th, 1794, in Boston, Mass., is that I first saw the light where the Mariner's Church now stands, in the North Square. My father, Samuel Howard, was a shipwright; and, to my fancy, it seems fitting that seamen should assemble on the former homestead of one, who spent his manhood in planning and perfecting the noble fabrics which bear them over the waves. All the record I have of him is, that on every State Thanksgiving-Day he spread a liberal table for the poor; and for this, I honour his memory.

"My father died before I was three years old, and was buried at Copp's Hill. My mother, who was an enthusiastic lover of nature, retired into the country with her six children, and placing her boys at an academy at Woburn, resided with her girls, in turn, at Concord, Dedham, Watertown, and Cambridge, changing her residence almost annually, until I was nearly ten years old, when she passed away, and I followed her to her resting-place, in the burial-ground at North Andover.

"My education was exceedingly irregular — a perpetual passing from school to school—from my earliest memory. I drew a very little, and worked the Babes in the Wood on white satin; my teacher and my grandmother being the only persons who recognised, in the remarkable individuals that issued from my hands, a likeness to those innocent sufferers. I taught myself the English guitar, at fifteen, from hearing a school-mate take lessons, and composed a tune, which I doubt if posterity will care to hear. By depriving myself of some luxuries, I purchased an instrument, over which my whole soul was poured in joy and sorrow for many years. A dear friend was kind enough to work out all my sums for me, while I wrote a novel in a series of letters, under the euphonious name of Eugenia Fitz-Allen. The consequence is, that, so far as arithmetic is concerned, I have been subject to perpetual mortifications, and shudder to this day when any one asks me how much is seven times nine.

"The religious feeling was always powerful within me, and at sixteen I joined the communion at the Episcopal church in Cambridge. At the age of eighteen, I made another sacrifice in dress to purchase a Bible, with a margin sufficiently wide to enable me to insert a commentary. To this object I devoted several months of study, transferring to its pages my deliberate convictions. I am glad to class myself with the few who first established the Sabbath-school and benevolent society at Watertown, and to say, that I have endeavoured under all circumstances, wherever my lot has fallen, to carry on the work of social love.

"At sixteen, I wrote 'Jephthah's Rash Vow,' and was gratified by the request of an introduction from Miss Hannah Adams, the erudite, the simple-minded, and gentle-mannered author of 'The History of Religions.' The next effusion of mine was 'Jairus' Daughter,' which I inserted, by request, in 'The North American Review,' then a miscellany. A few years later, I passed four winters at Savannah, Ga., and remember still vividly the love and sympathy of that genial community.

"In 1819, I married Samuel Gilman, and came to Charleston, South Carolina, where he was ordained pastor of the Unitarian church.

"In 1832, I commenced editing the 'Rose Bud,' a hebdomadal, the first juvenile *newspaper*, if I mistake not, in the Union. From this periodical I have reprinted, at various times, the following volumes: 'Recollections of a New England Housekeeper,' 'Recollections of a Southern Matron,' 'Ruth Raymond, or Love's Progress,' 'Poetry of Travelling in the United States,' 'Tales and Ballads,' 'Verses of a Life-Time,' 'Letters of Eliza Wilkinson during the invasion of Charleston.' Also several volumes for youth, now collected in one; and recently published as 'Mrs. Gilman's Gift-Book.'

"On the publication of 'The Recollections of a New England Housekeeper,' I received thanks and congratulations from every quarter, and I attribute its popularity to the fact, that it was the first attempt, in that particular mode, to enter into the recesses of American homes and hearths — the first unveiling of what I may call the altar of the Lares in our *cuisine*.

"I feel proud to say, that a chapter in that work was among the first heralds of the temperance movement — a cause to which I shall cheerfully give my later as well as my earlier powers.

"I have purposely confined myself to my earlier recollections, believing that my writings will be the best exponents of my views and experience.

"My Heavenly Father has called me to various trials of joy and sorrow, and I trust they have all drawn me nearer to Him. I have resided in Charleston thirty-one years, and shall probably make my final resting-place in the beautiful cemetery adjoining my husband's church — the church of my faith and my love."

The character of Mrs. Gilman's writings, both prose and poetry, is that of a healthy imagination and cheerful mind — just what her reminiscences would lead us to expect. She sees no "lions in her path," and she never parades fictitious woes. She admires nature, delights in social enjoyments, and chooses the dear domestic affections and household virtues for themes of story and song. Her pictures of southern life are vivid and racy; she excels in these home-sketches, and her moral lessons evince the true nobility of her soul.

From the "Recollections of a Southern Matron.'

FAMILY EDUCATION.

After the departure of our Connecticut teacher, Mr. Bates, papa resolved to carry on our education himself. We were to rise by daylight, that he might pursue his accustomed ride over the fields after breakfast. New writing-books were taken out and ruled, fresh quills laid by their side, our task carefully committed to memory, and we sat with a mixture of docility and curiosity to know

how he would manage as a teacher. The first three days, our lessons being on trodden ground, and ourselves under the impulse of novelty, we were very amiable, he very paternal; on the fourth, John was turned out of the room, Richard was pronounced a snub, and I went sobbing to mamma, as if my heart would break, while papa said he might be compelled to ditch rice-fields, but he never would undertake to teach children again.

A slight constraint was thrown over the family for a day or two, but it soon wore off, and he returned to his good-nature. For three weeks we were as wild as fawns, until mamma's attention was attracted by my sun-burnt complexion, and my brother's torn clothes.

"This will never answer," said she to papa. "Look at Cornelia's face! It is as brown as a chinquapin. Richard has ruined his new suit, and John has cut his leg with the carpenter's tools. I have half a mind to keep school for them myself."

Papa gave a slight whistle, which seemed rather to stimulate than check her resolution. "Cornelia," said she, "go directly to your brothers, and prepare your books for to-morrow. *I* will teach you."

The picture about to be presented is not overwrought. I am confident of the sympathy of many a mother, whose finger has been kept on a word in the lesson, amid countless interruptions, and finished with a frolic.

One would suppose that the retirement of a plantation was the most appropriate spot for a mother and her children to give and receive instruction. Not so; for instead of a limited household, her dependants are increased to a number which would constitute a village. She is obliged to listen to cases of grievance, is a nurse to the sick, and distributes the half-yearly clothing; indeed, the mere giving out of thread and needles is something of a charge on so large a scale. A planter's lady may seem indolent, because there are so many under her who perform trivial services; but the very circumstance of keeping so many menials in order is an arduous one, and the *keys* of her establishment are a care of which a northern housekeeper knows nothing, and include a very extensive class of duties. Many fair, and even aristocratic girls, if we may use this phrase in our republican country, who grace a ball-room, or loll in a liveried carriage, may be seen with these steel talismans, presiding over store-rooms, and measuring, with the accuracy and conscientiousness of a shopman, the daily allowance of the family, or cutting homespun suits, for days together, for the young and the old negroes under their charge; while matrons, who would ring a bell for their pocket-handkerchief to be brought to them, will act the part of a surgeon or physician with a promptitude and skill which would excite astonishment in a stranger. Very frequently, servants, like children, will only take medicine from their superiors, and in this case the planter's wife or daughter is admirably fitted to aid them.

There are few establishments where all care and responsibility devolves on the master; and even then the superintendence of a large domestic circle, and the rites of hospitality, demand so large a portion of the mistress's time, as leaves her but little opportunity for systematic teaching in her family. In this case she is wise to seek an efficient tutor, still appropriating those opportunities which perpetually arise under the same roof to improve their moral and religious culture, and cultivate those sympathies which exalt these precious beings from children to friends.

The young, conscientious, ardent mother must be taught this by experience. She has a jealousy at first of any instruction that shall come between their dawning minds and her own; and is only taught by the constantly thwarted recitation, that in this country, at least, good housekeeping and good teaching cannot be combined.

But to return to my narrative. The morning after mamma's order, we assembled at ten o'clock. There was a little trepidation in her manner, but we loved her too well to annoy her by noticing it. Her education had been confined to mere rudiments, and her good sense led her only to conduct our reading, writing, and spelling.

We stood in a line.

"Spell *irrigate*," said she. Just then the coach man entered, and bowing, said,

"Maussa send me for de key for get four quart o' corn for him bay horse."

The key was given.

"Spell *imitate*," said mamma.

"We did not spell *irrigate*," we all exclaimed.

"Oh, no," said she; "*irrigate*."

By the time the two words were well through, Chloe, the most refined of our coloured circle, appeared.

"Will mistress please to *medjure* out some calomel for Syphax, who is feverish and onrestless?"

During mamma's visit to the doctor's-shop, as the medicine-closet was called, we turned the inkstand over on her mahogany table, and wiped it up with our pocket-handkerchiefs. It required some time to cleanse and arrange ourselves; and just as we were seated, and had advanced a little way on our orthographical journey, Maum Phillis entered with her usual drawl,

"Little maussa want for nurse, marm."

While this operation was going on, we gathered round mamma to play bo-peep with the baby, until even she forgot our lessons. At length the little pet was dismissed, with the white drops still resting on his red lips, and our line was formed again.

Mamma's next interruption, after successfully issuing a few words, was to settle a quarrel between Lafayette and Venus, two little blackies, who were going through their daily drill in learning to rub the furniture, which, with brushing flies at meals, constitutes the first instruction for house-servants. These important and classical personages rubbed about a stroke to the minute on each side of the cellaret, rolling up their eyes and making grimaces at each other. At this crisis, they had laid claim to the same rubbing-cloth; mamma stopped the dispute, by ordering my seamstress, Flora, who was sewing for me, to apply the weight of her thimble, that long-known

weapon of offence, as well as implement of industry, to their organ of firmness.

"Spell *accentuate*," said mamma, whose finger had slipped from the column.

"No, no, that is not the place," we exclaimed, rectifying the mistake.

"Spell *irritate*," said she, with admirable coolness; and John fairly succeeded, just as the overseer's son, a sallow little boy, with yellow hair and blue homespun dress, came in with his hat on, and kicking up one foot for manners, said,

"Fayther says as how he wants Master Richard's horse to help tote some tetters to tother field."

This pretty piece of alliteration was complied with, after some remonstrance from brother Dick, and we finished our column. At this crisis, before we were fairly seated at writing, mamma was summoned to the hall to one of the field-hands, who had received an injury in the ankle from a hoe. Papa and the overseer being at a distance, she was obliged to superintend the wound. We all followed her, Lafayette and Venus bringing up the rear. She inspected the sufferer's great foot, covered with blood and perspiration, superintended a bath, prepared a healing application, and bound it on with her own delicate hands, first quietly tying a black apron over her white dress. There was no shrinking, no hiding of the eyes; and while extracting some extraneous substance from the wound, her manner was as resolute as it was gentle and consoling. This episode gave Richard an opportunity to unload his pockets of groundnuts, and treat us therewith. We were again seated at our writing-books, and were going on swimmingly with "*Avoid evil company*," when a little crow-minder, hoarse from his late occupation, came in with a basket of eggs, and said,

"Mammy Phillis send missis some eggs for buy, ma'am; she an't so berry well, and ax for some 'baccer."

It took a little time to pay for the eggs and send to the store-room for the Virginia weed, of which opportunity we availed ourselves to draw figures on our slates. Mamma reproved us, and we were resuming our duties, when the cook's son approached, and said,

"Missis, Daddy Ajax say he been broke de axe, and ax me for ax you for len him de new axe."

This made us shout with laughter, and the business was scarcely settled, when the dinner-horn sounded. That evening a carriage full of friends arrived from the city to pass a week with us, and thus ended mamma's experiment in teaching.

YOUNG MEN.

There is no moral object so beautiful to me as a conscientious young man! I watch him as I do a star in the heavens: clouds may be before him, but we know that his light is behind them, and will beam again; the blaze of others' prosperity may outshine him, but we know that, though unseen, he illumines his true sphere. He resists temptation not without a struggle, for that is not virtue, but he does resist and conquer; he hears the sarcasm of the profligate, and it stings him, for that is the trial of virtue, but he heals the wound with his own pure touch; he heeds not the watch-word of fashion, if it leads to sin; the atheist who says, not only in his heart, but with his lips, "There is no God," controls him not, for he sees the hand of a creating God, and reverences it—of a preserving God, and rejoices in it. Woman is sheltered by fond arms, and guided by loving counsel; old age is protected by its experience, and manhood by its strength; but the young man stands amid the temptations of the world like a self-balanced tower. Happy he who seeks and gains the prop and shelter of Christianity.

Onward, then, conscientious youth! raise thy standard and nerve thyself for *goodness*. If God has given thee intellectual power, awaken it in that cause; never let it be said of thee, he helped to swell the tide of sin, by pouring his influence into its channels. If thou art feeble in mental strength, throw not that poor drop into a polluted current. Awake, arise, young man! Assume the beautiful garments of virtue! It is easy, fearfully easy, to sin; it is difficult to be pure and holy. Put on thy strength, then; let thy chivalry be aroused against error—let *truth* be the lady of thy love—defend her.

THE SOUTHERN WIFE.

This club engagement brought on others. I was not selfish, and even urged Arthur to go to hunt and to dinner-parties, although hoping that he would resist my urging. He went frequently, and a growing discomfort began to work upon my mind. I had undefined forebodings; I mused about past days; my views of life became slowly disorganized; my physical powers enfeebled; a nervous excitement followed; I nursed a moody discontent, and ceased a while to reason clearly. Woe to me, had I yielded to this irritable temperament! I began immediately, on principle, to busy myself about my household. The location of Bellevue was picturesque—the dwelling airy and commodious; I had, therefore, only to exercise taste in external and internal arrangement, to make it beautiful throughout. I was careful to consult my husband in those points which interested him, without annoying him with mere trifles. If the reign of romance was really waning, I resolved not to chill his noble confidence, but to make a steadier light rise on his affections. If he was absorbed in reading, I sat quietly waiting the pause when I should be rewarded by the communication of ripe ideas; if I saw that he prized a tree which interfered with my flowers, I sacrificed my preference to a more sacred feeling; if any habit of his annoyed me, I spoke of it once or twice calmly, and then bore it quietly if unreformed; I welcomed his friends with cordiality, entered into their family interests, and stopped my yawns, which, to say the truth, was sometimes an almost desperate effort, before they reached eye or ear.

This task of self-government was not easy. To repress a harsh answer, to confess a fault, and to stop (right or wrong) in the midst of self-defence, in gentle submission, sometimes requires a struggle like life and death; but these *three* efforts are the

golden threads with which domestic happiness is woven; once begin the fabric with this woof, and trials shall not break or sorrow tarnish it.

Men are not often unreasonable; their difficulties lie in not understanding the moral and physical structure of our sex. They often wound through ignorance, and are surprised at having offended. How clear is it, then, that woman loses by petulance and recrimination! Her first study must be self-control, almost to hypocrisy. A good wife must smile amid a thousand perplexities, and clear her voice to tones of cheerfulness when her frame is drooping with disease, or else languish alone. Man, on the contrary, when trials beset him, expects to find her ear and heart a ready receptacle; and, when sickness assails him, her soft hand must nurse and sustain him.

I have not meant to suggest that, in ceasing to be a mere lover, Arthur was not a tender and devoted husband. I have only described the natural progress of a sensible, independent married man, desirous of fulfilling all the relations of society. Nor in these remarks would I chill the romance of some young dreamer, who is reposing her heart on another. Let her dream on. God has given this youthful, luxurious gift of trusting love, as he has given hues to the flower and sunbeams to the sky. It is a superadded charm to his lavish blessings; but let her be careful that when her husband

> "Wakes from love's romantic dream,
> His eyes may open on a sweet esteem."

Let him know nothing of the struggle which follows the first chill of the affections; let no scenes of tears and apologies be acted to agitate him, until he becomes accustomed to agitation; thus shall the star of domestic peace arise in fixedness and beauty above them, and shine down in gentle light on their lives, as it has on ours.

MISTAKES OF STRANGERS.

I was prepared one morning to call on a stranger, when visitors were announced; and, glancing round the drawing-room, I perceived on the sofa a rattan, which had been brought in by one of my young brothers. I caught it up, and, twisting it in a coil, thrust it into my velvet reticule, and received my guests. As soon as they departed, I sprang into the carriage, which was in waiting, and drove away. The ladies were at home. In the course of conversation, I unthinkingly drew my scented pocket-handkerchief from my bag, when out flew the rattan with a bound, and rolled to the feet of the stranger. My deep and inextinguishable blush probably helped on any uncharitable surmises that she might have made, and who can blame her, after such evidence, for reporting that Charleston ladies carried cow-skins in their pockets!

From "Poems."

THE MOCKING-BIRD IN THE CITY.

Bird of the South! is this a scene to waken
Thy native notes in thrilling, gushing tone?
Thy woodland nest of love is all forsaken —
Thy mate alone!

While stranger-throngs roll by, thy song is lending
Joy to the happy, soothings to the sad;
O'er my full heart it flows with gentle blending,
And *I* am glad.

And *I* will sing, though dear ones, loved and loving,
Are left afar in my sweet nest of home;
Though from that nest, with backward yearnings moving,
Onward I roam!

And with heart-music shall my feeble aiding
Still swell the note of human joy aloud;
Nor, with untrusting soul kind Heaven upbraiding,
Sigh 'mid the crowd.

GIRARDIN, DELPHINE DE,

A DAUGHTER of the celebrated Sophia Gay, and the wife of the poet de Girardin, was born in Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1808. She has gained a high reputation among French poets. In 1820, she obtained the prize of the Academie Française; her theme was "An Eulogy on the Sacrifice and Devotion of the French Physicians and Nuns during the prevalence of the Cholera." In 1827, she was chosen a member of the Tiber Academy, at Rome, an honour never before conferred on a woman. Her larger poems are "Le Retour," and "Napoline." A collection of her smaller poems has been published under the title of "Essais Poetiques." But her prose works, written chiefly since her marriage, are now more popular than her poems. Perhaps she has gained, not only in intellectual culture, but in the art of using her resources to the best advantage, by her union with a man of such acknowledged talents as M. Emile de Girardin, who has shown the real nobleness of genius—that which does not fear a rival in his wife. Certain it is, that her fictitious narratives evince intellectual powers of the highest order. She has a very striking originality of thought, while her skill in the development of characters, her penetration into motives, and her power of unravelling the twisted threads that impel human inconsistency, are really wonderful. "Le Marquis de Pontignac;" "La Canne de M. de Balzac;" "Contes d'une vielle Fille;" "L'Ecole des Journalistes," are amongst the best.

The novels of Madame de Girardin are written with an artistic perfection, that prevents extracting the highest spiritual and poetic ideas. Every evolvement of character, every moral sentiment is so incorparated with the person or incident described, that taken separately it loses its essence. The subjoined extracts will give some notion of the sparkling vivacity and wit which she possesses to perfection, but she manifests also much sensibility—much tenderness—and the little poems here and there introduced are quite equal to any French verses of that sort; her style is peculiarly elegant and appropriate.

From "La Canne de Balzac."

[We must premise, for the understanding of the following extract, by a little explanation. Mr. Tancred Dorimont is a young gentleman, lately arrived in Paris to seek employment, and has a letter of recommendation to Mr. Poirceau, President of an Insurance Company, to whose house he goes.]

"Is Mr. Poirceau at home?"

"Yes, sir—shall I trouble you to step this way."

Trouble, was the exact word, for to get through the interposing barriers was like entering by siege. The hall—the landing-place of the stair-case—were barricaded by benches set one upon another cross-ways—and every possible way—and completely barring up the road.

Tancred, with great difficulty, worked his way to the ante-chamber—here he had to stop again. An enormous roll of carpeting obstructed the passage—behind this carpet was the large dinner-table covered with chairs sitting in one another's laps—behind that more benches—then a step-ladder, then a stand covered with china, then flower-pots waiting for flowers, then candelabras waiting for candles, then the marble top of a table, on which were heaped cushions, shovel and tongs, stools, bellows, and coffee-pot.

Tancred traversed this chaos without accident, and got into the dining-room.

New difficulties.—In the dining-room was cast into a general melée, all the parlour furniture, sofa, arm-chairs, divans—then came valuable articles—the mantel-clock with its tottering shade—vases for flowers too beautiful ever to put flowers in them—bust of the uncle, the general, *so like*—work-table, work-box, above all the piano. Tancred felt as if he were standing over the wreck of the world, like another Attila. He had never beheld such arrangements. He imagined that this furniture had all been saved from a fire of the preceding night, and had been deposited there till its owner was furnished with another dwelling. He looked—climbed over a pile of chairs—skirted round an enormous sofa as one skirts a mountain—encountered many things on the way, but saw no person.

"Is Mr. P—— in?" asked he, a second time.

"This way, this way,"—cried a distant voice.

Tancred saw nothing still. He arrived, at last, at the parlour-door. In the parlour, the bed-chamber furniture, proud of its promotion, spread itself about.—But—still—nobody.

Tancred turned towards the chamber-door—the same voice: "Here's a present for you!"

At the same moment a great bundle, thrown by an invisible hand, struck Tancred in the face, and he felt himself stifled, covered up by a deluge of little petticoats and frocks of every colour, and every size, from which he had the greatest difficulty to free himself—some had a thousand little strings that hooked on to his buttons—others had little sleeves that his hand went in—the whole pretty well seasoned with dust.

When Tancred was able to see, he found himself face to face with a great gawky servant, armed with a brush and duster; the fellow looked frightened and awkward.

"I beg your pardon, sir, I thought it was the upholsterer's boy, who is coming to take down the bedstead, and I thought I'd have a little fun with him."

"Is Mr. P—— in,"—interrupted Tancred—then seeing that the room was quite without furniture; "but I am afraid I cannot see him—I suppose you are moving?"

"Oh, no! we are not moving," answered the man; "things are topsy-turvy, it is because of the ball and that confounded upholsterer who has not come."

"A ball to-night? I will come another time."

"Oh, this is not the first time we have a ball; Mr. P—— will see you; step into the office."

* * * * *

She had one of those faces; beautiful to talk about, not at all to look at; large eyes, aquiline nose, little mouth, oval face, well-turned chin. If Madame P—— had been courted by an embassador, like a princess, she would have done well to send her description, not her portrait. No matter—she was what is called a handsome woman; a perfect doll, never out of order, never in undress; always laced, pinched, corseted; not a hair out of place, not a ribbon floating. She looked dressed in a wrapper, and armed in a ball-dress; she followed every fashion—because she was fond of it? No—but as a matter of conscience. Her coiffeur was the best in Paris, and whatever head-dress it pleased him to arrange for her, she respected it, and would not dare to put a finger to it. Suppose this head-dress unbecoming? What matter—it is not her responsibility. If a hair-pin hurts her? No matter—it would not do to spoil the head-dress. The same respect for the mantua-maker. She followed the laws of fashion rigorously—the laws of the world scrupulously—the laws of nature when they did not clash with the other more important ones. She said, with a pedantic air, that women ought not to occupy themselves with literature—but she talked of housekeeping like a professor—her mind was slow, and she looked upon every piece of wit she could not comprehend as something improper. Her presence had a chilling effect—it was like the opening of a door in a box at the theatre.

* * * * *

When a disagreeable man is described, they

say, he is so satisfied with himself! Very well. I know what is more disagreeable — a man who is dissatisfied with himself. With him there is no getting along; no way of pleasing; flattery irritates him — politeness seems to him pity; a present — charity; he is desperately humble, and nervously tenacious. If you ask him to dinner, he answers, "Thank you, no — I am not good company — I know you don't want me." If you invite him to hear music; "No, I thank you," says he, "I am too insignificant to go to such gay parties." If you propose a pic-nic; "No, I thank you," he answers, "such expeditions require gayety — invite your agreeable friends — I am not suitable." This man enjoys nothing — is fit for nothing; he is eaten up with modesty — but a disagreeable modesty; it is an imaginary leprosy which makes him shun his fellow-creatures.

This malady is fortunately very rare in our country; I only speak of it to announce the fact of its existence.

GORE, MRS. CHARLES,

Is one of the most popular of the living female novelists of England; the number of her works would give her celebrity, had she no other claim. She is, however, a powerful and brilliant writer, and it seems almost a parody to assert, that her surprising fertility of imagination should be an obstacle to her attaining the high literary reputation she merits. But her works are so unfailingly presented to the public, so constantly poured out, that they are received like the flowers and fruits, acceptable and delightful, but not to be sought for and praised, as some rare occasional production. We revel in our showers of roses, but they are common-place, while we make a wonder of some prickly production of a foreign bed. We are led to these thoughts while looking over a notice of Mrs. Gore's writings, which appeared in Chambers's Cyclopædia: the critic says, — "This lady is a clever and prolific writer of tales and fashionable novels. Her first work (published anonymously) was, we believe, a small volume containing two tales, 'The Lettre de Cachet,' and 'The Reign of Terror,' 1827. One of these relates to the times of Louis XIV., and the other to the French Revolution. They are both interesting, graceful tales — superior, we think, to some of the more elaborate and extensive fictions of the authoress. In 1830, appeared 'Women as They Are; or, The Manners of the Day,' three volumes — an easy sparkling narrative, with correct pictures of modern society — much lady-like writing on dress and fashion, and some rather misplaced derision or contempt for 'excellent wives,' and 'good sort of men.' This novel soon went through a second edition, and Mrs. Gore continued the same style of fashionable portraiture. In 1831, she issued 'Mothers and daughters, a Tale of the Year,' 1830. Here the manners of gay life — balls, dinners, and fêtes — with clever sketches of character, and amusing dialogues, make up the customary three volumes. The same year, we find Mrs. Gore compiling a series of narratives for youth, entitled 'The Historical Traveller.' In 1832, she came forward with 'The Fair of May Fair,' a series of fashionable tales that were not so well received. The critics hinted that Mrs. Gore had exhausted her stock of observation, and we believe she went to reside in France, where she continued some years. Her next tale was entitled 'Mrs. Armitage.' In 1838, she published 'The Book of Roses, or the Rose-Fancier's Manual,' a delightful little work on the history of the rose, its propagation and culture. France is celebrated for its rich varieties of the queen of flowers, and Mrs. Gore availed herself of the taste and experience of the French floriculturists. A few months afterwards came out 'The Heir of Selwood, or Three Epochs of a Life,' a novel in which were exhibited sketches of Parisian as well as English society, and an interesting though somewhat confused plot. The year 1839 witnessed three more works of fiction from this indefatigable lady, 'The Cabinet Minister,' the scene of which is laid during the regency of George IV., and includes among its characters the great name of Sheridan; 'Preferment, or my Uncle, the Earl,' containing some good sketches of drawing-room society, but no plot; and the 'Courtier of the Days of Charles II.,' and other tales. Next year we have the 'Dowager, or the New School for Scandal;' and in 1841 'Greville, or a Season in Paris;' 'Dacre of the South, or the Olden Time' (a drama); and 'The Lover and her Husband,' &c., the latter a free translation of M. Bertrand's Gerfaut. In 1842, Mrs. Gore published 'The Banker's Wife, or Court and City,' in which the efforts of a family in the middle rank to outshine a nobleman, and the consequences resulting from this silly vanity and ambition, are truly and powerfully painted. The value of Mrs. Gore's novels consists in their lively caustic pictures of fashionable and high society. 'The more respectable of her personages are affecters of an excessive prudery concerning the decencies of life — nay, occasionally of an exalted and mystical religious feeling. The business of their existence is to avoid the slightest breach of conventional decorum. Whatever, therefore, they do, is a fair

and absolute measure of the prevailing opinions of the class, and may be regarded as not derogatory to their position in the eyes of their equals. But the low average standard of morality thus depicted, with its conventional distinctions, cannot be invented. It forms the atmosphere in which the parties live; and were it a compound, fabricated at the author's pleasure, the beings who breathe it could not be universally acknowledged as fantastical and as mere monstrosities; they would, indeed, be incapable of acting in harmony and consistence with the known laws and usages of civil life. Such as a series of parliamentary reports, county meetings, race-horse transactions, &c., they will be found, with a reasonable allowance of artistic colouring, to reflect accurately enough the notions current among the upper classes respecting religion, politics, domestic morals, the social affections, and that coarse aggregate of dealing with our neighbours, which is embraced by the term *common honesty*.'* Besides the works we have mentioned, Mrs. Gore has published 'The Desennuyée,' 'The Peeress,' 'The Woman of the World,' 'The Woman of Business,' 'The Ambassador's Wife,' and other novels. She contributes tales to the periodicals, and is perhaps unparalleled for fertility. Her works are all of the same class — all pictures of existing life and manners; but the want of genuine feeling, of passion and simplicity, in her living models, and the endless frivolities of their occupations and pursuits, make us sometimes take leave of Mrs. Gore's fashionable triflers in the temper with which Goldsmith parted from Beau Tibbs — 'The company of fools may at first make us smile, but at last never fails of rendering us melancholy.' "

The defects of Mrs. Gore's works, which these critics point out, seem rather to belong to English fashionable life, than to the delineator thereof; nor do we think she has had justice rendered her genius. Two or three of her novels might be selected, which would found a reputation for an author who had written nothing else; nay, we will go farther — "Cecil," one of her most vivacious but least satisfactory works, would by itself confer celebrity, as was plainly seen when, upon its anonymous appearance, it was hailed with eagerness as the debût of a new and clever masculine pen. Mrs. Gore possesses great knowledge of human nature, and is well skilled in developing the peculiarities of character; she can even be pathetic. In one of her very best tales — "Female Domination" — the sorrows of the oppressed daughter are told in a very touching manner; the character of Mrs. Armitage, in this book, is a remarkably well-sustained delineation, and the evolvement of the plot is effected in a masterly way. But the most remarkable quality of our authoress is wit; this she possesses in such superabundance that she actually wastes it; good things lie in out of the way places, where they are hardly recognized, and where they lose the effect they might have, if reserved for their fitting application.

It has been said of a very rich Russian prince, who visited London some years ago, that to show the little account he made of pearls, he had them loosely stitched in ornamenting his attire, on purpose that they might fall, while he walked on, heedless of their fate. Mrs. Gore is equally prodigal of the little gems of her epigrammatic wit; they fall from her when least expected, and sometimes when least needed. Her literary industry cannot be estimated, as it is well known that, together with the very wonderful number of her acknowledged works, she has sent out many without her name. Besides these narrative fictions, Mrs. Gore has made some contributions to the stage — "The Maid of Croissy," "The Sledge-Driver," — little dramas from the French, — "The School for Coquettes," and other comedies. Sir Walter Scott showed, by the examples of Le Sage and Fielding, that a successful novelist could scarcely be fitted for dramatic compositions; his own attempt in that way came afterwards to support his theory. The plays of Mrs. Gore may, then, without disparaging her abilities, be acknowledged but mediocre achievements.

Some masculine critics have pronounced it impossible that the classical allusions and quotations, interspersed through Mrs. Gore's works, should have proceeded from herself. The Latin and Greek of these gentlemen must have found very difficult access into their brains, but they may be assured such trifling accomplishments can be, and are, acquired every year by hundreds of schoolboys, who would be entirely puzzled were a single chapter, such as the most indifferent of Mrs. Gore's works would furnish, to be expected of them. Memory is a faculty possessed equally, we believe, by the sexes; but the greater vivacity of the female intellect renders the acquisition of language easier for girls than for boys; and when similar advantages shall be given to both, women will excel men in that knowledge of languages which gives facility to expression, and makes all tongues render tribute in the service of Genius. Mrs. Gore has the honour of being a leader in this learning-made-popular-style of novel-writing.

From "Self;" a novel.

Thanks to the march of civilization, privacy has been exploded among us, and individuality effaced. People feel in thousands, and think in tens of thousands. No quiet nook of earth remaining for the modern Cincinnatus to cultivate his own carrots and opinions, where humours may expand into excrescence, or originality let grow its beard! Robinson Crusoe's island has been invaded by missionary societies or colonization committees; and even in our scarcely less barbarous midland counties, railroads are cutting their way into Harlowe Place, and puffing their desecrations into the venerable face of Grandison Hall. The word "tender" has acquired, in modern parlance, a sense that would have distracted the chivalrous authors of the "Arcadia;" nor is there a vicarage in the land sufficiently remote from the shriek of the engine-driver, to foster the ingenuousness of a Dr. Primrose.

* * * * *

*Athenæum, 1839.

The literature of the country was just then at a discount. Prophets had appeared, indeed, but they prophesied in the wilderness. Those great writers, whose names are now inscribed on corner-stones of the temple of fame, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, were damned by an epithet; while Moore, like a frisky lord in a police-office, was fain to shelter his irregularities under a feigned name. The uproar of war's alarms had somewhat deafened the ear of the public to the music of Apollo's flute. The fashionable world, accordingly, restricted its literary enjoyments to laughing at the waggeries of the Anti-Jacobin, or shrieking at the diabolisms of Monk Lewis; dim foreshadowing of the romantic school, on the eve of its creation by Scott, or gurglings of the vitriolic Hippocrene, about to start from the earth on the stamping of Byron's Pegasus. The belles-lettres, which for two centuries past had received their impulse from France, had undergone a staggering blow at the revolution, under the effects of which they still languished; and behold, as in the case of other extenuated patients, hysteria supervened.

From "Modern Chivalry."*

HOW TO MANAGE THE WORLD.

Waterton, the naturalist, who, like Mungo Park, and other bold adventurers into lands beyond the sea, passes for the fabricator of half the marvels he was the first to witness, asserts that whenever he encountered an alligator *tête-à-tête*, in the wilderness, he used to leap on his back, and ride the beast to death. This feat, so much discredited by the stay-at-home critics, was an act of neither bravery nor braggartry—but of necessity. Either the man or the alligator must have had the upper hand. *Il a fallu opter.*

Just so are we situated with regard to the world. Either we must leap upon its back, strike our spur into its panting sides, and, in spite of its scaly defences, compel it to obey our glowing will, or the animal will mangle us with its ferocious jaws, and pursue its way toward its refuge in the cool waters, leaving us expiring in the dust. Either the world or the individual must obtain the upper hand. Happy he who hath the genius and presence of mind of a Waterton!

The greatest difficulty experienced now-a-days in accomplishing the subjugation of the brute, is to get it on foot, with the view of mounting. Lazy and over-fed, it lies ruminating, half lost amid the springing grass of its fertile meadows, like a Cheshire cow, which, when roused by an occasional impulse of friskiness, goes cumbrously frolicking round the pastures, without aim or end, save that of its own cork-screwed tail, only to subside anew into the apathetic torpor of obesity. What is to be done with such a world? A prick less penetrating than that of a goad will not awaken it from its luxurious and self-sufficing ruminations; nay, a stunning blow between the horns is absolutely indispensable to overmaster its huge, heavy, and powerful organization.

Between the somnolence and selfishness of the applauding classes, celebrity has become a thing of yesterday! There is neither courage nor energy left in the world to engender a great reputation. As of old the gods deserted Greece, great men are deserting Great Britain.

SOCIETY.

Society has become a vast platitude, like a calm at sea, painted by Vandervelde, or the Looking-Glass Prairies, described by Boz. No man blushes at being stupid and insignificant as his neighbours. The happy medium of dulness envelopes and environs every object, passive or active; and we say to each other, as Louis XIII. said to Cinq Mars, "*Mon mignon!* let us go and look out of the window: *et ennuyons nous—ennuyons nous bien!*" The moment insignificance and monotony become the normal state of a society, yawns are out of place.

The predominant growth of such an order of things is unhappily a monstrous egoïsm, like the hippopotamus and other frightful creatures engendered amid the verdure of the level pastures of the Nile. Self becomes the One Divinity; amalgamating the worship due to Apollo and Diana, Isis and Osiris; and superseding at once the golden image set up for public adoration and the Lares and Penates of domestic piety, a prodigious economy of devotion! For the egoïst has so far the advantage over every other species of devotee, that his idol is ever present. Like the Catholic priests, who, during the Reign of Terror, carried portable altars in their pockets, and the insignia of their faith concealed in a walking-stick, *he* is always prepared for his devotions. The shrine and the lamp burning before it, are identical. His faith knows no misgivings, his fervour no intermission. Like the Delhai Lama, he is eternally absorbed in ecstatic contemplation of his own divinity.

From "Abednego, the Money-Lender."

THE FEMALE SPENDTHRIFT.

"We are bound, in this world, to keep up the decencies of life, due to our position in society," interrupted the Countess, in a haughty tone.

"I thoroughly agree with your ladyship," was the fearless reply of Abednego; "and it is precisely for that reason I have it at heart to see the valuables of the Countess of Winterfield removed from the custody of a money-lending Jew."

His lovely visitor blushed to the temples at this unexpected retort, but more in anger than in sorrow.

"A step lower in the scale of degradation," calmly resumed Abednego, "and they would appear among the unredeemed pledges in a pawnbroker's window. Think of the brilliant Countess of Winterfield presenting herself at court with duplicates in her pocket!"

"You presume upon my necessities to insult me thus!" cried the indignant woman, roused by this terrible sentence.

"Necessities, madam, permit me to observe,

*This work was sent out by Mrs. Gore anonymously; when reprinted in America, it was attributed to that chronicler of crime, Harrison Ainsworth! Very complimentary to him.

wholly of your own creation! I am not unfrequently compelled to witness the woes of my fellow-creatures, — ay, even those of your own sex. But how different is their nature from those of which you complain! Trust me, there are severer pangs in the world than arise from the rumpling of the rose-leaf! I have seen mothers of families struggling for their children's bread; I have seen devoted wives beggared by the improvidence of their husbands, yet exerting themselves diligently, humbly, and silently, to extricate themselves from ruin. Such misfortunes, madam, and such penury, I respect. Nay, I have known well-born women subject themselves to wretchedness and privation for the sake of their lovers—and even *those* I have respected! But I have neither respect nor pity for the wantonness of waste that purports only the entanglement of frivolous admirers. The display intended to deceive some unhappy dupe into offering you his hand, moves only my contempt. If you must needs have an opera-box, for the young Marquis to sit beside you throughout the evening as throughout the morning,—if you must needs have a succession of showy dresses, to enhance your beauty to secure these danglers,—if you must needs have brilliant equipages to fly about the town—to wander from races to breakfasts—from Greenwich parties to pic-nics at Ken Wood (your ladyship perceives that I am tolerably well versed in your movements!)—have them at other cost than mine! I have no money to throw away on the maintenance of your follies."

Lady Winterfield started up. Galled beyond endurance by the humiliations thus inflicted upon her, she resolved to obey the harsh injunction of Abednego, and seek assistance elsewhere. But, alas! a moment's reflection served to remind her that she had already sought it, and in vain; that she had no resource—no hope—save in the insolent rebuker of her faults. She submitted, therefore,—rendered docile by the iron pressure of necessity. In a moment she subdued her temper, and humbled her pride,—reduced to tameness, like the beasts of the field, by the pangs of privation.

"You are most severe upon me," said she, in the pretty coaxing voice that none knew better how to assume when her purpose needed, "though perhaps not more so than I deserve. But when I assure you, that if you persist in refusing me this five hundred pounds I am utterly ruined—ruined both in fortune and reputation—"

"My refusal will not render your ladyship a shilling poorer than you are now. In what way, therefore, can you charge me with your ruin?"

"You will have, at least, exposed it to the world."

Abednego shrugged his shoulders. "You expose yourself, madam," said he, "by using such arguments! Once for all, I repeat that you are wasting the substance of others, and of your children, merely to keep up false appearances in the world. So long as you enjoy luxuries which you do not and cannot pay for, you are shining at the cost of your coach-makers, jewellers, milliners, money-lenders—the abject obligee of humble tradesmen. At this moment—woman and Countess as you are—you stand before me as an inferior. Though you may be a Countess of the realm, and I the villified A. O., I rise above you as a capitalist,—I rise above you as a moralist, in whose hands you have placed weapons of offence."

It was now the turn of Lady Winterfield to shrug her shoulders; but with impatience rather than contempt.

"Last week," resumed Abednego, careless of the variations of her countenance, "there came hither to me a woman, young and lovely as yourself, who, like yourself, had exceeded her means, and broken her engagements. She came hither to me, not like your ladyship,—hoping to move me to pity by the sight of her loveliness and her affected despair,—she had other arms for the combat; and those arms, madam, prevailed! To *her* I assigned thrice the sum of her original debt, and at my own instigation."

"And of what nature were those arms?" demanded Lady Winterfield, colouring deeply, and, by casting down her eyes, showing that she was prepared for expressions of gallantry and admiration on the part of one whom she loathed like a harpy.

"It avails little to explain," replied Abednego, with an ill-repressed smile of exultation, as he rose from his chair and approached her; "for they are such as it were, perhaps, unbecoming so great a lady as the Countess of Winterfield to put to profit."

"I am willing to use any arms,—make any concession," faltered the fair bankrupt, a deadly paleness succeeding to her previous flush, as she contemplated the growing audacity of the Money-Lender.

Abednego folded his meagre hands carelessly before him, and, throwing back his head, stood contemplating her from head to foot, with a smile of indescribable expression. It was impossible to behold a more lovely woman; and the Money-Lender gazed upon her as if taking an appraisement of her charms.

"The arms to which *I* alluded, are not at your ladyship's disposal!" was at length his sarcastic reply. "For they were tears of genuine remorse for an involuntary breach of faith; they were the worn and haggard looks which labour and want impose upon the fairest face. She was a woman of the people, madam; like you, left young, a widow—like you, with helpless children dependent upon her prudence. She told me—and her mien attested her veracity—that for them she had toiled day and night,—for them abstained from food and rest. But the outlay that was to set her up in business, (borrowed of one of the agents of A. O., and at usurious interest,) was still unrepaid. She was still poor, still insolvent, still needing indulgence; and came hither, like the fashionable Countess of Winterfield, to beg for mercy!"

Greatly relieved, even while writhing under the severe lesson imparted by Abednego, the fashionable spendthrift gasped for breath.

"I granted it," resumed the harsh admonitor. "And I granted her also my respect—almost my

affection. The old Money-Lender soothed her as a father might have done, and sent her home in peace and comfort to her children. Yours, madam, will have less to thank you for! I will not expose you,—I will not pursue you with the rigour of the law. But I choose to retain in security, for the property of mine which you have squandered, the diamonds pledged to me to that effect; and without affording you another guinea in extension of the loan,—aware that neither that, nor millions, would impede your ruin and disgrace."

GOULD, HANNAH FLAGG,

Is a native of Lancaster, in the State of Vermont; but in her early youth her father, who was a veteran of the Revolution, removed to Newburyport, in Massachusetts, where she has since resided. Her mother died when Hannah was young, and for many years, even until the decease of her beloved father, she was his housekeeper, nurse, companion, and the chief source of his earthly happiness. She has, in several poems, touchingly alluded to incidents in the soldier-life of her venerable parent; and the patriotic glow which imbues many of her strains was, no doubt, fed by such reminiscences as the "Scar of Lexington" would suggest.

Miss Gould commenced her literary career as nearly all our American authors do, by writing for periodicals. Her contributions were chiefly poetical; these she collected, and in 1832 her first volume of poems was published in Boston. Since then, two additional volumes of her poems have been issued; and in 1846, a volume of prose, entitled "Gathered Leaves, or Miscellaneous Papers," which had previously been contributions to annuals, appeared. In 1850, "Diosma—a perennial," a volume of poems, selected and original, and "The Youth's Coronal," a little book of poems for children, were published. Miss Gould is preparing her lyrical compositions, some of which have been set to music, for publication—a task which her friends are solicitous she should perform, and thus give permanency to her productions.

The great popularity of Miss Gould we consider a most encouraging omen for the lovers of genuine poetry, of that which is true in thought and natural in description. She charms by the rare merit of imparting interest to small things and common occurrences. These make up far the greater part of life's reality, and, if truth be the essence of poetry, they must be poetical. Unfortunately, but few poets have had the power or the inclination to invest the actual world with the beauty and attractiveness which has been lavished on ideal and false creations of fancy; and hence it is that their labours have been accounted idle, and their profession degraded. Passion has too often usurped the place of reason, and a selfish sensitiveness been fostered, instead of that healthful sentiment of complacency in the happiness of others, which all high exercise of the mental faculties should exalt and encourage. It is this enlarging and elevating the affections, which improves the heart and purifies the taste. And this is one important office of true poetry—such poetry as Miss Gould has written.

She also possesses great delicacy and scope of imagination; she gathers around her simple themes imagery of peculiar beauty and uncommon association—and yet this imagery is always appropriate. Then she has a very felicitous command of language, and the skill of making the most uncouth words "lie smooth in rhyme," which the greatest poet of the age might envy. And she, not seldom, displays humorous turns of thought, and a sportive raillery which is very amusing.

Wit is a much rarer quality than wisdom in female writers. We shall not here enter into the inquiry why it is that women, who are, proverbially, quick in perception, and who are often accused of delighting in repartee and scandal, should nevertheless, when submitting their sentiments to the public, almost scrupulously avoid ridicule and satire, even when the subjects treated of seemed to justify or demand these forms of expression. But such is the fact—and hence Miss Gould's sprightly wit has the advantage of appearing quite original. She, however, uses it with great delicacy, and always to teach or enforce some lesson which would not disparage "divine Philosophy" to inculcate.—In truth, the great power of her poetry is its *moral* application. This hallows every object she looks upon, and ennobles every incident she celebrates. She takes lowly and homely themes, but she turns them to the light of heaven, and they are beautified, and refined, and elevated. She brings to her God the rich treasures of her intellect, and the warm feelings of her heart. Everywhere and in every thing she sees and feels His presence; and her song rises in those "spiritual breathings," which lift the hearts of her readers, to unite with her in praise to the Lord.

The mania for melancholy and despairing poetry, which the Byronian era introduced, never found any favour in the clear, calm, sensible mind of our poetess. Her philosophy is as practical and contented as her piety is ardent. Her motto seems to have been,

> "The Muse should gladden the seasons,
> Should strengthen the heart in pain"—

and like her own, "Ground Laurel" she adds cheerfulness to every scene, however sequestered or lonely, which her fancy pictures. Truly such a genius is a blessing to the world.

Her poems will be popular while truth has friends and nature admirers, and while children are readers. And what praise is sweeter to a pure, good mind than the praise of childhood, in which the *heart* is always given with the *lips?*

THE MOON UPON THE SPIRE.

The full-orbed moon has reached no higher
Than yon old church's mossy spire,
And seems, as gliding up the air,
She saw the fane, and, pausing there,
Would worship, in the tranquil night,
The Prince of peace—the Source of light,
Where man, for God, prepared the place,
And God, to man, unveils his face.

Her tribute all around is seen —
She bends, and worships like a queen!
Her robe of light, and beaming crown,
In silence she is casting down;
And, as a creature of the earth,
She feels her lowliness of birth —
Her weakness and inconstancy
Before unchanging Purity.

Pale traveller on thy lonely way,
'T is well thine honours thus to pay —
To reverence that ancient pile;
And spread thy silver o'er the aisle,
Which many a pious foot hath trod,
That now is dust beneath the sod —
Where many a sacred tear was wept,
From eyes that long in death have slept.

The temple's builders, where are they?
The worshippers? — all passed away;
Who came the first to offer there
The song of praise, the heart of prayer!
Man's generation passes soon —
It wanes and changes like the moon!
He rears the perishable wall —
But ere it crumble, he must fall!

And does he fall to rise no more?
Hath he no part to triumph o'er
The pallid king? — no spark to save
From darkness, ashes and the grave?
Thou holy place! the answer wrought
In thy firm walls forbids the thought!
The spirit that established thee
Nor death nor darkness e'er shall see!"

THE SNOWFLAKE.

"Now, if I fall, will it be my lot
To be cast in some lone and lowly spot
To melt, and to sink unseen, or forgot?
And there will my course be ended?"
'T was this a feathery Snowflake said,
As down through measureless space it strayed,
Or as, half by dalliance, half afraid,
It seemed in mid air suspended.

"Oh, no!" said the Earth, "thou shalt not lie
Neglected and lone on my lap to die,
Thou pure and delicate child of the sky!
For thou wilt be safe in my keeping.
But, then, I must give thee a lovelier form —
Thou wilt not be a part of the wintry storm,
But revive, when the sunbeams are yellow and warm,
And the flowers from my bosom are peeping!

"And then thou shalt have thy choice, to be
Restored in the lily that decks the lea,
In the jessamine bloom, the anemone,
Or aught of thy spotless whiteness;
To melt, and be cast in a glittering bead
With the pearls that the night scatters over the mead,
In the cup where the bee and the fire-fly feed,
Regaining thy dazzling brightness.

"I 'll let thee awake from thy transient sleep,
When Viola's mild blue eye shall weep,
In a tremulous tear; or, a diamond, leap
In a drop from the unlocked fountain;
Or, leaving the valley, the meadow, and heath,
The streamlet, the flowers, and all beneath,
Go up and be wove in the silvery wreath
Encircling the brow of the mountain.

"Or wouldst thou return to a home in the skies,
To shine in the Iris I 'll let thee arise,
And appear in the many and glorious dyes
A pencil of sunbeams is blending!
But true, fair thing, as my name is Earth,
I 'll give thee a new and vernal birth,
When thou shalt recover thy primal worth,
And never regret descending!"

"Then I will drop," said the trusting Flake;
"But, bear it in mind, that the choice I make
Is not in the flowers nor the dew to wake;
Nor the mist, that shall pass with the morning.
For, things of thyself, they will die with thee;
But those that are lent from on high, like me,
Must rise, and will live, from thy dust set free,
To the regions above returning.

"And if true to thy word and just thou art,
Like the spirit that dwells in the holiest heart,
Unsullied by thee, thou wilt let me depart,
And return to my native heaven.
For I would be placed in the beautiful bow,
From time to time, in thy sight to glow;
So thou mayest remember the Flake of Snow
By the promise that God hath given!"

THE SCAR OF LEXINGTON.

With cherub smile, the prattling boy,
Who on the veteran's breast reclines,
Has thrown aside his favourite toy,
And round his tender finger twines
Those scattered locks, that, with the flight
Of fourscore years, are snowy white;
And, as a scar arrests his view,
He cries, "Grandpa, what wounded you?"

"My child, 't is five-and-fifty years,
This very day, this very hour,
Since, from a scene of blood and tears,
Where valour fell by hostile power,
I saw retire the setting sun
Behind the hills of Lexington;
While pale and lifeless on the plain
My brothers lay, for freedom slain!

"And ere that fight, the first that spoke
In thunder to our land, was o'er,
Amid the clouds of fire and smoke,
I felt my garments wet with gore!
'T is since that dread and wild affray,
That trying, dark, eventful day,
From this calm April eve so far,
I wear upon my cheek the scar.

"When thou to manhood shalt be grown,
And I am gone in dust to sleep,
May freedom's rights be still thine own,
And thou and thine in quiet reap
The unblighted product of the toil
In which my blood bedewed the soil!
And, while those fruits thou shalt enjoy,
Bethink thee of this scar, my boy.

"But should thy country's voice be heard
To bid her children fly to arms,
Gird on thy grandsire's trusty sword:
And, undismayed by war's alarms,
Remember, on the battle field,
I made the hand of God my shield:
And be thou spared, like me, to tell
What bore thee up, while others fell!"

FOREST MUSIC.

There's a sad loneliness about my heart, —
A deep, deep solitude the spirit feels
Amid this multitude. The things of art
Pall on the senses — from its pageantry,
Loathing, my eye turns off; and my ear shrinks
From the harsh dissonance that fills the air.

My soul is growing sick — I will away
And gather balm from a sweet forest walk!
There, as the breezes through the branches sweep,
Is heard aerial minstrelsy, like harps.
Untouched, unseen, that on the spirit's ear
Pour out their numbers till they lull in peace
The tumult of the bosom. There's a voice
Of music in the rustling of the leaves:
And the green boughs are hung with living lutes,
Whose strings will only vibrate to His hand
Who made them, while they sound His untaught praise!

The whole wild wood is one vast instrument
Of thousand, thousand keys; and all its notes
Come in sweet harmony, while Nature plays
To celebrate the presence of her God

THE SHIP IS READY.

Fare thee well! the ship is ready,
And the breeze is fresh and steady.
Hands are fast the anchor weighing;
High in air the streamer's playing.
Spread the sails — the waves are swelling
Proudly round thy buoyant dwelling.
Fare thee well! and when at sea,
Think of those who sigh for thee.

When from land and home receding,
And from hearts that ache to bleeding,
Think of those behind, who love thee,
While the sun is bright above thee!
Then, as, down to ocean glancing,
In the waves his rays are dancing,
Think how long the night will be
To the eyes that weep for thee!

When the lonely night-watch keeping,
All below thee still and sleeping —
As the needle points the quarter
O'er the wide and trackless water,
Let thy vigils ever find thee
Mindful of the friends behind thee!
Let thy bosom's magnet be
Turned to those who wake for thee!

When, with slow and gentle motion,
Heaves the bosom of the ocean —
While in peace thy bark is riding,
And the silver moon is gliding
O'er the sky with tranquil splendour,
Where the shining hosts attend her;
Let the brightest visions be
Country, home, and friends, to thee!

When the tempest hovers o'er thee,
Danger, wreck, and death, before thee,
While the sword of fire is gleaming,
Wild the winds, the torrent streaming,
Then, a pious suppliant bending,
Let thy thoughts, to Heaven ascending,
Reach the mercy seat, to be
Met by prayers that rise for thee!

THE GROUND LAUREL.

I love thee, pretty nursling
Of vernal sun and rain;
For thou art Flora's firstling,
And leadest in her train.

When far away I found thee,
It was an April morn;
The chilling blast blew round thee,
No bud had decked the thorn.

And thou alone wert hiding
The mossy rocks between,
Where, just below them gliding,
The Merrimac was seen.

And while my hand was brushing
The seary leaves from thee,
It seemed as thou wert blushing
To be disclosed by me.

So modest, fair, and fragrant,
Where all was wild and rude,
To cheer the lonely vagrant
Who crossed thy solitude,—

Thou didst reward my ramble
By shining at my feet,
When, over brake and bramble,
I sought thy lone retreat.—

As some sweet flower of pleasure
Upon our path may bloom,
'Mid rocks and thorns that measure
Our journey to the tomb.

THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN.

"I am a Pebble! and yield to none!"
Were the swelling words of a tiny stone —
"Nor time nor seasons can alter me;
I am abiding, while ages flee.
The pelting hail and the drizzling rain
Have tried to soften me, long, in vain;
And the tender dew has sought to melt
Or touch my heart; but it was not felt.
There 's none can tell about my birth,
For I 'm as old as the big, round earth.
The children of men arise, and pass
Out of the world, like blades of grass;
And many a foot on me has trod,
That 's gone from sight, and under the sod.
I am a Pebble! but who art thou,
Rattling along from the restless bough?"
The Acorn was shocked at this rude salute,
And lay for a moment abashed and mute;
She never before had been so near
This gravelly ball, the mundane sphere;
And she felt for a time at a loss to know
How to answer a thing so coarse and low.
But to give reproof of a nobler sort,
Than the angry look, or the keen retort,
At length she said, in a gentle tone,
"Since it has happened that I am thrown
From the lighter element where I grew,
Down to another so hard and new,
And beside a personage so august,
Abased, I will cover my head with dust,
And quickly retire from the sight of one
Whom time, nor season, nor storm, nor sun,
Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding heel,
Has ever subdued, or made to feel!"
And soon in the earth she sank away
From the comfortless spot where the Pebble lay.
But it was not *long* ere the soil was broke
By the peering head of an infant oak!
And, as it arose, and its branches spread,
The Pebble looked up, and, wondering, said,
"A modest Acorn — never to tell
What was enclosed in its simple shell!
That the pride of the forest was folded up
In the narrow space of its little cup!
And meekly to sink in the darksome earth,
Which proves that nothing could hide her worth!
And, oh! how many will tread on me,
To come and admire the beautiful tree,
Whose head is towering toward the sky,
Above such a worthless thing as I!
Useless and vain, a cumberer here,
I have been idling from year to year.
But never from this, shall a vaunting word
From the humbled Pebble again be heard,
Till something without me or within
Shall show the purpose for which I 've been!"
The Pebble its vow could not forget,
And it lies there wrapped in silence yet.

A NAME IN THE SAND.

Alone I walked the ocean strand;
A pearly shell was in my hand:
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name — the year — the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast:
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me:
A wave of *dark* Oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of Time, and been to be no more,
Of me — my day — the name I bore,
To leave nor track nor trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands,
Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part has wrought;
Of all this thinking soul *has thought*;
And from these fleeting moments caught
For glory or for shame.

GREY, MRS.

Is quite a popular English authoress, whom we may term "a Triton among the minnows." She is decidedly at the head of that class of novel-writers who administer to the amusement of those who read merely for something to do. If we find nothing very new or exciting, we find nothing injurious or distasteful to the most fastidious. Her books, with respect to the moral tone, may be safely allowed to "the fair and innocent," who will believe them to be finely written. The characters are such as, in our experience in that line of writing, we have had the opportunity to see portrayed many hundreds of times. Mrs. Grey dresses them up, however, very cleverly, and presents them to the public suitably. "The Gambler's Wife," one of her early works, has enjoyed a wonderful popularity; this argues some occult merits, which we were never able to discover. In her later works there is much improvement in the style, which is now generally correct. "Aleine" is decidedly the best of her productions, where there is a very successful imitation of Mrs. Marsh; in spirit and feeling some portions of it might fairly challenge competition with "The Two Old Men's Tales." The other works of Mrs. Grey, reprinted in America, are "The Duke and the Cousin," "The Belle of the Family," "The Little Wife, a Record of Matrimonial Life," "The Manœuvering Mother," "Sybil Lennard," "The Young Prima Donna," "The Baronet's Daughters," "Hyacinthe, or the Contrast," "Lena Cameron," "The Old Dower House," "Alice Seymour," and "Harry Monk."

GROSS, AMALIE VON,

Better known under her *nomme de plume*, Amalie Winter, was born in 1803, at Weimar. Her maiden name was Leebach. In early life she became acquainted with Goëthe, and her taste and mind were formed under the influence of that remarkable man. She appeared as an authoress at the age of thirty, by contributing to a popular annual. In 1838, she published "Pictures of German Life," and afterwards novelettes; "Pictures of Women," "Recollections of a Berlin Doll," "Recollections of a Leaden Soldier," "Fairy Tales of Nature," and "The Diadem and Sceptre." She has written a great many minor tales and poems. None of her works have been translated into English.

H.

HAHN-HAHN, IDA MARIA LOUISA FREDERICA GUSTAVA, COUNTESS OF,

Was born in June, 1805, at Tressow, in the grand-duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. She was a daughter of Count Von Hahn, an officer in the military service of the grand-duke. In 1826, she was married to another Count Von Hahn, belonging to a collateral branch of her own family. Hence it was that she received the duplicate appellation of *Hahn-Hahn*. Her father, who was passionately fond of theatrical representations, became, notwithstanding his rank, the director of a dramatic corps; and from him she imbibed literary tastes which materially influenced her future destiny. The want of congeniality between her husband and herself, led to her being divorced from him in 1829. She first appeared before the public, as the author of a volume of poems, in 1835; and this was followed by her "New Poems," in 1836, the "Venetian Nights" in the same year, and a volume of "Songs and Poems," in 1837. She next composed a series of novels, depicting, in a very aristocratical spirit, the manners of high life in Germany. The most noted, and the latest of these are, "The Countess Faustina," 1841; "Ulrick," 1841; "Sigismund Forster," 1841, and "Cecil," a continuation of it, 1844. The Countess Hahn-Hahn has made her home alternately at Griefswald, Berlin, and Dresden, but has also travelled extensively. In 1835, she visited Switzerland; in 1836 and 1837, Vienna; in 1838 and 1839, Italy; in 1840 and 1841, Italy, Spain and France; in 1842, Sweden; and she has since made an excursion to Syria and the East. Her observations during these successive journeys are recorded in her "Beyond the Mountains," 2 vols. 1840; "Letters on a Journey," 2 vols. 1841; "Reminiscences of and Concerning France," 1842; "A Northern Tour," 1843; "Oriental Letters," 3 vols. 1844, &c.

An eminent English critic has thus expressed his opinion of the writings of this German lady — "The Countess Ida Hahn-Hahn's name is well known as the authoress of light and amusing novels; works which, in this instance, owe their popularity equally to the perfectly *German* tone of manners and morals they express, as to the brilliant talent they exhibit. These novels that appeared with a rapidity bespeaking productive powers of no common kind, were occasionally interspersed with accounts of trips to neighbouring countries, and intermingled with episodes of story or verse. Of late, however, the Countess Hahn-Hahn has appeared almost exclusively as a tourist.

"The merits and demerits of her writing are so interwoven that it is hard to pronounce upon them, without being unjust to the one or far too lenient to the other. Whether also Countess Hahn-Hahn, the novelist, has been a profitable predecessor to Countess Hahn-Hahn, the tourist, is a question which we are inclined to answer in the negative. The tourist has the same smartness of idea, lightness of step, and play of language, but she has also less scope for her fancy, and less disguise for her egotism. What, therefore, is the chief attraction of the one, viz., the *personal* nature of her writings, becomes the greatest drawback in the other. The whole field of emotions and feelings, the whole train of *internal experiences*, as German ladies call them, are Countess Hahn-Hahn's particular view. And with young, pretty, clever, rich, independent heroines to express them, and every imaginable romantic position to excite them, they are perfectly in their place, though seldom

what we may approve. But the case is widely different the moment the feigned name is dropped. For when a lady invites you to accompany her in her own person, through countries suggestive of outer impressions of the utmost interest and novelty, yet pauses every moment to tell you not only her own particular thoughts and feelings, but also those habits, peculiarities, preferences and antipathies, which one would have thought even she herself on such an occasion would have forgotten, we feel tied to one who at home would be rather tiresome, but abroad becomes insufferable, — to one who never leaves *self* behind.

"Like almost all her countrywomen whom we have the honour of knowing in print, this lady commits the mistake of saying all she thinks — forgetful that few may, and those few don't — and not only what she thinks, but why she thinks, and how she thinks, till any process of that kind on the part of the reader becomes somewhat difficult.

"To turn, however, to those brilliant powers which so irksome a defect, and others of a far graver nature, have not been able to obscure, we have no hesitation in saying that the countess possesses some of the requisites for a traveller in a most uncommon degree. In liveliness of observation, readiness of idea, and spirited ease of expression, she is unsurpassed by any lady writer we know — far less by any of her own countrywomen. Whenever, therefore, her pen engages on a subject where the mawkish egotism of the German woman is not excited, or the decorous principle of the English reader not offended, we follow her with the admiration due to rare talents."

The cause of her later travels was a misfortune, which, doubtless, has had some influence on her character. She was afflicted with that peculiarity of vision called "a squint," and, in 1839, underwent an operation for its remedy, which resulted in the loss of the use of one eye, and for a long time she was apprehensive of becoming totally blind. To relieve her mind of the melancholy caused by such a grievous misfortune, the Countess Hahn-Hahn was induced to visit different countries; the tone of her remarks frequently shows the sufferings she endured from her affliction.

From "Reisebriefe; a Traveller's Letters."

RESTLESSNESS OF SPRING.

Oh! this restlessness of spring, this longing for a new sphere, for a fresh life, for increased activity, for a more sunny existence! This impulse to rush forth, to rise to light, to beauty, to happiness, how it reveals itself throughout all nature! Must not man, with his finer senses, with his more excitable nerves, be more susceptible to its influence than the animal and vegetable creation? For my own part, I wonder every spring that I don't grow several inches taller. One thing vexes me: I must always remain myself. Whether others feel this, I know not: those, for instance, who live in the gay world, or those who are engaged in any other constant and laborious occupation. I might ask them: but who speaks the truth of himself, unless he know beforehand that the truth redounds to his praise? . . . . I am myself troubled by all the restlessness to which a meditated journey naturally gives rise; and this restlessness is the greater, because I am uncertain whither I shall go, and because my poor eyes, constantly liable to inflammation, may at any time frustrate all my schemes. I cannot tell you what a new and oppressive feeling it is to me, to know that my plans are dependent on my health. The want of money, of time, or of anything else that is requisite, may frustrate one's designs just as effectually, but not so afflictingly, as when the helplessness of the body is the cause. It never occurred to me before that bodily infirmity might hinder me from writing at night, or from exposing myself to wind and weather by day. I have been learning this during the last year. Alas! I receive the chastening patiently, but I would that Providence had given me less occasion to convince myself of my docility.

NICE.

I have now been a month here, and can say something more of Nice than I did when I came. My exclamation then was, "the only thing that pleases me about the place is, to know that it's the end of the journey." This was partly the effect of weariness and vexation; yet not wholly so, for Nice has an uncomfortable look to one who hopes to find simplicity and tranquillity there. It looks less like a settled place than like an embryo city. It is a huge plan, that has yet to be filled up; where dust, confusion, donkeys, bricklayers, and all that is noisy, and all that I hate, are gathered together, and have taken up their abode. A stranger seeks a temporary home, and fifty are offered to him, as he wanders among the vast barracks of *hôtels garnis* that are built here on speculation. The natives build as if they hope to lodge their guests by regiments. These hopes are far from being realized; many are held back by the apprehension of war, or by the dangerous vicinity of the French frontier. The consequence is, that the large empty houses, with their closed jalousies, produce a gloomy effect, which is heightened by the surrounding desolation, always inseparable from ground laid out for building, but not yet built upon. There is the sea, to be sure; but I hate to be folded in with a herd; to hear people dance over my head, sing under me, and romp about in the room next my own. I like not to be compelled to participate in the diversions of all who are under the same roof with me. I am like a forest-bird, who sings and makes the woods merry, whom every wayfarer may listen to, but who lives not the less for himself, and is seen by none. Moreover, I was obliged to sacrifice the view of the sea, because it was too dazzling for my poor eyes. . . . . In the clear sunshine, it is impossible for me to look upon the bounding, foaming, azure tide, or upon the millions of glittering spangles with which it seemed to be decked. On such golden days, when heaven, water, and earth are trying which can be brightest and most beautiful, I walk into the plain, through narrow and entangled paths, that lead from garden to

garden, where I may hope to find verdure and shade; but on the mother-of-pearl days, that would be leaden days in the north, I can abandon my fondness for the sea. Then a gentle cloudy breath has dimmed the brightness of the sky; the sun is not seen, though his presence is felt; he stands behind a cloud like a lamp whose light is concealed by an alabaster column; he silvers the outline, yet plays in faint prismatic colours through the mass. Sometimes, indeed, it rains on such days; but in such a case, there is nothing to be done, either here or elsewhere, but to roll oneself up like a bird in one's nest, and lie there as quiet as a mouse.

FRANCE.

I shall now go to France, Heaven knows what the consequence may be, for I hate France! I hate the spirit of vanity, fanfaronade, insolence, and superficialness; in short, I hate the national character of the French. It is unmitigated barbarism. I am of a soft and humane disposition, but love and hatred must take precedence of every other sentiment.

Steht mir das Lieben und Hassen nicht frei,
So ist es mit meinem Leben vorbei.*

AVIGNON.

We walked about the town last night, and never in my life did I behold a place so completely the picture of decline. There were small houses without windows, and large houses of which the doors had been walled up. There were towers, from which every gust of wind brought down fragments of masonry, and which, nevertheless, served as a support to the habitations of wretchedness. The shops were disgustingly dirty, and every thing had a spectral look. I lingered at a book-stall, in search of an old edition of St. Augustine. I found it not, but while I lingered darkness came on, yet not a light began to glimmer from any of the dismal windows around us. We met a few ill-clad men, and some hooded women thronged around us, importuning us for alms. I hurried back to the hotel. There a huge fire was lighted on the spacious hearth cased in black marble, and was still burning when I went to bed. The flames threw dark shadows and a lurid glare upon my red curtains, and there I lay, conjuring up images of the piles on which so many heretics and witches had here been tortured to death by papal cruelty. I thought of all the blood shed here during the revolution, and of Marshal Brune murdered, in 1815, by the mob, at the hotel opposite to mine. I shuddered as all these recollections came thronging upon my mind, and felt that a long mourning train must be still sweeping over the haunted city. I saw the forms of sorrow, the instruments and the ministers of priestly torture, and the ugly spectres seemed to hiss about by the fitful flickering light, till, fairly frightened by the shadowy creations of my own fancy, I was glad to be delivered from my ghostly visitors by sleep.

* To love and hate when I'm no longer free,
Life will itself be valueless to me.

From "Orientalische Briefe." Travels in the East.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

If none but dogs were the inhabitants of Constantinople, you would find it sufficiently difficult to make your way through a city where heaps of dirt, rubbish, and refuse of every credible and incredible composition, obstruct you at every step, and especially barricade the corners of the streets. But dogs are not the only dwellers. Take care of yourself — here comes a train of horses, laden on each side with skins of oil — all oil without as well as within. And, oh! take care again, for behind are a whole troop of asses, carrying tiles and planks, and all kinds of building materials. Now give way to the right for those men with baskets of coals upon their heads, and give way, too, to the left for those other men — four, six, eight at a time, staggering along with such a load of merchandise, that the pole, thick as your arm, to which it is suspended, bends beneath the weight. Meanwhile, don't lose your head with the braying of the asses, the yelling of the dogs, the cries of the porters, or the calls of the sweetmeat and chestnut venders, but follow your dragoman, who, accustomed to all this turmoil, flies before you with winged steps, and either disappears in the crowd or vanishes round a corner. At length you reach a cemetery. We all know how deeply the Turks respect the graves of the dead — how they visit them and never permit them to be disturbed, as we do in Europe, after any number of years. In the abstract this is very grand, and when we imagine to ourselves a beautiful cypress grove with tall white monumental stones, and green grass beneath, it presents a stately and solemn picture. Now contemplate it in the reality. The monuments are overthrown, dilapidated, or awry — several roughly paved streets intersect the space — here sheep are feeding — there donkeys are waiting — here geese are cackling — there cocks are crowing — in one part of the ground linen is drying — in another carpenters are planing — from one corner a troop of camels defile — from another a funeral procession approaches — children are playing — dogs rolling — every kind of the most unconcerned business going on. And what can be a greater profanation of the dead? But, true enough, where they were buried four hundred years ago, there they lie still.

THE PYRAMIDS.

If any one had said to me up there, between the foundation of this pyramid and that of the railroad at Vienna there are as many thousand years as there are thousands of miles from the planet Earth to the planet Sirius, I should have answered at once, "Of course there are." I seemed to be standing on an island in the midst of the ether, without the slightest connection with all that hearts are throbbing with below. Time seemed to have rent a cleft around me deeper than the deepest ravine in the highest mountain of the Alps. Then one's very view below becomes so utterly—what shall I say?—so utterly lifeless.

In the whole immense plain beneath you there is not one prominent feature. It is merely a geographical map with coloured spaces — blue-green, yellow-green, sap-green — just as the culture may be. Among them, palm-woods and gardens like dark spots, canals like silver stripes, and banks like black bars. Far and faint the brownish, formless masses of the city, wrapt in its own exhalations. And last of all, but seemingly quite near, the Desert — here no longer horrible. If in time itself there be such enormous deserts, where hundreds of years lie bare and waste, and only here and there some intellectual building, together with the builder, appear in the midst, like an oasis for the mind, why should not a few hundred miles of sand lie barren here upon earth? But even if Fairyland itself lay smiling round, it would make no difference. The pyramid is every thing. Like a great mind, it overpowers all in its vicinity. Even the Nile becomes insignificant. As the mountains attract the clouds, so does the pyramid attract the thoughts, and make them revolve perpetually round it. Dear brother, it is a wonderful sight when man gets up his creations in a kind of rivalship with Eternity, as this old Cheops has done.

HALE, SARAH JOSEPHA,

As AUTHOR of this work, "Woman's Record," may hope that her name here will not be considered out of place. From a brief account of her writings, which appeared in the Lady's Book, in 1850, she selects the following particulars; premising that her maiden name was Buell, and her birth-place, Newport, a pleasant village nestled among the green hills of New Hampshire. "By the death of her husband, David Hale, a young lawyer of distinguished abilities and great excellence of character, Mrs. Hale was left the sole protector of five children, the eldest then but seven years old; it was in the hope of gaining the means for their support and education that she engaged in the literary profession. 'Northwood,' a novel in two volumes, was her first published work; (a little volume of poems had been previously printed for her benefit by the Freemasons, of which fraternity Mr. Hale had been a distinguished member.) 'Northwood' was issued in Boston, December, 1827, under the title of 'The Book of Flowers.'

"Early in the following year, Mrs. Hale was invited from her home in the 'Old Granite State' to go to Boston and take charge of the editorial department of 'The Ladies' Magazine,' the first periodical exclusively devoted to her sex which appeared in America. She removed to Boston in 1828, and continued to edit the Ladies' Magazine until 1837, when it was united with the Lady's Book in Philadelphia, of the literary department of which work she has ever since had charge.

"Mrs. Hale continued to reside in Boston, after she became editor of the Lady's Book, for several years, while her sons were in Harvard College. In 1841, she removed to Philadelphia, where she now resides.

"Besides 'Northwood,' which was reprinted in London under the title of 'A New England Tale,' and well commended in several English journals, her published works are, 'Sketches of American Character;' 'Traits of American Life;' 'Flora's Interpreter,' (this also has been reprinted in London;) 'The Ladies' Wreath, a selection from the Female Poets of England and America;' 'The Way to Live Well, and to be Well while we Live;' 'Grosvenor, a Tragedy;' 'Alice Ray, a Romance in Rhyme;' 'Harry Guy, the Widow's Son, a Story of the Sea'—(the last two were written for charitable purposes, and the proceeds given away accordingly;) 'Three Hours, or the Vigil of Love, and other Poems,' published in 1848; 'A Complete Dictionary of Poetical Quotations, containing Selections from the writings of the Poets of England and America.' This volume contains nearly six hundred double column large octavo pages, and is the most complete work of the kind in the English language.

"Mrs. Hale has also edited several annuals — 'The Opal;' 'The Crocus,' &c., and prepared quite a number of books for the young. 'The Judge; A Drama of American Life,' lately published in the 'Lady's Book,' is the latest of her writings.

"Moreover, in addition to all these productions of Mrs. Hale's fertile mind, a large number of stories, poems, essays, &c., many without her name, sufficient to fill several large volumes, lie scattered among the periodicals of the day. These she will collect and publish when she concludes her editorial duties. Of these duties it is scarcely worth our while to speak, writing, as we are, for the readers of the Lady's Book, who know so well how thoroughly and usefully they have been performed. Quite pertinent is the following extract from a newspaper in Massachusetts, which comes timely to our hands while writing. In noticing the Lady's Book, the editor says: 'Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, the lady editor, is one of the most sensible and energetic of all the conductors of the numerous magazines that are now published; and as she was the pioneer in this species of literature, no one has had a greater influence, or become more universally popular among her countrywomen.'" Her success is richly deserved, and her energy, devotion, and perseverance under circumstances the most trying, afford a cheering example to her sex.'"

A few words respecting the influences which have, probably, caused me to become the Chronicler of my own sex, may not be considered egotistical. I was mainly educated by my mother, and strictly taught to make the Bible the guide of my life. The books to which I had access were few, very few, in comparison with the number given children now-a-days; but they were such as required to be studied — and I did study them Next to the Bible and The Pilgrim's Progress, my earliest reading was Milton, Addison, Pope, Johnson, Cowper, Burns, and a portion of Shakspeare. I did not obtain all his works till I was nearly fifteen. The first regular novel I read was "The Mysteries of Udolpho," when I was quite a child. I name it on account of the influence it exercised

over my mind. I had remarked that of all the books I saw, few were written by Americans, and none by *women*. Here was a work, the most fascinating I had ever read, always excepting "The Pilgrim's Progress," written by a woman! How happy it made me! The wish to promote the reputation of my own sex, and do something for my own country, were among the earliest mental emotions I can recollect. These feelings have had a salutary influence by directing my thoughts to a definite object; my literary pursuits have had an aim beyond self-seeking of any kind. The mental influence of woman over her own sex, which was so important in my case, has been strongly operative in inclining me to undertake this my latest work, "Woman's Record," &c. I have sought to make it an assistant in home education; hoping the examples shown and characters portrayed, might have an inspiration and a power in advancing the moral progress of society. Yet I cannot close without adverting to the ready and kind aid I have always met with from those men with whom I have been most nearly connected. To my brother* I owe what knowledge I possess of the Latin, and the higher branches of mathematics, and of mental philosophy. He often lamented that I could not, like himself, have the privilege of a college education. To my husband I was yet more deeply indebted. He was a number of years my senior, and far more my superior in learning. We commenced, soon after our marriage, a system of study and reading which we pursued while he lived. The hours allowed were from eight o'clock in the evening till ten; two hours in the twenty-four: how I enjoyed those hours! In all our mental pursuits, it seemed the aim of my husband to enlighten my reason, — strengthen my judgment, and give me confidence in my own powers of mind, which he estimated much higher than I. But this approbation which he bestowed on my talents has been of great encouragement to me in attempting the duties that have since become my portion. And if there is any just praise due to the works I have prepared, the sweetest thought is — that *his name* bears the celebrity.

As sufficient specimens of my prose will be extant in this work, I will select only from my poetical writings.

From "The Rhyme of Life."

THE HAND AND ITS WORK.

The stars that shine in Afric's sky,
  Lighting all lovely things,
Have seen, though hid from human eye,
  Two tiny, trembling Springs,
Whose silvery, soft-ton'd flowing seems
Like whispers heard in lovers' dreams,
  That wake an answering smile; —
And yet those star-kiss'd springs send forth
The proudest flood that tracks the earth —
  The world-renown'd Old Nile: —
Swart Egypt's sands, beneath his wave,
Are whelm'd, as in an ocean grave;
Anon, from out his slimy tide,
  Like earth from Chaos raised again,
The rich green harvest waveth wide,
  And hope, and joy, and beauty reign.

Thus powerless, as the oozing rill,
  The infant's small, soft hand appears,
But wielded by stern manhood's will,
  And strengthen'd by life's rolling years,
That wonder-working Hand may pour,
  Like Nile, when bursting every bound,
A flood of devastation o'er
  The prostrate world around;
Or, like Nile's fertilizing tide,
May scatter blessings far and wide,

The human Hand! Would'st number o'er
  Its mighty works of strength and skill?
The trophies cumber every shore; —
'Mid desert wastes, — on mountains hoar,
Where foot may press, or eye explore,
  Its presence meets us still; —
From Babylonia's crumbling tower,
Religion's earliest dome of power,
  To Zion's holy Hill, —
And downward, through the lapse of time,
Where'er is heard the voice or chime,
  That summons men to praise and prayer,
From minaret or Gothic pile,
From shingled roof or pillar'd aisle —
  The Workman's Hand is there.
* * * * * *
Man's Work — how much the word has said!
  From Mœris' Lake to fountain, set,
  Like diamond in a coronet,
  Within some emerald shade;
From garden-pale to China's Wall;
From Pyramid to plaything small
  Which infant's touch has sway'd;
From mud-scoop'd hut to royal hall;
From burial-vault to lighthouse tall, —
The loftiest work, the lowest — all
  Man's master Hand has made.
* * * * * *
Art's glorious things, that give the Mind
  Dominion over time and space;
The silken car, that rides the wind:
  The steel, that pathless seas can trace;
The engine, breathing fire and smoke,
Which first old Neptune's trident broke,
  And sails its ships 'gainst wind and tide;
The telescope, that sweeps the sky,
And brings the pilgrim planet nigh,
  Familiar as the Sun's pale bride;
The microscopic lens, which finds
  On every leaf a peopled land,
All these, which aid the mightiest minds,
  Were wrought and fashion'd by the Hand.
* * * * * *
Oh, when its gather'd trophies stand,
Like magic forms, on sea and land,
In Fancy's view, — who doth not cry,
As the bright vision glideth by,
In beauty, power, and majesty, —
  "Though Mind, Aladdin's lamp might be,
  His Genie was the Hand!"
* * * * * *
While thus to ceaseless task-work doom'd, to make the world his own,
— Lest, in the struggle, sense should drag the spirit from its throne,
Woman's warm heart and gentle hand, in God's eternal plan,
Were form'd *to soften*, soothe, refine, exalt, and comfort Man,
And win from pleasure's poison cup to life's pure fount above,
And rule him, as the angels rule, by deeds of peace and love: —
And so the tender Mother lays, on her soft pillowing breast,
With gentle hand, her infant son, and lulls him to his rest,
And dries his tears, and cheers his smiles, and by her wise control,
She checks his wayward moods, and wakes the seraph in his soul;
And when life's Work commands him forth, no more to dwell with her,
She points him to the HAND that saved the sinking mariner,
And broke the bread for famish'd men, and bids him trust that stay —
And then, her hands unclasp'd from his, are lifted up to pray,

* The late Judge Buell of Glen's Falls, New York.

But man could never Work alone, and even in Eden's bowers
He pined for woman's smile to cheer his task of tending flowers;
And soon a fair young bride is sought and found to bless the youth,
Who gives, for his protecting hand, her heart of love and truth;—
And now his Work has higher aims, since she its blessings shares,
And oft her hand will roses strew, where his would scatter tares;
And, like a light within a vase, his home enshrines her form,
Which brightens o'er his world-toss'd mind, like sunshine o'er the storm;
And when she pleads in sorrow's cause, he cannot choose but hear,
And when her soul with Heaven communes, she draws his spirit near;
And thus they live till age creeps on, or sickness lays him low,
Then will she gird her woman's heart to bear life's bitterest woe,
And soothe his pain, and stay his head, and close his dying eyes—
While praying Angel-hands may guide his soul to Paradise.

WORSHIP IN THE TEMPLE.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem! the blessing lingers yet
On the city of the Chosen, where the Sabbath seal was set;
And though her sons are scatter'd, and her daughters weep apart,
While desolation, like a pall, weighs down each faithful heart,—
As the palm beside the waters, as the cedar on the hills,
She shall rise in strength and beauty when the Lord Jehovah wills;
He has promis'd her protection, and his holy pledge is good,—
'T is whisper'd through the olive-groves, and murmur'd by the flood,
As in the Sabbath stillness the Jordan's flow is heard,
And by the Sabbath breezes the hoary trees are stirr'd.

Oh! glorious were the Sabbaths Jerusalem has known,
When the presence of the Highest was so wonderfully shown;
And the holy Law was guarded by cherubim divine;
And the Temple's awful Worship drew the nation to its shrine;
And the "Song of songs" was sounded, till the melody profound,
Shook the golden roof and arches with its ocean power of sound;
And wreathing clouds of incense rose, like doves upon the air,
Upbearing on their balmy wings the sacrifice of prayer;
And sweet as angel greetings, in the mansions of the blest,
O'er the heart of gather'd Israel came the Sabbath and its rest.

But the glory all departed when the Temple was laid low,
And like a childless mother, mourns the city in her woe;
Still a people never perish who in Sabbath worship bend,—
God has kept his Chosen — He will keep them to the end.
Soon the days of expectation and of exile will be o'er,
And Israel return to his heritage once more.
Then shall bloom the rose of Sharon, and the lilies of the vale,
By the dews of Hermon freshen'd, breathe their fragrance on the gale:
As the seed for centuries buried, when laid open to the day,
Bursts forth in life and beauty 'neath the vivifying ray,
So Jerusalem shall triumph, when her children are restored,
And with songs of peace and gladness hail the Sabbath of the Lord.

WORSHIP IN THE FOREST.

What numbers, when the Sabbath comes,
Are trooping from their forest homes!
The maiden, pure as prairie rose,
Beside her bending grandsire goes;
The fawn-eyed children bound at large,
The mother brings her nursling charge,
And, bearing some pale, sickly child,
Stalks the strong hunter of the wild.

And he may see, through copse-wood near,
The antlers of the browsing deer;
Or, as his path through prairie goes,
Hear the dull tramp of buffaloes;
Or savage foe, or beast of prey,
May haunt his steps, or bar his way;
So, like a knight, he goes prepared
His foes to meet, his friends to guard:
The rifle in his ready hand
Proclaims the forester's command;
And as his glance is onward cast,
Or wild-wood sounds go rustling past,
His flashing eye and flushing cheek
Betray the wish he may not speak;—
But soon these fancies fade away,
Checked by the thought — 'tis Sabbath-Day!
And when he gains the house of prayer,
Heart, soul and mind, are centered there.

That house of prayer — how mean beside
The grand cathedral's sculptured pride!
Yet He who in a manger slept,
And in the wilds his vigils kept,
Will breathe a holy charm around,
Where His true followers are found.
Oh! never deem it low and rude,
Though fashioned by the settler's axe,
The sap still weeping from the wood,
As loath to leave its brother trees,
That wave above it in the breeze,—
No pomp it needs, no glory lacks;—
The holy angels are its guard,
And pious feet its planks have trod,
'T is consecrated to the Lord,
The Temple of the living God!

But when the Sabbath gatherings press,
Like armies, from the wilderness,
'T is then the dim, old woods afford
The sanctuary of the Lord!
The Holy Spirit breathes around —
That forest glade is sacred ground,
Nor Temple built with hands could vie
In glory with its majesty.
The trees like living columns rise,
Whose tops sustain the bending skies;
And o'er those earnest worshippers,
God's love, like golden roof, is spread,
And every leaf the zephyr stirs,
Some heavenly promise seems to shed;
The flowers' sweet breath and gladsome eyes
Recall the joys of Paradise,
When God and man were garden-friends;
And now the loving Saviour bends —
So do they deem, those fervent bands —
With blessings in his bleeding hands!

And though the organ's ocean swell
Has never shook that woodland air,
Yet do the soul's emotions tell
That music's monarch power is there.
It lifts the mortal's hope above —
It draws to earth the angels' love —
The eye of faith may see them near,
Their golden harps forgotten when,
As breathed from lips of contrite man,
Redemption's joyful song they hear?

From "The Judge."

A BLIND GIRL'S IDEA OF LADIES.

I have a fancy ladies are like flowers,
And so I class and keep them in my mind.
The delicate and gentle are the jasmines;
The mirthful and warm-hearted — these are pinks;
The loving are the rose, for love is sweet,
And beautiful in mother as in bride;
The stately and precise are dahlias, set
As they were carved and coloured for a show;
The tulips, such as talk of love and beaux;
The spiritual, whose pure, sweet thoughts seem given,
As are the star-beams from the vault of heaven —
These are the lilies: and the violets
Are gentle-hearted ones who love the lilies,
And would be like them could they chose their fate.

A THOUGHT.

What might a single mind may wield,
With Truth for sword, and Faith for shield,
And Hope to lead the way!
Thus all high triumphs are obtain'd;
From evil, good—as God ordain'd
The night before the day.

From "Poems."

THE WATCHER.

The night was dark and fearful,
The blast went wailing by;—
A Watcher, pale and tearful,
Looked forth with anxious eye;
How wistfully she gazes,—
No gleam of morn is there!
And then her heart upraises
Its agony of prayer!

Within that dwelling lonely,
Where want and darkness reign,
Her precious child, her only,
Lay moaning in his pain:
And death alone can free him,—
She feels that this must be:
"But oh! for morn to see him
Smile once again on me!"

A hundred lights are glancing
In yonder mansion fair,
And merry feet are dancing,—
They heed not morning there:
Oh! young and joyous creatures,
One lamp, from out your store,
Would give that poor boy's features
To her fond gaze once more.

The morning sun is shining,—
She heedeth not its ray;
Beside her dead, reclining,
That pale, dead mother lay!
A smile her lip was wreathing,
A smile of hope and love,
As though she still were breathing—
"There's light for us above!"

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

My son, thou wilt dream the world is fair,
And thy spirit will sigh to roam,
And thou *must* go;—but never, when there,
Forget the light of Home!

Though pleasures may smile with a ray more bright,
It dazzles to lead astray;
Like the meteor's flash, 'twill deepen the night
When treading thy lonely way:—

But the hearth of home has a constant flame,
And pure as vestal fire,—
'T will burn, 't will burn for ever the same
For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest-tossed,
And thy hopes may vanish like foam,—
When sails are shivered and compass lost,
Then look to the light of Home!

And there, like a star through midnight cloud,
Thou'lt see the beacon bright;
For never, till shining on thy shroud,
Can be quenched its holy light.

The sun of fame may gild the *name*
But the *heart* ne'er felt its ray;
And fashion's smiles that rich ones claim,
Are beams of a wintry day:

How cold and dim those beams would be,
Should Life's poor wanderer come!—
My son, when the world is dark to thee
Then turn to the light of Home.

I SING TO HIM.

I sing to *him!* I dream he hears
The song he used to love,
And oft that blessèd fancy cheers
And bears my thoughts above.
Ye say 't is idle thus to dream —
But why believe it so?
It is the spirit's meteor gleam
To soothe the pang of wo.

Love gives to nature's voice a tone
That true hearts understand, —
The sky, the earth, the forest lone
Are peopled by his wand;
Sweet fancies all our pulses thrill
While gazing on a flower,
And from the gently whisp'ring rill
Is heard the words of power.

I breathe the dear and cherished name,
And long-lost scenes arise;
Life's glowing landscape spreads the same
The same Hope's kindling skies;—
The violet bank, the moss-fringed seat
Beneath the drooping tree,
The clock that chimed the hour to meet,
My buried love, with thee,—

O, these are all before me, when
In fancy's realms I rove;
Why urge me to the world again?
Why say the ties of love,
That death's cold, cruel grasp has riven,
Unite no more below?
I 'll sing to him — for though in heaven,
He surely heeds my woe.

IRON.

"Truth shall spring out of the earth."—*Psalm* lxxxv. 11.

As, in lonely thought, I pondered,
On the marv'lous things of earth,
And, in fancy's dreaming, wondered
At their beauty, power, and worth,
Came, like words of prayer, the feeling —
Oh! that God would make me know
Through the spirit's clear revealing,
What, of all his works below,
Is to man a boon the greatest,
Brightening on from age to age,
Serving truest, earliest, latest,
Through the world's long pilgrimage.

Soon vast mountains rose before me,
Shaggy, desolate, and lone,
Their scarred heads were threatening o'er me,
Their dark shadows round me thrown;
Then a voice, from out the mountains,
As an earthquake shook the ground,
And like frightened fawns the fountains,
Leaping, fled before the sound;
And the Anak oaks bowed lowly,
Quivering, aspen-like, with fear —
While the deep response came slowly,
Or it must have crushed mine ear!

"Iron! iron! iron!"—crashing,
Like the battle-axe and shield!
Or the sword on helmet clashing,
Through a bloody battle-field:
"Iron! iron! iron!"—rolling,
Like the far-off cannon's boom;
Or the death-knell, slowly tolling,
Through a dungeon's charnel gloom!
"Iron! iron! iron!"—swinging,
Like the summer winds at play;
Or as chimes of heaven ringing
In the blest Millennial day!

Then the clouds of ancient fable
Cleared away before mine eyes;
Truth could tread a footing stable
O'er the gulf of mysteries!

Words, the prophet bards had uttered
Signs, the oracle foretold,
Spells, the weird-like sibyl muttered,
Through the twilight days of old,
Rightly read, beneath the splendour
Shining now on history's page,
All their faithful witness render —
All portend a better age.

Sisyphus, for ever toiling,
Was the type of toiling men,
While the stone of power, recoiling,
Crushed them back to earth again!
Stern Prometheus, bound and bleeding,
Imaged man in mental chain,
While the vultures on him feeding,
Were the passions' vengeful reign;
Still a ray of mercy tarried
On the cloud, a white-winged dove,
For this mystic faith had married
Vulcan to the Queen of Love! *

Rugged Strength and radiant Beauty —
These were one in nature's plan;
Humble toil and heavenward duty —
These will form the perfect man!
Darkly was this doctrine taught us
By the gods of heathendom;
But the living light was brought us,
When the Gospel morn had come!
How the glorious change, expected,
Could be wrought, was then made free;
Of the earthly, when perfected,
Rugged iron forms the key!

"Truth from out the earth shall flourish,"
This the Word of God makes known —
Thence are harvests men to nourish —
There let iron's power be shown.
Of the swords, from slaughter gory,
Ploughshares forge to break the soil;
Then will Mind attain its glory,
Then will Labour reap the spoil —
Error cease the soul to wilder,
Crime be checked by simple good,
As the little coral builder
Forces back the furious flood.

While our faith in good grows stronger,
Means of greater good increase;
Iron, slave of war no longer,
Leads the onward march of peace;
Still new modes of service finding,
Ocean, earth, and air, it moves,
And the distant nations binding,
Like the kindred tie it proves;
With its Atlas-shoulder sharing
Loads of human toil and care
On its wing of lightning bearing
Thought's sweet mission through the air!

As the rivers, farthest flowing,
In the highest hills have birth;
As the banyan, broadest growing,
Oftenest bows its head to earth —
So the noblest minds press onward,
Channels far of good to trace;
So the largest hearts bend downward,
Circling all the human race;
Thus, by iron's aid, pursuing
Through the earth their plans of love,
Men our Father's will are doing,
Here as angels do above!

* This poem was written in 1845, and published in January, 1846. I name this because in 1848, Lord Morpeth — now the Earl of Carlisle — in a speech he made at Sheffield, England, introduced this idea of Vulcan and Venus representing strength and beauty in a very happy manner. I do not know that he was indebted to my poem; but as the thoughts were similar, and as I might be accused of imitation, I here give the date of "Iron." One merit I may justly claim for my poems — a negative one — they are not imitations nor versifications of the thoughts of others.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

When Orpheus struck his burning lyre,
Mute nature caught creative fire,—
Rough stones obeyed the swelling sound,
In mystic measure moved around,
Till, polished by the harmony,
The finished structure, grand and free,
Rose like the star that heralds day,
To show Man's Mind its work and way!

The sword may sever slavery's chain —
The strong arm crush the tyrant's reign,
As lightning from the lurid sky
Shatters and scathes the Temple high;—
But 'tis the sweet-voiced Spring that calls
The ivy o'er the broken walls,
And gently swaying in the blasts,
The fragile plant the Pile outlasts.

And thus the power of Music's breath
Re-clothes the wastes of Time and Death.
The "blind old man" begins his strain,
And Greece is "living Greece" again!
The Songs that flowed on Zion's Hill
Are chanted in God's Temples still.
And to the eye of faith unfold
The glories of His House of old

Each Prophet-Bard of ancient days
Still breathes for us his lofty lays;
The words that bear a mission high,
If Music-hallowed, never die; —
And thus Religion, Law and Art,
Sow their choice seeds in every heart;
From age to age the Song flows on,
And blends fresh life with glories gone.

A mystery this—but who can see
The soft south wind that sways the tree
And warms its vital flood to flow,
And wakes its folded buds to blow?—
Even thus the power of Music, felt,
The soul is swayed, the heart will melt,
Till Love and Hope so bless the Hours,
Life's dial-plate is marked by flowers.

And every Temple Art has reared
Some truth has taught, some error cleared;
But only Music's voice leads on
When Time is o'er and Heaven is won;
The Angel-Art to mortals taught,—
The golden chord of human thought,
When pure and tuned by Faith and Love,
Linked with the golden harps above!

IT SNOWS.

"It snows!" cries the School-boy—"hurrah!" and his shout
Is ringing through parlour and hall,
While swift, as the wing of a swallow, he's out
And his playmates have answered his call:
It makes the heart leap but to witness their joy,—
Proud wealth has no pleasures, I trow,
Like the rapture that throbs in the pulse of the boy,
As he gathers his treasures of snow;
Then lay not the trappings of gold on thine heirs,
While health, and the riches of Nature, are theirs.

"It snows!" sighs the Imbecile—"Ah!" and his breath
Comes heavy, as clogged with a weight;
While from the pale aspect of Nature in death,
He turns to the blaze of his grate:
And nearer, and nearer, his soft-cushioned chair
Is wheeled tow'rds the life-giving flame —
He dreads a chill puff of the snow-burdened air,
Lest it wither his delicate frame:
Oh! small is the pleasure existence can give,
When the fear we shall die only proves that we live!

"It snows!" cries the Traveller —"Ho!" and the word
Has quickened his steed's lagging pace;
The wind rushes by, but its howl is unheard —
Unfelt the sharp drift in his face;

For bright through the tempest his own home appeared —
  Ay, though leagues intervened, he can see;
There 's the clear, glowing hearth, and the table prepared,
  And his wife with their babes at her knee.
Blest thought! how it lightens the grief-laden hour,
That those we love dearest are safe from its power.

"It snows!" cries the Belle—"Dear, how lucky!" and turns
  From her mirror to watch the flakes fall;
Like the first rose of summer, her dimpled cheek burns
  While musing on sleigh-ride and ball:
There are visions of conquest, of splendour, and mirth,
  Floating over each drear winter's day;
But the tintings of Hope, on this storm-beaten earth,
  Will melt, like the snow-flakes, away;
Turn, turn thee to Heaven, fair maiden, for bliss,
That world has a fountain ne'er opened in this.

"It snows!" cries the Widow — "Oh God!" and her sighs
  Have stifled the voice of her prayer;
Its burden ye 'll read in her tear-swollen eyes,
  On her cheek, sunk with fasting and care.
'T is night — and her fatherless ask her for bread —
  But "He gives the young ravens their food,"
And she trusts, till her dark hearth adds horror to dread,
  And she lays on her last chip of wood.
Poor suff'rer! that sorrow thy God only knows —
'T is a pitiful lot to be poor, when it snows!

THE MOTHER'S GIFT TO MISSIONS.

"Oh! had I mines of treasure,
  How would I pour them forth,
And send the Messengers of love
  To bless the waiting earth!
How can the heathen woman
  Her hopeless lot endure?
Would I had power to give her light,
  But I am weak and poor!"

Thus thought a gentle mother,
  While, bowed in love and awe,
She heard the fervent preacher's voice
  Enforce the Saviour's law —
"Go ye to every nation,
  And teach the Gospel lore;
My spirit, while the world endures,
  Is with you evermore."

She felt, that meek-eyed mother,
  How sweet the Christian's trust;
As flowers from winter's icy shroud
  Beneath the warm Spring burst,
So from the blight of sorrow,
  Of winter-like despair,
Her heart to Faith's warm light had turned,
  And bloomed in hope and prayer.

But now her soul was saddened —
  What mite had she to give?
Her feeble efforts scarce can gain
  The scanty means to live;
The widow's lot, like killing frost,
  Her world had desert made —
All, save one flower, had passed away —
All, save one hope, decayed.

She wept, that pale young mother,
  In humble grief she wept,
While pillowed on her heaving breast,
  In peace her fair child slept;
She wept to think the Saviour's love
  Heaven's grace for her had won,
And she no gift to aid His cause, —
  "Oh! mother, give thy son!"

Thus, in her soul's deep chambers,
  The Spirit's voice was heard;
And though before her shrinking sense,
  The thorns, the cross appeared, —
The parting, and the dangers,
  Fear, doubt, and dread combine,
She clasped him to her throbbing heart —
  "Yes, Lord, he shall be thine!"

Oh! when the "Books" are opened,
  And deeds and motives known,
And honour to the holiest
  Before the world is shown,
How high above the queens of earth,
  The rich, the proud above,
Will stand that lowly mother's name,
  Joined with her gift of love!

HALL, ANNA MARIA,

Is a native of Ireland; her birth-place was in Wexford county, where her family, whose name was Fielding, was of high respectability. When Miss Fielding was about fifteen, she was taken by her mother to England, and there they resided several years, before revisiting her native country. But the scenes which were familiar to her as a child, must have made a vivid and lasting impression on her mind; and all her sketches evince so much freshness and vigour, that her readers might easily imagine she had passed her life among the scenes she describes. An able critic observes that, "To her early absence from her native country is probably to be traced one strong characteristic of all her writings — the total absence of party feeling on subjects connected with politics or religion."*

Miss Fielding was very fortunate in her marriage connexion with her husband, Mr. S. C. Hall, an English gentleman, whose talents and taste, as a successful writer and artist, are widely known. Soon after her marriage, Mrs. Hall commenced her literary career; no doubt the sympathy and approval of her husband incited her genius, and assisted materially in developing her powers. Her first work, entitled "Sketches of Irish Character," appeared in 1829. Of this, and her succeeding works, the following is, probably, a correct, though by no means a flattered estimate. "Mrs. Hall's sketches bear a closer resemblance to the tales of Miss Mitford than to the Irish stories of Banim or Griffin, though the latter may have tended to direct Mrs. Hall to the peculiarities of Irish character. They contain some fine rural description, and are animated by a healthy tone of moral feeling and a vein of delicate humour. The coquetry

* Dublin University Magazine for 1840.

of her Irish girls (very different from that in high life) is admirably depicted. Next year, Mrs. Hall issued a little volume for children, "Chronicles of a School-Room," consisting also of a series of tales, simple, natural, and touching. The home-truths and moral observations conveyed in these narratives, reflect great credit on the heart and the judgment of the writer. Indeed, good taste and good feeling may be said to preside over all the works of our authoress. In 1831, she issued a second series of "Sketches of Irish Character," fully equal to the first, which was well received. The "Rapparee" is an excellent story, and some of the satirical delineations are hit off with great truth and liveliness. In 1832, she ventured on a larger and more difficult work — an historical romance in three volumes, entitled "The Buccaneer." The scene of this tale is laid in England, at the time of the Protectorate, and Oliver himself is among the characters. The plot of "The Buccaneer" is well managed, and some of the characters (as that of Barbara Iverk, the Puritan) are skilfully delineated; but the work is too feminine, and has too little of energetic passion for the stormy times in which it is cast. In 1834, Mrs. Hall published "Tales of Woman's Trials," short stories of decidedly moral tendency, written in the happiest style of the authoress. In 1835, appeared "Uncle Horace," a novel, and in 1838 "Lights and Shadows of Irish Life," three volumes. The latter had been previously published in the New Monthly Magazine, and enjoyed great popularity. The principal tale in the collection, "The Groves of Blarney," was dramatised at one of the theatres with distinguished success. In 1840, Mrs. Hall issued what has been styled the best of her novels, "Marian; or a Young Maid's Fortunes," in which her knowledge of Irish character is again displayed. Katty Macane, an Irish cook, who adopts Marian, a foundling, and watches over her with untiring affection, is equal to any of the Irish portraitures since those by Miss Edgeworth. The next work of our authoress was a series of "Stories of the Irish Peasantry," contributed to Chambers' Edinburgh Journal, and afterwards published in a collected form. In 1840, Mrs. Hall aided her husband in a work chiefly composed by him, and which reflects credit upon his talents and industry—"Ireland, its Scenery, Character," &c. Topographical and statistical information is here blended with the poetical and romantic features of the country — the legends of the peasantry — scenes and characters of humour and pathos—and all that could be gathered in five separate tours through Ireland, added to early acquaintance and recollection of the country. The work was highly embellished by British artists, and extended to three large volumes. In tasteful description of natural objects, and pictures of every-day life, Mrs. Hall has few superiors. Her humour is not so broad or racy as that of Lady Morgan, nor her observation so pointed and select as Miss Edgeworth's. Her writings are also unequal, but, in general, they constitute easy, delightful reading, and possess a simple truth and purity of sentiment that is ultimately more fascinating than the darker shades and colourings of imaginative composition."*

Mrs. Hall's residence was for a number of years at The Rosery, Old Brompton, near London; where her home was distinguished for its simple elegance, and the refined taste and hospitality of the gifted pair who presided in this pleasant literary retreat. At present they reside in Surrey, about eighteen miles from London; Mr. Hall is editor of the "Art-Union," and Mrs. Hall a constant contributor to its pages. There her latest and one of her most interesting works, "Midsummer Eve; a Fairy Tale of Love," first appeared, with superb illustrations. The most distinguished artists in Great Britain furnished the pictorial semblances of the author's pure and beautiful ideas; we hardly know which deserves most praise. The volume was issued in 1848, and well sustains the intention of the authoress: "I have endeavoured," she says, "to trace the progress of a young girl's mind from infancy to womanhood; the Good and Evil Influences to which it is subjected; and the Trials inseparable from a contest with the World." *Mrs. S. C. Hall*, as she always gives her name to her works, seemingly desirous of associating her husband's fame with her own, never loses an opportunity of inculcating those virtues as well as graces which make the happiness and enlarge the best influence of her own sex. Another beautiful trait of her character, is her active benevolence; she engages in those associated efforts to benefit society by taking care for woman's education and comfort, now beginning to be made in England. We find her name on the Committee for the Asylum of the "Governesses' Benevolent Institution;" and in the establishment of "The Queen's College" for the better promotion of female education, Mrs. S. C. Hall was warmly interested.

From "Marian; or a Young Maid's Fortunes."

MARIAN'S CHARACTER.

It would be difficult to analyze the feelings with which Marian awoke to this new existence — for new indeed it was; the kindness of Lady Isabel, the dean's benevolence, the joy of her beloved nurse, each succeeding the other, were more like spells, the spells of a happy land, where there were no tears, no anxieties, no troubles. She was filled with joy and gratitude. Not many weeks had elapsed, and she was living a new life, in a new world, remembering only the past to enhance the sweetness of the present. Her heart's beatings, lest it should be a dream, not a reality, had hardly subsided; and when each morning she awoke, she could scarcely believe that what surrounded her was less than fairy-land. It was with mingled delight and astonishment that Lady Isabel discovered her rare excellence in music. She had not only completely mastered the mechanical part of the science, but infused into her performance that pure and exquisite spirit which, like genius, cannot be taught — it cometh we know not whence; but it is impossible to listen to vocal or instrumental music such as hers, without feeling that

* Chambers' Cyclopædia.

Nature has bestowed "a grace beyond the reach of art." Her voice was a soprano, not of extensive compass, but of the finest tone, particularly on the middle notes, where expression so fully tells.

Lady Isabel, accustomed to the best music of Italy, was astonished not only at its richness, as it rolled forth in purest melody, but at the beauty of her conceptions and the truth of their delineation. The few songs she sang were chosen with admirable skill, and she succeeded in exciting whatever interest she pleased in her hearers. Lady Isabel was spell-bound by the charm of this extraordinary talent; it was something so original, so different from any thing she had expected. As yet Marian had only learned the simple melodies of her own land, and a few as simple French songs; but hers was a voice which evidently could sing any thing — round and flexible, perfect in its intonations, and capable of the highest culture. To have understood the pleasure experienced by Lady Isabel at this discovery, it would be necessary to understand the power sweet sounds possessed over her feelings; to those who comprehend this, explanation would be unnecessary; those who do not would think us gone mad on the subject. It is indeed labour in vain to attempt proving to the unmusical the power of music; that high, and pure, and holy enjoyment, which, as we may believe, is one of the delights we are to experience in heaven.

"I do not like to see tears in your eyes, Lady Isabel," said Marian, when she finished singing one of the sweet ballads of poor Ireland, whose euphonious termination, "*Colleen das crutheen amo*," she had learnt to pronounce with its natural softness, from our friend Katty Macane. "I do not like to see tears in your eyes, dear Lady Isabel; why should you ever shed tears? — you, so good, so happy, so rich, so independent: what made you cry, dear lady?"

"Your music, my dear child."

"I ought to be happy at that! to think of my nurse's ballad making you weep!"

"It is even so," replied Lady Isabel; "ballads such as that excite in a double way, by the words and music, both playing on the feelings together. That voice, Marian, is a fortune!"

"I wish it would make me one: do you think it would?" inquired the girl, eagerly.

"Yes, I am sure of it — there can be no doubt about the matter."

"Oh, then, dear Lady Isabel," she exclaimed, joyfully, "only tell me *how* I can set about it; you have been so good, so generous to me, that you will not refuse me this request, and then I should be independent; it would make me very, very miserable if I thought that all my life I was to be only a dependant; a thing to subsist upon the cast-off food and cast-off smiles of others! Oh, Lady Isabel, if I could once, even, earn my own bread!"

"You earned it with Mrs. Jones, my poor girl — you surely earned it there."

"I might perhaps have earned food, dear Lady Bell, but not money. I wore the cast-off garments of charity."

"Say, of justice rather; they were earned."

"My dear lady, I could not think they were; when any thing approaching finery was given to me, I could not bear to put it on — I felt how strange the charity-child that crossed my path would look decked out in ribands. I loathed myself."

"No, Marian," replied her friend, "you loathed your dependence; you were proud, child, too proud; that was the pride that 'apes humility.' I do not wish to wound your feelings, Marian; but, in the many tales you have told me, where you were stern and stubborn — and I loved you all the better, because you did not spare yourself — I traced it all to pride."

"But I could kneel and kiss the dust beneath your feet, and the good dean, too; I could serve Lord Augustus not only as a servant but as a slave; my old nurse, my fond and faithful nurse, I could beg for her. Oh, Lady Isabel, is that pride?"

"It is not humility, my dear child; it is affection. We have not insulted you; if we had ——"

"Dear Lady Isabel!" exclaimed Marian, astonished at the idea; but seeing her ladyship smile, she reverted to her old purpose. "But this voice — I have practised it as you told me; and now that I understand the Italian words your ladyship so kindly translated, I think I do better; I shall not be content with doing better, I want to do well."

"Marian," said Lady Isabel, "listen to me. You have, above all others, a quality which will render you either very great or very mean — there is no medium — it is PRIDE."

"Oh, Lady Isabel," she interrupted warmly, "what should a foundling do with pride?"

"True; and I may add, what should any one do with pride? — *false* pride, that builds unto itself a pyramid of false greatness, and frets itself into perpetual agitation, lest its pyramid should be assailed. You have unhappily lived with those who sought to undervalue you; your feelings stimulated by pride, rebelled — you became harsh and irritable — expecting hourly assault, your defiance was ever ready; so that I am not quite certain but that, at times, you might have been the aggressor."

"Not only might, my lady," said the frank-hearted girl, "but *was*. I can call to mind many instances when I *was* the aggressor; and now, when I am so happy, I wonder how I could ever have been so bitter. But was it pride?"

"Yes; think, and you will see it was."

"But, dear madam, is the pride that rises against oppression wrong?"

"No, provided it does not degenerate into anger against the oppressor. The sea is deep, my child, but pride is deeper, nor is it more deep than deceitful; it will often seem to betray itself, the more successfully to betray thee. I would have you watch this pride, and separate it from that great and glorious ambition which all great men, and a few great women, have understood."

"Lady Isabel, why did you say *a few great* women?"

"Because, though many are celebrated, few are great. Women are at so early a period bound to the littlenesses of life, that it is no easy matter for them to break the thousand small intricate chains which keep them down on every side, and which, after all, except with very extraordinary talents, and under peculiar circumstances, had, perhaps, better be only loosened. There are, however, many heroic women, clad in English russet, whose sufferings and whose virtues deserve the martyr's crown. To be truly great we must be above the weaknesses — the petty ambitions of life — soaring as the eagle in the heavens with only the sun in view."

"As I should like to soar!" exclaimed the young enthusiast, "and my sun should be independence."

"And," said Lady Isabella, "if you attained it by the most praiseworthy exertions, you would then desire one other — the only one that ever made woman, however great, happy."

"What is that, madam?"

Lady Isabella paused; the word "Love" was on her lip, but she sent it back, and said, "Affection."

"I do not know," replied the maiden, "but I think I should like to be great."

"And so should I like you to be great in goodness! You have been reading this morning the biography of two very celebrated women: whom would you rather have been, Queen Elizabeth or Lady Rachel Russel?"

Marian paused not, but replied instantly, "Oh, Lady Rachel, to be sure!"

Lady Isabella drew her breath freely. "Thank God!" she instantly exclaimed; "she is right-hearted!"

BLUE-STOCKINGS.

The particular class of blue-stockings of which Lady Barbara, in her day, was so decided a specimen, is passing away. The generality of females are better informed than they were thirty years ago; it is not that there are fewer *trout*, but there are fewer *minnows;* consequently, "the trout" do not look so *very big*. Lady Barbara, toward the conclusion of her career, affected that *hardness* which, unfortunately, many clever women, now-a-days, mistake for strength. The affectation of sentiment and romance was foolish; the affectation of hard philosophy, in a woman, is worse than that. It is dangerous. Nature! that unerring philosopher! commanded different and separate occupations to the fair portion of her creation, from what she allotted to the stronger; and whatever tends to destroy these obligations, flies in the very face of that nature which it has become the fashion to talk about, and disobey. Women are capable of appreciating, and ought to be ready to exercise and understand the principles of all that is great and beautiful; they ought to be true patriots, firm friends, and honest members of society; *these* are general virtues: but there are others, especially their own, that must not be forgotten.

SENTIMENTAL YOUNG LADIES.

I hate those mere gentle girls without *mind*, or spirit, or feeling, to deepen the blush upon a pallid cheek; a fellow might as well think of living upon sweet cake, and sweet cream, and sweet strawberries, and all the sweets, which, after all, are *sure* to become sours, as going through life with a sleepy-headed beauty, whose roughest word would be, "An if it please you, sir!"

WOMAN FOR WOMAN.

"No, I can't, nor won't!" exclaimed Katty, with a heroic spirit that females would do well and wisely to cultivate. "I will not hould my tongue, where my own poor wake sex is imposed upon. Haven't I often seen the young, and the innocent, and the virtuous, drawn by their natural goodness (which desavers like you twist as a halter about their necks, strangling them with their own good intentions, like seething the kid in its mother's milk;) haven't I often seen such drawn into sin, and left to moulder away in it, till they sunk into a nameless grave? And why? Because there was none of their own sex found with enough judgment to watch over them; or with courage enough to draw them back after the first false step; or to give the broad, the loud, the determined, the steadfast LIE to what is almost as dangerous to a young woman: the *first false word that's even whispered against her honest fame!*"

THE PUBLIC SINGER.

It will be remembered that Marian once thought her fine voice might promote her independent desires, and Lady Isabella promised to read her one of those practical lessons on the danger of female publicity that are so forcible by the mere strength of example. About a week after the funeral of Mrs. Jones she fulfilled her promise — the lesson was in itself fearful. A young and clever girl without a home, and most painfully situated, married a man much beneath her; and, finding out, after the expiration of a month, that he was not only low in connexion, but of debased mind, sprang, as it were, upon the stage, as a means of support, where her magnificent musical talent commanded success. She had done so with a mind full of honest and excellent resolves—with a firm desire to do right — with a prayer; but, no, *she did not pray—if she had prayed, she would not have fallen!* Poor thing! she trusted to her integrity of purpose, and, elated with success—flushed with triumph — her unguarded and unworldly manners reaped, as their reward, a reputation, not blight exactly, but *breathed* upon by that class of men whose breath is poison. Those, few as they were in number, of her own sex whom she respected, and who ought boldly to have rallied round a sister whom they believed in danger, shrank from her. She was worse than alone in the world! for she had the clog of a base and cruel husband — a *yoke*-fellow, but no help; and this at the time when all the town were at her feet; this, as has been said before, all brilliant as it is, never yet filled the aching void in woman's heart. Her

curse seemed to be always to love unworthily; she fell; knowing *then* that she *was* degraded, she became reckless, and this recklessness was increased by the desertion of the fashionable roué who courted her as a step to farther notoriety. She went on from bad to worse, and, in the midst of a career of professional success, multitudinous scandal, and bitter self-reproach, the poor actress' health gave way, and she had no friends — envy, and that mock religion which blasts where it ought to bless, did their worst. She crept down to Twickenham with the remnant of her earnings, to die like a hunted cat, away from the scenes of her feverish home.

PREJUDICE.

Prejudice is the more dangerous, because it has the unfortunate ability of accommodating itself to all the possible varieties of the human mind. Like the spider, it makes everywhere a home. Some one of our glorious old divines — South, or Taylor, or Fuller, or Bishop Hall — has it somewhere, that let the mind be as naked as the walls of an empty and forsaken tenement, gloomy as a dungeon, or ornamented with the richest abilities of thinking; let it be hot, cold, dark, or light, lonely or inhabited; still prejudice, if undisturbed, will fill it with cobwebs, and live, like the spider, where there seemed nothing to live upon.

EMULATION.

It is the greatest possible mistake to imagine that being of the same way of thinking, having the same pursuits, the same turn of mind, as it is called, makes people agree. Derogatory as it is to the dignity of human nature, experience forces the knowledge that people having the same pursuits, the same foibles, the same feelings, agree least of all; one thunder-clap deadens the effect of another. A theatre, for instance, is nothing more than a hive, where every bee has a sting ready, not for an intruder, but for its fellow-bee. It is painful to know how actors of similar style and manner mar each other's points, and count the calls and claps which each receives above the other; but it would be invidious to quote this as an instance of discord, arising where many are engaged in the pursuit of the same object, if the confession were not added, that the same fault is observable in every sphere where men's tempers and feelings are called into operation. Higher and nobler minds overcome it altogether, simply because they *are* high and noble, and above the small artifices and weak emulations which gangrene and fester the heart.

HALL, LOUISA JANE,

Is THE daughter of Dr. James Park of Newburyport, Massachusetts, where she was born in 1802. Dr. Park removed to Boston, and in 1811, opened a school for young ladies, (one of the first institutions of this kind under the care of a man, a mode of female education since become so popular in Boston,) where his daughter was carefully educated. She began to write very early, but did not publish until 1832.

In 1840, she married Rev. Edward B. Hall, a Unitarian clergyman of Providence, Rhode Island, where she has since resided. Her principal works are, "Miriam, a Drama;" "Joanna of Naples, a Historical Tale," and "A Biography of Elizabeth Carter;" besides several poems published in periodicals. Of her most remarkable work, the editor* of "The Female Poets of America," says — "Mrs. Hall wrote Miriam only for amusement, as she did many little poems and tales which she destroyed. The first half of this drama, written in 1825, was read at a small literary party in Boston. The author not being known, was present, and was encouraged by the remarks it occasioned to finish it in the following summer. Her father forbade her design to burn it; it was read, as completed, in the winter of 1826, and the authorship disclosed; but she had not courage to publish it for several years. She saw its defects more distinctly than before, when it appeared in print, and resolved never again to attempt any thing so long in the form of poetry. Her eyesight failed for four or five years, during which time she was almost entirely deprived of the use of books, the pen, and what she says she most regretted, the *needle*.

"'Miriam' was published in 1837. It received the best approval of contemporary criticism, and a second edition, with such revision as the condition of the author's eyes had previously forbidden, appeared in the following year. Mrs. Hall had not proposed to herself to write a tragedy, but a dramatic poem, and the result was an instance of the successful accomplishment of a design, in which failure would have been but a repetition of the experience of genius. The subject is one of the finest in the annals of the human race, but one which has never been treated with a more just appreciation of its nature and capacities. It is the first great conflict of the Master's kingdom, after its full establishment, with the kingdoms of this world. It is Christianity struggling with the first persecution of power, philosophy, and the interests of society. Milman had attempted its illustration in his brilliant and stately tragedy of The Martyr of Antioch; Bulwer has laid upon it his familiar hands in The Last Days of Pompeii; and since, our countryman, William Ware, has exhibited it with power and splendour in his masterly romance of The Fall of Rome; but no one has yet approached more nearly its just delineation and analysis than Mrs. Hall in this beautiful poem."

The prose works of Mrs. Hall evince a cultivated mind and refined taste; the style is carefully finished, and the delineations of character satisfy the judgment of the reader, if they fail to awaken any deep interest in the fate of the Queen or the pursuits of the learned lady. There is something in the genius of Mrs. Hall which seems statue-like; we feel that this repose is a part of the beauty, and yet one would wish to see it disturbed if only to prove the power which the inspired artist possesses.

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* R. W. Griswold.

"From Miriam."

[Miriam, the only daughter of Thraseno, a Christian exile from Judea, residing with his two children at Rome, is seen and loved by Paulus, a young nobleman, whose father, Piso, had in his youth served in the armies in Palestine. The passion is mutual, but secret; and having failed to win the Roman to her faith, the Christian maiden resolves to part from him for ever.]

THE PARTING.

Miriam. The anguish of my soul,
My spirit's deep and rending agony,
Tell me that though this heart may surely break,
There is no change within it! and through life,
Fondly and wildly — though most hopelessly —
With all its strong affections will it cleave
To him for whom it nearly yielded all
That makes life precious — peace and self esteem,
Friends upon earth, and hopes in heaven above!
Paul. Mean'st thou — I know not what. My mind grows dark
Amid a thousand wildering mazes lost.
There is a wild and dreadful mystery
Even in thy words of love I can not solve.
Mir. Hear me: for with the holy faith that erst
Made strong the shuddering patriarch's heart and hand,
When meek below the glittering knife lay stretched
The boy whose smiles were sunshine to his age,
This night I offer up a sacrifice
Of life's best hopes to the One Living God!
Yes, from that night, my Paulus, never more
Mine eyes shall look upon thy form, mine ears
Drink in the tones of thy beloved voice.
Paul. Ye gods! ye cruel gods! let me awake
And find this but a dream!
Mir. Is it then said!
O God! the words so fraught with bitterness
So soon are uttered — and thy servant lives!
Ay, Paulus; ever from that hour, when first
My spirit knew that thine was wholly lost,
And to its superstitions wedded fast,
Shrouded in darkness, blind to every beam
Streaming from Zion's hill athwart the night
That broods in horror o'er a heathen world,
Even from that hour my shuddering soul beheld
A dark and fathomless abyss yawn wide
Between us two; and o'er it gleamed alone
One pale, dim twinkling star! the lingering hope
That grace descending from the Throne of Light
Might fall in gentle dews upon that heart,
And melt it into humble piety.
Alas! that hope hath faded; and I see
The fatal gulf of separation still
Between us, love, and stretching on for aye
Beyond the grave in which I feel that soon
This clay with all its sorrows shall lie down.
Union for us is none in yonder sky:
Then how on earth? — so in my inmost soul,
Nurtured with midnight tears, with blighted hopes,
With silent watchings and incessant prayers,
A holy resolution hath ta'en root,
And in its might at last springs proudly up.
We *part*, my Paulus! not in hate, but love,
Yielding unto a stern necessity.
And I along my sad, short pilgrimage,
Will bear the memory of our sinless love
As mothers wear the image of the babe
That died upon their bosom ere the world
Had stamped its spotless soul with good or ill,
Pictured in infant loveliness and smiles,
Close to the heart's fond core, to be drawn forth,
Ever in solitude, and bathed in tears. —
But how! with such unmanly grief-struck down,
Withered, thou Roman knight!
Paul. My brain is pierced!
Mine eyes with blindness smitten! and mine ear
Rings faintly with the echo of thy words!
Henceforth what man shall ever build his faith
On woman's love, on woman's constancy? —
Maiden, look up! I would but gaze once more
Upon that open brow and clear dark eye,
To read what aspect Perjury may wear,
What garb of loveliness may Falsehood use,
To lure the eye of guileless, manly love!
Cruel, cold-blooded, fickle that thou art,
Dost thou not quail beneath thy lover's eye?
How! there is light within thy lofty glance,
A flush upon thy cheek, a settled calm
Upon thy lip and brow!
Mir. Ay, even so,
A light — a flush — a calm — not of this earth!
For in this hour of bitterness and woe,
The grace of God is falling on my soul
Like dews upon the withering grass which late
Red scorching flames have seared. Again
The consciousness of faith, of sins forgiven,
Of wrath appeased, of heavy guilt thrown off,
Sheds on my breast its long-forgotten peace,
And shining steadfast as the noonday sun,
Lights me along the path that duty marks.
Lover, too dearly loved! a long farewell!
The bannered field, the glancing spear, the shout
That bears the victor's name unto the skies —
The laurelled brow — be thine ——

DYING FANCIES.

Angels are gathering in the eastern sky —
The wind is playing 'mid their glittering plumes —
The sunbeams dance upon their golden harps —
Welcome is on their fair and glorious brows!
Hath not a holy spirit passed from earth,
Whom ye come forth to meet, seraphic forms?
Oh, fade not, fade not yet! — or take me too,
For earth grows dark beneath my dazzled eye!

MIRIAM TO PAULUS, WHO DECLARES HIMSELF A CHRISTIAN.

If but one ray of light from Heav'n
Hath reach'd thy soul, I may indeed rejoice!
Ev'n thus, in coming days, from martyrs' blood
Shall earnest saints arise to do God's work.
And thus with slow, sure, silent step shall Truth
Tread the dark earth, and scatter Light abroad,
Till Peace and Righteousness awake, and lead
Triumphant, in the bright and joyous blaze,
Their happy myriads up to yonder skies!

MIRIAM TO HER BROTHER AND LOVER.

Euphas, thy hand! — Ay, clasp thy brother's hand!
Ye fair and young apostles! go ye forth —
Go side by side beneath the sun and storm,
A dying sister's blessing on your toils!
When ye have pour'd the oil of Christian peace
On passions rude and wild — when ye have won,
Dark, sullen souls from wrath and sin to God —
Whene'er ye kneel to bear upon your pray'rs
Repentant sinners up to yonder heav'n,
Be it in palace — dungeon — open air —
'Mid friends — 'mid raging foes — in joy — in grief —
Deem not ye pray alone; — man never doth!
A sister spirit, ling'ring near, shall fill
The silent air around you with her pray'rs,
Waiting till ye too lay your fetters down,
And come to your reward! — Go fearless forth;
For glorious truth wars with you, and shall reign.

HANKE, HENRIETTE WILHELMINA,

Was the daughter of Mr. Arndt, a merchant in Jauer; she was born in 1783. In 1802, she married the pastor Hanke, of Dejherrnfurth; and in 1819, she became a widow. Since which event, she has lived retired with her mother, her time wholly devoted to literary pursuits, and the care of her aged parents. She has written — "The Step-Daughter," published in 1820; "The Twelve Months of the Year," in 1821; "The Hunting

Castle of Diana" and "The Garden of Walrys," in 1822; "Pictures of the Heart" and "Claudie," in the year 1823. "The Christmas-Tree" was issued in 1824, and "The Female Friends" in 1825. She has written numerous other novels and romances, which have obtained great popularity in Germany. Her works were published in a uniform edition in 1841, in twenty-one volumes. None of these have been translated into English.

HENTZ, CAROLINE LEE,

Was born in Lancaster, Worcester county, Massachusetts. Her father was General John Whiting, of the army. Her two brothers were also officers in the army, and one of them, General Henry Whiting, was aid-de camp to General Taylor, in the Mexican war; he is still living. Miss Whiting began to write when very young; and before she had completed her twelfth year, she had composed a poem, a novel, and a tragedy in five acts, full of impassioned scenes and romantic situations.

Upon her marriage, she removed to Chapel Hill, North Carolina; in its University, her husband, Mr. N. M. Hentz, was Professor of Modern Languages. After some years spent in this place, they took charge of a flourishing female academy near Cincinnati, Ohio. In 1834, they went to reside near Florence, Alabama, at a place they called Locust Dell, where they taught for several years. Stronger inducements led them to Tuscaloosa, Alabama, the seat of the University, where they spent two years. In 1845, Mr. Hentz removed to Tuskegee with his family, and at present they are residing in Columbus, Georgia, a beautiful city on the banks of the Chattahooche.

The first work which Mrs. Hentz published, was her drama, "De Lara, or the Moorish Bride," for which she obtained the prize of five hundred dollars and a gold medal, offered in Philadelphia for the best original tragedy. Several of our most eminent writers were competitors for the prize, awarded to Mrs. Hentz by a committee composed of distinguished literary gentlemen. She has also written two other tragedies, "Lamorah, or the Western Wild," which was acted at Cincinnati, and "Constance of Werdenberg;" both of these are still unpublished. Many of her minor poems show great sweetness and facility, as well as warmth and earnestness. Indeed, poetry seems to be the natural language of her heart, when stirred by emotions or affections.

Mrs. Hentz is most widely known by her popular prose tales and novellettes, which have appeared in our different periodicals. "Aunt Patty's Scrap Bag" and "The Mob Cap," which obtained a prize of two hundred dollars, have been almost universally read. Some of her other stories are, "Aunt Mercy," "The Blind Girl," "The Pedlar," "The Village Anthem," and a novel, in one volume, called "Lovell's Folly."

As an instructress, she has been eminently successful, especially in that most important qualification, the power of gaining the affections and confidence of those under her care, and of obtaining a personal influence over them, which remains and acts upon them for good, long after they are withdrawn from her presence. Many a young man, as well as woman, who has been thrown into her society, will look back upon his intercourse with her as a time when his mind received an impulse towards the noble and elevated, which affected his whole future life.

In social intercourse, Mrs. Hentz is easy and dignified. Her appearance is exceedingly prepossessing, and her conversational powers are fine.

The prose writings of Mrs. Hentz are distinguished for poetic imagery, vivacity, and a peculiar purity of style, which seems the habitual tone of the writer's mind, and harmonizes well with the quiet lessons of morality and patriotism breathing from, rather than inculcated in, all her fictitious compositions. Born and trained at the North, but removed to the South while her youthful hopes were bright as the sunny climate where her new home was found, and passing some years as sojourner in the great West, Mrs. Hentz has learned the wisdom of loving her whole country, above any particular State or section. This true and noble patriotism she inculcates as a woman should,—like the faith of childhood, to hold its place, next to that of "Our Father, who art in Heaven," in the heart of every American. Of her most elaborate novel, "Lovell's Folly," a writer in the Southern Review says:—"It certainly merits praise, both for its design and execution. The purpose, or *morale*, is to show the incorrectness of the prejudices commonly entertained towards each other by the Yankee and Southron. The characters are well chosen for this purpose; the incidents fascinating, and artistically managed; and the reflections, in the main true, abounding in delicate perceptions of the beautiful, the right, and the good. The style is even and graceful, and throughout vivified by the colourings of a flowery fancy. There is nothing wild or spasmodic in these pages. They would please the amiable and contemplative lover of Wordsworth, rather than the admirer of Byron's gloom and misanthropy. Reading such productions is like wandering through the greenness and rose-enamelled beauty of one of our Western prairies in spring-time, and not like

gazing upon the rough barriers and splintered pinnacles of a huge mountain, or the foam and fury of the sea in a tempest.

"Of her dramatic works, 'De Lara, or the Moorish Bride,' must rank among the best of the kind produced in America. The scene is laid in Spain, during the contests between the rival races, and the events are such as to produce manifestations of many of the intenser passions; and while the tragedy is fraught, throughout, with moral and poetic beauty; while it presents, in vivid colours, to the imagination, the soft and voluptuous scenes about 'golden Granada,'—her olive-bowers and enchanted palaces; while there is pervading feminine chasteness and delicacy,—it is yet marked by great depth and vigour of thought and utterance. Indeed, the masculine energy of style, and the remarkable insight into the fiercer capacities and phases of the human heart,—with which women are seldom familiar,—have, more than anything else, fascinated us with this tragedy. We know no female writer, not excepting Joanna Baillie, who displays more manliness of sentiment and expression, in her writings, than Mrs. Hentz exhibits in this drama."

Of the story or plot, we can give no analysis here, only remarking, as explanatory of the scene we quote, that Osman is a captive Moor in the castle of the Spanish hero, Fernando De Lara, whose father Osman has secretly murdered. De Lara has discovered his prisoner's guilt, but is hindered in his revenge by plighted love for Zorayda, the daughter of the Moor. She has become a Christian in sincerity, as her father has hypocritically, to subserve his hatred.

THE APOSTATE AND THE TRUE BELIEVER.

Zoraya. The blood of th' Abencerrages flows pure
As melting icicles within these veins.
No look of lawless passion ever sent
The conscious crimson to thy daughter's cheek.
Fernando loves me, but the captive maid
Receives as reverent and true an homage,
As if the diadem of Spain she wore,
And pledged my faith unsanctioned by thy blessing.
But, glorying in my innocence, I dare
Present my bosom to thy glittering steel,
And tell thee, with my dying breath, that here
Fernando's worshipped image is enshrined.

Osman. Would that the tomb of her who made me father,
Had closed on thee, the infant of a day,—
Sweet in thy bud, but fatal in thy bloom.
Leagued with the fell oppressors of thy land,
The curses of thy country shall be thine!—
Leagued with an infidel! May Allah send——

Zor. Oh! curse me not: thou know'st not all my crime.
Thou, to redeem thyself from captive chains,
Assumed the Christian's name, yet loathed his creed.
I, at thy bidding, knelt before the cross:
But, ere the mandate came, my heart had bowed
In adoration to the Christian's God.
This sacred cross I've sheltered in my breast——

Os. (*Snatching it from her, and throwing it on the ground.*)
Perish the symbol of a faith abhorred,—
Perish the seal of infamy and wo,—
Down, down, to dust!

Zor. (*Throwing herself at his feet, and grasping the cross.*)
No, trample on thy child,
But spare from sacrilege this holy relic!
Fernando's mother, on the bed of death,
Gave me this pledge of her immortal hope,
This precious pledge! I'll guard it, as of old
The wandering Hebrews watched the ark of heaven.
The dying features of the lovely saint,—
The light, the glow, the ecstacy, the peace!—
Thou would'st, like me, have wept and have believed.
Father, there is a truth, I feel there is,
In this religion sealed by blood divine.
It gives me strength to wrestle with thy wrath:
It arms me,—*me*, a young and timid maid,—
With power a hero's arm, in battle, lacks.
This cross is mine. Back to my guardian heart,
Thou sacred sign,—remain for ever there!

Os. Shame of thy lineage, alien from thy kind,—
Traitress, exulting in thy daring guilt!
I have no daughter. Never be it said
That this unnatural thing is child of mine.
I will have none,—away—away, thou serpent,
Whom once I warmed and fostered in my breast.
'Tis done!—there is no other place to sting!
Fool that I was,—amidst the wreck of fame,
The dearth of joy, I dreamed that fate had left
A daughter, and, still more, that she did love me.

* * * * * * *

But hear me while I swear by Allah's throne,
A father's curse——

Zor. Thou can'st not utter it.
Heaven will not hear. Thus, prostrate at thy feet,
Behold me fall submissive to thy will.
Leave me this cross, this anchor of my faith,
Take all the rest, but leave—oh, leave me this!

DE LARA'S LOVE.

Oh! there is something in the secret thought,
That we are shrined in some pure vestal heart,
Whose trembling fears our blood-stain'd path pursue,
Whose holy prayers for us are winged on high,
Whose tears and blushes welcome our return,—
Something in this, Francisco, that embalms,
Refines and sanctifies the warrior's spirit.
All that I can reveal is written here,
Here on this brow, from which despair unthrones
The sovereignty of mind. My spirit now
Is calm and clear,—and ponders o'er the wreck
Its own unmastered agony has made.
The wretch, who's drifted o'er the surging waves
Of ocean, when its foam is lashed by storms,
Sees not his yawning sepulchre more clear,
Than I, the chasm o'er which my reason totters.
Oh! that no mortal eye
Had e'er beheld these humbling agonies.
Zoraya, *thou* hast heard me utter sounds
That leave a sleepless echo, murdering peace.
I'll tell thee all—give back thy virgin vows,—
Tear thy seducing image from my heart,—
Drown, in black vengeance, love's forbidden fires,
And let this bridal day go down in blood.

ZORAYA'S LOVE.

Shall I desert him now,
When grief has laid its blighting hand upon him?
He, who in all the splendour of his rank,
With royal favour crowned, and martial fame,—
By beauty wooed, by chivalry adored,—
In this full blaze of glory, bowed his pride,
And knelt a captive at the captive's feet?
Is love alone in beds of roses found,
Beneath a heaven of fair, unshadowed blue?
No!—'tis to shame, to sorrow, to despair,
That faithful love its holiest triumph owes!

From "Poems."

THE SNOW-FLAKE.

Ye're welcome, ye white and feathery flakes,
That fall like the blossoms the summer wind shakes
From the bending spray—Oh! say do ye come,
With tidings to me, from my far-distant home?

"Our home is above in the depths of the sky—
In the hollow of God's own hand we lie—
We are fair, we are pure, *our* birth is divine—
Say, what can we know of thee, or of thine?"

I know that ye dwell in the kingdoms of air —
I know ye are heavenly, pure and fair,
But oft have I seen ye, far travellers, roam,
By the cold blast driven, round my northern home.

"We roam over mountains and valley and sea:
We hang our pale wreaths on the leafless tree:
The herald of wisdom and mercy we go,
And perchance the far home of thy childhood we know.

"We roam, and our fairy track we leave,
While for Nature a winding-sheet we weave —
A cold, white shroud that shall mantle the gloom,
Till her Maker recalls her to glory and bloom."

Oh! foam of the shoreless ocean above!
I know thou descendest in mercy and love:
All chill as thou art, yet benign is thy birth,
As the dew that impearls the green bosom of Earth.

And I've thought, as I've seen thy tremulous spray,
Soft curling like mist, on the branches lay,
In bright relief on the dark blue sky,
That thou meltedst in grief when the sun came nigh.

"Say, whose is the harp whose echoing song
Breathes wild on the gale that wafts us along?
The moon, the flowers, the blossoming tree,
Wake the minstrel's lyre, they are brighter than we."

The flowers shed their fragrance, the moonbeams their light,
Over scenes never veil'd by your drap'ry of white;
But the clime where I first saw your downy flakes fall,
My own native clime, is far dearer than all.

Oh! fair, when ye cloth'd in their wintry mail,
The elms that o'ershadow my home in the vale,
Like warriors they looked, as they bowed in the storm,
With the tossing plume, and the towering form.

Ye fade, ye melt — I feel the warm breath
Of the redolent South o'er the desolate heath —
But tell me, ye vanishing pearls, where ye dwell
When the dew-drops of summer bespangle the dell.

"We fade, — we melt into crystalline spheres —
We weep, for we pass through a valley of tears;
But onward to glory — away to the sky —
In the hollow of God's own hand we lie."

HOWITT, MARY,

Is by her mother's side directly descended from Mr. William Wood, the Irish patentee, on account of whose half-pence issued under a contract from the government of George II., Dean Swift raised so much disturbance with his Drapier's Letters. His son, Charles Wood, the grandfather of Mrs. Howitt, and who became assay-master in Ireland, was the first introducer of platinum into Europe. By her father's side she is of an old race of Quakers, many of her ancestors having suffered imprisonment and spoliation of property in the early times when that people produced martyrs. Her childhood and youth were passed in the old paternal mansion in Staffordshire, whence she was married in 1821 to William Howitt, a man of congenial tastes. Of herself she relates — "My childhood was happy in many respects. It was so, indeed, as far as physical health and the enjoyment of a beautiful country, of which I had an intense relish, and the companionship of a dearly beloved sister went — but oh! there was such a cloud over all from the extreme severity of so-called religious education, it almost made cowards and hypocrites of us, and made us feel that if this were religion, it was a thing to be feared and hated. My childhood had completely two phases — one as dark as night — one as bright as day — the bright one I have attempted to describe in 'My Own Story,' which is the true picture of this cheerful side of the first ten years of my life. We studied poetry, botany and flower-painting, and as children wrote poetry. These pursuits were almost out of the pale of permitted Quaker pleasures, but we pursued them with a perfect passion — doing in secret that which we dared not do openly; such as reading Shakspeare, translations of the classics, the elder novelists — and in fact, laying the libraries of half the little town where we lived under contribution.

"We studied French and chemistry at this time, and enabled ourselves to read Latin, storing our minds with a whole mass of heterogeneous knowledge. This was good as far as it went — but there wanted a directing mind, a good sound teacher, and I now deplore over the secrecy, the subterfuge, the fear under which this ill-digested, ill-arranged knowledge was gained. On my marriage, of course, a new life began. The world of literature was opened to me, and a companion was by my side able and willing to direct and assist."

Soon after the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Howitt, they published, jointly, two volumes of poems, which met with so much success, that they were rapidly followed by a variety of other works, in prose and verse. Partly to perfect themselves in the German language, and partly for the purpose of bestowing upon their children a better education than they could obtain in England, Mr. and Mrs. Howitt, about the year 1835, repaired to Germany, where they remained three years, travelling extensively, and acquainting themselves with the country, its literature, and its people; and pursuing, at the same time, their literary labours. Here Mrs. Howitt first met with the works of Frederika Bremer, which delighted her so much, that she determined to introduce them to the English public by translation. For this purpose, she acquired the Swedish language, to enable her to give them from the original; Miss Bremer's later works having all been translated from the manuscripts. Her acquaintance with the Swedish language induced her to acquire its kindred tongue,

the Danish, from which, as well as from the German, she has translated numerous works.

Mrs. Howitt's marriage has been one of singular happiness, and is blessed with children of great promise. In her literary pursuits, she possesses the sympathy and good offices of her husband, himself an extensive and popular writer, and in many of her translations she has been assisted by him. It is to be lamented that talents, worth and industry, like Mrs. Howitt's, should, through unmerited misfortune, have been stripped of all substantial reward, at a period of life when she might naturally have looked for some relaxation of her labours. Mr. Howitt having embarked, under the influence of an artful speculator, as partner in the "People's Journal," was, in a short time, held responsible, by its failure, for debts to a large amount; not a pennyworth of which was originated by him. His financial ruin was the consequence; the copy-rights even of his own and his wife's works—the hard-won results of years of labour—were sacrificed, and they were obliged to begin the world anew. That their renewed exertions have met with such happy success as to warrant a hope of the retrieval of their fortunes, we have every reason to believe, and we trust, for the honour of human nature, that such exertions, based upon the honest character and good reputation of a quarter of a century, will be justly estimated, and meet with the reward they merit.

Mrs. Howitt has written much in prose; her books for children are very attractive, from the sympathy with youthful feelings, which seems to well up in her loving heart as freely as a mountain-spring sends out its pure freshness, after a summer-shower. But these warm sympathies make her more truly the poet; and the acknowledgment of this bias, made by William and Mary Howitt, in the preface of their first joint publication, was certainly true of the wife. They say—"Poetry has been our youthful amusement, and our increasing daily enjoyment in happy, and our solace in sorrowful hours. Amidst the vast and delicious treasures of our national literature, we have revelled with growing and unsatiated delight; and, at the same time, living chiefly in the quietness of the country, we have watched the changing features of nature; we have felt the secret charm of those sweet but unostentatious images which she is perpetually presenting, and given full scope to those workings of the imagination and of the heart, which natural beauty and solitude prompt and promote."

Mrs. Howitt's first prose work was "Woodleighton," in three volumes, which was exceedingly popular. She next wrote for children the following works,—"Tales in Verse," "Tales in Prose," "Sketches of Natural History," "Birds and Flowers," "Hymns and Fireside Verses;" and also a series of books, which are very popular, called "Tales for the People and their Children,"—of these there are, "Strive and Thrive," "Hope on, Hope Ever," "Sowing and Reaping," "Alice Franklin," "Who shall be Greatest?" "Which is the Wiser?" "Little Corn, much Care," "Work and Ways," "Love and Money," "The Two Apprentices," and "My Own Story." After the publication of these, Mrs. Howitt wrote "The History of Mary Leeson," "The Children's Year," and "Our Cousins in Ohio." She published, about 1835, her largest poetical work, "The Seven Temptations." She also edited for three years, "The Drawing-Room Scrap-Book," furnishing for that work a large mass of poetry. About 1848, she collected her fugitive poems in a volume, entitled "Ballads, and other Poems."

Mrs. Howitt has also written Memoirs, in the very kindest spirit, of several Americans; those of Miss Cushman and Mrs. Mowatt we have used in this work.

"The Seven Temptations," the largest and most elaborate of Mrs. Howitt's poetical works, represents a series of efforts, by the impersonation of the Evil Principle, to seduce human souls to his power. Mrs. Howitt, in the preface, remarks:—"The idea of the poem originated in a strong impression of the immense value of the human soul, and of all the varied modes of its trials, according to its own infinitely varied modifications, as existing in different individuals. We see the awful mass of sorrow and of crime in the world, but we know only in part—in a very small degree—the fearful weight of solicitations and impulses of passion, and the vast constraint of circumstances, that are brought into play against suffering humanity. In the luminous words of my motto,

> What 's done we partly may compute,
> But know not what 's resisted.

Thus, without sufficient reflection, we are furnished with data on which to condemn our fellow-creatures, but without sufficient grounds for their palliation and commiseration. It is necessary, for the acquisition of that charity which is the soul of Christianity, for us to descend into the depths of our own nature; to put ourselves into many imaginary and untried situations, that we may enable ourselves to form some tolerable notion how we might be affected by them; how far we might be tempted—how far deceived—how far we might have occasion to lament the evil power of circumstances, to weep over our own weakness, and pray for the pardon of our crimes; that, having raised up this vivid perception of what we might do, suffer, and become, we may apply the rule to our fellows, and cease to be astonished, in some degree, at the shapes of atrocity into which some of them are transformed; and learn to bear with others as brethren, who have been tried tenfold beyond our own experience, or perhaps our strength." Thus we see how earnestly the writer sought to do good; the effort was noble, if not entirely successful; many touching incidents give interest to the poem, and the sentiments are uniformly pure, generous and hopeful. But her Ballads are the best exponents of her genius. In these she is unrivalled, except, perhaps, by Mr. Macaulay, in modern times. The play of her warm, rich fancy, is like sunlight on icicles, giving the glow and glory of its own hues to any object, no matter how cold or colourless, it touches. Who ever read her "Midsummer Legend," without believing in fairies? This union of the tenderest

human sympathies with the highest poetic faculty — that of creative fancy — is remarkable in some of her smaller poems. She has faith in human progress, and the love which makes her an earnest worker in the field of reform. All her productions manifest "that love of Christ, of the poor, and of little children, which always was, and will be, a ruling sentiment of her soul." She gains the loving admiration and esteem of her readers, and is as popular in America as in her own England. Mrs. Howitt resides in London.

From "Early Poems."

AWAY WITH THE PLEASURE.

Away with the pleasure that is not partaken!
There is no enjoyment by one only ta'en.
I love in my mirth to see gladness awaken
On lips and in eyes that reflect it again.
When we sit by the fire that so cheerily blazes
On our cozy hearthstone, with its innocent glee,
Oh! how my soul warms, while my eye fondly gazes,
To see my delight is partaken by thee!

And when, as how often, I eagerly listen
To stories thou read'st of the dear olden day,
How delightful to see our eyes mutually glisten,
And feel that affection has sweetened the lay.
Yes, love — and when wandering at even or morning,
Through forest or wild, or by waves foaming white,
I have fancied new beauties the landscape adorning,
Because I have seen thou wast glad in the sight.

And often in crowds, where a whisper offendeth,
And we fain would express what there might not be said,
How dear is the glance that none else comprehendeth,
And how sweet is the thought that is secretly read!
Then away with the pleasure that is not partaken!
There is no enjoyment by one only ta'en:
I love in my mirth to see gladness awaken
On lips, and in eyes, that reflect it again.

From "The Seven Temptations."

SONG OF EDAH.

Little waves upon the deep
Murmur soft when thou dost sleep;
Gentle birds upon the tree
Sing their sweetest songs for thee;
Cooling gales, with voices low,
In the tree-tops gently blow!
Dearest, who dost sleeping lie,
All things love thee, — so do I!

When thou wak'st, the sea will pour
Treasures for thee to the shore;
And the earth, in plant and tree,
Bring forth fruit and flowers for thee!
And the glorious heaven above,
Smile on thee, like trusting love.
Dearest, who dost sleeping lie,
All things love thee, — so do I!

SONG OF MARGARET.

There is a land where beauty cannot fade,
Nor sorrow dim the eye;
Where true love shall not droop nor be dismayed,
And none shall ever die.
Where is that land, oh, where?
For I would hasten there —
Tell me — I fain would go,
For I am wearied with a heavy woe;
The beautiful have left me all alone!
The true, the tender, from my paths are gone!
Oh guide me with thy hand,
If thou dost know that land,
For I am burdened with oppressive care,
And I am weak and fearful with despair!
Where is it? — tell me where —
Thou that art kind and gentle — tell me where.
Friend! thou must trust in Him who trod before
The desolate paths of life;
Must bear in meekness, as He meekly bore,
Sorrow and pain and strife!
Think how the Son of God
Those thorny paths hath trod;
Think how he longed to go,
Yet tarried out for thee the appointed woe;
Think of his weariness in places dim,
Where no man comforted, nor cared for Him!
Think of the blood-like sweat
With which his brow was wet;
Yet how he prayed, unaided and alone
In that great agony — "Thy will be done!"
Friend! do not thou despair,
Christ from his heaven of heavens will hear thy prayer!

From "Ballads and Poems."

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON-LOW — A MIDSUMMER LEGEND.

'And where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me?'
'I've been to the top of the Caldon-Low,
The Midsummer night to see!'

'And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon-Low?
'I saw the blithe sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow.'

'And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon-Hill?'
'I heard the drops of the water made,
And the green corn ears to fill.'

'Oh, tell me all, my Mary —
All, all that you ever know;
For you must have seen the fairies,
Last night on the Caldon-Low.'

'Then take me on your knee, mother,
And listen, mother mine:
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine.

'And merry was the glee of the harp-strings,
And their dancing feet so small;
But, oh, the sound of their talking
Was merrier far than all!'

'And what were the words, my Mary,
That you did hear them say?'
'I'll tell you all, my mother —
But let me have my way!

'And some they played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill;
'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn
The poor old miller's mill;

For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man shall the miller be
By the dawning of the day!

Oh, the miller, how he will laugh,
When he sees the mill-dam rise!
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh,
Till the tears fill both his eyes!'

And some they seized the little winds,
That sounded over the hill,
And each put a horn into his mouth,
And blew so sharp and shrill: —

'And there,' said they, 'the merry winds go,
Away from every horn;
And those shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow's corn:

Oh, the poor, blind old widow —
Though she has been blind so long,
She'll be merry enough when the mildew's gone,
And the corn stands stiff and strong!'

And some they brought the lintseed,
And flung it down from the Low —
'And this,' said they, 'by the sunrise,
In the weaver's croft shall grow!

Oh, the poor, lame weaver,
How will he laugh outright,
When he sees his dwindling flax-field
All full of flowers by night!

And then upspoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin —
'I have spun up all the tow,' said he,
And I want some more to spin.

I've spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another —
A little sheet for Mary's bed,
And an apron for her mother!'

And with that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free;
And then on the top of the Caldon-Low,
There was no one left but me.

And all, on the top of the Caldon-Low,
The mists were cold and grey,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay.

But, as I came down from the hill-top,
I heard, afar below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how merry the wheel did go!

And I peeped into the widow's field;
And, sure enough, was seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn
All standing stiff and green.

And down by the weaver's croft I stole,
To see if the flax were high;
But I saw the weaver at his gate
With the good news in his eye!

Now, this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see;
So, prithee, make my bed, mother,
For I'm tired as I can be!'

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough
For every want of ours;
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have made no flowers.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth the life in man
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
And dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night?

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high;
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not,
Then, wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man;
To beautify the earth:

To comfort man — to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim;
For who so careth for the flowers,
Will much more care for Him!

FATHER IS COMING.

The clock is on the stroke of six,
The father's work is done;
Sweep up the hearth, and mend the fire,
And put the kettle on.
The wild night-wind is blowing cold,
'T is dreary crossing o'er the wold.

He is crossing o'er the wold apace,
He is stronger than the storm;
He does not feel the cold, not he,
His heart it is so warm.
For father's heart is stout and true
As ever human bosom knew.

He makes all toil and hardship light:
Would all men were the same!
So ready to be pleased, so kind,
So very slow to blame!
Folks need not be unkind, austere,
For love hath readier will than fear.

Nay, do not close the shutters, child;
For far along the lane
The little window looks, and he
Can see it shining plain.
I've heard him say he loves to mark
The cheerful firelight through the dark.

And we 'll do all that father likes;
His wishes are so few,
Would they were more! that every hour
Some wish of his I knew!
I 'm sure it makes a happy day,
When I can please him any way.

I know he 's coming by this sign,
That baby 's almost wild;
See how he laughs and crows and stares —
Heaven bless the merry child!
He 's father's self in face and limb,
And father's heart is strong in him.

Hark! hark! I hear his footsteps now;
He 's through the garden gate.
Run, little Bess, and ope the door,
And do not let him wait.
Shout, baby, shout! and clap thy hands,
For father on the threshold stands.

THE CHILDREN.

Beautiful the children's faces!
Spite of all that mars and sears;
To my inmost heart appealing;
Calling forth love's tenderest feeling;
Steeping all my soul with tears.

Eloquent the children's faces —
Poverty's lean look, which saith,
Save us! save us! wo surrounds us;
Little knowledge sore confounds us:
Life is but a lingering death!

Give us light amid our darkness;
Let us know the good from ill;
Hate us not for all our blindness;
Love us, lead us, show us kindness —
You can make us what you will.

We are willing; we are ready;
We would learn, if you would teach;
We have hearts that yearn towards duty;
We have minds alive to beauty;
Souls that any heights can reach!

Raise us by your Christian knowledge;
Consecrate to man our powers;
Let us take our proper station;
We, the rising generation,
Let us stamp the age as ours!

We shall be what you will make us: —
Make us wise, and make us good!
Make us strong for time of trial;
Teach us temperance, self-denial,
Patience, kindness, fortitude!

I.

ISABELLA II., QUEEN OF SPAIN,

Was born at Madrid, October 10th, 1830. Her father, Ferdinand VII., died when she was three years and six months old, and Isabella was immediately proclaimed Queen; and her mother, Maria Christina, Regent of Spain. The biography of Maria Christina will be found in its place; we need only say here, that her influence had made her daughter Queen, by persuading Ferdinand to issue his famous decree, styled pragmatic, revoking the Salic law which prohibited the rule of a female sovereign. This law, introduced into Castile by the Bourbon family on their accession to the Spanish throne, could not have had much root in the affections of a loyal people, who kept the traditionary memory of their glorious Queen, Isabella I., still in their hearts; and this child-queen was another Isabella. There is no doubt that the bulk of the nation inclined warmly to sustain her claims, and but for the influence of the priests and fanatical monks in favour of the bigoted Don Carlos, younger brother of the deceased Ferdinand, there would have been no bloody civil war.

That Isabella II. was the choice of the people is proved by the acts of the legislative Cortes, which in 1834 almost unanimously decreed that the pretender — Don Carlos, and his descendants — should be for ever exiled from the Spanish throne; and this decree was confirmed by the constituent Cortes in 1836, without a single dissentient voice.

Isabella II., thus made queen by her father's will, was acknowledged by the national authority, and surrounded from her cradle with the pomp and observance of royalty; yet her childhood and youth were, probably, less happy than that of any little girl in humble life, who has a good mother and a quiet home, where she may grow up in the love of God, the fear of evil, and in steadfast devotion to her duties. Isabella was nurtured among the worst influences of civil strife and bloodshed, because religious fanaticism as well as political prejudices were involved in the struggle. When she was ten years old, her mother, Maria Christina, resigned the regency and retired to France; Espartero became regent. Isabella was for three years under the influence of instructors of his choosing; and he endeavoured, there is no doubt, to have her mind rightly directed. By a decree of the Cortes, the young queen was declared to have attained her majority on the 15th of October, 1843; she has since reigned as the sovereign of Spain, and has been acknowledged such by all the European governments, and by the governments of America.

In 1845, Maria Christina returned to Madrid and soon obtained much influence over Isabella. This, it was apparent, was used to direct the young Queen in her choice of a husband. Isabella had one sister, Louisa, the Infanta, who was next heir to the crown, if the eldest died without offspring. Those keen rivals for political power, England and France, watched to obtain or keep a paramount influence in Spanish affairs. The selfish policy of Louis Philippe, aided by Guizot and Maria Christina, finally prevailed, and forced upon the Spanish nation a prince of the house of Bourbon as husband of Isabella. There were two Bourbon princes, brothers, Francisco and Enrique, sons of Don Francisco, brother of Maria Christina; of these, the youngest had some talent and was attractive; the eldest was weak in intellect and disagreeable in manners; if Isabella could be prevailed upon to marry this imbecile, and a son of Louis Philippe could obtain the hand of the Infanta Louisa, the predominance of French influence would be secured. It was done — both plans succeeded. The following is translated from the Madrid Gazette: —

"The marriage of Isabella to her cousin, Don Francisco d'Assis, the eldest son of her uncle, Don Francisco de Paula, and that of her sister, the Infanta, to the Duke de Montpensier, the youngest son of Louis Philippe, took place October 10th, 1846, on which day Queen Isabella completed her sixteenth year. The ceremony began by the Prelate, who officiated, asking the following questions: —

"'Lenora Donna Isabella II., of Bourbon, Catholic Queen of Spain, I demand of your Majesty, and of your Highness, serene Sir, Don Francisco d'Assis Maria de Bourbon, Infante of Spain, in case you know of any impediment to this present marriage, and why it should not and ought not to be contracted — that is to say, if there exist between your Majesty and Highness impediments of consanguinity, affinity, or spiritual relationship, independently of those impediments that have been dispensed with by his Holiness — if you have made vows of chastity or religion — and finally, if there exist impediments of any other kind, that you forthwith declare them. The same I demand of all here present. For the second and third time I make the same demand, that you freely discover any impediment you are aware of.'

"The Prelate then addressed the Queen thus —

"'Lenora Donna Isabella II., of Bourbon, Catholic Queen of Spain, do you wish for your spouse and husband, as the Holy Catholic, Apos-

tolic, and Roman Church directs, Don Francisco d'Assis Maria de Bourbon, Infante of Spain?'

"The Queen kissed her mother's hand; and being again asked the same question by the Bishop, replied 'Yes, I wish.'

"The Prelate then said—

"'Does your Majesty give yourself as spouse and wife to his serene Highness Don Francisco d'Assis Maria de Bourbon?'

"'The Queen answered, 'I do.'"

She soon afterwards conferred on her husband the title of king.

It hardly seems credible that a crowned Queen would thus give, apparently, her free assent to her own marriage, if the bridegroom had been utterly hateful to her. But two circumstances are certain—she was not old enough to make a judicious choice; and she was urged into the measure while she did not wish to marry at all. She seemed to resign herself to the guidance of others, and doubtless hoped she might find happiness. She thus alludes to the event in her speech at the opening of the Cortes, on the last day of 1846. Her speeches from the throne are models of their kind, whoever prepares them; and she is said to have a fine voice and gracious manner, appearing, indeed, the Queen while delivering them.

"I have contracted a marriage with my august cousin, Don Francisco d'Assis Maria de Bourbon, agreeably to my intention announced to the preceding Cortes. I trust that Heaven will bless this union, and that you, also, gentlemen, will unite your prayers with mine to Almighty God. The marriage of my beloved sister has also taken place in the way which has been already explained to the Cortes."

But this contentment with her lot did not long continue. Early in the following year, 1847, there arose a dislike on the part of the Queen towards her husband, and soon the royal pair became completely estranged from each other, and neither appeared together in public, nor had the slightest communication in private. The people seemed to sympathize warmly with the Queen, and she was loudly cheered whenever she drove out, or attended any of the theatres or bull-fights at Madrid.

On the accession of Narvaez to office as President of the Council, he used his utmost endeavours to effect a reconciliation, and at length succeeded. The meeting between the royal pair occurred October 13th, 1847, and is thus described:

"When the King reached the Plaza of the Arsenal, and alighted at the principal entrance of the palace, the President of the Council and the Holy Father's Legate, warned the Queen of it, who advanced with visible emotion unto the royal chamber, and received in her arms the royal consort."

Since then there have been estrangements and reconciliations; it seems almost hopeless to anticipate conjugal happiness, or even quiet, for Isabella. The only event which appears likely to give a new and healthy tone to her mind, is motherhood. She gave birth to a son in the autumn of 1850, but, unfortunately, the child lived only a few hours. If he had survived, and her affections had thus been warmly awakened, there would be little doubt of her becoming a changed being. That she has talents of a much higher order than was given her credit for in childhood is now evident.* She certainly possesses great physical courage, and a strong will. She manages the wildest and most fiery steed with the coolness and skill of a knight of chivalry. She delights in driving and riding, and exhibits much, even daring energy. She is prompt in her attention to the duties of her government; and, what is best of all, she evinces that sympathy for her people, and confidence in their loyalty, which are never felt by a crafty, cruel, or selfish ruler. In all her speeches from the throne there is a generous, even liberal spirit apparent; and were it not for the obstacles which priestcraft interposes, there can be little doubt that the Queen would move onward with her government to effect the reforms so much needed. In "features and complexion," Isabella bears a striking resemblance to her father, Ferdinand VI., and his line of the Bourbons; but her forehead has a better development, and she is, undoubtedly, of a nobler disposition.

There is, indeed, great reason to hope she will yet prove worthy of the name she bears. She is only twenty; not so old by three years as Isabella I. was when she ascended the throne. Spain has never had a good great sovereign since her reign.

J.

JAGIELLO, APPOLONIA.

Distinguished for her heroic patriotism, was born about the year 1825, in Lithuania, a part of the land where Thaddeus Kosciusko spent his first

* The following is from the pen of a late resident at Madrid:—

"The letters written by the young Queen Isabella are the most charming things in the world; so say not only her courtiers, but her enemies, and those who have read them declare if her Catholic Majesty was not Queen of Spain, she would very certainly be a blue-stocking. Besides, although a sovereign, or rather because she is a sovereign, Isabella II. is a veritable lioness; not a lioness as understood in the fashionable world, but in the true acceptation of the word, a lioness, like the noble partner of the king of the forest. If the young Queen ever loses her crown, she will not do it without having defended it sword in hand. She fences like Grisier, and it is her favorite amusement.

"This is the way she employs her time. At three o'clock, not in the morning, but in the day, she rises. As soon as dressed, and her toilette is the least of her occupations, she orders a very elegant, light-equipage, a present from her royal sister of England, and goes out alone; but sometimes she is accompanied by her husband, to his great despair and terror, for he believes in a miracle every time that he re-enters the palace safe and sound; for the young Queen is her own driver, and generally urges on her horses to their full speed.

"She dines at five o'clock, eats very little and very fast; and as soon as her repast is finished, she exercises some time with the sword, then she mounts her horse and takes a ride. These exercises ended, she becomes a young and pretty woman; she dances, sings, and in fact takes all the possible pleasure of her sex and age. But when one o'clock strikes, the Queen re-appears, and Isabella assembles her council over which she always presides.

days. She was educated at Cracow, the ancient capital of Poland—a city filled with monuments and memorials sadly recalling to the mind of every Pole the past glory of his native land. There, and in Warsaw and Vienna, she passed the days of her early girlhood.

She was about nineteen when the attempt at revolution of 1846 broke out at Cracow. "That struggle," says Major Tochman, "so little understood in this country, although of brief duration, must and will occupy an important place in Polish history. It declared the emancipation of the peasantry and the abolition of hereditary rank, all over Poland; proclaimed equality, personal security, and the enjoyment of the fruits of labour, as inherent rights of all men living on Polish soil. It was suppressed by a most diabolical plot of the Austrian government. Its mercenary soldiery, disguised in the national costume of the peasants, excited against the nobility the ignorant portion of the peasantry in Gallicia, which province, with other parts of ancient Poland, had to unite in insurrection with the republic of Cracow. They were made to believe, by those vile emissaries, that the object of the nobility was to take advantage of the approaching revolution, to exact from them higher duties. In the mean time the civil and military officers of the Austrian government circulated proclamations, at first secretly, then publicly, offering to the peasants rewards for every head of a nobleman, and for every nobleman delivered into the hands of the authorities alive. Fourteen hundred men, women, and children, of noble families, were murdered by the thus excited and misled peasantry, before they detected the fraud of the government. This paralysed the revolution already commenced in Cracow.

"The Austrian government, however, did not reap the full fruit of its villany; for when the peasants perceived it, they arrayed themselves with the friends of the murdered victims, and showed so energetic a determination to insist on the rights which the revolution at Cracow promised to secure to them, that the Austrian government found itself compelled to grant them many immunities."

This was the first struggle for freedom in which Mlle. Jagiello, who was then at Cracow, took an active part. She was seen on horseback, in the picturesque costume of the Polish soldier, in the midst of the patriots who first planted the white eagle and the flag of freedom on the castles of the ancient capital of her country, and was one of the handful of heroes who fought the battle near Podgorze, against a tenfold stronger enemy. Mr. Tyssowski, now of Washington, was then invested with all civil and military power in the republic. He was elevated to the dictatorship for the time of its danger, and by him was issued the celebrated manifesto declaring for the people of Poland the great principles of liberty to which we have already alluded. He is now a draughtsman in the employ of our government.

After the Polish uprising which commenced in Cracow was suppressed, Mlle. Jagiello reassumed female dress, and remained undetected for a few weeks in that city. From thence she removed to Warsaw, and remained there and in the neighbouring country, in quiet retirement among her friends. But the struggle of 1848 found her again at Cracow, in the midst of the combatants. Alas! that effort was but a dream—it accomplished nothing—it perished like all other European attempts at revolutions of that year, so great in grand promises, so mean in fulfilment. But their fire is yet smouldering under the ashes covering the Old World—ashes white and heavy as death to the eye of the tyrant, but scarcely hiding the red life of a terrible retribution from the prophetic eye of the lover of freedom.

Mlle. Jagiello then left Cracow for Vienna, where she arrived in time to take an heroic part in the engagement at the faubourg Widen. Her chief object in going to Vienna was to inform herself of the character of that struggle, and to carry news to the Hungarians, who were then in the midst of a war, which she and her countrymen regarded as involving the liberation of her beloved Poland, and presaging the final regeneration of Europe. With the aid of devoted friends, she reached Presburg safely, and from that place, in the disguise of a peasant, was conveyed by the Hungarian peasantry carrying provisions for the Austrian army, to the village of St. Paul.

After many dangers and hardships in crossing the country occupied by the Austrians, after swimming on horseback two rivers, she at last, on the 15th of August, 1848, reached the Hungarian camp, near the village of Eneszey, just before the battle there fought, in which the Austrians were defeated, and lost General Wist. This was the first Hungarian battle in which our heroine took part as volunteer. She was soon promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and, at the request of her Hungarian friends, took charge of a hospital in Comorn. Whilst there, she joined, as volunteer, the expedition of 12,000 troops, under the command of the gallant General Klapka, which made a sally, and took Raab. She returned in safety to Comorn, where she remained, superintending the hospital, until the capitulation of the fortress.

She came to the United States in December, 1849, with Governor Ladislas Ujhazy and his family, where she and her heroic friends received a most enthusiastic welcome.

"Those who have never seen this Hungarian or Polish heroine," says a *writer in the National Era, to which we are indebted for this sketch, "may be interested in hearing something of her *personnel*. She is of medium height, and quite slender. Her arm and hand are especially delicate and beautiful, and her figure round and graceful. She is a brunette, with large dark eyes, and black, abundant hair. Her lips have an expression of great determination, but her smile is altogether charming. In *that* the woman comes out; it is arch, soft, and winning — a rare, an indescribable smile. Her manner is simple and engaging, her voice is now gentle or mirthful, now earnest and impassioned — sometimes sounds like the utterance of some quiet, home-love, and sometimes startles you with a decided ring of the steel. Her enthusiasm and intensity of feeling reveal themselves in almost every thing she says and does. An amusing instance was told me when in Washington. An album was one day handed her, for her autograph. She took it with a smile; but on opening it at the name of M. Bodisco, the Russian ambassador, pushed it from her with flashing eyes, refusing to appear in the same book with 'the tool of a tyrant!'

"Yet, after all, she is one to whom children go, feeling the charm of her womanhood, without being awed by her greatness. She bears herself with no military air; there is nothing in her manner to remind you of the camp, though much to tell you that you are in the presence of no ordinary woman."

JAMESON, ANNA,

Is one of the most gifted and accomplished of the living female writers of Great Britain. Her father, Mr. Murphy, was an Irish gentleman of high repute as an artist, and held the office of Painter in Ordinary to her Royal Highness Princess Charlotte. By her order he undertook to paint the "Windsor Beauties," so called; but before these were completed, the sudden death of the princess put a stop to the plan. Mr. Murphy lost his place; and his pictures, from which he had anticipated both fame and fortune, were left on his hands, without any remuneration. It was to aid the sale of these portraits, when engraved and published, that his daughter, then Mrs. Jameson, wrote the illustrative memoirs which form her work, entitled "The Beauties of the Court of King Charles II.," published in London, in 1833. Prior to this, however, Mrs. Jameson had become known as a graceful writer and accomplished critic on the Beautiful in Art, as well as a spirited delineator of Life. Her first work was the "Diary of an Ennuyée," published in London, in 1825, about two years after her marriage with Captain Jameson, an officer in the British army. Of this marriage — union it has never been — we will only say here, that it seems to have exercised an unfortunate influence over the mind of Mrs. Jameson, which is greatly to be regretted, because it mars, in a degree, all her works; — but especially her latter ones, by fettering the noblest aspirations of her genius, instinctively feminine, and therefore only capable of feeling the full compass of its powers when devoted to the True and the Good. We shall advert to this again. The "Diary of an Ennuyée" was published anonymously; it depicted an enthusiastic, poetic, broken-hearted young lady, on her travels abroad; much space being given to descriptions of works of art at Rome, and other Italian cities. This, on the whole, is Mrs. Jameson's most popular and captivating work; it appeals warmly to the sensibilities of the young of her own sex: its sketches of adventures, characters and pictures, are racy and fresh; and the sympathy with the secret sorrows of the writer is ingeniously kept alive to the end. Her second work was "Memoirs of Celebrated Female Sovereigns," in two volumes, published in London, in 1831. To this she gave her name. With much to commend, these "Memoirs" are unsatisfactory, because the writer bases her plan on a wrong principle, namely, the *inferiority* of the female sex to the male. Mrs. Jameson adopts the philosophy of men, which places *reason* as the highest human attribute; the Word of God gives us another standard; there we are taught that *moral goodness* is the highest perfection of human nature.

In other portions of our work,* we have explained our views on these questions, and only remark here, that Mrs. Jameson seems, while writing these "Memoirs of Queens," to have attempted, by her deep humility as a woman to propitiate her male critics on behalf of the author.

In 1832, appeared "Characteristics of Women, Moral, Poetical, and Historical;" in many respects this is the best and most finished production of Mrs. Jameson's genius. "Visits and Sketches at Home and abroad; with Tales and Miscellanies," was published in 1834; and soon afterwards, "Memoirs of the Loves of the Poets," &c., appeared. In the autumn of 1839, Mrs. Jameson visited America; going directly from New York to Toronto, Upper Canada, where she passed the winter. Her husband had been stationed for many years in Canada; she had not seen him since her marriage; it has been said that they parted at the altar; but the painful circumstance that they only met as acquaintances, not even as friends, was too well known to require an apology for stating it here. Yet we would not allude to this but for the sake of correcting the false impressions which some of her late works leave on the mind to mislead the judgment of young readers. "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles," is the title of the work published in 1842, in which Mrs. Jameson records her observations on Canada and the United States, as far as she travelled. The shadow over these original and spirited pictures is — unhappiness in wedded life! Everywhere she finds marriage a slavery, a sin, or a

*Sara J Clarke.

*See "General Preface," also "Remarks on the Fourth Era," and "Sketch of Queen Victoria."

sorrow The shaft in her own bosom she plants in that of every other married pair; like a person afflicted with a painful disease, she hears only of the afflicted, and fancies the world to be a hospital of incurables. As we observed in the beginning, the cloud over her early life has darkened her spirit. She has, naturally, a love for the innocent and the pure,—is a true woman in her warm sympathies with her sex, and had she been fortunate (like Mrs. Howitt) in the connexion which possessed for her, as it does for the noblest and purest of both sexes, the holiest elements of happiness and the best opportunities of self-improvement, she would have been a shining light in the onward movement of Christian civilization; she would have devoted her heart and her genius to the True and the Good, instead of bowing her woman's soul to man's philosophy, and deifying the worship of the Beautiful in Art. In this work—"Winter Studies," &c., Mrs. Jameson, commenting on the gratitude due those great and pure men, who work out the intellectual and spiritual good of mankind, closes thus:—"Such was the example left by Jesus Christ—such a man was Shakspeare—such a man was Goëthe!" To understand the depth of this moral bewilderment, which could class Goëthe with the Saviour, we will insert from the volume which contains the shocking comparison, her own account of the last mental effort of her German idol.

"The second part of the Faust occupied Goëthe during the last years of his life; he finished it at the age of eighty-two. On completing it, he says, 'Now I may consider the remainder of my existence as a free gift, and it is indifferent whether I do any thing or not;' as if he had considered his whole former life as held conditionally, binding him to execute certain objects to which he believed himself called. He survived the completion of the Faust only one year.

"The purport of the second part of Faust has puzzled many German and English scholars, and in Germany there are already treatises and commentaries on it, as on the Divina Commedia. I never read it, and if I had, would not certainly venture an opinion 'where doctors disagree;' but I recollect that Von Hammer once gave me, in his clear, animated manner, a comprehensive analysis of this wonderful production—that is, according to his own interpretation of it. 'I regard it,' said he, '*as being from beginning to end a grand poetical piece of irony on the whole universe, which is turned, as it were, wrong side out.* In this point of view I understand it; in any other point of view it appears to me incomprehensible.'"

The next work of Mrs. Jameson was "Sacred and Legendary Art," two volumes, published in London in 1848, in which the peculiar tastes and talents of the authoress had a fine scope, and deserve what has been freely awarded her, high praise. The sequel, "Legends of the Monastic Orders," one volume, published in 1850, is tinctured with the same false views noticed in some of her previous works. She seems quite inclined to forgive, if not to justify, all the profligacy, ignorance, and errors which monkery engendered and entailed on the Christian world—because these institutions preserved and ennobled works of art! As an author there is a false air of eloquence thrown over some of her writings, even where simplicity would be more suitable. Generally, in her descriptive passages, there is something pantomimic, theatric, unreal; everything figures in a scenic manner. She is, no doubt, a sincere lover of pictures, probably understands them better than most connoisseurs, but readers tire of "Raphaels and Correggios," when too often thrown in their faces, and call them "stuff."

Now that we have honestly stated what we do not like in Mrs. Jameson's books, we are happy to dwell on their merits, and the many commendable qualities of the authoress, which these suggest. She has an earnest and loving admiration for genius, a discriminating sense of the benefits it confers upon the world, and an unselfish eagerness to point out its merits and services. All this is seen in her very pleasing descriptions of the many celebrated men and women she had encountered. She has a deep sense of the dignity of her own sex; she seeks to elevate woman, and many of her reflections on this subject are wise and salutary. We differ from her views in some material points, but we believe her sincerely devoted to what she considers the way of improvement. Of her extraordinary talents there can be no doubt.

From "Visits and Sketches," &c.

ARTISTS.

I have heard young artists say, that they have been forced on a dissipated life merely as a means of "getting on in the world" as the phrase is. It is so base a plea, that I generally regard it as the excuse for dispositions already perverted. The men who talk thus are doomed; they will either creep through life in mediocrity and dependence to the grave; or, at the best, if they have parts as well as cunning and assurance, they may make themselves the fashion, and make their fortune: they may be clever portrait painters and bust-makers, but when they attempt to soar into the ideal department of their art, they move the laughter of Gods and men; to them higher, holier fountains of inspiration are thenceforth sealed.

* * * * That man of genius who thinks he can tamper with his glorious gifts, and for a season indulge in social excess, stoop from his high calling to the dregs of earth, abandon himself to his native powers to bring himself up again; O believe it, he plays a desperate game! One that in nearly ninety-nine cases out of one hundred is fatal.

WOMEN ARTISTS—SINGERS—ACTRESSES, &C.

To think of the situation of these women! And then to look upon those women who, fenced in from infancy by all the restraints, the refinements, the comforts, the precepts of good society—the one arranging a new cap—the other embroidering a purse—the third reading a novel—far, far removed from want, and grief, and care—now sitting in judgment, and passing sentence of excommunication on others of their sex, who have

been steeped in excitement from childhood, their nerves for ever in a state of terror between severe application and maddening flattery; cast on the world without chart or compass — with energies misdirected, passions uncontrolled, and all the inflammable and imaginative part of their being cultivated to excess as part of their profession — of their material! Oh, when will there be charity in the world? When will human beings, women especially, show mercy and justice to each other, and not judge of results without a reference to causes?"

FEMALE GAMBLER.

Unless I could know what were the previous habits and education of the victim — through what influences, blessed or unblessed, her mind had been trained — her moral existence built up — ought I to condemn? Who had taught this woman self-knowledge? Who had instructed her in the elements of her own being, and guarded her against her own excitable temperament? What friendly voice had warned her ignorance? What weariness of spirit — what thankless husband or faithless lover — had driven her to the edge of the precipice?

M. You would then plead for a female gambler?

A. Why do you lay such an emphasis on *female* gambler? In what respect is a female gambler worse than a male? The case is more pitiable — more rare — therefore, perhaps, more shocking; but why more hateful?

ENGLISH PRIDE.

It is this cold impervious pride which is the perdition of us English, and of England. I remember, that in one of my several excursions on the Rhine, we had on board the steamboat an English family of high rank. There was the lordly papa, plain and shy, who never spoke to any one except his own family, and then only in the lowest whisper. There was the lady mamma, so truly lady-like, with fine-cut patrician features, and in her countenance a kind of passive *hauteur*, softened by an appearance of suffering, and ill health. There were two daughters, proud, pale, fine-looking girls, dressed *à ravir*, with that indescribable air of high pretension, so elegantly impassive — so self-possessed — which some people call *l'air distingué*, but which, as extremes meet, I would rather call the refinement of vulgarity — the polish we see bestowed on debased material — the plating over the steel — the stucco over the brick-work!

THE DUTY OF TRAVELLERS.

Every feeling, well educated, generous, and truly refined woman, who travels, is as a dove sent out on a mission of peace; and should bring back at least an olive-leaf in her hand, if she bring nothing else. It is her part to soften the intercourse between rougher and stronger natures; to aid in the interfusion of the gentler sympathies; to speed the interchange of art and literature from pole to pole: not to pervert wit, and talent, and eloquence, and abuse the privileges of her sex, to sow the seeds of hatred where she might plant those of love — to embitter national discord and aversion, and disseminate individual prejudice and error.

CONVERSATION.

Conversation may be compared to a lyre with seven chords — philosophy, art, poetry, politics, love, scandal, and the weather. There are some professors, who, like Paganini, "can discourse most eloquent music" upon one string only; and some who can grasp the whole instrument, and with a master's hand sound it from the top to the bottom of its compass. Now, Schlegel is one of the latter: he can thunder in the bass or caper in the treble; he can be a whole concert in himself.

From "The Loves of the Poets."

The theory, then, which I wish to illustrate, as far as my limited powers permit, is this: That where a woman has been exalted above the rest of her sex by the talents of a lover, and consigned to enduring fame and perpetuity of praise, the passion was real, and was merited; that no deep or lasting interest was ever founded in fancy or in fiction; that truth, in short, is the basis of all excellence in amatory poetry, as in every thing else; for where truth is, there is good of some sort, and where there is truth and good, there must be beauty, there must be durability of fame. Truth is the golden chain which links the terrestrial with the celestial, which sets the seal of heaven on the things of this earth, and stamps them with immortality.

From "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles."

EDUCATION.

The true purpose of education is to cherish and unfold the seed of immortality already sown within us; to develop, to their fullest extent, the capacities of every kind with which the God who made us has endowed us. Then we shall be fitted for all circumstances, or know how to fit circumstances to ourselves. Fit us for circumstances! Base and mechanical! Why not set up at once a "fabrique d'education," and educate us by steam? The human soul, be it man's or woman's, is not, I suppose, an empty bottle, into which you shall pour and cram just what you like, and as you like; nor a plot of waste soil, in which you shall sow what you like; but a divine, a living germ planted by an Almighty hand, which you may, indeed, render more or less productive, or train to this or that form — no more. And when you have taken the oak sapling, and dwarfed it, and pruned it, and twisted it, into an ornament for the jardinière in your drawing-room, much have you gained truly; and a pretty figure your specimen is like to make in the broad plain and under the free air of heaven.

* * * * *

The cultivation of the moral strength and the active energies of a woman's mind, together with the intellectual faculties and tastes, will not make a woman a less good, less happy wife and mother, and will enable her to find content and independence when denied love and happiness.

AUTHORESS.

It is too true that mere vanity and fashion have lately made some women authoresses; more write for money, and by this employment of their talents earn their own independence, add to the comforts of a parent, or supply the extravagance of a husband. Some, who are unhappy in their domestic relations, yet endowed with all that feminine craving after sympathy, which was intended to be the charm of our sex, the blessing of yours, and somehow or other has been turned to the bane of both, look abroad for what they find not at home; fling into the wide world the irrepressible activity of an overflowing mind and heart, which can find no other unforbidden issue, — and to such "fame is love disguised." Some write from the mere energy of intellect and will; some few from the pure wish to do good, and to add to the stock of happiness, and the progress of thought; and many from all these motives combined in different degrees.

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In Germany I met with some men, who, perhaps out of compliment, descanted with enthusiasm on female talent, and in behalf of female authorship; but the women almost uniformly spoke of the latter with dread, as something formidable, or with contempt, as something beneath them: what is an unworthy prejudice in your sex, becomes, when transplanted into ours, a *feeling;* a mistaken, but a genuine, and even a generous feeling. Many women who have sufficient sense and simplicity of mind to rise above the mere *prejudice,* would not contend with the *feeling:* they would not scruple to encounter the public judgment in a cause approved by their own hearts, but they have not courage to brave or to oppose the opinions of friends or kindred.

DR. JOHNSON AND WOMEN.

Johnson talks of "men being *held down* in conversation by the presence of women" — *held up,* rather, where moral feeling is concerned; and if held down where intellect and social interests are concerned, then so much the worse for such a state of society.

Johnson knew absolutely nothing about women; witness that one assertion, among others more insulting, that it is a matter of indifference to a woman whether her husband be faithful or not. He says, in another place: "If we men require more perfection from women than from ourselves, it is doing them honour."

Indeed! if, in exacting from us more perfection, you do not allow us the higher and nobler nature, you do us not honour but gross injustice; and if you do allow us the higher nature, and yet regard us as subject and inferior, then the injustice is the greater.—There, Doctor is a dilemma for you.

JOHNSTONE, MRS.,

Is a native of Scotland, and well deserves a distinguished place among contemporary writers of fiction. Her first work, "Clan Albin," was among the earliest of that multitude of novels which followed "Waverley" into the Highlands; but Mrs. Johnstone neither emulates nor imitates in the slightest degree the light that preceded her. Many writers, who were quite lost in the eclipse of the "Great Unknown," have since asserted that he did not suggest the idea of Scotland, as a scene for fiction; that their works were begun or meditated before "Waverley" appeared; among whom, Mrs. Brunton, author of "Discipline," whose testimony is unquestionable, may be placed. Perhaps, there was at that time a national impulse towards "Scotch Novels," just as the taste for nautical discoveries produced Columbus, and the attempt at steam-boats preceded Fulton.

"Clan Albin" is decidedly of the *genre ennuyeux,* the only kind that Voltaire absolutely condemns. It is full of good sentiment, but insipid and tiresome, and gives no indication of the talent afterwards abounding in Mrs. Johnstone's works. Her next book was "Elizabeth De Bruce," very superior to her first, containing portions that were highly praised by able critics. A very charming, well-written work, in that difficult class — "Children's Books," succeeded. "The Diversions of Hollycot" may take place near Miss Edgeworth's "Frank and Rosamond." Like her stories for juvenile readers, it is sprightly and natural — inculcates good principles, and much useful knowledge; and, what is rarer, it is totally free from any thing sentimental or extravagant. Mrs. Johnstone has continued to improve in style, and to develop many amiable qualities as a writer; her humour is *sui generis,* equal in its way to that of Charles Lamb. Some of the sketches in her "Edinburg Tales" — those of "Richard Taylor," and "Governor Fox," are not surpassed by any thing in Elia. These and many others were published in a monthly periodical, established at Edinburgh about the year 1830, bearing the title of "Johnstone's Magazine," of which she was editor and, we believe, proprietor. It was continued ten or fifteen years. In this was published the "Story of Frankland the Barrister," which is one of the most perfect gems of this kind of literature — wit, pathos, nice delineation of character, are all to be found in it, while the moral lesson is enforced very powerfully. "The Nights of the Round Table" was published in 1835, and contains some admirable tales. "Blanche Delamere" is still a later work; in it she has attempted to show what might be done, and ought to be done by the nobility, to lessen the load of misery pressing on the working classes. We may add, that in all her later works, Mrs. Johnstone, like most thinking writers in the British empire, directs her pen to subjects connected with the distresses of the people. Her tales illustrative of these speculations have neither the wit nor the fancy of their predecessors; the mournful reality seems "to cast a cloud between, and sadden all she sings."

JUDSON, EMILY C.,

First known to the public by her *nomme de plume* of "Fanny Forester," was born in the interior of the State of New York; her birth-place she has made celebrated by the name of "Alder-

brook." Her maiden-name was Chubbuck; her family are of "the excellent," to whom belong the hopes of a better world, if not the wealth of this. After the usual school advantages enjoyed by young girls in the country, Miss Chubbuck had the good sense to seek the higher advantage of

training others, in order to perfect her own education. She was for some years a teacher in the Female Seminary at Utica, New York. Here she commenced her literary life, by contributing several poems to the Knickerbocker Magazine; she also wrote for the American Baptist Publication Society, and her little works illustrative of practical religion were well approved. She then began to write for several periodicals, and, among others, for the New Mirror, published in New York city, and then edited by Morris and Willis. Miss Chubbuck, in her first communication to the New Mirror, had assumed the name of "Fanny Forester;" the article pleased the editors; Mr. Willis was liberal in praises, and this encouragement decided the writer to devote herself to literary pursuits. But her constitution was delicate, and after two or three years of close and successful application to her pen, "Fanny Forester," as she was usually called, found her health failing, and came to Philadelphia to pass the winter of 1845–6, in the family of the Rev. A. D. Gillette, a Baptist clergyman of high standing in the city. The Rev. Dr. Judson, American Missionary to the heathen world of the East, returned about this time, for a short visit to his native land. He was for the second time a widower,* and much older than Miss Chubbuck; but his noble deeds, and the true glory of his character, rendered him attractive to one who sympathised with the warm Christian benevolence that had made him indeed a hero of the Cross. They met in Philadelphia. He felt she would be to him the dear companion he needed in the cares and labours still before him; she has given, in a poem we shall select, her own reasons for consenting to the union.

The beauty and pathos of her sentiments are so exquisite, that the reader will feel they were her heart's true promptings.

Dr. Judson and Miss Chubbuck were married, July, 1846, and they immediately sailed for India. They safely reached their home at Maulmain, in the Burman empire, where they continued to reside, the reverend Missionary devoting himself to his studies, earnestly striving to complete his great work on the Burman language, while his wife was the guiding angel of his young children. Towards the close of the year 1847, Mrs. Judson gave birth to a daughter, and her newly-awakened maternal tenderness is beautifully expressed in her poem, "My Bird." Her domestic happiness was not to endure. Dr. Judson's health failed; he embarked on a voyage to Mauritius, hoping benefit from the change; but his hour of release had arrived. He died at sea, April 12th, 1850, when about nine days from Maulmain. His widow and children returned to the United States.

Mrs. Emily C. Judson's published works are,—"Alderbrook: a Collection of Fanny Forester's Village Sketches and Poems," in two volumes, issued in Boston, 1846. These sketches are lively and interesting, without any thrilling incident or deep passion; but the moral sentiment is always elevated, and this is ever the index of improvement. Accordingly, we find an onward and upward progress in all that Mrs. Judson has written since her marriage. The poems she has sent to her friends in America are beautiful in their simplicity of style, breathing, as they do, the holiest and sweetest feelings of humanity. She has also made a rich contribution to the Missionary cause in her "Biographical Sketch of Mrs. Sarah B. Judson," second wife of Rev. Dr. Judson. This work was sent from India, and published in New York in 1849. It is the tribute of love from the true heart of a Christian woman on earth to the true merits of a sister Christian who has passed to her reward in heaven.

We think Mrs. Judson has yet her greatest work to do. She is left in charge, not only of the little orphan children of her beloved and revered husband, but she is also the guardian, so to speak, of his latest writings — of his life's history. We trust she will live to write the Memoirs of Dr. Judson.

From "Alderbrook."

THE FAREWELL.

Dear, beautiful Alderbrook! I have loved thee as I shall never love any other thing that I may not meet after the sun of Time is set. Everything, from the strong old tree that wrestles with the tempest, down to the amber moss-cup cradling the tiny insect at its roots, and the pebble sleeping at the bottom of the brook, — everything about thee has been laden with its own peculiar lesson. Thou art a rare book, my Alderbrook, written all over by the Creator's finger. Dearly do I love the holy truths upon thy pages; but, "I may not dwell 'mid flowers and music ever;" and I go hence, bearing another, choicer book in my hand, and echoing the words of the angels, "Look! look! live!"

*See "Anna H. Judson," page 367; also, "Sarah B. Judson," page 369

I stand on the verge of the brook, which seems to me more beautiful than any other brook on earth, and take my last survey of the home of my infancy. The cloud, which has been hovering above the trees on the verge of heaven, opens; the golden light gushes forth, bathing the hill-top, and streaming down its green declivity even to my feet; and I accept the encouraging omen. The angel of Alderbrook, "the ministering spirit" sent hither by the Almighty, blesses me. Father in heaven, thy blessing, ere I go!

Hopes full of glory, and oh, most sweetly sacred! look out upon me from the future; but, for a moment, their beauty is clouded. My heart is heavy with sorrow. The cup at my lip is very bitter. Heaven help me! White hairs are bending in submissive grief, and age-dimmed eyes are made dimmer by the gathering of tears. Young spirits have lost their joyousness, young lips forget to smile, and bounding hearts and bounding feet are stilled. Oh, the rending of ties, knitted at the first opening of the infant eye and strengthened by numberless acts of love, is a sorrowful thing! To make the grave the only door to a meeting with those in whose bosoms we nestled, in whose hearts we trusted long before we knew how precious was such love and trust, brings with it an overpowering weight of solemnity. But a grave is yawning for each one of us; and is it much to choose whether we sever the tie that binds us here, to-day, or lie down on the morrow? Ah, the "weaver's shuttle" is flying; the "flower of the grass" is withering; the span is almost measured; the tale nearly told; the dark valley is close before us — tread we with care!

My mother, we may neither of us close the other's darkened eye, and fold the cold hands upon the bosom; we may neither of us watch the sod greening and withering above the other's ashes; but there are duties for us even more sacred than these. But a few steps, mother — difficult the path may be, but *very* bright — and then we put on the robe of immortality, and meet to part nevermore. And we shall not be apart even on earth. There is an electric chain passing from heart to heart through the throne of the Eternal; and we may keep its links all brightly burnished by the breath of prayer. Still pray for me, mother, as in days gone by. Thou bidst me go. The smile comes again to thy lip and the light to thine eye, for thou hast pleasure in the sacrifice. Thy blessing! Farewell, my mother, and ye loved ones of the same hearth-stone!

Bright, beautiful, dear Alderbrook, farewell!

June 1, 1846.

MY BIRD.

Ere last year's moon had left the sky,
A *birdling* sought my Indian nest,
And folded, oh! so lovingly,
Its tiny *wings* upon my breast.

From morn till evening's purple tinge,
In winsome helplessness she lies;
Two rose-leaves, with a silken fringe,
Shut softly on her starry eyes.

There's not in Ind a lovelier bird;
Broad earth owns not a happier nest,
O God, thou hast a fountain stirred,
Whose waters never more shall rest!

This *beautiful, mysterious* thing,
This seeming visitant from Heaven,
This bird with the immortal wing,
To me — to me, thy hand has given.

The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,
The blood its crimson hue, from mine.
This life, which I have dared invoke,
Henceforth is parallel with thine.

A silent awe is in my room —
I tremble with delicious fear;
The future, with its light and gloom,
Time and eternity are here.

Doubts, hopes, in eager tumult rise;
Hear, oh my God! one earnest prayer
Room for my bird in paradise,
And give her angel plumage there!

Maulmain, (India,) January, 1848.

THE TWO MAMMAS.

(FOR HENRY AND EDWARD.)

'Tis strange to talk of two mammas!
Well, come and sit by me,
And I will try to tell you how
So strange a thing can be.

Years since you had a dear mamma,
So gentle, good, and mild,
Her Father, God, looked down from heaven
And loved his humble child.

"Come hither, child," he said, "and lean
Thy head upon my breast."
She had toiled long and wearily,
He knew she needed rest.

And so her cheek grew wan and pale,
And fainter came her breath,
And in the arch beneath her brow,
A shadow lay like death.

Then dear papa grew sad at heart,
Oh, very sad was he!
But still he thought 'twould make her well,
To sail upon the sea.

He did not know that God had called,
But thought she still might stay,
To bless his lonely Burman home,
For many a happy day.

And so she kissed her little boys,
With white and quivering lip,
And while the tears were falling fast,
They bore her to the ship.

And Abby, Pwen, and Enna* went —
Oh! it was sad to be
Thus parted — three upon the land,
And three upon the sea!

But poor mamma *still* paler grew,
As far the vessel sped,
Till *wearily she closed her eyes*,
And slept among the dead.

Then on a distant *rocky* isle,
Where none but strangers rest,
They broke the cold earth for her grave,
And heaped it on her breast.

And there they left her all alone, —
Her whom they loved so well! —
Ah me! the mourning in that ship,
I dare not try to tell!

* *Pwen* and *Enna*, names of endearment among the Burmans, very commonly applied to children.—ED.

And how they wept, and how they prayed,
And sleeping or awake,
How one great grief came crushingly,
As if their hearts would break.

At length they reached a distant shore,
A beautiful, bright land,
And crowds of pitying strangers came,
And took them by the hand.

And Abby found a pleasant home,
And Pwen, and Enna too;
But poor papa's sad thoughts turned back,
To Burmah and to you.

He talked of wretched heathen men,
With none to do them good;
Of children who are taught to bow
To gods of stone and wood.

He told me of his darling boys,
Poor orphans far away,
With no mamma to kiss their lips,
Or teach them how to pray.

And would I be their new mamma,
And join the little band
Of those, who for the Saviour's sake,
Dwell in a heathen land?

And when I knew how good he was,
I said that I would come;
I thought it would be sweet to live
In such a precious home;

And look to dear papa for smiles,
And hear him talk and pray;
But then I knew not it would grow
Still sweeter every day.

Oh, if your first mamma could see,
From her bright home above,
How much of happiness is here,
How much there is of love,

'Twould glad her angel heart, I know,
And often would she come,
Gliding with noiseless spirit-step,
About her olden home.

Much do I love my darling boys,
And much do you love me;—
Our Heavenly Father sent me here
Your new mamma to be.

And if I closely follow him,
And hold your little hands,
I hope to lead you up to heaven,
To join the angel bands.

Then with papa, and both mammas,
And her who went before,
And Christ who loves you more than all,
Ye'll dwell for ever more.

Maulmain, 1849.

K.

KEAN, ELLEN,

Obtained her celebrity as an actress under her maiden name, Miss Tree. She was born in 1805, in London, and first appeared at Covent Garden Theatre, 1823, when about eighteen years of age. She did not take the town by storm, as some actresses have burst into fame; but her graceful and lady-like manner won the good-will of her audience, and she rose in her profession by real merit, both of character and mind.

In 1837, she visited America, and was very successful in her theatrical engagements. After her return to England, she married Charles Kean, an actor well known for his constant efforts to imitate the manner of his father, the distinguished Edmund Kean. Shortly after their marriage, Charles Kean and his wife came to America, and made a professional tour through the principal cities: the wife was greeted as an old favourite; but she was not the Ellen Tree whom the people had loved. Mrs. Kean now resides with her husband in England, having, we believe, retired from the stage.

KEMBLE, FRANCES ANNE,

Is the daughter of Mr. Charles Kemble, an actor of high reputation, and for many years a favourite with the public. Dramatic talent appears a natural inheritance in the Kemble family: Mrs. Siddons, her brother John Kemble, and her niece, the subject of this sketch, have occupied by acclamation, the very highest places in their profession. Many of the other members have arisen above mediocrity as artists, among whom an honourable rank must be assigned to Mrs. Sartoris, who, before her marriage, was very favourably received as a singer under the name of Adelaide Kemble.

Fanny Kemble was born in London, about the year 1813, and made her first appearance on the London boards in 1829, in the character of Juliet. The highest enthusiasm was excited in her favour. Her extreme youth, which admirably suited the impersonation, rendered her conception of the passion and poetry remarkable. The British public at once stamped her by their approval, as an actress of genius, and she became distinguished as a new star in the histrionic art.

In 1832, Miss Kemble came with her father to the United States, where her theatrical career was marked by unbounded success, and her talents were warmly admired. In 1834, she was married to Pierce Butler, Esq., of Philadelphia, a gentleman of large fortune. The unhappy termination of this marriage is well known. After many domestic difficulties, a mutual divorce was granted the husband and wife in 1849, and Mrs. Butler

immediately resumed her name of Kemble. We must, in justice, observe here, that Mrs. Kemble's bitterest enemies have never charged her with the slightest deviation from the laws of conjugal fidelity; that her fame is spotless, and her position in society exactly what it ever was. Mrs. Kemble is a woman of varied powers; she has been successful in literature, particularly in poetry; displaying an ardent impassioned fancy, which male critics consider the true fire of genius. Some of her shorter poems are wonderfully impressive; but she often mars what would otherwise be very charming, by epithets a little *too* Shaksperian, a little too much savouring of the art for which she was educated, and which are, to her, familiar expressions. Such words give a flavour, a taste of the antique, when read in their original places; we consider them inadmissible in the writings of a poet, a lady poet of our day; they appear like affectation or want of resource; and sometimes like want of delicacy.

The drama first claimed the genius of Fanny Kemble. At a very early age she wrote a tragedy — "Francis the First," which has passed through ten editions. Her next work was "The Star of Seville;" both have been acted with success; and evince a maturity of mind, and a range of reading very uncommon for a young lady. In 1834, appeared her first work in prose, a "Journal," descriptive, chiefly, of the United States. The youthful petulance and foolish prejudices exhibited in this work have been, we believe, much regretted by the author; at any rate, her strictures have long ago ceased to trouble the people of America, and we leave the book to its quiet slumber in the past. In 1844, her "Poems" were published, and in 1847 appeared her second prose work, "A Year of Consolation;" being a description of her tour through France to Rome, and her residence in that city. In this, as in her former prose work, the strong feelings which Mrs. Kemble possesses, or, more properly speaking, which possess her, find large scope.

She looks at the world through the medium of her own emotions, and whatever may be under discussion — the Pope, the people, or the pine swamps of Georgia, the chief point to be considered is — what Mrs. Kemble suffered or enjoyed. Unfortunately, too, she is among those travellers who are nervously sensible to every *desagrement;* this is a constitutional defect, and as really deserving pity as poverty, or sickness, for like them, it prevents the enjoyment of life's varied current. A French wit has said of such — "Ils meurent à cent ans, ayant toujours l' avenir devant eux — regrettants le passé et se plaignent du present dont ils n' ont pas su jouér." When uninfluenced by these "*noires vapeurs*," Mrs. Kemble shows that she possesses a fund of good sense, and a heart filled with kind and benevolent affections. Her style is open to criticism; passages of exquisite beauty, chiefly descriptive, might be selected — but she indulges in slang expressions and coarse epithets, that are entirely unwarrantable, coming from a woman of taste, and a poetess.

In 1849, Mrs. Kemble commenced a series of Shakspeare "Readings," in which her remarkable versatility of powers is exhibited in a manner as striking, and more wonderful, than on the stage. Among her admirers, there are those, who, judging from her "readings," pronounce her the best Macbeth, and the truest Lear which have ever been applauded; while others deem she is inimitable in Falstaff. In 1850, she left America for England, and during the winter of 1851 was giving her Shaksperian "Readings" in London.

We cannot but feel, while reviewing the events of Mrs. Kemble's career, that her purposes have been broken off, her plans of life disappointed, and her pursuits changed, before she had time or opportunity of doing the best she could in any one department of literature or art. We do not hold the opinion that genius is doomed to suffering; we trust brighter days are in store for Mrs. Kemble, and look forward to her mature years producing works that will hold a higher place in Female Literature than any she has yet published. As a woman of commanding genius, she might do much for her own sex — not by *abjuring* feminine delicacy of character, *dress*, or language, but by illustrating, as she could do — "the holiness that circles round a fair and virtuous woman," and the influence such may wield.

From "A Year of Consolation."

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

My dismay and indignation were intense; the rain was pouring, the wind roaring, and it was twelve o'clock at night. The inn into which we were shown, was the most horrible cut-throat looking hole I ever beheld; all the members of the household were gone to bed, except a dirty, sleepy, stupid serving-girl, who ushered us into a kitchen as black as darkness itself and a single tallow-candle could make it, and then informed us that here we must pass the night, for that the coaches which generally came up to meet our conveyance, had not been able to come over the mountains on acconnt of the heavy snow for several days. I was excessively frightened; the look of the place was horrible, that of the people not at all encouraging; when the *conducteur* demanded the price of the coach, which I then recollected, the Chef de Bureau had most cautiously refused to receive, because then I should have found out that I was not going to Chalons in his coach, but to be shot out on the highest peak of the Morvan, midway between Chalons and Nevers. I refused to pay until, according to agreement, I was taken to Chalons; he then refused to deliver up my baggage, and I saw that all resistance was vain, whereupon I paid the money, and retreated again to the black filthy kitchen, where I had left poor ———, bidding her not stir from the side of my dressing-case and writing-box I had left in her charge, with my precious letters of credit and money-bag.

The fire of the kitchen was now invaded by a tall brawny-looking man in a sort of rough sporting costume; his gun and game-bags lay on the dresser; two abominable dogs he had with him went running in and out between our feet, pursuing each other, and all but knocking us down. I

was so terrified, disgusted, and annoyed, that I literally shook from head to foot, and could have found it in my heart to have cried for very cowardice. I asked this person what was to be done; he answered me that he was in the same predicament with myself, and that I could do, if I liked, as he should, — walk over the mountain to Autun the next day.

"What was the distance?"

"Ten leagues." (Thirty miles.)

I smiled a sort of verjuice smile, and replied — "Even if we two women could walk thirty miles through the snow, what was to become of my baggage?"

"Oh, he did not know; perhaps, if the snow was not higher than the horse's bellies, or if the labourers of the district had been clearing out the roads at all, the master of the house might contrive some means of sending us on."

In the midst of the agony of perplexity and anxiety, which all these *perhapses* occasioned me, I heard that the devilish conductor and conveyance which had brought me to this horrid hole, would return to Nevers the next day at five o'clock, and making up my mind, if the worst came to the worst, to return by it thither, and having blown the perfidious Chef de Bureau of the country diligence higher than he had sent me in his coach, take the Paris diligence on its way through Nevers for Lyons straight,—this, of course, at the cost of so much time and money wasted.

With this alternative, I had my luggage carried up to my room, and followed it with my faithful and most invaluable ———, who was neither discouraged, nor frightened, nor foolish, — nor anything that I was, — but comported herself to admiration. The room we were shown into was fearful looking; the wind blew down the huge black gaping chimney, and sent the poor fire, we were endeavouring in vain to kindle, in eye-smarting clouds into our faces. The fender and fire-irons were rusty and broken, the ceiling cracked all over, the floor sunken, and an inch thick with filth and dirt. I threw open the shutters of the window, and saw opposite against the black sky, the yet thicker outline of the wretched hovels opposite, and satisfied, that at any rate we were in the vicinity of human beings of some description, we piled our trunks up against a door that opened into some other room, locked the one that gave entrance from the passage, and with one lighted tallow candle, and one relay, and a box of matches by my bed-side, I threw myself all dressed upon the bed. ——— did the same upon a sofa, and thus we resigned ourselves to pass the night.

ARRIVAL AT VALENCE — AMERICAN WOMAN.

I thought, too, of America, of the honour and security in which a woman might traverse alone from Georgia to Maine, that vast country, certain of assistance, attention, the respectful civility, the most humane protection, from every man she meets, without the fear of injury or insult, screened by the most sacred and universal care from even the appearance of neglect or impertinence — travelling alone with as much safety and comfort as though she were the sister or the daughter of every man she meets.

MY OWN SPIRIT.

"Up, and be doing," is the impulse for ever with me; and when I ask myself, both sadly and scornfully, what? both my nature and my convictions repeat the call, "up, and be doing;" for surely there is something to be done from morning till night, and to find out what, is the appointed work of the onward-tending soul.

ROME.

Here (as every where) we were pursued by the shameless, wretched pauperism that disgusts and pains one the whole time, and makes the ruined aspect of the great outward things about one cheerful, compared with the abject degradation of that which God has made in his own image. Oh! I would not live among these people for any thing in the world; and when I think of England and America, I thank God that I was born in the one, and shall live in the other.

From "Francis the First."

A FAIR AND VIRTUOUS WOMAN.

And I marvel, sir,
At those who do not feel the majesty, —
By heaven! I 'd almost said the holiness, —
That circles round a fair and virtuous woman!
There is a gentle purity that breathes
In such a one, mingled with chaste respect,
And modest pride of her own excellence, —
A shrinking nature, that *is* so adverse
To aught unseemly, that I could as soon
Forget the sacred love I owe to heaven,
As dare, with impure thoughts, to taint the air
Inhaled by such a being; than whom, my liege,
Heaven cannot look on anything more holy,
Or earth be proud of anything more fair.

WOMAN'S HEART.

A young maiden's heart
Is a rich soil, wherein lie many germs,
Hid by the cunning hand of nature there
To put forth blossoms in their fittest season,
And tho' the love of home first breaks the soil
With its embracing tendrils clasping it,
Other affections, strong and warm, will grow,
While that one fades, as summer's flush of bloom
Succeeds the gentle budding of the spring.
Maids must be wives, and mothers, to fulfil
Th' entire and holiest end of woman's being.

From "The Star of Seville."

AN OLD HOME.

I love that dear old home! My mother lived there
Her first sweet marriage years, and last sad widowed ones;
Something of old ancestral pride it keeps,
Though fallen from its earlier power and vastness:
Marry! we 're not so wealthy as we were,
Nor yet so warlike; still it holds enough
Of ancient strength and state to prompt the memory
To many a "wherefore," and for every answer
You shall have stories long and wonderful,
Enough to make a balladmonger's fortune.
Old trees do grow around its old grey walls,
The fellows of my mouldering grandfathers:
Faith! they do mock us with their young old age,
These giant wearers of a thousand summers!
Strange, that the seed we sow should bloom and flourish
When we are faded, flower, fruit, and all;
Or, for all things to tend to reproduction,
Serving th' eternal purposes of life,
Drawing a vigorous sap into their veins
From the soil our very bodies fertilize.

From "Poems."

SONG.

Yet once again, but once, before we sever,
Fill me one brimming cup, — it is the last!
And let those lips, now parting, and for ever,
Breathe o'er this pledge,—"the memory of the past!"

Joy's fleeting sun is set; and no to-morrow
Smiles on the gloomy path we tread so fast,
Yet, in the bitter cup, o'erfilled with sorrow,
Lives one sweet drop, — the memory of the past.

But one more look from those dear eyes, now shining
Thro' their warm tears, their loveliest and their last;
But one more strain of hands, in friendship twining,
Now farewell all, save memory of the past.

SONNET.

Say thou not sadly, "never," and "no more,"
But from thy lips banish those falsest words;
While life remains, that which was thine before
Again may be thine; in Time's store-house lie
Days, hours, and moments, that have unknown hoards
Of joy, as well as sorrow: passing by,
Smiles comes with tears; therefore with hopeful eye
Look thou on dear things, though they turn away,
For thou and they, perchance, some future day
Shall meet again, and the gone bliss return;
For its departure then make thou no mourn,
But with stout heart bid what thou lov'st farewell;
That which the past hath given, the future gives as well.

A MOTHER'S MEMORIES.

The blossoms hang again upon the tree
As when with their sweet breath they greeted me,
Against my casement, on that sunny morn,
When thou, first blossom of my spring, wast born;
And as I lay, panting from the fierce strife
With death and agony that won thy life,
Their sunny clusters hung on their brown bough,
E'en as upon my breast, my May-bud, thou;
They seem to be thy sisters, oh, my child!
And now the air, full of their fragrance mild,
Recalls that hour; a ten-fold agony
Pulls at my heart-strings as I think of thee
Was it in vain? Oh, was it all in vain!
That night of hope, of terror, and of pain,
When from the shadowy boundaries of death,
I brought thee safely, breathing living breath
Upon my heart — it was a holy shrine,
Full of God's praise — they laid thee, treasure mine!
And from its tender depths the blue heaven smiled,
And the white blossoms bowed to thee, my child,
And solemn joy of a new life was spread,
Like a mysterious halo round that bed.
And now how is it, since eleven years
Have steeped that memory in bitterest tears?
Alone, heart-broken, on a distant shore,
Thy childless mother sits lamenting o'er
Flowers, which the spring calls from this foreign earth,
The twins, that crowned the morning of thy birth.
How is it with thee — lost — lost — precious one?
In thy fresh spring-time growing up alone?
What warmth unfolds thee? What sweet dews are shed,
Like Love and Patience, over thy young head?
What holy springs feed thy deep, inner life?
What shelters thee from Passion's deadly strife?
What guards thy growth, straight, strong, and full, and free,
Lovely and glorious, oh, my fair young tree?
God — Father — thou who, by this awful fate,
Hast lopp'd, and stripp'd, and left me desolate!
In the dark bitter floods that o'er my soul
Their billows of despair triumphant roll,
Let me not be o'erwhelmed! Oh, they are thine,
These jewels of my life — not mine — not mine!
So keep them, that the blossoms of their youth
Shall in a gracious growth of love and truth,
With an abundant harvest honour Thee.

ABSENCE.

What shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense,
Weary with longing shall I flee away,
Into past days, and with some fond pretence
Cheat myself to forget the present day?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin
Of casting from me God's great gift of time?
Shall I, these mists of memory lock'd within,
Leave and forget life's purposes sublime?

Oh! how, or by what means, shall I contrive
To bring the hour that brings thee back more near?
How shall I teach my drooping hope to live
Until that blessed time, and thou art here?

I'll tell thee; for thy sake I will lay hold
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,
In worthy deeds each moment that is told,
While thou, beloved one! art far from me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts to try
All homeward flights, all high and holy strains,
For thy dear sake I will walk patiently
Through these long hours, nor call their minutes pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence make
A noble task-time, and will therein strive
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
More good than I have won, since yet I live.

So may this doomed time build up in me
A thousand graces which shall thus be thine;
So may my love and longing hallowed be,
And thy dear thought an influence divine.

LINES FROM THE ITALIAN.

I planted in my heart one seed of love,
Water'd with tears, and watch'd with sleepless care;
It grew, and when I look'd that it should prove
A gracious tree, and blessed harvests bear,
Blossom nor fruit was there to crown my pain,
Tears, cares and labour, all had been in vain;
And yet I dare not pluck it from my heart,
Lest, with the deep-struck root, my life depart.

KENT, DUCHESS OF,

Is the sixth child and youngest daughter of Francis Duke of Saxe Saalfield Cobourg, and was born August 17th, 1786. She was married to Enrich Charles, hereditary Prince of Leiningen. Her husband died in 1814, leaving her with two children, the Prince of Leiningen, and the Princess Anna Feodoronna. She was then called to the regency, and her administration was popular and respected. In 1818, she married the Duke of Kent, son of George III., of England, and on the 24th of May, 1819, her only child by this marriage, Victoria, Queen of England, was born in Kensington Palace.

To understand how deeply Great Britain is indebted to the Duchess of Kent, for the exceeding care she bestowed in training her illustrious daughter, so that she might be worthy to sway the sceptre of that great empire, some knowledge of the history of Victoria's father is indispensable. Edward, Duke of Kent, fourth son of George III., was, according to a reliable work,* the noblest

*"The Life of Field-Marshal his Royal Highness Edward, Duke of Kent," &c. By Erskine Neal, M. A., Rector of Kirton, &c. London: 1849.

and best of all the sons of that royal house. Yet these virtues, particularly his unflinching truthfulness, made him dreaded, disliked and persecuted, from his youth till his death, by the influential members of the royal family. It was with the greatest difficulty that he procured the means of leaving Amorbach, (a small town in Germany, where he had been residing with his wife) for England, in time for her confinement. The Duke wished his child to be born in the country where it might be destined to rule.

The following is an extract from one of his letters, dated March 19th, 1819, to Dr. Rudge: —

"The interesting situation of the duchess causes me hourly anxiety; and you, who so well know my views and feelings, can well appreciate how eagerly desirous I am to hasten our departure for Old England. *The event* is thought likely to occur about the end of next month. My wish is, that it may take place on the 4th of June, as this is the birth-day of my revered father; and that the child, too, like him, may be a Briton-born."

The Duchess earnestly participated in the desire to reach England; but that "royal profligate," the prince regent, threw every possible perplexity in the way. These were at last overcome; firm, devoted, but untitled, and, comparatively speaking, humble friends, in England made the requisite remittances, and the Duke and Duchess of Kent reached Kensington Palace in time to have their daughter a Briton-born. But her royal father lived only eight months after her birth, and the bereaved widow was left to endure a thousand anxieties as well as sorrows. Her babe was delicate in constitution, and the means for educating her as the heir expectant of the most powerful monarchy in the world, were inadequately and grudgingly supplied. None but a soul of the highest order could have successfully struggled with the difficulties which beset the course of the Duchess of Kent. She was equal to her task, fortunately for humanity; the whole world is made better from having on the throne of Great Britain a sovereign who is firm in DUTY. The sketch of Queen Victoria will be found in its place — we will only add here, that, for the right formation of her character, which makes DUTY a sacred principle in her conduct, she must have been indebted, in a great measure, to her early training. Let any mother, who has endeavoured to train her own daughter to perform the duties which, in private life, and in a small circle, devolve on woman, consider what conscientious care it has required; what sacrifices of self, what daily examples as well as precepts in the right way; — and then she may, partly, estimate the merits of the mother of such a woman as Victoria I. of England. How excellent must have been the character that could acquire the authority and influence necessary to direct well and wisely the education of a young Princess! This was done, too, amidst serious obstacles and many discouragements. Miss Landon in her charming way, addresses a poem to the Duchess of Kent, containing this touching allusion:—

"Oh! many a dark and sorrowing hour
Thy widow'd heart had known,
Before the bud became a flower, —
The orphan on a throne."

The Duchess of Kent should hold a noble rank among women worthily distinguished; she has performed great and important duties with such rare firmness, faithfulness and success as makes her a model for mothers in every rank of life.

KIRKLAND, CAROLINE M.,

WHOSE maiden name was Stansbury, was born in New York. At an early age she was married to Mr. William Kirkland, a scholar of great acquirements, and also highly esteemed as a man of much moral excellence of character. At the time of their marriage he resigned a professorship in Hamilton College, and established a seminary in the town of Goshen, on Lake Seneca. A few years afterwards he removed with his family to the then new State of Michigan, and made that experiment of "Forest Life," which gave opportunity for the development of Mrs. Kirkland's lively and observant genius, and also furnished material for her racy and entertaining works on Western manners and habits.

In 1839, her first book,—"A New Home— Who'll Follow? or, Glimpses of Western Life. — By Mrs. Mary Clavers, an Actual Settler," was published in Boston. The freshness of feeling and piquancy of style displayed in the work, won the public voice at once; and its author gained a celebrity very flattering to a literary débutant. This may be considered, on the whole, Mrs. Kirkland's best production, without disparaging its successors. "The New Home" has originality, wit, propriety of thought, and kindliness of feeling abounding in its pages, and it would scarcely have been possible for its author to excel again in the same line. "Forest Life," in two volumes, was the next work of Mrs. Kirkland — it has chapters of equal merit to the "New Home," but as a whole, is inferior. The most striking peculiarities of character and landscape had been already sketched with a firm and clear outline, that needed no additional touches; new views of what had been presented with so much life and spirit, seemed but the fatal "too much," which the seduction of applause often draws from genius.

In 1842, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkland returned to New York city, where Mr. Kirkland became proprietor of a journal of a religious and literary character, the editing of which was in accordance with his views and tastes. Mrs. Kirkland now engaged in that profession which we think more deserving of honour than mere literary pursuits; she became teacher and guide of a select school for young ladies, whom she received into her own family. She did not, however, abandon her pen; and in 1845, appeared "Western Clearings," a series of stories founded on her reminiscences of life in the West. These had before appeared in "Annuals," written for the occasion and without connexion, and can only be judged separately, as clever of their kind; some are very charming, and some very

humorous; we would instance "The Schoolmaster's Progress" as among the latter, and "Half-Lengths from Life" as an excellent specimen of Mrs. Kirkland's sensible and just mode of thinking, and her happy manner of describing character.

The sudden death of her husband devolving on Mrs. Kirkland the whole care of her children, called forth her energies as an author in a new manner. She became editor of a monthly periodical, published in New York, called The Union Magazine. In 1848, this was transferred to Philadelphia, and is now known as "Sartain's;" she still continues one of its editors.

In 1848, Mrs. Kirkland visited the Old World; she has recorded her impressions in a work, entitled, "Holidays Abroad," a pleasant volume. Besides her natural gifts, Mrs. Kirkland is a woman of highly cultivated mind; and from her extensive opportunities for reading and observation, we may reasonably hope for some work from her pen superior to any she has yet given the public.

From "A New Home," &c.

NEW SETTLERS AT THE WEST.

Of the mingled mass of our country population, a goodly and handsome proportion — goodly as to numbers, and handsome as to cheeks and lips, and thews and sinews — consists of young married people just beginning the world; simple in their habits, moderate in their aspirations, and hoarding a little of old-fashioned romance, unconsciously enough, in the secret nooks of their rustic hearts. These find no fault with their bare loggeries. With a shelter and a handful of furniture, they have enough. If there is the wherewithal to spread a warm supper for "th' old man," when he comes in from work, the young wife forgets the long, solitary, *wordless* day, and asks no greater happiness than preparing it by the help of such materials and such utensils as would be looked at with utter contempt in a comfortable kitchen; and then the youthful pair sit down and enjoy it together, with a zest that the "*orgies parfaites*" of the epicure can never awaken. What lack they that this world can bestow? They have youth, and health, and love and hope, occupation and amusement, and when you have added "meat, clothes, and fire," what more has England's fair young queen? These people are contented, of course.

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Another large class of emigrants is composed of people of broken fortunes, or who have been unsuccessful in past undertakings. These like or dislike the country on various grounds, as their peculiar condition may vary. Those who are fortunate or industrious, look at their new home with a kindly eye. Those who learn by experience that idlers are no better off in Michigan than elsewhere, can find no term too virulent in which to express their angry disappointment. The profligate and unprincipled lead stormy and uncomfortable lives anywhere; and Michigan, *now* at least, begins to regard such characters among her adopted children with a stern and unfriendly eye, so that the few who may have come among us, hoping for the unwatched and unbridled license which we read of in regions nearer to the setting sun, find themselves marked and shunned, as in the older world.

IMPROVEMENTS AND ENJOYMENTS.

As women feel sensibly the deficiencies of the "salvage" state, so they are the first to attempt the refining process, the introduction of those important nothings on which so much depends. Small additions to the more delicate or showy part of the household gear are accomplished by the aid of some little extra personal exertion. "Spinning-money" buys a looking-glass, perhaps, or "butter-money" a nice cherry-table. Eglantines and wood-vine, or wild-cucumber, are sought and transplanted to shade the windows. Narrow beds round the house are bright with balsams and sweet-williams, four o'clocks, poppies, and marigolds; and if "th' old man" is good-natured, a little gate takes the place of the great awkward *bars* before the door. By and by, a few apple-trees are set out; sweet-briers grace the door-yard, and lilacs and currant-bushes; all by female effort — at least I have never yet happened to see it otherwise, where these improvements have been made at all. They are not all accomplished by her own hand, indeed; but hers is the moving spirit, and if she do her "spiriting gently," and has anything but a Caliban for a minister, she can scarcely fail to throw over the real homeliness of her lot something of the magic of that IDEAL which has been truly sung —

> Nymph of our soul, and brightener of our being;
> She makes the common waters musical —
> Binds the rude night-winds in a silver thrall,
> Bids Hybla's thyme and Tempe's violet dwell
> Round the green marge of her moon-haunted cell.
>
> * * * * * * *

This shadowy power, or power of shadows, is the "arch-vanquisher of time and care" everywhere; but most of all needed in the waveless calm of a strictly woodland life, and there most enjoyed. The lovers of "unwritten poetry" may find it in the daily talk of our rustic neighbours — in their superstitions — in the remedies which they propose for every ill of humanity, the ideal makes the charm of their life as it does that of all the world's, peer and poet, woodcutter and serving-maid.

After allowing due weight to the many disadvantages and trials of a new country-life, it would scarce be fair to pass without notice the compensating power of a feeling, inherent, as I believe, in our universal nature, which rejoices in that freedom from the restraints of pride and ceremony which is found only in a new country. To borrow from a brilliant writer of our own, "I think we have an instinct, dulled by civilization, which is like the caged eaglet's, or the antelope's that is reared in the Arab's tent; an instinct of nature that scorns boundary and chain; that yearns to the free desert; that would have the earth like the sky, unappropriated and open; that rejoices in immeasurable liberty of foot and dwelling-place, and springs passionately back to its free-

dom, even after years of subduing method and spirit-breaking confinement!"

This "instinct," so beautifully noticed by Willis, is what I would point to as the compensating power of the wilderness. Those who are "to the manor born," feel this most sensibly, and pity, with all their simple hearts, the walled-up denizens of the city. And the transplanted ones—those who have been used to no forests but "forests of chimneys"—though "the parted bosom clings to wonted home," soon learn to think nature no step-mother, and to discover many redeeming points even in the half-wild state at first so uncongenial.

That this love of unbounded and *unceremonious* liberty is a natural and universal feeling, needs no argument to show; I am only applying it on a small scale to the novel condition in which I find myself in the woods of Michigan. I ascribe much of the placid contentment, which seems the heritage of rural life, to the constant familiarity with woods and waters—

> All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
> And all that echoes to the song of even;
> All that the mountain's sheltering bosom yields,
> And all the dread magnificence of heaven—

to the harmony which the Creator has instituted between the animate and inanimate works of His hands.

A DEBATING SOCIETY AT THE WEST.

One evening—I hope that beginning prepares the reader for something highly interesting—one evening the question to be debated was the equally novel and striking one which regards the comparative mental capacity of the sexes; and as it was expected that some of the best speakers on both sides would be drawn out by the interesting nature of the subject, every body was anxious to attend.

The debate was interesting to absolute breathlessness, both of speakers and hearers, and was gallantly decided in favour of the fair by a youthful member who occupied the barrel as president for the evening. He gave it as his decided opinion, that if the natural and social disadvantages under which woman laboured and must ever continue to labour, could be removed; if their education could be entirely different, and their position in society the reverse of what it is at present, they would be very nearly, if not quite equal to the nobler sex, in all but strength of mind, in which very useful quality it was his opinion that man would still have the advantage, especially in those communities whose energies were developed by the aid of debating societies.

From "Sartain's Magazine.'

THE INFLUENCE OF DRESS.

There is, no doubt, a reflex influence in dress. One of the best ways of inspiring the degraded with self-respect is to supply them with decent and suitable clothing. We are wholly unable, at any stage of cultivation, to withstand this influence. No lady is the same in a careless and untasteful morning envelop, and an elegant evening dress; the former lowers her tone—depreciates her to herself, even though the latter may be quite incapable of inspiring her with pride. No man feels quite at ease in a shining new coat; he is conscious of an inequality between his present self and the old friend whom he could have met so warmly yesterday. The friend may not notice the coat or its influence, but the wearer never forgets it. The Spectator, or some one of those cunning old observers, tells of a young lady who carried herself with unusual hauteur, and seemed to feel a new consciousness of power, upon no greater occasion than the wearing of a new pair of elegant garters. This affords an argument both for and against dress. We ought not to wear what makes us proud and creates a secret contempt of others; but neither should we neglect any thing that aids our self-respect and keeps our spirits at the proper pitch. Some parents, from the best motives in the world, do their children serious injury by wilfully denying them such dress as may put them on an outward equality with their young companions, or make them feel equal. It is in vain to be philosophical for other people; we must convince their judgments and bring them over to our way of thinking, before we can obtain true and healthy conformity. We submit with tolerable grace to restraints rendered necessary by circumstances, but those which appear to us capricious or arbitrary do not often make us better, especially where they touch our pride—that tissue of irritable nerves in which our moral being is enwrapt.

* * * * *

When we are used to the feeling which accompanies rich and *recherché* costume, a lower style seems to us mean and unworthy, especially on ourselves—it is well if the influence go no further. What pitiable instances we see of a depression that has no better source than the lack of means to dress expensively, after the habit had been formed; what a craven spirit is that which has nothing better to sustain it than the consciousness of elegant clothing! Poor human nature!

DRESS OF SERVANTS.

Every one must have noticed the effect of dress upon the character and condition of servants. Those who have grown up in houses where slatternly personal habits are allowed, never become really respectable, even although they may have many good qualities. They do not respect themselves, and their sympathy with their employers is blunted by the great difference in outward appearance. It is true that domestics sometimes act so earnestly upon this principle, that they end in erring on the side of too much attention to costume. We remember once, and once only, finding at a foreign hotel a chambermaid dressed in silk, with artificial roses in her hair; the feeling that she would not be of much use to us flashing across the mind at once. English servants hit the happy medium oftener than any other; their tidiness suggests alacrity, and we have a comfortable assurance of being well served, as soon as we look upon them. It is odd what a difference one feels

in offering a gratuity to a well or ill-dressed attendant in travelling. Shabbiness favours our penuriousness, most remarkably! The eye scans the expectant instinctively, and instead of the generous impulse to give most liberally to those who need, we graduate our donation by the probable expectation of one who has evidently not found the world very generous. If the servant be well enough dressed to bespeak independence, and especially if he be gifted with the modest assurance which is often both cause and consequence of good fortune, pride whispers us at once not to disgust so genteel a person by a shabby gift, and we bestow on success what we should grudge to necessity

DRESS OF LADIES.

Women generally have an intense dislike to the picturesque style in female dress, and they are not at all apt to think favourably of the stray sheep who adopt it. Some "ill-advis'd" persons fancy that ladies dress for the eyes of gentlemen, but this opinion shows little knowledge of the sex. Gentlemen dress for ladies, but ladies for each other. The anxiety that is felt about the peculiarities of fashion, the chase after novelty, the thirst for expense, all refer to women's judgment and admiration, for of these particulars men know nothing. Here we touch upon the point in question. Women who depart from fashion in search of the picturesque are suspected of a special desire to be charming to the other sex, a fault naturally unpardonable, for ought we not all to start fair? Has any individual a right to be weaving private nets, and using unauthorized charms? A lady who values her character, had better not pretend to be independent of the fashion. The extra admiration of a few of her more poetical beaux will not compensate for the angry sarcasms she must expect from her own sex. This is a matter in which we find it hard to be merciful, or even candid.

Shall the becoming, then, be sacrificed to the caprices of fashion, which consults neither complexion, shape, nor air, but considers the female sex only as a sort of dough, which is to be moulded at pleasure, and squeezed into all possible forms, at the waving of a wand? We do not go so far. There are rules of taste, — standards of grace and beauty, — boundaries of modesty and propriety, — restraints of Christian benevolence. Saving and excepting the claims of these, we say follow the fashion enough to avoid singularity, and do not set up to be an inventor in costume.

L.

LEE, HANNAH F.,

Is now a resident of Boston, Massachusetts, of which state she is a native. Her birth-place was Newburyport, where her father was an eminent physician. Mrs. Lee has for many years been a widow, and so situated as not to be influenced by pecuniary motives in devoting a part of her time to literature. She wrote from a full heart, sympathizing with those who suffered from lack of knowledge respecting the causes of their troubles. Her "Three Experiments of Living," published about 1838, was written during a season of commercial distress, when every one was complaining of "hard times." She embodied in this tale the thoughts suggested by scenes around her, without any idea of publication. The friends who read her manuscript insisted on its being printed, and one of them, the late John Pickering, Esq., well known in the literary and scientific world, gave the manuscript to the printer, and saw to its execution. The unparalleled success of this work justified his opinion. Edition after edition was called for, (about thirty have been issued in America,) and we may say, that in no country has a work, teaching the morals of domestic life, met with such success. It circulated widely from the English press, and was advertised in large letters in the bookstores at Dresden. The name of the author was for a long time unknown, as Mrs. Lee had never prefixed it to any publication.

Her next work was the "Old Painters," written with the earnest desire of benefiting youth by mingling instruction with amusement. Her succeeding works, "Luther and his Times," "Cranmer and his Times," and the "Huguenots in France and America," were written from the same motive. Mrs. Lee's first publication was entitled "Grace Seymour," a novel. Nearly the whole edition of this work was burnt in the great fire at New York, before many of the volumes had been bound and issued. She has never reprinted it, though some of her friends think it one of her best writings. Another little book, "Rosanna, or Scenes in Boston," was written by particular desire, to increase the funds of a charity school. As her name has not been prefixed to any of her books, it is impossible to enumerate all which have proceeded from her pen; we may, however, mention a volume of tales, and also several small tracts. One of these, "Rich Enough," was written to illustrate the insane desire of accumulating wealth which at that time prevailed. The "Contrast, or Different Modes of Education," "The World before You, or the Log-Cabin," are titles of two of her other little books. In 1849, she published a small volume of "Stories from Life for the Young." Her first *known* publication was the appendix to Miss Hannah Adams' memoir of herself, edited by Dr. Joseph Tuckerman. Nearly all Mrs. Lee's works have been republished in England.

In contrasting the genius of the sexes, we should always estimate the moral effect of mental power; the genius which causes or creates the greatest amount of good to humanity should take the highest rank. The Hon. John Pickering, to whom allusion is made as the friend of Mrs. Lee, was a profound scholar, an eminent lawyer, a philologist of high attainments; and yet, probably, the greatest benefit his talents conferred on his country, was his aid and encouragement in developing the talents of Mrs. Lee. Her moral influence has had a power for good over domestic life, and on

the formation of character, which incalculably outweighs all speculative philosophies. Great reverence is due to the memory of Mr. Pickering for his high estimation of woman's moral power.

From "Three Experiments of Living."

BEGINNING LIFE.

Most young physicians begin life with some degree of patronage, but Frank Fulton had none; he came to the city a stranger, from the wilds of Vermont, fell in love with Jane Churchwood, — uncle Joshua's niece,—a man whom nobody knew, and whose independence consisted in limiting his wants to his means. What little he could do for Jane, he cheerfully did. But after all necessary expenses were paid, the young people had but just enough between them to secure their first quarter's board, and place a sign on the corner of the house, by special permission, with *Doctor Fulton* handsomely inscribed upon it. The sign seemed to excite but little attention, — as nobody called to see the owner of it, — though he was at home every hour in the day.

After a week of patient expectation, which could not be said to pass heavily, — for they worked, read and talked together,—Frank thought it best to add to the sign, *Practises for the poor gratis.* At the end of a few days another clause was added, *Furnishes medicines to those who cannot afford to pay for them.* In a very short time, the passers by stopped to spell out the words, and Frank soon began to reap the benefit of this addition. Various applications were made, and though they did not as yet promise any increase of revenue, he was willing to pay for the first stepping-stone. What had begun, however, from true New England *calculation*, was continued from benevolence. He was introduced to scenes of misery, that made him forget all but the desire of relieving the wretchedness he witnessed; and when he related to his young and tender-hearted wife, the situation in which he found a mother confined to her bed, with two or three helpless children crying around her for bread, Jane would put on her straw bonnet, and follow him with a light step to the dreary abode. The first quarter's board came round; it was paid, and left them nearly penniless. There is something in benevolent purpose, as well as in industry, that cheers and supports the mind. Never was Jane's step lighter, nor her smile gayer, than at present. But this could not last; the next quarter's board must be provided, — and how? Still the work of mercy went on, and did not grow slack.

THE REWARD.

It would be pleasant to dwell longer on this period of Dr. Fulton's life. It was one of honest independence. Their pleasures were *home* pleasures, — the purest and the most satisfactory that this world affords. We cannot but admit that they might have been elevated and increased by deeper and more fervent principle. Nature had been bountiful in giving them kind and gentle dispositions, and generous emotions; but the bark, with its swelling sails and gay streamers, that moves so gallantly over the rippling waters, struggles feebly against the rushing wind and foaming wave. Prosperous as Frank might be considered, he had attained no success beyond what every industrious, capable young man may obtain, who, from his first setting out in life, scrupulously limits his expenses within his means. This is, in fact, to be his text-book and his ægis. Not what others do, — not what *seems* necessary and fitting to his station in life, — but what he, who knows his own affairs, can decide is in reality fitting. Shall we, who so much prize our independence, give up what, in a political view alone, is dross, compared to independence of character and habits? Shall we, who can call master spirits from every portion of our land, to attest to the hard-earned victory of freedom and independence, give up the glorious prize, and suffer our minds to be subjugated by foreign luxuries and habits? Yet it is even so; they are fast invading our land; they have already taken possession of our sea-ports, and are hastening towards the interior. Well may British travellers scoff, when they come amongst us, and see our own native Americans adopting the most frivolous parts of civilized life, — its feathers and gewgaws, — our habits and customs made up of awkward imitations of English and French; our weak attempts at aristocracy; our late hours of visiting, for which no possible reason can be assigned, but that they do so in Europe! Let us rather, with true independence, adopt the good of every nation, — their arts and improvements,—their noble and liberal institutions,—their literature, — and the grace and real refinement of their manners; but let us strive to retain our simplicity, our sense of what is consistent with our own glorious calling, and above all, the honesty and wisdom of living within our income, whatever it may be. This is our true standard. Let those who can afford it, consult their own taste in living. If they prefer elegance of furniture, who has a right to gainsay it? But let us not all aim at the same luxury. Perhaps it is this consciousness of unsuccessful imitation that has given a colour to the charge made against us, by the English, of undue irritability. Truly, there is nothing more likely to produce it. Let us pursue our path with a firm and steadfast purpose, as did our fathers of the Revolution, and we shall little regard those who, after receiving our hospitality, retire to a distance, and pelt us with rubbish.

LIVING BEYOND THE MEANS.

Jane was not behind Mrs. Bradish, in costume or figure. Every morning, at the hour for calls, she was elegantly attired for visitors. Many came from curiosity. Mrs. Hart congratulated her dear friend, on seeing her moving in a sphere for which it was evident nature intended her. Mrs. Reed cautioned her against any *mauvaise honte*, that might remind one of former times. Others admired her furniture and arrangements, without any sly allusions. On one of these gala mornings, uncle Joshua was ushered into the room. Jane was fortunately alone, and she went forward and offered two fingers with a cordial air, but whis-

pered to the servant, "if any one else called while he was there, to say she was engaged." She had scrupulously observed her promise, of never sending word she was not at home. There was a mock kind of deference in his air and manner, that embarrassed Jane.

"So," said he, looking round him, "we have a palace here!"

"The house we were in was quite too small, now that our children are growing so large," replied Jane.

"They must be greatly beyond the common size," said uncle Joshua, "if that house could not hold them."

"It was a very inconvenient one; and we thought, as it was a monstrous rent, it would do better to take another. Then, after we had bought this, it certainly was best to furnish it comfortably, as it was for life."

"Is it paid for?" asked uncle Joshua, drily.

Jane hesitated.

"Paid for? O certainly; that is,—yes, sir."

"I am glad to hear it; otherwise, I much doubt if it is taken for life."

Jane was silent.

"Very comfortable," said uncle Joshua; "that is a comfortable glass for your husband to shave by; and those are comfortable curtains, to keep out the sun and cold." Both of these articles were strikingly elegant. "That is a comfortable lamp that hangs in the middle of the room; it almost puts out my eyes with its glass danglers. Times are strangely altered, Jane, since you and I thought such comforts necessary."

"Frank has been very successful in his speculations, uncle; he does not now depend on his profession for a living; indeed, he thinks it his duty to live as other people do, and place his wife and children upon an equality with others."

"And what do you call an equality,—living as luxuriously, and wasting as much time, as they do? Dwelling in as costly apartments, and forgetting there is any other world than this? When you were left to my care, and your dear mother was gone from us, how often I lamented that I could not supply her place,—that I could not better talk to you of another world, to which she had gone; but then, Jane, I comforted myself that I knew something of the duties that belonged to this, and that, if I faithfully instructed you in these, I should be preparing you for another. When I saw you growing up, dutiful and humble, charitable and self-denying, sincere, and a conscientious disciple of truth, then I felt satisfied that all was well. But I begin now to fear that it was a short-sighted kind of instruction,—that it had not power enough to enable us to hold fast to what is right. I begin now to see that we must have motives that do not depend on the praise or censure of this world,—motives that must have nothing to do with it."

"Frank told me the other day," said Jane, "that he thought you were growing quite religious."

"If I am," said uncle Joshua, "it is from the conviction that I want higher motives than this world can give. When I lost you, Jane, I was a poor solitary being. The world, you know, is not much to me, and I was still less to that. For a time, you were still my own Jane; but when your family increased, and—as was very natural—you were occupied by it, then I was thrown quite on myself. And a dreary prospect it was. Then I asked myself, if all was to end here? Not but what I believed in another world, but it was just as I believed in England or France: but now, Jane, I have thought it over, till I *feel* that heaven is a land I am going to, and the Bible my chart to steer by; and I am no longer solitary or alone. Now, my dear Jane, I want you to believe it."

"I do, uncle," said Jane, affectionately; "you always taught me that my mother had gone to heaven, and that if I was good, I should go, too."

"Ah, but, my dear child, I want you to *feel* it,—to feel the comfort and blessing of God's presence. It seems to me that when we once realize the glory of heaven, we shall not think much of these earthly palaces. Do not wait till you go to heaven, to realize God's presence, but feel that he is with you always,—teach it to your children,—win your husband to the truth."

LESLIE, ELIZA,

Is a native of Philadelphia, where she has resided the greater portion of her life. Her paternal ancestors were from Scotland; her great-grandfather, Robert Leslie, emigrated to the then colony of Maryland abqut the year 1745. The father of Miss Leslie removed to Philadelphia before she was born; but he had previously married, in Maryland, the grandaughter of a worthy Swede; and thus Miss Leslie, who has been criticised as an English authoress, "has not," to quote her own words, "a drop of English blood in her veins." The mistake probably arose from the circumstance that, when she was a child, her father took his family with him to London for a few years, and afterwards to Portugal; and her brother, Charles Leslie, the distinguished artist, settled in London. This American family of Leslies are very talented, and, moreover, have won success, which genius

does not always achieve. Miss Anne Leslie, a younger sister of Miss Eliza, has succeeded, as an artist, beyond what females usually do; she has copied her brother's pictures with such truth and spirit, that her work is often mistaken for the original.

After the return of Mr. Leslie, Senior, to Philadelphia, he engaged in business; yet, being fond of books, he devoted much of his time, while abroad and when in his own land, to mathematics and natural philosophy. These pursuits brought him, before he went abroad, into intimacy with Franklin, Jefferson, Rittenhouse, and other philosophers of the day; and his reminiscences of these distinguished men had, doubtless, an abiding influence on the mind of his young and gifted daughter, the bent of whose genius has always been towards the useful and practical.

Miss Leslie's first book, "Seventy-Five Receipts," a little manual to assist ladies in their housekeeping, owed its appearance to this desire of being useful. She had had the benefit of an institution, peculiar to Philadelphia, which may be termed "A Cooking School for Young Ladies," where practical instruction was given in the mysteries of making cakes, pastry, preserves, &c. At this school, under the care of Mrs. Goodfellow, (no relation of Robin,) who acquired a great reputation in her way, Miss Leslie not only graduated among the highest, but she had the good sense to secure her acquirements by taking notes. She soon found herself the authority to whom appeal was made, on any special occasion, for this scientific skill in cookery. She grew tired of writing out receipts for her "five hundred friends," and, yielding to the counsels of her brother, prepared the book for publication, about the year 1829. Its success was so signal, that the publisher proposed to Miss Leslie the writing of a work for children. With much persuasion, she was prevailed on to undertake this, and produced several books for juvenile readers, which were very popular and useful. "The Mirror" was the first of the series; then followed "The Young American," "Atlantic Tales," "Stories for Emma," and "The American Girl's Book," published in 1832. Prior to this, Miss Leslie commenced writing for Godey's Lady's Book, and her contributions were continued, with but slight intermissions, till 1850. She also contributed to other periodicals, and has been editor of monthlies and annuals. Her various papers have been, in part, collected and published, with the title of "Pencil Sketches, or Outlines of Character and Manners." The first volume was published in 1833, and contained "Mrs. Washington Potts," a prize tale, which has been very much praised. The second volume was published in 1835, and the third in 1837. During these years, she prepared a large work on "Cookery," which has met with great favour; also, "The House Book," a useful manual for young housekeepers; and the "Ladies' New Receipt Book."

In 1841, "Althea Vernon" appeared; and in 1848, was published her longest and most finished fictitious narrative, "Amelia; or a Young Lady's Vicissitudes," in one volume. Miss Leslie has quick observation, a retentive memory, a sprightly fancy, and a persevering mind; she has also the great merit of being free from affectation; her purpose is always to be useful, to correct faults, expose follies, and wage war with what is perverse and contemptible. If, in doing this, she sometimes seems severe on what are called trifles, it should be borne in mind, that from these little faults grave misfortunes not unfrequently have their origin; and Miss Leslie is such a true-hearted American, that she earnestly desires to aid her countrywomen in becoming perfect. Few of our female writers have wielded so powerful an influence, or been more widely read. Her "Sketches and Stories," scattered through periodicals, are soon to be issued in a convenient form for popular circulation. Miss Leslie is now engaged in preparing "The Behaviour Book;" and the "Life of John Fitch," the first experimenter in steam navigation. For this, she has abundant materials, as that unfortunate man of science was an intimate friend of her father's, who took a deep interest in his projects, afterwards realized by Fulton.

From "Kitty's Relations."

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

Albert Colesbury, of Philadelphia, fell in love with Catherine Branchley, of New York, at a quarter past ten o'clock, while dancing opposite to her on the evening of his arrival at Ballston Springs; there being a ball at the Sans Souci Hotel. Perhaps the precise moment selected by Cupid for directing his shaft towards the heart of our hero, was that in which the young lady acknowledged, with a graceful bow, and a smile of unaffected sweetness, his civility in presenting to her a sprig of jessamine that had fallen from her hair. Shortly after, another sprig of jessamine happened to fall; and this time, Colesbury was so dishonest as not to return it, but took an opportunity of slipping it within his vest.

When the set was over, he hastened to procure an introduction to Miss Branchley, by means of a young New Yorker, whom he knew, and who had just been dancing with her. Our hero would have gladly engaged her for the next set, but her hand was already promised to another gentleman; however, she smilingly consented to give it to Colesbury for the set following. Having no inclination to dance with any one else, he took his seat beside Mrs. Seabright, a young widow, whom he had frequently met with at places of public resort, where she generally did him the favour to matronize him. Colesbury, unable to think of anything else, broke forth into warm encomiums on the beauty of Miss Branchley, and even manifested his intention of endeavouring to engage her for every succeeding set. To do him justice, she really *was* pretty.

Mrs. Seabright judiciously cautioned the impetuous inamorato against all violent measures, as they would certainly have a tendency to excite false hopes in the heart of a poor simple girl, who had evidently just come out, and was of course inexperienced in both balls and beaux.

"False hopes!" exclaimed Colesbury. "Why should her hopes be false?"

"Oh!" replied Mrs. Seabright, who considered herself a wit, "the heart of the young lady may be *tender*, while that of the gentleman is only *tinder*."

"She is the most exquisite creature I ever saw in my life," returned our hero—"and the hope should be on my side rather than on hers. I am not a man to be taken by mere external beauty—but look at the faultless symmetry of her figure!

> "'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
> The tincture of a skin that I admire;"

But was there ever a purer red and white, or a nose, mouth, and chin, all more perfectly lovely? Yet these are not the charms to make an impression on *my* heart. Only look at the heavenly blue of her eyes, and the wavy go of her hair! Certainly I am well aware that

> "*All* that 's bright must fade,
> The brightest still the fleetest."

What pearly teeth she has; so even, and so perfect! And then the turn of her head! Still I have no wish to possess a beautiful casket, unless it holds a gem within. But if, upon further acquaintance with Miss Branchley, I find her mind equal to her person, I shall esteem myself the happiest of men, if she will allow me to hope for her favour, and I will then lose no time in endeavouring to secure her as the partner of my life."

"Love at first sight is certainly a most amusing thing," remarked Mrs. Seabright, "at least to the by-standers."

"I am not in love," replied Colesbury, in a calmer tone—"not in the least in love. I must first be convinced of the mental qualities of the lady."

To be brief—the next was a country dance, and before it was over, Colesbury had ascertained that Miss Branchley's mind *was* equal to her person, and his resolution was taken to declare himself as soon as propriety would allow. This term of probation did not prove very tedious, for the important avowal was made the very next morning on their way back from the spring to the house; the fair Kitty having looked divinely while taking the glass from the hand of her admirer, and holding it to her beautiful lips. The suddenness of the proposal somewhat startled the young lady, but she neither withdrew her arm, nor ran away; she only held down her head and smiled—she had not known him long enough to blush. And when he eagerly inquired if he might be permitted to hope, she said, "he might ask her pa."

From "The Bloxhams and Mayfields."

THE ENGLISH RADICAL AND THE AMERICAN CITIZEN.

The dinner was profuse and excellent—the first the Bloxhams had eaten at a private house since their arrival. Mrs. Bloxham, however, carefully abstained from tasting of any article peculiarly American, and she also endeavoured to prevent her children from doing so—telling them these strange things might disagree with them.

"Why, ma," said Horne Tooke, "you let us eat all sorts of strange things at the Spread Eagle."

"That was to give you an opportunity of satisfying your curiosity. But they did you a great deal of harm."

"When and how?" persisted the boy. "How were we the worse for them, and what harm did they do us? Tell me that. You can't say we were one moment sick—any of us."

His mother endeavoured to silence him; but his father tried to laugh, and said—

"Mrs. B., you'd better let young hopeful alone. You'll find him too hard for you."

"He's worse than ever since he came to America," murmured Mrs. Bloxham.

"A clever lad, sir," continued Bloxham, turning to Mr. Mayfield—"a clever lad, as you may easily perceive. He'll make a figure in the world yet. You'll have him legislating for you in your House of Congress before fifteen years; and helping to guide, with tongue of fire, the restless rudder of your government."

"Tell me why," persisted Horne Tooke, still addressing his mother—"tell me why we were allowed to eat squashes, and sweet potatoes, and pot-pie, and pumpkin-pudding, and everything on the table, when we were at the Spread Eagle."

"Horne Tooke, my boy," said Mr. Bloxham, "you are certainly sharp enough to understand that when we are at an inn, and a public table, where we pay all the same eat or no eat, it is advisable to indulge ourselves with everything that is to be had; so as to be quite sure of getting the worth of our money. You know we did the same on board of ship. Now some of the passengers were always complaining of the length of the voyage; but I always laughed, and said—I did not care if it lasted two months, as long as we were on the captain's keep. Ha, ha, ha—that's me exactly—there's nothing like having the full worth of one's money."

"But here in this house we pay no money at all," said Horne Tooke, "and that is better still. Ma, I know very well what you are at. You want us to hate everything in America; and so you're afraid to let us eat any more of their nice victuals."

"The child does not know what he's talking about," said Mrs. Bloxham.

"Yes I do," said Horne Tooke; "pa says I always have my wits about me. I know I am the brightest of the family—the only bright one, too."

"Mr. B.," said his wife, "I told you it would be so. There's something in the air of this country that is not fit for English children. It makes them rude, and saucy, and unbiddable, from the moment they set their feet on the land of liberty, as you call it."

"Why, I was just as bad at home," said Horne Tooke, "and I dare say a great deal worse; for I had not half such good times."

Dinner was at length over; and as they adjourned to the front parlour, Bloxham whispered to his wife, "This squire is a capital fellow—I never sat down to a better feed."

"Be quiet," said Mrs. Bloxham, "some of the family may hear you."

In the cool of the afternoon, Mr. Mayfield

showed his guests round the farm; and the Bloxham children were made free of the two peach orchards; having previously made themselves so in the forenoon. Bloxham seemed to look about, but in reality saw nothing; for his whole attention was engrossed by hearing himself relate paltry and scandalous anecdotes of the king and queen, with laudatory digressions on Fox, Sheridan, and the Duke of Bedford; talking of all these distinguished men as familiarly as "maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs." He even hinted, that through his intimacy with Sheridan he was no stranger to the Prince of Wales, whom he praised without measure, as a noble, generous fellow, that was always in debt, and whose feelings went entirely with the people; the said people being all bursting with impatience for the time to arrive when he should begin to reign over them.

"You know, of course," continued Bloxham, "that the prince is in the opposition. The heir apparent always is. I can assure you, sir, (and I have had private opportunities of knowing,) his royal highness (heaven bless him) is a republican at heart; a thorough democrat."

"That is strange," observed Mr. Mayfield; "it is certainly not his business to be so."

"Then the greater the patriotism," pursued Bloxham—"To see how his royal highness goes to the balls of untitled persons; and how agreeable he makes himself to ladies that are plain Miss and Mrs.; even asking them to dance. Yes, yes; he carries in his heart's core the hammer that is to strike off the grinding chains of king-ridden England."

In the mean time, Mrs. Bloxham was walking with Mrs. Mayfield, and entertaining her with accounts of the vast superiority of everything in England to everything in America. As an episode, she introduced a minute description of the Lord Mayor's show, a spectacle which her son, Horne Tooke, (who followed close behind,) averred was nothing in comparison to Bartlemy fair, and not half so productive of fun as Guy Faux day.

The tea-table went on much in the same manner as the dinner-table; except that the children followed the example of Horne Tooke, and helped themselves voraciously to cakes, honey, and sweetmeats; their mother no longer essaying to check them.

From "Leonilla Lynmore."

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

Ruth Rambo was a large, tall woman, habited in a dingy brown worsted petticoat, and a blue calico long short-gown, in form something like the dresses that, when worn by genteel people, are called tunics. Her grey hair was partially covered by a cross-barred muslin cap, bordered with coarse Dutch lace, similar to that which ladies, who know no better, now dignify with the name of Brussels and Valenciennes. She had very cunning dark eyes, and, though grossly ignorant, possessed considerable shrewdness, combined with the most unblushing assurance.

After taking her seat behind a little old table, and surveying the young ladies from head to foot, she fixed her eyes upon their faces in such a manner, that each imagined the gaze to be directed exclusively to herself, and quailed beneath what they considered its almost supernatural influence. There was a silence, which was at last broken by the weird-woman pronouncing, in a tone of awful solemnity, the monosyllable—"Well."

Merial's courage failed; and she made a sign to the timid Leonilla, who found it necessary to be spokeswoman. "We have come"—said she—"to consult you on the subject of your art—the art which you profess. We have come to hear what are likely to be the chief events of our future lives—in short, to have our fortunes told."

"Ay—now you've got it right"—said the old woman—"I knew, by my art, what your errand was, as soon as I saw you. So now let us *proceed* to business, for I have no time to lose, and there be them that are waiting for me; but the last shall be first, and the first shall be last. Take off your bonnets, and give to the world all the features of your visards and visages."

They did so; and the sibyl, contracting her brows mysteriously, and looking from the one to the other, slowly uttered—"Fate bids me begin with the least of you"—pointing her finger at Leonilla.

Ruth Rambo then drew from her pocket a marvellous dirty pack of cards, and said, sternly, to our heroine—"How old are you? Woe betide you, if you do not tell me the naked truth."

"I am just sixteen and three months"—replied Leonilla.—"I can have no reason for misrepresenting my age."

"Not yet, may be"—replied the fortune-teller—"but perhaps you *may* have, when years have gone by, and the stars begin to run round upon their poles. Women that's got beyant twenty, often try to cheat me; but I am an old fox, and can always find them out by my art. Now I see plain enough you're a foreigner."

"Oh! no, indeed, I am not"—exclaimed Leonilla, earnestly.

"There is no cheating *me*"—said the old woman, with increased solemnity.—"I have set before all the nations of the earth, and I know a foreigner when I see one."

This (after reflecting a moment) the young ladies understood to mean, that Ruth Rambo had told fortunes to strangers from every part of the world.

"I was born in Philadelphia"—said Leonilla—"and have never, in my life, been out of America."

"Well—and what's Philadelphia but foreign parts; foreign to Boston, is not it?"

She then, after shuffling the cards, produced the four queens from the pack, and desired Leonilla to choose one. She chose the queen of diamonds.

"That stands for yourself"—said the fortune-teller. She then went through the tedious process of shuffling the cards nine times over, always desiring Leonilla to cut them; the old woman each time looking at the bottom card. When all the shuffling and cutting was accomplished, the sibyl raised her eyes to the black circle on the ceiling, as if invoking its aid, paused a moment, and then, with practised dexterity, ran rapidly

over the whole pack of cards as she held them, with her hands resting on the table.

"That 's you"—said she to Leonilla, displaying the queen of diamonds.—"Every card in the pack has its meaning, in all the four corners of the globe, and persons of art can read them as easy as they can read a buk."

"Is it by the vicinity of certain other cards to the queen of diamonds, that you propose to discover what is to happen to me?"—asked Leonilla.

"That 's tellings"—replied the old woman.—"Do you suppose I am going to let people into the secret of my arts and sciences? Some goes by coffee-grounds, which is low and vulgar; and some goes by the lines on the parms of your hands, which is nothing but plexity and puzzledem; and some goes by the stars and planipos, which is too far off to be certain. But cards is the only true things, as all the best judges can scratify. Besides, who can tell but I have awful powers, holden from them that is seldom seen, but always about, and may be looking at us now."

LEWALD, FANNY,

Is a woman of letters belonging to Berlin. By no means a speculative recluse, she maintains a very marked position in society, cultivating the acquaintance and intimacy of all the celebrities of the day, to whom she is rendered interesting, not only by her reputation as an authoress, but by her conversational powers. She has travelled through various parts of the continent of Europe, with an eye open to every striking object, and a mind filled with enthusiasm for every personage of note;—let it be added, with a pen ready to stamp her impressions.

Fraulien Lewald, as she is called in Germany, began her literary career as a novel-writer; her first two works were "Clementine," and "Jenny;" neither of which made much impression on the public. She then brought out "Diogena," her third novel, anonymously; it was clever and satirical, and created a sensation altogether unprecedented in Germany in that department of literature. Describing this success, which seems to have been as complete as was that of "Jane Eyre" in England and America, the Editor of the Foreign Quarterly observes:—"This was the more remarkable, as the book made its appearance during a time when political events were of absorbing interest, and especially when the debates of the first Prussian Parliament left the reading public of Berlin little time or attention to bestow on romances. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, the success of "Diogena" was complete, and much ingenuity was exercised in endeavouring to penetrate into the mystery of the authorship. Almost every distinguished name which could possibly be brought into connexion with a subject of this kind, was successively mentioned as undoubtedly the true one, by some critic or other, though it happened, unluckily, that no two were agreed. On one point, however, our German brethren of the craft were nearly unanimous. Whoever it might be, it could not be a woman,—that point was soon settled. Such firm and vigorous drawing, such keen satire, such strict logical sequence in carrying out the principles of the 'noble romance,' could by no possibility characterize the productions of a writer of the less worthy gender. These gentlemen are, as all who are familiar with German periodical literature will know, especially clever at pointing out, on all occasions, precisely what is, and what is not attainable to genius, which happens to wear in the flesh the mortal garb of a woman, in declaring its precise limits, and pronouncing their authoritative 'thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.'"

However, the secret was at last disclosed, and Fanny Lewald became celebrated as the author of "Diogena." Her next work was "*Italienisches Bilderbuch*," (Italian Picture-Book,) published at Berlin in 1847, and soon afterwards reprinted in London. In this work she very judiciously eschews pictures and churches, the usual staple of a traveller's note-book, but tells as much as possible of the country and the people—"of their joys and sorrows, their eating and drinking, their play and their work;" which she has done as far as was possible for a woman and a stranger to become acquainted with them. She was in Rome toward the close of the pontificate of Gregory XVI.: we shall give her opinions of Italy at that period.

She next visited France, and passed there the exciting winter of the Revolution. The result of her observations she gave to the world in a volume, published in 1850, where we see appearing, to use the artist's own idea, as in a "camera obscura," a most wonderful variety of men and women. They pass through her pages with the same unconnectedness as objects do in the aforesaid optical toy; yet the praise cannot be withheld, that they have the natural air, the masterly outline, and the true properties, so pleasing in the pictures of the camera; to demand from Miss Lewald delineations of equal faithfulness and impartiality, would be asking too much; "mechanical powers" only could reach such result. She certainly merits the approbation of the sober-minded, that being in Paris during the topsy-turvy of 1848, she was not infected with the mania of socialism, or any of the extravagances of reform, though appreciating true progress in civil and religious freedom. Besides the works enumerated, she published, in 1849, a novel called "Prince Louis Ferdinand," which has been much commended in the first journals of Europe.

From "Italienisches Bilderbuch."

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE IN ITALY IN 1846.

The best kind of social intercourse, that by which the spiritual life is excited to a higher activity, is only possible in free countries. Everywhere, in Russia as well as in Germany or Italy, people can dine, and dance, and drink, and smoke, and play at cards, and flatter the women.

But these pleasures are not very lasting; they form no bond of union between individuals, and there is no real interest in them for any one who requires something more of his time than that it shall go as fast as possible. The better spirits among us have passed beyond the childish state of

mind that could be content with these things, and desire, even in their recreations, a certain earnestness, to which, however, no playful grace or gaiety need be wanting.

The Italians have inherited from past ages the most pleasing and graceful forms of behaviour; they are children of noble birth, well-bred, and accustomed to elegant manners. Had they more of intellectual culture, they would be in a position to develop the highest attractions of social intercourse. But in Italy, the mind, and with it the life of society, has been laid in fetters; and there is, consequently, a something in the manners of the Italian circles that reminds one of their stately but unoccupied palaces, whose dust-covered pictures and furniture, rich as they are, have a mournful and decayed aspect.

In France, the various parties, political, religious, and literary, are brought together by the desire to discuss freely the questions that arise; for a single word spoken will often put an end to a misunderstanding better than whole pamphlets full of controversy; and the variety of opinion that always manifests itself in conversation, opens fresh springs of interest and progress. In Italy, however, such an intellectual movement has been hitherto impossible. It does not want for men, who, with watchful eye and hopeful soul, follow the movements that take place in other countries, and fervently desire them for their own; but they are denied the freedom not only of action, but of word. All society is watched, and this vigilance extends even to foreigners. I have heard it positively asserted that the entertainments of an Italian lady of good family, who receives a great number of strangers, are paid for by the papal court, and that the lady herself is in its service as a spy. A very clever *Abate* of my acquaintance pointed out to me a certain chevalier, decorated with the highest papal order, who filled the same office; and afterwards, a German friend, long settled in Rome, warned me, for a similar reason, against the Abate himself. Whether any one of the parties really deserved the accusation, is what I had no means of ascertaining; but the mere possibility of being watched by spies, is enough to drive people out of society; and there can be no difficulty in finding spies in a country where every free thought on religion is a heresy, and the betrayal of a heresy is regarded as a service to God.

CONVERSATION IN ROME.

In Italian circles, I have found the conversation very superficial, consisting much of playful and not ungraceful trifling on subjects of traditional gallantry, (from which, by-the-bye, the clergy is by no means excluded,) and of the topics of the day, treated much in the style of a court journal. The comings and goings of illustrious personages, the changes in the genealogical calendar, accidents by flood and fire; theatres, singers, and, though last not least, the ballet; these are the points round which conversation perpetually revolves. Now and then one sees a group whispering together on matters of greater importance, and from such a one, there can occasionally be gleaned intelligence not to be found in books or papers, that have to pass under the eye of the censor. I was told, however, that all prohibited books were always to be found with the cardinals, and that they are read a great deal underhand.

It is in some measure the deficiency of material for interesting conversation that, in Rome, compels people to have recourse to poetry and music to fill up tedious intervals, which occur more frequently from its being the custom in many Italian houses to bring no kind of refreshments, no ice, no supper, not so much as water, to the guests.

* * * * *

The middle classes of the Italians, the official persons, and the lower order of the nobility, live in their own circles, and see little of strangers of a similar class. The intercourse amongst the aristocracy of the various nations is more lively, but still seldom passes beyond an invitation to a ball, a box at the opera, or a drive on the Corso. The interior of the domestic circle still remains closed to strangers, and, consequently, a real intimacy of mind with mind scarcely ever takes place; while in general society, all the profounder interests, — social, political, or religious, — are of course intentionally avoided, as likely to lead to forbidden ground.

LOTTERY TABLES.

At night the tables are illuminated, and these lottery-offices remain open till a late hour of the night, when all others have long been closed. Since as little as a penny may be put in, the very poorest have it in their power to venture the hard earnings of the day, in the delusive hope of a vast return. The plan is to draw five numbers out of ninety: the player takes three, and should these three be found amongst the five drawn, he wins the great prize; should there be two, he wins twelve hundred *scudi;* but one is of no use. The lottery tables are kept open to tempt the people on Sundays and Saints' Days.

"SMORFIA," A DREAM-BOOK ABOUT LOTTERIES.

I could not contain my indignation against the Italian government as I read this book! It is not enough that, from their accursed avarice, they plunder the subjects whom they call their children, and plunge them into the ruin from which it should be their care to preserve them; not enough that, by their rigid censorships, they shut out as far as possible every ray of mental illumination; they must bestow privileges, forsooth, upon books whose only purpose is to promote the more systematic carrying out of this system of plunder, and thicken the darkness of superstition in which the people are enveloped.

Almost every article of merchandize passing between the Italian States is subjected to duty, as if they were foreign countries. The governments remain separate, when the question is of the welfare of the people; but to do them injury, the

Italian princes extend to each other the hand of fraternal affection. One cannot in Rome buy a piece of Florentine or Neapolitan silk, without paying a heavy tax; but one may read at every corner, "To-day the Lottery is drawn for Tuscany;" "This day, until midnight, tickets may be purchased for the Lottery of Lucca!" "Last night of the Lottery of Naples!" &c. How the princes of Italy can reconcile these things to their consciences, passes, I must own, my comprehension.

LEWIS, ESTELLE ANNA,

Was born in Baltimore, Maryland. Her maiden name was Robinson; her father being a native of Cuba, descended from an English and Spanish parentage. She was married, when quite young, to Mr. S. D. Lewis, a lawyer of Brooklyn, Long Island, where she now resides. She began to write at an early age; but her first poetical effort that attracted much attention, was "The Ruins of Palenque," which appeared in "The New World." In 1844, she published a volume of poems, entitled "Records of the Heart," which was very favourably received. In 1846, there appeared in "The Democratic Review," a poem in three cantos, by Mrs. Lewis, entitled "The Broken Heart;" this, like her former poems, was much admired. In 1848, she published "The Child of the Sea, and other Poems," which, by some critics, has been considered her best work. It is her longest poem, and has passages of exceeding beauty and deep pathos; her power in delineating passion and describing character is very great, and her versification always harmonious and suited to the subject. All her poems show uncommon versatility of imagination, a warm enthusiasm, and remarkable facility of expression. She has written a number of fugitive pieces for different periodicals; one of these, "The Forsaken," has often been quoted for its mournful and tender beauty. Another poem, "The Cruise of Aureana, an Allegory," which we give, is an original and beautiful production. Mrs. Lewis is at present engaged in an epic poem in the Spenserian measure.

From "Child of the Sea."

BEAUTY.

Now smiling, gentle, timid as the dove;
Fair, fresh as flower just culled from vernal grove;
Her long, loose, sable tresses flowing back
Over her marble neck and bodice black;
Crossed on her softly throbbing breast her hands,
Before the youth Gonzalo's daughter stands.
Oh beauty! who can paint thy magic charm
Upon the heart that glows all fresh and warm?
Man may resign the pen, and well eschew
What Angels never would attempt to do.
Thy smile is light from Heaven's bright Censer sent,
To clothe the forms for those blest regions meant—
Thy sway, in either world, omnipotent!

SORROW.

Oh sorrow! where on earth hast thou not sped
Thy fatal arrows! on what lovely head
Hast thou not poured, alas! thy bitter phial,
And cast some shadow on the Spirit's dial!
Why, why, hast thoh selected Woman's heart,
To be the mark for thy unerring dart?
It is too sweet, too lovely, pure a thing,
To feel the smart of thy envenomed sting—
But Eve first drained thy cup in Paradise—
And well her daughters pay th' irrevocable price!

From "The Broken Heart."

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Kind Father! frown not on this tale
Of woman's love and woman's woe,
For love is woman's bane and bale,
And woman's Paradise below;—
Yes! Love is manna sent from Heaven
To feed the weary, famished Heart,
That through the desert waste is driven
Of this Life's cold and selfish mart;—
It is the magnet of the Mind,
Where turns the compass of the Soul,
Which way soever blows the wind,
However high the billows roll—
A bright ray of the Deity,
That over sunless chaos burst,
Lighting all space eternally,
Still blissful, bounteous as at first—
The Loadstar of both Heaven and earth—
Created ere Creation's birth.

From "Poems."

MY STUDY.

This is my World—my Angel-guarded Shrine,
Which I have made to suit my heart's great need,
When Sorrow dooms it overmuch to bleed;
Or, when aweary and athirst I pine
For genial showers, and sustenance divine;
When soft illusive Hopes my heart deceive,
And I would sit me down alone to grieve—
My mind to sad, or studious mood resign.
Here oft upon the stream of Thought I lie,
Floating whichever way the waves are flowing—
Sometimes along the Banks of Childhood going,
Where all is bud, and bloom, and melody;
Or, wafted by some stronger current, glide
Where darker frowns the steeps, and deeper flows the Tide.

THE LOVERS.

They met, and looked into each other's eyes;
In hers, as in a mirror clear, he saw
A paradise, and she in his beheld
A bright and sunny world, where her pure soul
Could only light, and life, and joyance find;
But th' serpent came between them; then,
Like thunder-riven rocks, apart they dwelt,
Silent, and cold, and withering, until
Their hearts were dead, and they went to the grave,
Their misery to each other unrevealed.

THE CRUISE OF AUREANA.

AN ALLEGORY.

When not a breath bespoke a gale,
And fair and blithely blew the breeze,
I weighed my anchor, trimmed my sail,
And spread it for Elysian seas.

Onward I sailed by many a realm,
And many a spicy-breathing isle,
With Cupid only at the helm —
My star and compass, Psyche's smile.

The sea-maids by my shallop tripped,
Drinking of my inebriate bliss;
Old Neptune, rising briny-lipped,
Upon my brow impressed a kiss.

The warblers piped from hills and dells,
To greet me as I neared the strands;
The lilies rung their snowy bells,
The wood-nymphs clapped their pearly hands.

Around me hung th' enamoured hours —
From airy rifts that oped above me,
White fingers dropped celestial flowers —
The very stars did seem to love me.

And my ecstatic pulse did play
To silvery feet of roseate blisses,
That danced around my soul, which lay
Feeding upon aërial kisses.

Anon a sound came out from under
The wave, and smote my slumbering ear:
A voice croaked out, like muttering thunder —
"*Beware!* thou helpless mariner!"

Oh! swift the tempest strode the sky,
And stretched its wings from pole to pole;
Then bending low, with flashing eye,
Hung o'er me like an angry soul.

Down bore it on me fierce and fast,
But still I trusted to my Pilot
To guide me safe before the blast,
And land me on some happy islet.

I heard the breakers roar ahead —
I felt my little vessel shudder —
I called my *Pilot* — He had sped —
A Fiend was standing at the rudder.

"Fear not, thou trembling mariner!"
With adder glance, the Demon said;
"'T is but the howling blast ye hear,
The breakers — they are far ahead.

"Fear not, thou trembling mariner!
Be not thy lip and cheek so pale;
Thy shallop safely I will steer,
And we shall soon outride the gale

"Fear not; these moorings well I 've tried,
And many a frail, dismasted barque
Have guided safely o'er this tide,
'Mid mist and murk — by day and dark."

Then, loud as trump of Time, I heard
The Storm-Fiend ring his awful larum;
And then a whirlpool's jaws we neared —
It was the *Mare Tenebrarum*.

Dark rocks on rocks lay piled to Heaven,
Midway their front an archway yawned,
Through which the struggling waves were driven
Into the boiling Hell beyond.

Black as Plutonian midnight, there
Stood Fate, the dread portcullis lifting; —
And downward many a ruin rare —
Heart-freighted argosy — went drifting.

Virtue, with snowy pinions braited —
Envy, with rankling venom bloated —
Beauty, with all her charms unveiled,
Like drift-wood down the rapid floated.

Now round and round my shallop whirled,
Then struggling lay as in a spasm;
I shrieked — the gloating Demon curled
His lip, and pointed to the chasm.

I grasped the helm — and though too late,
Spurned back the Fiend's exulting glance:
I called on Heaven — I called on Fate —
They silent left me to my chance.

And now my barque, like frightened steed,
Back from the hissing portal wheeled —
Now forward leaped, with lightning's speed —
Now downward like a drunkard reeled.

Gasping it lay: with ruthless arm,
The whirlpool clove its sides asunder;
An Angel clasped my sinking form —
The Demon and the boat went under!

LIND, JENNY,

THE sweet singer, who has won the world by her goodness no less than by her genius, was born in the city of Stockholm, in the parish of St. Clara, in which church she was baptized, about the year 1822. "Her parents,* though not in affluent circumstances, are (for they still live to rejoice in the wonderful success of their beloved daughter) much respected by all who know them. Her father is a member of the legal profession. Her mother for many years kept a boarding-school for girls. By a former marriage, she had a daughter, who died before reaching adult age. Jenny Lind is her only child by second marriage. Both parents are Protestants, and are members of one of the churches in Stockholm. In the same church, the subject of this notice made her first communion, according to the practice of the Lutheran church, the National Church of Sweden, and of all other Scandinavian countries. Of the same church she has continued a member since her fifteenth or sixteenth year.

"From childhood she displayed a remarkable talent for music, and was encouraged by her friends to cultivate her extraordinary powers. In her ninth or tenth year, she attracted the attention of an old teacher of music, named Croelius,

* We quote from the Sketch of the Life and Character of Jenny Lind, written by the Rev. Dr. Baird.

who proved to be a true friend. He secured for her the friendship of Count Pucke, the administrator of the Royal theatre in Stockholm, who admitted her to the musical school attached to that theatre, where she made rapid progress. At the early age of fifteen, she commenced singing in public, and became a great favourite with the music-loving people of that city. But it was not long before her voice failed, and she had to give up the stage. Years of disappointment passed away, during which she aided her mother in her school. At length her voice began to return, and her hopes revived.

"The good old Croelius now advocated her going to Paris, where she spent portions of 1841–42, enjoying the tuition of Garcia, the greatest musical teacher in that city. Her efforts were unceasing to master thoroughly the principles of the science, and to improve and perfect her voice.

"Those who suppose she owes all to nature, know but little of the immense labour which she bestowed for many long years upon the acquisition of the principles of music, and the perfecting of her voice—which recovered in time all its early sweetness and beauty, and acquired its present astonishing flexibility and strength.

"In the winter of 1843–44, she commenced in Berlin her wonderful career as a public singer, and soon acquired great celebrity in Germany. In the summer of 1844, she returned to Stockholm, where she was received with unbounded demonstrations of affection and of honour. And without going into a minute account of her musical tours on the Continent, it is sufficient to say, that after having repeatedly visited Vienna, Berlin, Copenhagen, Stockholm, and other cities in the Teutonic portions of the Continent, she appeared in England in the spring of 1847. During that summer and two succeeding ones, she sang in London, and most of the chief places in Great Britain and Ireland. Everywhere her triumph was complete. Each succeeding year her popularity became, if possible, greater.

"At first, and for several years, Miss Lind sang in the theatres,—in the great operas of Meyerbeer, Donizetti, Verdi, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Rossini, etc.,—and was scarcely more distinguished for her singing than her acting. Since the year 1849, she has preferred to sing in concerts, in which she can get away from many things in theatrical performances—for which she has long had an increasing repugnance—and lay out her strength upon the choice *morceaux* of the best operas, such as the Sonnambula, Norma, Der Freyschutz, Camp of Silesia, La Figlia del Regimento, Ernani, Don Giovanni, etc. This course enables her to introduce the beautiful national songs of Sweden, in which her inimitable powers appear to as great advantage as in the most scientific pieces. By pursuing this course, she is enabled to control with more ease her own movements, and command with more certainty the company which she would prefer. It is probable that this course she will exclusively pursue, as long as she continues to sing in public. These concerts, regulated as she will have them regulated, together with some of the best Oratorios, evidently furnish what her purity of heart and of life pefers and demands; nor can she desire greater success than she has found in this course."

Many reports have been circulated respecting the intended marriage of Miss Lind, while in England; M. Rosenberg, in his biographical sketch, gives the following, we doubt not, correct account of the origin of these rumours. "When Jenny Lind first came to London, she was introduced to Mrs. Grote, the wife of the Member of Parliament, and soon became excessively intimate with her. Shortly after, the brother of this lady returned from Sweden, where, as we believe, he had been for several years engaged in mercantile pursuits. The name of this gentleman was Harris or Harries. He, necessarily, also became intimate with Jenny Lind, and this the more readily from his long residence in her country, and his probably being one of the few English who spoke her own native tongue. From this circumstance arose the report that she was actually engaged to him. Such currency, indeed, did it have, that at one time, when she left England for France, it was said that she had broken off the marriage with him, and had agreed to pay him £10,000 to release her from her promise. We need not say that this report was destitute of the slightest foundation; this being the more evident from her continued friendship for Mrs. Grote, who could scarcely have retained her intimacy with Jenny had such an occurrence taken place on her part towards her own brother."

Early in the year 1850, Miss Lind made an engagement with Mr. Barnum, an American citizen, to visit the New World, and allow the people of the great republic the enjoyment of listening to her voice. Miss Lind was to sing one hundred and fifty nights, under Mr. Barnum's direction, for which she was to receive $150,000, and half the actual profits of every concert, in addition to this stated salary of $1000 per night. Moreover, Miss Lind was accompanied by a female friend, a secretary, and two servants; a composer and pianist, M. Benedict, at a salary of $25,000, was provided to assist her, and the *barytone*, Giovanni Belleti, was also engaged, at a salary of $12,500: all expenses of the voyage from Europe, travelling and personal in America, of this whole party, were to be defrayed by Mr. Barnum. It was obvious that something like half a million of dollars would be the amount of expenses incurred for the engagement; and that Mr. Barnum would suffer a large loss, was, in Europe, confidently predicted.

Miss Lind reached New York, September 2, 1850. The welcome given her, expressive of the enthusiasm which the fame of her genius and her beautiful character as a woman had excited in America, was such as all the royalty of the Old World could not have elicited. Her first appearance before an American audience was at Castle Garden, September 11; about five thousand persons were present; the receipts amounted to nearly $30,000, of which about $10,000 belonged to Miss Lind, as her portion of the nett profits. Of course, Mr. Barnum obtained an equal amount. Not only was the certainty of her triumphs in

America made sure, but also the profitable success of his undertaking was established.

It is not possible to give here the sketch of her artistic progress through the United States; Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Charleston, she visited; thence went to Havana; and returned in February, 1851, to New Orleans, where her triumphs of Song exceeded, if possible, any she had before attained. One predominant trait in Miss Lind's character is her benevolence, and this, as some insinuate, has contributed greatly to her popularity. It is strange other great artists do not "affect this virtue if they have it not," if it would so surely lead to fortune. The truth is, the sweet singer has shown, from the opening of her career, the same thoughtfulness for the poor and unfortunate. Miss Bremer, in her brief notice of Miss Lind, says that on the return of this gifted and noble girl from her first successful tour in Germany, she sent through the papers of Stockholm an address to the public, stating that "as she once more had the happiness to be in her native land, she would be glad to sing again to her countrymen, and that the income of the opera, in which she was for the season to appear, would be devoted to raise a fund for a school where *elèves* for the theatre would be educated to virtue and knowledge." Christian Andersen, one of the most distinguished men in Sweden, in his reminiscences tells a similar tale of Jenny Lind. He says: "she is happy, belonging no longer to the world. Yet she loves art with her whole soul. She feels her vocation. Her noble and pious disposition cannot be spoiled by homage. On one occasion only, in my hearing, did she express joy and self-consciousness in her talent. It was during her last stay at Copenhagen. Every evening she appeared either at the concerts or in opera. She heard of a society, the object of which was to take unfortunate children out of the hands of their parents, by whom they were compelled to beg or steal, and place them in better circumstances. Benevolent people subscribed annually for their support, yet the means for this excellent purpose were but small. 'I have an evening disengaged,' said she: 'I will give a performance for these poor children, but we must have double prices.' Such a performance was given, and returned large proceeds. When she heard the amount, her countenance lit up, and tears filled her eyes. 'It is *beautiful*,' said she, 'that I can sing so.'"

It is stated that, while performing in Germany, she gave away no less a sum than 30,000 florins; and Rev. Dr. Baird, whom we have before quoted, says, "it is said, on what we believe to be good authority, that during Miss Lind's visits to England, nearly sixty thousand pounds sterling, or not much short of three hundred thousand dollars, were secured for objects of charity in that country by her efforts."

Since she came to America, she has distributed to charitable societies, in the various cities she has visited, probably not less than fifty thousand dollars; the whole profits of her first concert, viz. $10,000, she gave to be thus distributed in the city of New York. Yet she has a nobler, because more necessary work of charity planned. Having already made a liberal, though not extravagant provision for her own future support, as well as for the support of her honoured parents who reside in Sweden, she is now desirous of appropriating the avails of her visit to America to promote education among the poor of her native land. The sketch of Miss Bremer * contains some statistics which will make more apparent the extreme need of schools for the children, and Bibles for the adult population of Sweden. Ignorance and vice, in Protestant countries, are darker and more brutalizing than in Papal lands. God bless this effort of a daughter of Sweden to give light to her benighted country! We agree with Dr. Baird, that it is to be regretted she has given away any of her profits here. America is rich enough; we have no poor as poverty is understood in Europe, and the people who relieved starving Ireland, and receive and give support to thousands on thousands of the pauper emigrants from the Old World, ought not to permit this generous woman to leave any gift of money among them! No — let us rather form societies here to aid her in her glorious plan of establishing a system of free education for the children of Sweden.

We have dwelt on the goodness of Jenny Lind, because it is the trait which hallows her genius. The greatest endowment of the mind is not so heavenly as the least manifestation of true charity in the heart; and that the soul of this sweet singer is warm with pious feelings, is the charm of her voice. No description could explain its power. That it has held thousands on thousands spell-bound — that it has, wherever heard, moved the multitude to admiration, and been so richly rewarded as to enable her to give away the vast sums we have recorded—these things are its most expressive praise.

LYNCH, ANNE CHARLOTTE,

Was born at Bennington, Vermont. Her father, who died when she was a child, was one of the United Irishmen, and implicated in the same unfortunate rebellion with Robert Emmett. He was banished from Ireland, and, with several of his fellow-sufferers, came to America, where he married the daughter of an officer in the Revolutionary army. After her father's death, Miss Lynch removed with her widowed mother to New York, where she has since resided. Her poetical talents were developed early, and her first efforts attracted favourable attention; all her subsequent writings show the continual progress, both in grace of expression, and power and depth of thought, that mark an original mind. Her effusions, both in prose and poetry, have generally appeared in the popular periodicals and annuals of the day. In 1849, she collected some of her poems in a volume, which was illustrated by several of our finest artists, making it altogether one of the most favourable specimens of the genius and taste of our female literature. Her writings are as remarkable for

* See page 588.

their purity and high-toned morality, as for their feminine grace and feeling. Her kindly and social sympathies, and the love of communion with superior minds, felt by all intellectual people, have induced her to make her mother's house the gathering-place for the literati or distinguished persons in New York, thus filling, with graceful hospitality, a position still left unoccupied in our other large cities, and adding one more to the numerous attractions of the metropolis of the Empire State.

LOVE.

Go forth in life, oh, friend! not seeking love,
A mendicant that with imploring eye
And outstretched hand asks of the passers-by
The alms his strong necessities may move.
For such poor love, to pity near allied,
Thy generous spirit may not stoop and wait,
A suppliant whose prayer may be denied
Like a spurned beggar's at a palace-gate:
But thy heart's affluence lavish uncontrolled —
The largess of thy love give full and free,
As monarchs in their progress scatter gold;
And be thy heart like the exhaustless sea,
That must its wealth of cloud and dew bestow,
Though tributary streams or ebb or flow.

JEALOUSY.

Ah no! my love knows no vain jealousy:
The rose that blooms and lives but in the sun,
Asks not what other flowers he shines upon,
If he but shine on her. Enough for me
Thus in thy light to dwell, and thus to share
The sunshine of thy smile with all things fair.
I know thou 'rt vowed to Beauty, not to Love:
I would not stay thy footsteps from one shrine,
Nor would I bind thee by a sigh to mine.
For me — I have no lingering wish to rove;
For though I worship all things fair, like thee,
Of outward grace, of soul-nobility,
Happier than thou, I find them all in one,
And I would worship at thy shrine alone!

FAITH.

Securely cabined in the ship below,
Through darkness and through storm I cross the sea,
A pathless wilderness of waves to me:
But yet I do not fear, because I know
That he who guides the good ship o'er that waste
Sees in the stars her shining pathway traced.
Blindfold I walk this life's bewildering maze,
Up flinty steep, through frozen mountain pass,
Through thorn-set barren and through deep morass.
But strong in faith I tread the uneven ways,
And bare my head unshrinking to the blast,
Because my Father's arm is round me cast;
And if the way seems rough, I only clasp
The hand that leads me with a firmer grasp.

ASPIRATION.

The planted seed, consigned to common earth,
Disdains to moulder with the baser clay,
But rises up to meet the light of day,
Spreads all its leaves, and flowers, and tendrils forth;
And, bathed and ripened in the genial ray,
Pours out its perfume on the wandering gales,
Till in that fragrant breath its life exhales.
So this immortal germ within my breast
Would strive to pierce the dull, dark clod of sense;
With aspirations, winged and intense,
Would so stretch upward, in its tireless quest,
To meet the Central Soul, its source, its rest:
So in the fragrance of the immortal flower,
High thoughts and noble deeds, its life it would outpour

THE HONEY-BEE.

The honey-bee that wanders all day long
The field, the woodland, and the garden o'er,
To gather in her fragrant winter store,
Humming in calm content her quiet song,
Seeks not alone the rose's glowing breast,
The lily's dainty cup, the violet's lips —
But from all rank and noxious weeds she sips
The single drop of sweetness closely prest
Within the poison chalice. Thus if we
Seek only to draw forth the hidden sweet
In all the varied human flowers we meet,
In the wide garden of humanity,
And, like the bee, if home the spoil we bear,
Hived in our hearts it turns to nectar there

BONES IN THE DESERT.

Where pilgrims seek the Prophet's tomb
Across the Arabian waste,
Upon the ever-shifting sands
A fearful path is traced.

Far up to the horizon's verge,
The traveller sees it rise —
A line of ghastly bones that bleach
Beneath those burning skies.

Across it, tempest and simoom
The desert-sands have strewed,
But still that line of spectral white
For ever is renewed.

For while along that burning track
The caravans move on,
Still do the way-worn pilgrims fall
Ere yet the shrine be won.

There the tired camel lays him down
And shuts his gentle eyes;
And there the fiery rider droops.
Toward Mecca looks, and dies.

They fall unheeded from the ranks:
On sweeps the endless train;
But there, to mark the desert path,
Their whitening bones remain.

As thus I read the mournful tale
Upon the traveller's page,
I thought how like the march of life
Is this sad pilgrimage.

For every heart hath some fair dream,
Some object unattained,
And far off in the distance lies
Some Mecca to be gained.

But beauty, manhood, love, and power,
Go in their morning, down,
And longing eyes and outstretched arms
Tell of the goal unwon.

The mighty caravan of life
Above their dust may sweep,
Nor shout nor trampling feet shall break
The rest of those who sleep.

Oh, fountains that I have not reached,
That gush far off e'en now,
When shall I quench my spirit's thirst
Where your sweet waters flow!

Oh, Mecca of my lifelong dreams,
Cloud palaces that rise
In that far distance pierced by hope,
When will ye greet mine eyes!

The shadows lengthen toward the east
From the declining sun,
And the pilgrim, as ye still recede,
Sighs for the journey done!

A THOUGHT BY THE SEA-SHORE.

Bury me by the sea.
When on my heart the hand of Death is prest,
If the soul lingereth ere she join the blest,
And haunts awhile her clay,
Then mid the forest shades I would not lie,
For the green leaves like me would droop and die.

Nor mid the homes of men,
The haunts of busy life, would I be laid:
There ever was I lone, and my vexed shade
Would sleep unquiet then;
The surging tide of life might overwhelm
The shadowy boundaries of the silent realm.

No sculptured marble pile
To bear my name be reared upon my breast —
Beneath its weight my free soul would not rest,
But let the blue sky smile,
The changeless stars look lovingly on me,
And let me sleep beside this sounding sea:

This ever-beating heart
Of the great Universe! here would the soul
Plume her soiled pinions for the final goal,
Ere she should thence depart —
Here would she fit her for the high abode —
Here by the sea, she would be nearer God.

I feel his presence now:
Thou mightiest of his vassals, as I stand
And watch beside thee on the sparkling sand,
Thy crested billows bow;
And as thy solemn chant swells through the air,
My spirit, awed, joins in thy ceaseless prayer.

Life's fitful fever o'er,
Here then would I repose, majestic sea;
E'en now faint glimpses of eternity
Come o'er me on thy shore:
My thoughts from thee to highest themes are given,
As thy deep distant blue is lost in Heaven.

LYSER, CAROLINE LEONHARDT,

Was born in 1814, in Zittau, and removed in 1832 to Dresden, where she was married to the author and painter, John Peter Lyser. In 1839, she made her début at Nuremberg as an Improvisatrice, where she was received with enthusiastic applause; she afterwards appeared with the same success in many other large cities of Germany. She wrote "The Chaplet of Songs" in 1834, "Characteristics for German Women and Girls" in 1838, "Master Durer," a drama, in 1840, and many novelettes. In 1850, she published an annual, called "The Gift of Autumn." None of her works have been translated into English; but in Germany her songs are very popular.

M.

MARCET, JANE,

An Englishwoman, deservedly distinguished for her great scientific acquirements, and for the usefulness to which she has devoted her extraordinary talents and learning. "With that apologetic air which modest science is wont to assume in her communications with ignorance," Mrs. Marcet offered her first work, "Conversations on Chemistry," to the English public, about the year 1810. No work on science in the English language, we might almost say in the world, has been more useful in imparting its knowledge. Its clear elucidation, and its admirably simple method, have undoubtedly contributed, in a great degree, to render chemistry popular in America as well as in England, by presenting the leading facts of this science so plainly illustrated as to be within the reach of ordinary minds.

"Men must be taught as though we taught them not." We women have to bear that in mind, when we find many of the learned spurning the idea of a female philosopher, while the foundation of their own science has been made by the "Conversations on Chemistry," which book has for more than thirty years been the general text-book for young men in Great Britain and in the United States.

Mrs. Marcet soon issued another of her excellent works, "Conversations on Natural Philosophy;" which was followed by "Conversations on Political Economy," in 1827; and soon afterwards appeared her "Conversations on Botany." All her works possess great merit, and have become text-books in the schools of the United States, as well as in her own country. It is curious to notice the way in which American *men* have availed themselves of these treasures of intellect without remuneration, or even acknowledgments to the author. Taking these books, and merely giving on the title-page, "By the author of Conversations," &c., they have added, "Adapted to the use of Schools," and paraded their own names in full, without an intimation there, or in the preface, that these scientific text-books were the productions of a *lady!* "Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates," is the command of God respecting woman. In regard to the subject of our sketch, this just tribute has been wholly withheld; yet few scientific writers have so well merited the praise and gratitude of all who read the English language.

We are informed by one of the American editors of these works, that his reason for not placing the name of Jane Marcet on the title-page, was because scientific men believed it fictitious. He also acknowledges that of one work — "Conversations on Chemistry," we believe — 160 editions of 1000 copies each have been published in the United States; — that is, *one hundred and sixty thousand copies*, from his own prepared edition of Mrs. Marcet's book! Other editors have also been in the field, and multiplied editions of all her works have been scattered through our land. When the "Conversations on Political Economy" appeared,

it gave its author more decided claims to a mind highly cultivated and philosophical than either of the others; but the doctrines discussed have yielded to so many mutations and modifications, that her theory in her own country, and especially in America, now receives nothing more than a partial recognition. Still, the praise is due Mrs. Marcet of being the first writer who made "political economy" popular. Before her work appeared, the science was hidden from the public mind in the huge tomes of dull and dignified authors; now it is a study in our common schools.

Mrs. Marcet's style is an admirable vehicle for her ideas, — clear, vigorous, excellent English; in short, "proper words in their proper places." Her last work is "Conversations on Land and Water."

MARIA II. DA GLORIA DONA,

Princess de Beira and queen of Portugal, was born in Rio de Janeiro, South America, May 3, 1819. Her father, Dom Pedro, was the emperor of Brazil, and on the death of his father, John II., became nominally king of Portugal also, though that country was governed by the Infanta Isabella as regent. In May, 1826, Dom Pedro abdicated the Portuguese throne in favour of his daughter, Maria, (he remaining king during her minority,) on condition of her marrying her uncle, Dom Miguel; but he being a fanatic in religion, and a violent enemy to the constitution Dom Pedro had granted, in short, a bigot and a tyrant, endeavoured, with the aid of Spain, to seize the throne and reign absolute king of Portugal. Dom Pedro invoked the assistance of England in favour of his daughter, the young Maria, and after alternate victories and defeats, the Portuguese nation finally received Dona Maria as their queen in 1833.

Her father, who was regent, died in 1834; but previous to his decease, caused his daughter to be declared of age, though she was then only fifteen years old. He had selected the dukes of Palmella and Terceira to be the leading members of her cabinet. But the young queen soon disagreed with these faithful supporters of her cause in the contest which had only so shortly before been brought to a close, and the Marshal Saldanha, who had placed himself at the head of the more "liberal" or democratical party, became prime minister. It was hoped that this step would tend to render the new government popular with the mass of the people, and to allay the party disputes which had begun to agitate the kingdom. The event was different from what was anticipated. No sooner did Saldanha undertake to control the violence of his friends, than he lost his own popularity, and the agitation in the community became more violent than before. A short time after her accession to the throne, Dona Maria had married the Duke Augustus, of Leuchtenberg, who died in March, 1835. In April, 1836, she was married again to the Duke Ferdinand, of Saxe-Coburg-Cohary. The latter did not make a favourable impression on the Portuguese; and the rejection of the queen's nomination of him to the Cortes, as commander-in-chief of the army, was the occasion of two successive dissolutions of that body, which, in their turn, contributed to aggravate the prevailing discontent. An insurrection at length broke out on the 9th of September, 1836, and the greater portion of the troops passing over to the side of the insurgents, the queen was constrained to dismiss her ministers, and to abrogate the existing constitution of government in favour of that of the year 1822. From November 4th, of this year, the government was entirely controlled by the National Guard of Lisbon, and the clubs. The "chartists," or adherents of the constitutional charter of Dom Pedro, under Saldanha and the duke of Terceira, organized their forces in the north of the kingdom, and threatened the capital. They were obliged to capitulate on the 20th of September, 1837. In the meanwhile, the extraordinary Cortes were assembled to form a new constitution; and they performed their task in a moderate and compromising spirit. Retaining the modes of election, and other democratic elements of the constitution of 1822, they conceded to the queen an unqualified veto in all matters of legislation. A difficulty next arose with England; a new Cortes was chosen, favourable to the views of the more moderate party, and the threatened storm passed over. A difference with Spain, which occurred soon after, was accommodated through the mediation of the British government. The reconciliation of the pope with the court of Lisbon, as well as the acknowledgment of Dona Maria as queen of Portugal by Russia, Prussia and Austria, in 1841, were events that contributed to give stability to her throne.

In the commencement of 1842, the *moderados*, or moderate party, made an attempt to re-establish the constitution of Dom Pedro, abrogated in 1836, and succeeded, through the co-operation of the troops stationed at Lisbon, on the 10th of February, 1842. A new administration was immediately formed, having at its head the duke of Terceira and Costa Cabral. It aimed to strengthen the alliance of Portugal with England, and to repair the disordered condition of the public finances. The economy that has been observed in the public

expenditure, and the imposition of additional taxation, caused several attempts to effect the overthrow of the administration, but they were unsuccessful. An insurrection broke out in February, 1844, in a regiment stationed at Torres Novas, and was not finally suppressed till the end of April, in the same year. Yet, notwithstanding these tumults, Portugal is, on the whole, progressive, and the people are improving. These beneficial changes may be owing more to the goodnature of the queen than to her great abilities; but she evidently desires to promote the happiness of her people; she is not a bigot; and the contrast between her character and that of Dom Miguel, should lead the Portuguese to thank Providence that Dona Maria is their sovereign. She is amiable and exemplary in her domestic relations, an affectionate wife, and tender mother to a large family of children, as the following list, which does not include the youngest, will show. The names of her children are: Dom Pedro de Alcantara, heir of the throne, born September 16, 1837; Dom Luis Felipe, duke of Oporto, born 1838; Dom Joao, duke of Beja, born 1842; Dom Fernando, born 1846; Dom Augusto, born 1847; Dona Maria, born 1843; Dona Antonia, born 1845.

MARIA CHRISTINA,

Queen dowager and ex-regent of Spain, daughter of Francisco Genari, king of Naples, was born in 1806. She was of the Bourbon line of princes; consequently, a distant relation of Ferdinand VII., king of Spain, to whom she was married, December, 1829. Ferdinand was then forty-five years of age, coarse, vulgar, and sensual; he had been married three times, and had treated each of his successive wives with the grossest abuse, — one was even supposed to have died by poison, administered by his hand; his constitution was exhausted by a dissolute life, and his mind, always inferior, had become nearly fatuous. Christina was in the beautiful bloom of youth and health, with a vigorous, though ill-regulated mind, and very captivating manners. It was not possible she could either love or esteem Ferdinand; but who had ever taught her these feelings were required towards her husband? Ambition and policy are the governing motives of royal (and, usually, of aristocratic) marriages. Shall we condemn Christina because she followed the rule of her order? Let us be just; though she doubtless married Ferdinand from selfish motives, she was a much better wife than he deserved, and her influence in annulling the absurd Salic law has been of advantage to the Spanish nation; because had Don Carlos, a fanatic monk, succeeded his brother Ferdinand, the awful horrors of religious despotism and persecutions, worse, far worse, even than their civil wars, would have deluged the country in blood, and stifled the last sigh of freedom.

The reputation of Christina had spread through the kingdom long before her arrival; and on her appearance in Madrid, her youth, beauty, and affability, realized the most sanguine expectations, and filled all Spain with enthusiasm. She studied from the first to make herself popular, and succeeded; she flattered the prejudices of the people, conformed to their usages, and adopted their dress. All this, aided by a countenance beaming with benevolence, and a charming smile which always played about her lips, soon caught the hearts of her subjects.

During her marriage with Ferdinand, she became the mother of two daughters; the present queen of Spain, Isabella II., born October 10, 1830, and Louisa, now wife of the Duke de Montpensier, born January 30, 1832. Through the influence of the queen, Ferdinand was induced, in March, 1830, to revoke the Salic law. The effect of this measure being to deprive the king's brother, Don Carlos, of the succession in favour of Isabella, gave rise to many intrigues during the latter part of Ferdinand's life, and after his death caused a dreadful civil war. During the illness of the king, in the last three years of his life, he appointed the queen regent of the kingdom, and on his death, in September, 1833, he left the regency, during the minority of Isabella, to Christina.

The death of the king was the signal for a war, which burst out at once in all parts of Spain. The country was almost equally divided between the adherents of Don Carlos, called Carlists, and the supporters of Isabella II., called Christinos, from the regent. After changing her ministers several times, Christina attempted to govern the kingdom without sharing her authority with any representative assembly. Finding herself unsuccessful in this, she appointed two ministers successively, who were to give a more popular form to the government. But the dissatisfaction still continuing, Maria Christina was forced, by a military insurrection at La Granja, where she was residing, on the 13th of April, 1836, to issue a decree, pledging herself to adopt the constitution of 1812, with such modifications as the Cortes might agree to. But afterwards, when the Cortes enacted the law of the "ayuntamientos," limiting the powers of the municipalities of the kingdom, it met with so much opposition, that it was found impossible to execute it. Maria Christina, in her perplexity, confided to Espartero, who was exceedingly popular, the formation of a new ministry. Espartero required her consent to the repeal of the obnoxious law, the dissolution of the existing Cortes, and the removal from her person of certain individuals. Unwilling to comply with these conditions, and unable otherwise to carry on the government longer, she resigned the regency, and retired into France, in October, 1840. Her husband, Munoz, for she had married her favourite, and the children she had by him, accompanied her. Munoz had been originally a private in the king's guard, and even during the king's life, Christina had received him to her confidence, and bestowed on him wealth and rank. There are also rumours and reports current, accusing her of illicit intercourse with this man while Ferdinand was living.

In a popular work,* written by an American, these charges are reiterated, and also that both Isabella and Louisa belonged to Munoz. But a few pages further on, the author, apparently forgetting these assertions, remarks of the young queen, that "her father (Ferdinand) was one of the most worthless wretches who ever disgraced a throne;" and afterwards says, that Isabella "bears a marked resemblance to the portraits of Ferdinand VI."—which is somewhat remarkable, if she is the child of Munoz. In the same work, detailing the scandalous quarrels of Christina with the adherents of Don Carlos, even during the dying scene of Ferdinand VII, it is asserted that "the robust child, Louisa, came rushing from the nursery, and, with puny fist and more formidable tooth and nail, played a conspicuous part in the peril of the fray."

Louisa was born January 30, 1832. Ferdinand died September 29, 1833, when this child was just twenty months old. If she could then aid her friends so effectually, it is no wonder the astute Louis Philippe desired to secure such a prodigy of female heroism for the advancement of his ambitious plans. Seriously, this story is so palpably false, that it need only be fairly stated to refute itself. We allude to it here, to show how little dependence is to be placed on the thousand slanderous reports put in circulation by the British press, (pity an American should ever adopt them,) concerning Christina. Her great crime is, that she preferred the French to the English alliance, and has been endeavouring, during her regency, and through her influence over Isabella, to free Spain from its dependence on the latter power.

Is Christina wrong in this? Does not every State and people, who experience British rule or British alliance, feel too heavy for endurance the weight of its sovereignty, and the waste of its selfishness? Let miserable Ireland, plundered India, bankrupt Jamaica, and opium-poisoned China, reply. In Napier's "History of the Peninsular War," the author, though a Briton, acknowledges the selfish policy of the English government in regard to Spain. He owns that the British army destroyed the manufactories of cotton and woollen goods which fell in their way; and which the French had spared. The Spanish manufactories have never recovered from this destructive policy of manufacturing England, then the dear ally of Spain.

Maria Christina is a woman of vigorous mind and far-seeing policy. She made Isabella queen; she sustained her on the throne; is it likely that she has been plotting to make this daughter's married life miserable? Had Christina been as wicked as the English press represents her, and desired to place Louisa on the throne, she would have found the means to do it,—following the example of a Spanish king. That Christina, who returned to Madrid in 1845, used her influence to prevent the marriage of Isabella with a Coburg, and to prevail on her to wed a Bourbon, is no doubt true; but this was done to thwart England and benefit Spain, where her children were to rule, and not to tyrannize over her daughter.

Nor have the courts of Europe any right to point the finger of scorn at Christina, because she places her children by Munoz among the nobility of Spain; some of the highest among England's titled families are descended from the illegitimate children of their kings.

We are not vindicating the character of Christina because of examples of royal profligacy; if she has sinned, she should suffer; but vile accusations, or opprobrious epithets, unsupported by any evidence of guilt, are to be classed as slanders, which we do not choose to embody in our Record.

MARSH, ANNE,

Was born in Staffordshire, England. Her father, James Caldwell, Esq., was Recorder of the borough of Newcastle-under-Line, and also Deputy Lieutenant of the county of Stafford. He was not a magistrate, because, being in principle a dissenter, he refused to qualify by an oath of adherence to the Established Church of England; yet he was highly esteemed, and was a man of remarkable abilities. His fourth daughter was Anne Caldwell, now Mrs. Marsh, who, in talents and character, strikingly resembles her father, and does honour to the careful education he bestowed upon her.

The paternal care and tenderness Mrs. Marsh had experienced, may have had some influence on the manner of her first appearance in authorship. She took, as is well known, the pseudonyme of "An Old Man;" but she is by no means to be confounded with those authoresses who, of late, have abdicated the feminine appellation, together with the delicacy and decorum which are its appropriate boast. Her first production, "The Old Man's Tales," was published in 1837, and was soon followed by "Woods and Fields;" both works were simple in construction and affecting in their catastrophes, and both deeply moved the public heart to sympathize with these sad creations of genius. The power of the writer was universally acknowledged; though the influence of such works

* Abbott's Kings and Queens.

on morals was regretted by the class who believe these representations of volcanic passion are never salutary. Her next work was "The Triumphs of Time;" followed, at short intervals, by "Mount Sorel," "Emily Wyndham," "Norman's Bridge," and "Angela,"—her *best* work, on the whole, and one of which any female writer might be proud. "Mordaunt Hall," which has been highly esteemed, succeeded; then "The Wilmingtons," and "Lettice Arnold," a sweet, simple story; also "The Second Part of the Previsions of Lady Evelyn." And, moreover, Mrs. Marsh has written "The History of the Protestant Reformation in France," and "Tales of the First Revolution," translated and altered from the French.

The author of the first of this series of imaginative works was, of course, supposed to belong to the masculine gender; but the truth was not long concealed. Mrs. Marsh's writings are most essentially feminine; none but a woman could have penned them. That gushing spring of tenderness was never placed in a man's bosom; or, if it were, it would have been dried up by passion, or frozen by mingling with the selfish current of out-of-door life, long before the age of book-making had arrived. Mrs. Marsh has a peculiar gift of the pathetic; for the most part, it is difficult to read her stories without tears. You may criticise these stories; you may point out incongruities, errors of style and of language; yet they have a mastery over your feelings; they cause emotions which you cannot control—and this is the power of genius, ay, genius itself. Her tender epithets and prodigal use of "pet names" may be censured; few writers could so constantly indulge themselves in this way without taking the fatal "step" into the "ridiculous," which is never to be redeemed. But no candid reader can ever accuse Mrs. Marsh of affectation; she writes spontaneously, and it is evident she throws herself into the situations she describes, and pours out the overflowings of a mind of deep sensibility and tenderness.

Without cramming the reader with "morality in doses," Mrs. Marsh never lets an occasion pass for enforcing truth and virtue; her works are pervaded by a spirit of gentle piety, and benevolence is evidently a strong principle in her nature. Her later productions, though not so painfully interesting as the two first, show more knowledge, judgment, and right discipline of mind; yet one fault, which belongs to many female novelists, may be noted—too many characters and too many incidents are crowded in each work. Still, "Angela" is one of the most charming pictures of disinterested, struggling virtue, English literature can boast; and this work and "Mordaunt Hall" have obtained the notice and eulogiums of the most eminent French critics.

Mrs. Marsh is very happy in delineations of rural scenery; she revels in describing parks and gardens; these pictures are, probably, idealized. Such hues of beauty so justly blended; such streams and shades; such summer terraces and poetic groves, might, perhaps, be sought in vain through "Merry England." But it is the province of the fine arts to embellish; we go to them for relaxation from the carking cares of life; and this poetic prose may, very legitimately, offer us "a brighter landscape than the world e'er knew."

From "Angela."

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

How much influence woman exercises in society! They need not busy and bestir themselves to increase it; the responsibility under which they lie is heavy enough as it is.

It is a trite remark, this; but I wish that all women could be brought conscientiously to reflect, as some few of them certainly do, upon the account they shall be able to render for the power they do, or might have exercised.

To say nothing of that brief but despotic sway which every woman possesses over the man in love with her—a power immense, unaccountable, invaluable; but in general so evanescent as but to make a brilliant episode in the tale of life—how almost immeasurable is the influence exercised by wives, sisters, friends, and, most of all, by mothers!

Upon the mother, most of all, the destiny of the man, so far as human means are to be regarded, depends. Fearful responsibility! and by too many mothers how carelessly, how thoughtlessly, how frivolously, how almost wickedly, is the obligation discharged. How carelessly, at the very outset, is the young child left in the nursery, abandoned to the management and training of, at best, an ignorant, inefficient nurse; or too often, far, far worse, to an unprincipled or interested one! From these imperfect influences, to say the very best of them, at times assisted by those of the footman, groom, and other inhabitants of the stable-yard, to be at once handed over to the chance direction of a school—chance direction, I say, for in the very best of schools so much must necessarily depend upon chance—upon chances of observation upon the part of the master—chance companions—chance temptations—chance impressions—that without a most serious and correct attention to the guiding influences from home, the boy is left exposed to all sorts of false directions, some of which it is almost certain he will follow. Thus he grows up to be a man, imperfect and contradictory; his moral character unformed—his aspirations ill-directed—his temper undisciplined—his principles unsettled. He enters life an ill-trained steed; and the best that can be hoped for him is, that the severe lash of disappointment, contradiction, and suffering, will, during the course of his career, supply the omissions of his youth, and train him at last, through much enduring, to that point from which a good education would have started him.

EMPLOYMENT.

Let a lady provide herself with active and useful employment to fill up a large portion of every day, and feed and enlarge her mind by reading books worth reading during the other; and let her read with selection, and select with care. At all events, if she choose to employ her time in reading without selection, let her not think she is employing herself well.

From "The Wilmingtons."

A SAD SPECTACLE.

The poor sufferer died in doubt, irresolution, and ill-defined terrors, as she had lived.

She was a believer without a strengthening faith; amiable and affectionate, without self-devotion and courage; sensible of her defects, repentant, and contrite, without power to correct, or effort to amend.

Her life had been like a confused skein of delicate and valuable thread, tangled for want of careful development. She came to the end of it, and all was still confusion, and all useless in spite of its adaptation to so many fine purposes; and may those in danger of the same waste of existence, for want of courage to meet its demands and defy its pains,—and they are many,—pause upon the slight sketch of this ineffectual character. Forbear to sigh, for sighs are weakness, but brace up the feeble knees, and endeavour to amend.

A NARROW MIND.

Mrs. Vernon was a very excellent woman, in that form of excellence which was the result of the strict but somewhat narrow education of many years ago. She thought justly, but she judged rigidly. She was ready to make every personal sacrifice to duty herself, but she was too fond to impose her own notions of duty upon others. She was sympathetic and kind where she understood the sentiment before her, but she was cold, and almost pitiless, to sorrow of which she could not appreciate the cause; and what she could not understand was sure to appear to her unreasonable. She was enthusiastic in her love of the excellence which she comprehended, but some of the finer forms of excellence she did not comprehend. Then, she had not a shadow of indulgence for the frailties of our nature. Every thing took a positive form with her, for good or bad. She had not breadth of understanding sufficient to take in the whole of a matter, and strike the balance of equity between contending qualities.

From "Mordaunt Hall."

AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

A beautiful garden it was, the sun brightly shining, and every thing around breathing freshness and sweetness. She passed through the arched walk amid the thick shrubberies, which led to the fine gardens of Mordaunt Hall.

The walls were lofty, and covered with fruit-trees; and the beds, laid out in fine symmetrical order, were filled with rows of vegetables in prodigious abundance, growing with a luxuriance and in a profusion that showed neither pains nor expense was spared upon their cultivation. The area of two acres thus occupied was traversed each way by a broad gravel-walk, on either side of which were beds filled with gay, but common, flowers; with knots of roses from distance to distance, alternating with honeysuckles, all cut in low, round bushes. The bloom of these was gone, but there was no deficiency, as yet, of gay coloring; for rich tufts of China asters, purple and pink convolvuluses, African marigolds, sun-flowers, purple phlox, and, in short, an abundance of those common though autumn flowers, of which I, old man as I am, find myself, from association, so fond, were growing there. Opposite to the door at which she entered, the long line of forcing-houses was glittering in the morning sun. There were vines, loaded with purple and amber bunches of fruit growing in inexhaustible profusion; while the crimson peaches and green and purple figs, in their full ripeness, were peeping temptingly among their leaves. The abundance of every thing around was so great, that it was evidently impossible that the family could consume one half of what was thus produced; and, in spite of the calls upon Penny's stores, resulting from the recent wedding-day, over-ripe fruit strewed the ground unheeded, while peas and bean-stalks, still loaded, were blackening and yellowing in the sun; and vegetables running on all sides to waste.

This prodigality of wealth was, however, the only thing that at all militated, to the judicious eye, against the pleasure afforded by the spectacle of these fine, well-ordered gardens.

The dew hung sparkling upon the leaves and flowers, the sun shone reflected from a plashing fountain, that played in the middle of a small pond in the centre of the garden, where the walks crossed. The sweet smell of the plants, the fresh, pure air of the morning playing upon her cheek, and the early birds hopping about, and along the walks, saluting her with their cheerful carols and chirpings, filled her with a sensation of unusual delight, as Alice opened for her the garden door.

THE CHRISTIAN.

He who walks with God, who lives in his presence, whose mind is filled with the image of wisdom far above human wisdom, goodness far above human goodness, justice to which a last appeal may be made, and with whom justice will ever be found—he who sees his beauty in this garb of external nature, so exquisite an exposition of the Divine mind; for, shattered and disordered as it is by some evidently external force, enough remains to prove the beauty, grace, and order of the unblemished original—he who does this lives in a new element. His thoughts, his imagination, his views, are purified and elevated.

SIN AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

Oh, vice is a hideous thing!

A hideous, dark mystery—the mystery of iniquity! Its secret springs are hidden from our view, but its more obvious causes and consequences are palpable and demonstrable; and it is with its consequences, in our narrow circle of knowledge, that we alone should attempt to deal.

Many subtle and questioning intellects perplex themselves with the inquiry, Whence the remote, original cause of the sin and evil around us, and why?—a question it is not given to any man, under the condition of our present existence, to answer; but scarcely any one sufficiently fixes his attention upon that which it is our main business to know, and which we can know: the efficient

causes, and more especially the consequences, of sin.

Oh, if we steadily kept our minds alive to this most important subject of thought; if men, before they *did* evil, would only remember its inevitable results; if all the wide-extended sufferings, the sorrows, the pains, the tears, inevitably following upon wrong, were but present to the wrong-doer at the moment of his crime, it is scarcely possible that heart of flesh could resist the piteous picture; that heart of man but must turn appalled from the criminal course upon which he was about to enter.

But we are selfish, careless, unreflecting, blinded by inclination and passion, or by that darkness worse than death which attends upon the slothful indifference to questions of right and wrong. Men pass from day to day, yielding to the temptations of covetousness or pleasure, thoughtless of consequences to themselves in many cases, almost utterly insensible as regards the results to others.

The true moral painter's part it is to hold up a faithful picture to the heart of the long succession of evils which from one crime spring.

SEDUCTION.

The crime of which Ridley had been guilty, he, like many of his sex, regarded very lightly: it was but a silly girl betrayed. He did not estimate — how could such a heart as his estimate? — the vast sum of misery included in that small sentence.

The long agonies of a woman's heart, whose affections have been disappointed by the carelessness with which men in ordinary society give rise, by their attentions, to feelings which are the legitimate and natural return of such attentions, is a very serious breach of the law of doing as we would desire to be done by; a breach upon which they, most of them, never reflect at all: but light is this indeed to the crime here perpetrated.

A man should be forced to look steadily into the gulf of despair—or far, far, far worse — of degradation and moral ruin into which, for the gratification of the idlest vanity or licentious passion, he plunges a young, innocent, trusting creature, whose only error, it may be, was to love him too well. Men, if they would reflect, must and would shudder and turn aghast from the horrid, horrid spectacle!

But they will not reflect, they will not learn to shudder; the subject is painful, and they pass it from their mind, with a few wicked commonplaces, at which they are too ready. Ridley's treachery was double-dyed in wickedness; but had he not carried his deceit so far—had his victim been a more easy prey, would her fate have been less cruel? As for the fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, of those thus led to folly, no one, of course, thinks of *them*. No man, the slave of his own vices, can be expected to cast a thought upon *them;* the sum of their misery is never even calculated — the figures are not even set down.

And the children!

Reflect upon that; varnish it over as you may, provide for them handsomely if you will, one reflection, at least, make: "What are to be the moral impressions of a child whose being sprang from a parent's sin?" I ask you only to think of the dark confusion of affections and principles, on the hardness and indifference, or both, which must be the result. Did Ridley, intelligent, reflecting, a weigher of things, a deep searcher into metaphysical and moral truths, a man with at least all the intellectual elements which ought to form a great man — did Ridley ever trouble himself once to consider these things, things so nearly connected with his own and with another's soul?

No, certainly.

His was an imagination — ah, were mine as bright! — that might have painted to him, in living images, all the consequences of his criminal self-indulgence and most wicked treachery. His mind had power, had it possessed the will, to draw with the pencil of Dante, the appalling picture of that inner hell to which he had condemned the being he pretended to love—once *had* loved. And the poor father!—the agonies of the gentle, unoffending man, who had welcomed him so hospitably under his lowly roof; whose heart was so full of kind affections, so free from guile, or jealousy, or pride! Yes, Ridley possessed power to have pictured in a way my feeble hand vainly attempts to do, the long death of the soul, the awful dark despair, of a father wounded in a daughter's honour.

A parent disgraced in his own loving, innocent child. He shall render a heavier account for all this, because he is great, and gifted, and wise, and powerful, and fitted to guide a state and rule the interests of a nation—he shall be the less forgiven, because in the plenitude of his powers he has chosen to step aside to crush, a poor little insect in its humble path — he shall be the less forgiven, because the wider the knowledge, and the higher the intellect, and the larger the observation, so much the greater is the power of estimating the claims and appreciating the sufferings of whatever breathes; and that the thoughtless cruelty which we lament and pardon in the untutored child, is odious, is execrable in the man!

ILLEGITIMACY.

Nothing can compensate to any child the simple fact meeting us at the outset, that of belonging to parents not legally and inseparably united.

This is no evil created, as some have perhaps been led to think, by the artificial arrangements and conventions of man in society; its source is in nature — in that nature, the Author of which made marriage coeval with the creation of man; healthfully to rear the precious plant wherein lies the hidden germ of eternity, requires the element of home—and marriage is the foundation of home. Wherever or howsoever the sacredness of marriage is not reverenced, depend upon it, *there* the man will ever be found imperfectly developed.

The legitimate orphan child, be he who he may, or where he may, has one great advantage with which he starts in life: his *place* is marked; he is to set out from the place occupied by his parents. Every well-meaning friend has at once a sort of measure given him as to how he ought to be treated

and how educated. Every indifferent person understands this, acquiesces in and supports it. But how different is the case of the unhappy *natural* child!—his place is undefined; he has literally none in society; he is the sport of the caprice, the prejudices, the carelessly adopted notions, of every one with whom he has to do. By some he will be pitied, as most unfortunate; by others almost loathed, as tainted and degraded by the vices to which he owed his being. One is for elevating him to the rank and treating him as belonging to that of the best-endowed of his parents; another for sinking him almost below the level of the lowest. What one does for him another undoes; the kind consideration of one but renders him more susceptible to the unkindness and contempt of others. He has not even the *memory* of a parent to cheer his poor solitary heart—that sacred memory so cherished, so sacred, which consoles while it hallows and elevates the soul of the orphan. He cannot even aspire to purity himself, without inflicting a wound upon that deep piety of the heart, that foundation-stone of the great infinite of piety, the reverence of the child for its parent.

Mystery of iniquity! Trailing serpent, endless involutions of the consequences of sin!

MARTINEAU, HARRIET,

Born in 1802, was one of the youngest of a family of eight children. Her father was proprietor of one of the manufactories of Norwich, in which place his family, originally of French origin, had resided since the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Miss Martineau has herself ascribed her taste for literary pursuits to the delicacy of her health in childhood, and to her deafness, which, without being complete, has obliged her to seek occupations and pleasures within herself; and also to the affection which subsisted between her and her brother, the Rev. James Martineau. When her family became unfortunate in worldly affairs, she was able, by her writings, to relieve them entirely from the burden of her support, and she has since realized "an elegant sufficiency" from her writings.

Her first work, "Devotional Exercises, for the use of Young Persons," was published in 1823. The following year, appeared "Christmas Day;" and in 1825, "The Friends," being a sequel of the last named. In 1826, she wrote "Principle and Practice," a tale, "The Rioters," and "Original Hymns." In 1827, "Mary Campbell" and "The Turnout" were published; and in 1829, "Sequel to Principle and Practice," "Tracts for Houlston," and "My Servant Rachel." In 1830, appeared her best work, because evincing more tenderness of feeling and faith in religion than any other she has written,—this was "Traditions of Palestine;" also a prize essay, "The Essential Faith of the Universal Church," and "Five Years of Youth." In the following year, 1831, she obtained prizes for two essays, "The Faith, as unfolded by Many Prophets," and "Providence, as manifested through Israel."

Miss Martineau seems here to have reached her culminating point in religious sentiment; her faith never rose above sentiment, except in the "Traditions of Palestine," which has passages of, seemingly, true and holy fervour of spirit. In 1832, she commenced her series of tales, as "Illustrations of Political Economy," "Illustrations of Taxation," of "Poor Laws," &c. Miss Martineau was induced to prepare these books, from reading Mrs. Marcet's "Conversations on Political Economy," and thinking that illustrations through stories, theory put in action, would be most effective in producing reforms. The books were very popular when they appeared; but we doubt if their influence on the public mind was productive of any beneficial improvement. The tales were read for amusement; the political notions were forgotten, probably, before the incidents of the story had been effaced by some newer work of fiction.

In 1835, she visited the United States, where she had many friends, warm admirers of her talents, and of the philanthropy with which her writings was imbued. She was welcomed as a sister; and throughout her "Tour in America," the kindest hospitality of the American people was lavished on her. She published the result of her observations and reflections in 1837. She found what she came to find, and no more. Her philosophical and political opinions were fully formed before she set her foot on American ground, and her two works, "Society in America" and "Retrospect of Western Travel," are essentially a bundle of facts and deductions, to prove that Harriet Martineau's opinions were right. But she brought to these investigations some excellent qualities and much benevolent feeling. She was earnest, enthusiastic and hopeful; her books, though marred by many mistakes, some misrepresentations, and, of course, with absurd and erroneous deductions drawn from wrong premises, were yet far more candid in tone and true in spirit, than any preceding works of British travellers in America had ever been. The style is spirited, graphic, and frequently eloquent. Miss Martineau is remarkable for her power of portraying what she sees; she revels in the beauties of landscape, and has a wonderful command of

language. Her writings are usually entertaining, even to those who do not agree with her in theory and sentiment.

Of her subsequent writings, we will quote the opinion of an eminent British critic.* "Her first regular novel appeared in 1839, and was entitled 'Deerbrook.' Though improbable in many of its incidents, this work abounds in eloquent and striking passages. The democratic opinions of the authoress (for in all but her anti-Malthusian doctrines, Miss Martineau is a sort of female Godwin) are strikingly brought forward, and the characters are well drawn. 'Deerbrook' is a story of English domestic life. The next effort of Miss Martineau was in the historical romance. 'The Hour and the Man,' 1840, is a novel or romance, founded on the history of the brave Toussaint L'Ouverture, and with this *man* as hero, Miss Martineau exhibits as the *hour* of action the period when the slaves of St. Domingo threw off the yoke of slavery. There is much passionate as well as graceful writing in this tale; its greatest defect is, that there is too much disquisition, and too little connected or regular fable. Among the other works of Miss Martineau are several for children, as 'The Peasant and the Prince,' 'The Settlers at Home,' 'How to Observe,' &c. Her latest work, 'Life in the Sick-Room, or Essays by an Invalid,' 1844, contains many interesting and pleasing sketches, full of acute and delicate thought and elegant description."

In 1846, Miss Martineau, in company with intelligent friends, made a journey through Egypt, to Palestine, Greece, Syria, and Arabia. She has given her impressions of those countries in her work, "Eastern Life; Present and Past," published in 1848. That she is an intelligent traveller, and knows "how to observe," better than almost any tourist who had preceded her, there is no doubt. Her work is exceedingly interesting; but it is marred by the mocking infidelity which she allows for the first time to darken her pages, and testify to the world her disbelief in divine revelation!

A new work from the pen of Miss Martineau, "Letters on Man's Nature and Developments," has lately appeared in London; it is decidedly atheistic in its tone; the only foundation of morality, the belief in God, is disavowed, and His holy word derided as a book of fables, unworthy the study of rational beings. There is something in this avowal by a woman of utter unbelief in Christianity which so shocks the mind, that we are troubled to discuss it; we draw back, as from a pit of destruction, into which to gaze, even, is to sin.

In commenting on this infidel work, an American critic, after paying a high compliment to the great talents of Miss Martineau, even allowing she has "masculine power and activity of mind," adds, evidently intending to depreciate the sex, "*but the constitutional feebleness, waywardness, and wilfulness of woman is nevertheless not unfrequently evinced by her;* and as she grows older the infirmities of her nature are more and more conspicuous." If to become an atheist and avow infidelity be the sign of "feebleness, waywardness," &c., how happens it that the great mass of infidels are men? Miss Martineau must now be ranked with Hume, Gibbon, Shelley, Byron, and a host of eminent masculine writers in Great Britain, besides the greater portion of French savans and German philosophers. Even Milton denied, in his old age, the divinity of the Saviour; a fitting sequence to his elevation of the reason of man above the intuitive goodness of woman. Why is it more shocking for a woman to deny the Saviour, and disbelieve the Bible, than for a man? Is it not because she is the conservator of morals, endowed with a quicker capacity of recognizing or *feeling* divine truth, and with a nature more in consonance with the requirements of the Gospel? Do men show strength, wisdom, and decision of character, when elevating *human reason above divine revelation?* The apostle declares that to those who "believe," the Gospel is "the power of God, and the wisdom of God." Four-fifths of these believers are now women. Is not the *power* and *wisdom*, which the Christian faith gives, with the female sex?

Miss Martineau has indeed become weak, because she has deserted this tower of strength—"faith in the Lord Jesus Christ;" and bowed down her noble nature to worship reason unenlightened by revelation, an idol set up by the "feebleness, waywardness, and wilfulness" of men. May God give her grace to see and escape the snare of the tempter. The triumph of woman's genius is to follow the Saviour in doing good, to hold fast her faith in God, her hope in a blessed immortality. What higher aim than this can the ingenuity of man devise, or his reason prove beneficial to the human race?

From "How to Observe."

CHRISTIANITY.

It is not by dogmas that Christianity has permanently influenced the mind of Christendom. No creeds are answerable for the moral revolution by which physical has been made to succumb to moral force; by which unfortunates are cherished by virtue of their misfortunes; by which the pursuit of speculative truth has become an object worthy of self-sacrifice. It is the character of Jesus of Nazareth which has wrought to these purposes. Notwithstanding all the obscuration and defilement which that character has sustained from superstition and other corruption, it has availed to these purposes, and must prevail more and more now that it is no longer possible to misrepresent his sayings and conceal his deeds, as was done in the dark ages. In all advancing time, as corruption is surmounted, there are more and more who vividly feel that life does not consist in the abundance that a man possesses, but in energy of spirit, and in a power and habit of self-sacrifice; there are perpetually more and more who discern and live by the persuasion that the pursuit of worldly power and ease is a matter totally apart from the function of Christianity; and this persuasion has not been wrought into activity by

*Chambers' Cyclopœdia of English Literature.

declarations of doctrine in any form, but by the spectacle, vivid before the eye of the mind, of the Holy One who declined the sword and the crown, lived without property, and devoted himself to die by violence, in an unparalleled simplicity of duty. The being himself is the mover here; and every great man is, in a similar manner, however inferior may be the degree, a spring by which spirits are moved. By the study of them may much of the consequent movement be understood.

OF CELIBACY.

Celibacy of the clergy or of any other class of men involves polygamy, virtual if not avowed, in some other class. To this the relaxation of domestic morals in the higher orders of all Catholic societies bears testimony as strongly as the existence of allowed polygamy in India. It is everywhere professed that Christianity puts an end to polygamy; and so it does, as Christianity is understood in Protestant countries; but a glance at the state of morals in countries where celibacy is the religion of the clergy—among the higher ranks in Italy, in France, in Spain—shows that, while the name of polygamy is disclaimed, the thing is held in no great abhorrence. This is mentioned here simply as matter of fact, necessary to our inquiry as to how to observe morals and manners. It is notorious that, wherever celibacy is extensively professed, there is not only, as a consequence, a frequent breach of profession, but a much larger indulgence extended to other classes, in consequence of the restrictions on one.

MARRIAGE.

Marriage exists everywhere, to be studied by the moral observer. He must watch the character of courtships wherever he goes; whether the young lady is negotiated for and promised by her guardians, without having seen her intended, like the poor girl who, when she asked her mother to point out her future husband from among a number of gentlemen, was silenced with the rebuke—"What is that to you?" or whether they are left free to exchange their faith "by flowing stream, through wood, or craggy wild," as in the United States; or whether there is a medium between these two extremes, as in England. He must observe how fate is defied by lovers in various countries. Scotch lovers agree to come together after so many years spent in providing the "plenishing." Irish lovers conclude the business, in case of difficulty, by appearing before the priest the next morning. There is recourse to a balcony and rope-ladder in one country; a steamboat and back-settlement in another; trust and patience in a third; and intermediate flirtations, to pass the time, in a fourth. He must note the degree of worldly ambition which attends marriages, and which may therefore be supposed to stimulate them; how much space the house with two rooms in humble life, and the country-seat and carriages in higher life, occupy in the mind of bride or bridegroom. He must observe whether conjugal infidelity excites horror and rage, or whether it is so much a matter of course as that no jealousy interferes to mar the arrangements of mutual convenience. He must mark whether women are made absolutely the property of their husbands in mind and in estate, or whether the wife is treated more or less professedly as an equal party in the agreement. He must observe whether there is an excluded class, victims to their own superstition or to a false social obligation, wandering about to disturb by their jealousy or licentiousness those whose lot is happier. He must observe whether there are domestic arrangements for home enjoyments, or whether all is planned on the supposition of pleasure lying abroad; whether the reliance is on books, gardens, and play with children, or on the opera, parties, the ale-house, or dances on the green. He must mark whether the ladies are occupied with their household cares in the morning, and the society of their husbands in the evening, or with embroidery and looking out of balconies; with receiving company all day, or gadding abroad; with the library or the nursery; with lovers or with children. In each country, called civilized, he will meet with almost all these varieties; but in each there is such a prevailing character in the aspect of domestic life, that intelligent observation will enable him to decide, without much danger of mistake, as to whether marriage is merely an arrangement of convenience, in accordance with low morals, or a sacred institution, commanding the reverence and affection of a virtuous people.

CHILDREN.

Children in all countries are, as Mrs. Grant of Laggan says, first vegetables, and then they are animals, and then they come to be people; but their way of growing out of one stage into another is as different in different societies as their states of mind when they are grown up. They all have limbs, senses, and intellects; but their growth of heart and mind depends incalculably upon the spirit of the society amid which they are reared. The traveller must study them wherever he meets them. In the country, multitudes of them lie about in the streets, basking in the sun, and killing vermin; while the children of the very poorest persons of another country are decently clothed, and either busily occupied with such domestic employments as they are capable of, or at school, or playing among the rocks, or climbing trees, or crawling about the wooden bridges, without fear of danger. From this one symptom the observer might learn the poverty and idleness of the lower classes of Spain, and the comfort and industry of those of the United States. As to the children of the richer classes, there is the widest difference in the world between those who are the idols of their mothers (as in societies where the heart's love is lavished on the children which has not been engaged by the husband), and those who are early steeped in corruption (as in slave countries), and those who are reared philosophers and saints, and those to whom home is a sunny paradise hedged

round with love and care, and those who are little men and women of the world from the time they can walk alone. All these kinds of children exist, sure breathings of the moral atmosphere of their homes.

From "Deerbrook."

LOVE AND HAPPINESS.

There needs no other proof that happiness is the most wholesome moral atmosphere, and that in which the immortality of man is destined ultimately to thrive, than the elevation of soul, the religious aspiration, which attends the first assurance, the first sober certainty of true love. There is much of this religious aspiration amidst all warmth of virtuous affections. There is a vivid love of God in the child that lays its cheek against the cheek of its mother, and clasps its arms about her neck. God is thanked (perhaps unconsciously) for the brightness of his earth, on summer evenings, when a brother and sister, who have long been parted, pour out their heart-stores to each other, and feel their course of thought brightening as it runs. When the aged parent hears of the honours his children have won, or looks round upon their innocent faces as the glory of his decline, his mind reverts to Him who in them prescribed the purpose of his life, and bestowed its grace. But religious as is the mood of every good affection, none is so devotional as that of love, especially so called. The soul is then the very temple of adoration, of faith, of holy purity, of heroism, of charity. At such a moment, the human creature shoots up into an angel; there is nothing on earth too defiled for its charity — nothing in hell too appalling for its heroism — nothing in heaven too glorious for its sympathy. Strengthened, sustained, vivified by that most mysterious power, union with another spirit, it feels itself set well forth on the way of victory over evil, sent out conquering and to conquer.

From "Eastern Life," &c.

A SCENE ON THE NILE.

It was a curious scene, — the appearing of the dusky natives on all the rocks around; the eager zeal of those who made themselves our guards, holding us by the arms, as if we were going to jail, and scarcely permitting us to set our feet to the ground, lest we should fall; and the daring plunges and divings of man or boy, to obtain our admiration or our baksheesh. A boy would come riding down a slope of roaring water, as confidently as I would ride down a sand-hill on my ass. Their arms, in their fighting method of swimming, go round like the spokes of a wheel. Grinning boys poppled in the currents; and little seven-year-old savages must haul at the ropes, or ply their little poles when the kandjia approached a spike of rock, or dive to thrust their shoulders between its keel and any sunken obstacle; and after every such feat they would pop up their dripping heads, and cry, "Baksheesh." I felt the great peculiarity of this day to be my seeing, for the first, and probably for the only time of my life, the perfection of savage faculty; and truly it is an imposing sight. The quickness of movement and apprehension, the strength and suppleness of frame, and the power of experience in all concerned this day, contrasted strangely with images of the book-worm and the professional man at home, who can scarcely use their own limbs and senses, or conceive of any control over external realities. I always thought, in America, and I always shall think, that the finest specimens of human development I have ever seen, are in the United States, where every man, however learned and meditative, can ride, drive, keep his own horse, and roof his own dwelling; and every woman, however intellectual, can do, if necessary, all the work of her own house. At home I had seen one extreme of power, in the helpless beings whose prerogative lies wholly in the world of ideas; here I saw the other, where the dominion was wholly over the power of outward nature; and I must say, I as heartily wished for the introduction of some good bodily education at home, as for intellectual enlightenment here.

McINTOSH, MARIA JANE,

Is a native of Georgia. She was born at Sunbury, a village about forty miles south of Savannah, and received all the education which she derived from schools at an academy in her native place. In 1835, Miss McIntosh removed to the city of New York, where she has since resided. Her first printed work, "Blind Alice," was published by Mr. Newman, in December, 1840. It was followed, at various intervals, by the other tales, known as Aunt Kitty's, which appeared in the following order: — "Jessie Grahame," "Florence Arnott," "Grace and Clara," and "Ellen Leslie;" the last being published in 1842. "Conquest and Self-Conquest," "Woman an Enigma," "Praise and Principle," and a little tale called "The Cousins," were published by the Messrs. Harper; the first in 1843, the last in 1846. In 1847, the Messrs. Appleton published for Miss McIntosh, "Two Lives, or to seem and to be;" and since that time they have brought out "Aunt Kitty's Tales," collected into one volume and carefully revised, "Charms and Counter-Charms," and "Woman in America — her Work and her Reward." In 1850, appeared her work, entitled "The Christmas Guest," intended as a book for the holidays.

In all Miss McIntosh's writings, there are evidences of originality and freshness of mind, as well as of good judgment and sound religious principle. In her two longer tales, she has displayed unusual power in depicting the passions and interesting the feelings. In her work on woman, she has shown herself to be one who thinks and judges for herself, uninfluenced and undisturbed by the clamour of conflicting opinions; and there have been few books on that much-canvassed topic which show so much sound common sense, as well as thought and earnestness. Her style is easy and graceful, and her first object is evidently the maintenance of pure morality and religion.

From "Woman in America," &c.

WOMAN'S WORK.

But while all the outward machinery of government, the body, the thews and sinews of society, are man's, woman, if true to her own not less important or less sacred mission, controls its vital principle. Unseen herself, working like nature in secret, she regulates its pulsations, and sends forth from its heart, in pure and temperate flow, the life-giving current. It is hers to warm into life the earliest germs of thought and feeling in the infant mind, to watch the first dawning of light upon the awakening soul, to aid the first faint struggles of the clay-encumbered spirit to grasp the beautiful realities which here and there present themselves amid the glittering falsities of earth, and to guide its first tottering steps into the paths of peace. And who does not feel how her warm affections and quick irrepressible sympathies fit her for this labour of love? As the young immortal advances in his career, he comes to need a severer discipline, and man, with his unconceding reason, and stern resolve, becomes his teacher. Yet think not that woman's work is done when the child has passed into the youth, and the youth into the man. Still, as disease lays his hand heavily upon the strong frame, and sorrow wrings the proud heart of man, she, "the help-meet," if faithful to her allotted work, is at his side, teaching him to bend to the storms of life, that he may not be broken by them; humbly stooping herself, that she may remove from his path every "stone of stumbling," and gently leading him onward and upward to a Divine Consoler, with whose blessed ministerings the necessities of a more timid spirit, and a feebler physical organization, have made her familiar.

THE MOTHER'S POWER.

Look at the young immortal as it lies so fresh and fair within your arms, the purity of heaven on its brow, and nothing of earth within its heart but the love with which it leaps to the sound of the mother-voice and the tender smile of the mother-eyes; in that little being, scarce yet conscious of existence, are enfolded powers to bless or to curse, extended as the universe, enduring as eternity. The hand which now clings so feebly, yet so tenaciously, to your own, may uphold or overthrow an empire—the voice, whose weak cry scarce wins the attention of any but a mother's ear, may one day stir a nation's heart, and give the first impulse to actions which will hasten or retard for ages the world's millennial glories. And will you, nay, *dare* you, strive to compress these powers to the dimensions of a drawing-room, and to present its paltry triumphs as the highest reward of their exercises?

THE DAUGHTER'S DESTINY.

The daughter whose bounding step and joyous prattle make the music of your home—shall she walk through the world's dark and troubled ways, an angel of charity, blessing and blessed, warming into life by her cordial sympathies, all those pure, unselfish affections, by which we know ourselves allied to heaven, but which fade, and too often die in the atmosphere of earth?—shall "her path be as that of the just, shining more and more unto the perfect day," and shall she pass at length gently, serenely, with peace in her soul, from her earthly home to that fairer home above, of which she has made it no unworthy type?—or, shall she be the belle of one, two, or it may be, three seasons, nurturing in herself and others the baleful passions of envy and hate, of impurity and pride?

* * * * *

And has woman at the South nothing to do in promoting this "consummation most devoutly to be wished?" It must be mainly her work. Let her place it before her as an object of her life. Let her improve every gift and cultivate every grace, that the increased influence thus obtained may aid in its accomplishment. Let her light so shine, that it may enlighten all who come within her sphere. Let her be a teacher of the ignorant, a guide to the straying of her own household. Let her make it a law of the social life in which she rules, that nothing so surely degrades a man as idleness, and the vices to which it almost inevitably leads. Thus will she proclaim the dignity and worth of labour, and she will find her reward in the new impress made on the yet ductile minds of her children. She has seen them hitherto too often go forth, like bright and wandering stars, into a life containing for them no definite object. In this vast void, she has seen them too often driven hither and thither by their own reckless impulses; and her heart has been wrung, and her imploring cry has arisen to Heaven for God's restraining grace, as they have seemed about to rush into the unfathomable realm of night. With almost Spartan heroism she has offered her "Te Deums," as again and again the sound has come up to her from the battle-field of life, "Mother! all is lost, but honour!" But labour will tame these wild impulses—will give to life a decided aim; and, as the strong hand, loosed from the bonds of prejudice, obeys the command of the stout heart, her "pæans" will be sounded, not for defeat nobly sustained, but for victory won. We have placed before her, her work and her reward.

MITCHELL, MARIA,

Is the daughter of William and Lydia C. Mitchell, descendants of the earlier settlers of Nantucket Island, in the state of Massachusetts, and members of the Society of Friends, or Quakers. Mrs. Mitchell descended from the same stock with Dr. Franklin, whose mother was from this island; and it is quite remarkable, that throughout this family lineage are to be traced some of those traits of character which, in full measure, marked the character and history of that distinguished philosopher. The mother of Miss Mitchell was much distinguished, in her youth, for her fondness for books.

Of these parents Miss Maria was the third child, born August 1, 1818. At a very early age she busied herself in writing tales for her brothers and sisters, and other juvenile friends, printing

them with her pen, and binding them in the form of books. Some of these little productions were very ingenious, and would have done honour to maturer years.

From her mother and an excellent preceptress she received the first rudiments of her education, and at the age of eleven entered her father's school, alternately as student and assistant teacher. To the study and practice of astronomy her father was a devotee. Whenever the duties of life permitted, the whole man was engrossed with the pursuit. Without instruments at that period, or the means of procuring any, he contemplated the heavens as a shepherd, watching the motions of the firmament, and investigating its laws by his own resources. It is said that his love of the study originated in observing, in very early life, the phenomenon of the harvest moon, and in attempting to search out the cause before he knew that it had been done by others. Later in life he became possessed of instruments, and engaged in practical operations; and Miss Maria, who had already distinguished herself in mathematical learning, was employed as assistant in the observatory.

The onerous duties of a mere assistant in an establishment of this kind are scarcely calculated to attach one to the employment, yet Miss Mitchell was enamoured of the prospect of observing by herself, and commenced her career by obtaining altitudes of the heavenly bodies, for the determination of the local time. The instrument thus used was the sextant, one of the most difficult of the observatory. Mastering this, she engaged in the study of the science; and familiarizing herself with all the instruments, she became skilful in their use.

From this period she pursued with zeal the study of the firmament, devoting much time to the examination of nebulæ, and sweeping for comets, often exposing herself to the elements in the most inclement seasons. Nothing can exceed her diligence and industry—not in the departments of science merely, but in the domestic relations of life. Her good sense never suffers her to neglect the latter in the prosecution of the former. It is related of her, that while very young she was in the habit of carrying constantly in her pocket bits of linen cloth, to wrap up the fingers of her brothers when wounded,—and to this day she is the doctress of the family.

On the 1st of October, 1847, she discovered a telescopic comet, for which she obtained the gold medal of the king of Denmark, an interesting account of which has been written by Hon. Edward Everett, late President of Harvard University.

Miss Mitchell calculated the elements of this comet, and communicated a memoir on the subject to the Smithsonian Institute. She has been for some time engaged with her father in making the necessary astronomical observations for the mensuration of an arc of the meridian between Nantucket and Portland, in the employment of Dr. Bache, for the coast survey. At the invitation of the superintendent, she also made some observations at the northern extremity of this arc. She is also engaged in the computations of the new Nantucket Almanac, authorized by the government of the United States, and under the superintendence of Lieutenant Davis. Amidst all these employments, she finds time to read many of the French and German mathematical writers, and to keep up with the literature of the day. She has been elected a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, the only lady having that honour, and subsequently, on the nomination of Professor Agassis, a member of the American Association for the Promotion of Science.

To know the distinguished honour reflected on our countrywoman, we must know her competitors. Miss Mitchell made her discovery of the planet on the 1st of October, 1847.

On the 3d of October, the same comet was seen at half-past seven, P. M., at Rome, by Father de Vico, and information of the fact was immediately communicated by him to Professor Schumacher, at Altona. On the 7th of October, at twenty minutes past nine, P. M., it was observed by Mr. W. R. Dawes, at Camden Lodge, Cranbrook, Kent, in England, and on the 11th it was seen by Madame Rümker, the wife of the Director of the Observatory at Hamburg. Mr. Schumacher, in announcing this last discovery, observes: — "Madame Rümker has for several years been on the look-out for comets, and her persevering industry seemed at last about to be rewarded, when a letter was received from Father de Vico, addressed to the editor of the Astronomische Nachrichten, from which it appeared that the same comet had been observed by him on the 3d instant, at Rome."

MITFORD, MARY RUSSELL,

Was born on the 16th of December, 1786, at Abresford, in Hampshire, England. Her father was of an old Northumberland family, one of the Mitfords of Mitford Castle; her mother the only daughter of the Rev. Dr. Russell of Ash, in Hampshire, and she was their only child. When still a young girl, about the year 1806, Miss Mitford published a volume of miscellaneous poems, and two volumes of narrative poetry after the manner of Scott, "Christina the Maid of the South Seas," (founded upon the story of the mutineers of the Bounty, afterwards taken by Lord Byron;) and "Blanche, a Spanish Story." These books sold well and obtained a fair share of popularity, and some of them were reprinted in America. However, Miss Mitford herself was not satisfied with them, and for several of the following years devoted herself to reading instead of writing; indeed it is doubtful whether she would ever have written again had not she, with her parents, been reduced from the high affluence to which they were born to comparative poverty. Filial affection induced her to resume the pen she had so long thrown aside, and accordingly she wrote the series of papers which afterwards formed the first volume of "Our Village, Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery," about 1820. But so little was the peculiar and original excellence of her descriptions

understood at first, that, after being rejected by the more important publications, they at last saw the light in the English "Lady's Magazine." The public were not long in discovering the beauties of a style so fresh yet so finished, and in appreciating the delicate humour and the simple pathos of these tales; and the result was, that the popularity of these sketches outgrew that of the works of a loftier order from the same pen; and every nook and corner of the cluster of cottages around Three-Mile-Cross, near Reading, in Berkshire, (in one of which the authoress herself resides,) is as well known as the streets and lanes around the reader's own home. Four other volumes of sketches were afterwards added; the fifth, and last, in 1832. Extending her observation from the country village to the market-town, Miss Mitford published another interesting volume of descriptions, entitled "Belford Regis." She edited three volumes, called "Stories of American Life by American Writers." She also published a volume of "Country Stories;" a volume of "Dramatic Scenes;" an opera called "Sadak and Kalasrade," and four tragedies, the first entitled "Julian," which was represented at the great London Theatre in 1823, Mr. Macready playing Julian. Her next was "Foscari;" then "Rienzi" and "Charles the First;" all were successful. "Rienzi," in particular, long continued a favourite. She also edited four volumes of "Finden's Tableaux," and is now, after eight years' cessation of writing, engaged on a series of papers called "Readings of Poetry, Old and New," which will probably form two or three volumes, and will soon be published.

Although her tragedies show great intellectual powers, and a highly cultivated mind, yet it is by her sketches of English life that she has obtained the greatest share of her popularity, and it is on them that her fame will chiefly depend. In these descriptions Mary Mitford is unrivalled. She has a manner, natural to her, no doubt, but inimitable and indescribable, which sheds interest around the most homely subjects and coarsest characters. Who ever threw by a sketch of hers half read? No one who admired a spring daisy — or that most fragrant blossom, the wall-flower, which beautifies every object, however rough, rude or ruinous, around which it wreathes. And, though she does not trace the motives of conduct very deeply, or attempt to teach principles of moral duty, yet there is much in her sprightly and warm sketches of simple nature which draws the heart to love the Author of all this beauty; and much in her kind and contented philosophy to promote love and good feelings. She is a philanthropist, for she joys in the happiness of others—a patriot, for she draws the people to feel the beauties and blessings which surround the most lowly lot in that "land of proud names and high heroic deeds."

"As a proof that we *love her, we love her dog*," says an American writer. "Walter Scott's stately Maida is not more an historical character than her springing spaniel, or Italian greyhound. If she began by being prosaic in poetry, she has redeemed herself by being most poetic in pastoral prose."

In 1833 Miss Mitford's name was added to the pension list, a well-earned tribute to one whose genius has been devoted to the honour and embellishment of her country.

From "Our Village."

WHITSUN-EVE — MY GARDEN.

The pride of my heart and the delight of my eyes is my garden. Our house, which is in dimensions very much like a bird-cage, and might, with almost equal convenience, be laid on a shelf, or hung up in a tree, would be utterly unbearable in warm weather, were it not that we have a retreat out of doors,—and a very pleasant retreat it is. To make my readers fully comprehend it, I must describe our whole territories.

Fancy a small plot of ground, with a pretty low irregular cottage at one end; a large granary, divided from the dwelling by a little court running along one side; and a long thatched shed open towards the garden, and supported by wooden pillars on the other. The bottom is bounded, half by an old wall, and half by an old paling, over which we see a pretty distance of woody hills. The house, granary, wall, and paling, are covered with vines, cherry-trees, roses, honeysuckles, and jessamines, with great clusters of tall hollyhocks running up between them; a large elder overhanging the little gate, and a magnificent bay-tree, such a tree as shall scarcely be matched in these parts, breaking with its beautiful conical form the horizontal lines of the buildings. This is my garden; and the long pillared shed, the sort of rustic arcade which runs along one side, parted from the flower-beds by a row of rich geraniums, is our out-of-door drawing-room.

I know nothing so pleasant as to sit there on a summer afternoon, with the western sun flickering through the great elder-tree, and lighting up our gay parterres, where flowers and flowering shrubs are set as thick as grass in a field, a wilderness of blossom, interwoven, intertwined, wreathy, garlandy, profuse beyond all profusion, where we may guess that there is such a thing as mould, but never see it. I know nothing so pleasant as to sit in the shade of that dark bower, with the eye resting on that bright piece of colour, lighted so gloriously by the evening sun, now catching a glimpse of the little birds as they fly rapidly in and out of their nests—for there are always two or three birds'-nests in the thick tapestry of cherry-trees, honeysuckles, and China-roses, which cover our walls — now tracing the gay gambols of the common butterflies as they sport around the dahlias; now watching that rarer moth, which the country people, fertile in pretty names, call the bee-bird; * that bird-like insect, which flutters in the hottest days over the sweetest flowers, inserting its long proboscis into the small tube of the jessamine, and hovering over the scarlet blossoms of the geranium, whose bright colour seems reflected on its own feathery breast; that insect which seems so thoroughly a creature of the air, never at rest; always, even when feeding, self-

* Sphynx ligustri, privet hawk-moth.

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poised, and self-supported, and whose wings, in their ceaseless motion, have a sound so deep, so full, so lulling, so musical. Nothing so pleasant as to sit amid that mixture of the flower and the leaf, watching the bee-bird! Nothing so pretty to look at as my garden! It is quite a picture; only unluckily it resembles a picture in more qualities than one,—it is fit for nothing but to look at. One might as well think of walking in a bit of framed canvass. There are walks, to be sure—tiny paths of smooth gravel, by courtesy called such—but they are so overhung by roses and lilies, and such gay encroachers—so overrun by convolvulus, and heart's-ease, and mignionette, and other sweet stragglers, that, except to edge through them occasionally, for the purposes of planting, or weeding, or watering, there might as well be no paths at all. Nobody thinks of walking in my garden. Even May glides along with a delicate and trackless step, like a swan through the water; and we, its two-footed denizens, are fain to treat it as if it were really a saloon, and go out for a walk towards sun-set, just as if we had not been sitting in the open air all day.

What a contrast from the quiet garden the lively street! Saturday night is always a time of stir and bustle in our Village, and this is Whitsun-Eve, the pleasantest Saturday of all the year, when London journeymen and servant lads and lasses snatch a short holiday to visit their families. A short and precious holiday, the happiest and liveliest of any; for even the gambols and merry-makings of Christmas offer but a poor enjoyment, compared with the rural diversions, the Mayings, revels, and cricket-matches of Whitsuntide.

CHARACTERS.

This village of ours is swarming to-night like a hive of bees, and all the church-bells round are pouring out their merriest peals, as if to call them together. I must try to give some notion of the various figures.

First there is a group suited to Teniers, a cluster of out-of-door customers of the Rose, old benchers of the inn, who sit round a table smoking and drinking in high solemnity to the sound of Timothy's fiddle. Next, a mass of eager boys, the combatants of Monday, who are surrounding the shoemaker's shop, where an invisible hole in their ball is mended by Master Keep himself, under the joint superintendence of Ben Kirby and Tom Coper. Ben showing much verbal respect and outward deference for his umpire's judgment and experience, but managing to get the ball done his own way, after all; whilst outside the shop, the rest of the eleven, the less-trusted commons, are shouting and bawling round Joel Brent, who is twisting the waxed twine round the handles of the bats—the poor bats, which please nobody—which the taller youths are despising as too little and too light, and the smaller are abusing as too heavy and too large. Happy critics! winning their match can hardly be a greater delight—even if to win it, they be doomed! Farther down the street is the pretty black-eyed girl, Sally Wheeler, come home for a holiday from B——, escorted by a tall footman in a dashing livery, whom she is trying to curtsey off before her deaf grandmother sees him. I wonder whether she will succeed.

MRS. LUCAS AND HER DAUGHTERS.

Mrs. Lucas, still lovely and elegant, though somewhat faded and care-worn, was walking pensively up and down the grass-path of the pretty flower-court: her eldest daughter, a rosy, bright brunette, with her dark hair floating in all directions, was darting about like a bird: now tying up the pinks, now watering the geraniums; now collecting the fallen rose-leaves into the straw bonnet, which dangled from her arm; and now feeding a brood of bantams from a little barley measure, which that sagacious and active colony seemed to recognise as if by instinct, coming, long before she called them, at their swiftest pace, between a run and a fly, to await, with their usual noisy and bustling patience, the showers of grain which she flung to them across the paling. It was a beautiful picture of youth, and health, and happiness; and her clear, gay voice, and brilliant smile, accorded well with her shape and motion, as light as a butterfly, and as wild as the wind. A beautiful picture was that rosy lass of fifteen, in her unconscious loveliness, and I might have continued gazing upon her longer, had I not been attracted by an object no less charming, although in a very different way.

It was a slight elegant girl, apparently about a year younger than the pretty romp of the flower-garden, not unlike her in form and feature, but totally distinct in colouring and expression.

She sate in the old porch, wreathed with jessamine and honeysuckle, with the western sun floating round her like a glory, and displaying the singular beauty of her chestnut hair, brown, with a golden light, and the exceeding delicacy of her smooth and finely-grained complexion, so pale, and yet so healthful. Her whole face and form had a bending and statue-like grace, increased by the adjustment of her splendid hair, which was parted on her white forehead, and gathered up behind in a large knot, a natural coronet. Her eye-brows and long eye-lashes were a few shades darker than her hair, and singularly rich and beautiful. She was plaiting straw, rapidly and skilfully, and bent over her work with a mild and placid attention, a sedate pensiveness that did not belong to her age, and which contrasted strangely and sadly with the gaiety of her laughing and brilliant sister, who at this moment darted up to her with a handful of pinks and some groundsel. Jessy received them with a smile: such a smile! spoke a few words, in a sweet, sighing voice; put the flowers in her bosom, and the groundsel in the cage of a linnet that hung near her; and then resumed her seat and her work, imitating, better than I have ever heard them imitated, the various notes of the nightingale, who was singing in the opposite hedge, whilst I, ashamed of loitering longer, passed on.

The next time I saw her, my interest in this lovely creature was increased tenfold, for I then knew that Jessy was blind.

From "Rienzi."

HOME AND LOVE.

Rie. Claudia — nay, start not! Thou art sad to-day:
I found thee sitting idly, 'midst thy maids —
A pretty, laughing, restless band, who plied
Quick tongue and nimble finger. Mute, and pale
As marble, those unseeing eyes were fixed
On vacant air; and that fair brow was bent
As sternly, as if the rude stranger, Thought,
Age-giving, mirth-destoying, pitiless Thought,
Had knocked at thy young giddy brain.
Cla. Nay, father,
Mock not thine own poor Claudia.
Rie. Claudia used
To bear a merry heart with that clear voice,
Prattling; and that light busy foot, astir
In her small housewifery, the blithest bee
That ever wrought in hive.
Cla. Oh! mine old home!
Rie. What ails thee, lady-bird?
Cla. Mine own dear home!
Father, I love not this new state; these halls,
Where comfort dies in vastness; these trim maids,
Whose service wearies me. Oh! mine old home!
My quiet, pleasant chamber, with the myrtle
Woven round the casement; and the cedar by,
Shading the sun; my garden overgrown
With flowers and herbs, thick-set as grass in fields;
My pretty snow-white doves; my kindest nurse;
And old Camillo. — Oh! mine own dear home!
Rie. Why, simple child, thou hast thine old fond nurse,
And good Camillo, and shalt have thy doves,
Thy myrtles, flowers, and cedars; a whole province
Laid in a garden an' thou wilt. My Claudia,
Hast thou not learnt thy power? Ask orient gems,
Diamonds, and sapphires, in rich caskets, wrought
By cunning goldsmiths; sigh for rarest birds,
Of farthest Ind, like winged flowers to flit
Around thy stately bower; and, at thy wish,
The precious toys shall wait thee. Old Camillo!
Thou shalt have nobler servants, — emperors, kings,
Electors, princes! Not a bachelor
In Christendom but would right proudly kneel
To my fair daughter.
Cla. Oh! mine own dear home!
Rie. Wilt have a list to choose from? Listen, sweet!
If the tall cedar, and the branchy myrtle,
And the white doves, were tell-tales, I would ask them
Whose was the shadow on the sunny wall?
And if, at eventide, they heard not oft
A tuneful mandoline, and then a voice,
Clear in its manly depth, whose tide of song
O'erwhelmed the quivering instrument; and then
A world of whispers, mixed with low response,
Sweet, short, and broken as divided strains
Of nightingales.
Cla. Oh, father! father! [*Runs to him, and falls upon his neck.*]
Rie. Well!
Dost thou love him, Claudia?
Cla. Father!
Rie. Dost thou love
Young Angelo? Yes? Saidst thou yes? That heart —
That throbbing heart of thine, keeps such a coil,
I cannot hear thy words. He is returned
To Rome; he left thee on mine errand, dear one!
And now — is there no casement myrtle-wreathed,
No cedar in our courts, to shade to-night
The lover's song?
Cla. Oh, father! father!
Rie. Now,
Back to thy maidens, with a lightened heart,
Mine own beloved child. Thou shalt be first
In Rome, as thou art fairest; never princess
Brought to the proud Colonna such a dower
As thou. Young Angelo hath chosen his mate
From out an eagle's nest.
Cla. Alas! alas!
I tremble at the height. Whene'er I think
Of the hot barons, of the fickle people,
And the inconstancy of power, I tremble
For thee, dear father.
Rie. Tremble! let them tremble.
I am their master, Claudia, whom they scorned,
Endured, protected. — Sweet, go dream of love;
I am their master, Claudia.

MORGAN, SYDNEY,

Whose maiden name was Sydney Owenson, was born in Dublin, about 1783. Her father was a respectable actor at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, and gave his daughter the best advantages of education he could command. He was a man of decided talents, a favourite in the society of the city, and author of some popular Irish songs. His daughter, Sydney, inherited his predilection for national music and song. Very early in life, when she was a mere child, she published a small volume of poetical effusions; and soon after, "The Lay of the Irish Harp," and a selection of twelve Irish melodies, set to music. One of these is the well-known song of "Kate Kearney;" probably this popular lyric will outlive all the other writings of this authoress. Her next work was a novel, "St. Clair, or the Heiress of Desmond," published when she was about sixteen. It was soon followed by "The Novice of St. Dominick;" and then her most successful work, "The Wild Irish Girl," which appeared in the winter of 1801.

The book had a prodigious sale. Within the first two years, seven editions were published in Great Britain, besides two or three in America. It gained for Miss Owenson a celebrity which very few writers, of either sex, have won at so early an age. It gained her the love and blessings of the Irish people, of course; and a far more difficult achievement, it won her a high reputation in England. Some of the best and brightest characters among the proud nobility became her friends and patrons.

What were the peculiar merits of the work which won this popularity? As a novel, it certainly cannot be rated very high. The plot shows little inventive talent, and was, moreover, liable to some objection on the score of moral tendency. We allude to the plan of making the Earl of M—— and his son both in love with the same lady. The *denouement* is very awkwardly managed, and we

think most readers must have been disgusted, if not shocked, by the scene where the unconscious rivals, father and son, meet in the old chapel. There is very little development of character attempted, each person introduced being expressly designed, as is at once seen, to act a particular part, which is set down in the play.

Nor is the merit of the work in its style, which is both high-flown and puerile. The exaggerated sentiment, so often poured out by the fervid, but uncultivated writer, appears more nonsensical from the pompous phraseology in which it is so often expressed. We wonder how such great words could have been brought together to express such small meanings. This is particularly the case with the descriptive portions of the work. In short, the author, possessing naturally the wildest and warmest phase of Irish temperament, had her head filled and nearly turned by what she calls "the witching sorcery" of Rousseau; and as her taste had been very little cultivated by judicious reading, or her judgment improved by observation, it is not strange that she mistook hyperbole for elegance, and fancied that soft, mellifluous words would convey ideas of superhuman beauty. The following description of her heroine, Glorvina, is a fair specimen of this tawdry style. "Her form was so almost impalpably delicate, that as it floated on the gaze, it seemed like the incarnation of some pure ethereal spirit, which a sigh too roughly breathed, might dissolve into its kindred air; yet to this sylphide elegance of spheral beauty was united all that symmetrical *contour* which constitutes the luxury of human loveliness. This scarcely 'mortal mixture of earth's mould,' was vested in a robe of vestal white, which was enfolded beneath the bosom with a narrow girdle embossed with precious stones." Query, how did the lady look? Can the reader form any clear notion?

Such is the prevailing style of the book, though occasionally, when giving utterance to some strong deep feeling, which usually finds its appropriate language, the author is truly eloquent. How could a novel so written, gain such popularity? Because it had a high aim, a holy purpose. It owed its success entirely to the simple earnestness with which Miss Owenson defended her country. It is all Irish. She seemed to have no thought of self, nothing but patriotism was in her soul, and this feeling redeemed the faults of inflated style, French sentimentalism, false reasoning, and all the extravagances of her youthful fancy. Ireland was her inspiration and her theme. Its history, language, antiquities, traditions, and wrongs, these she had studied as a zealot does his creed, and with a fervour only inferior in sacredness to that of religion, she poured her whole heart and mind forth in the cause of her own native land.

After such remarkable success, it was a matter of course that Miss Owenson should continue her literary career. "Patriotic Sketches," "Ida," and "The Missionary," followed each other in quick succession. Her next work was "O'Donnell;" then "Florence Macarthy, an Irish Tale," was published in 1818. Previously to this Miss Owenson became Lady Morgan, by marrying Sir Charles Morgan, M. D., a gentleman of considerable talents, — as his own work, "Sketches of the Philosophy of Life and Morals," shows. The marriage seemed to give new energy and a wider scope to the genius of Lady Morgan; the tastes of the husband and wife were, evidently, in sympathy. They went abroad, and "France" and "Italy," two clever specimens of Lady Morgan's powers of observation and description, were the result. These works are lively and entertaining. Lord Byron has borne testimony to the fidelity and excellence of "Italy:" if the authoress had been less solicitous of making a sensation, her book would have been more perfect, yet now it is among the best of its kind.

"The O'Briens and the O'Flahertys," a novel intended to portray national manners, appeared in 1827; "The Book of the Boudoir" in 1829. Among her other works are, "The Princess," a story founded on the Revolution in Belgium, "Dramatic Scenes from Real Life," "The Life and Times of Salvator Rosa," and "Woman and her Master," published in London, 1840. Two volumes of this work were then issued: the authoress, suffering under that painful affliction, a weakness of eyesight, was unable to complete her plan, and it has never been finished. It is a philosophical history of woman down to the fall of the Roman Empire, — a work on which Lady Morgan evidently laboured with great zeal. It should be carefully read by all who wish to gain a compendious knowledge of woman's history, and a graphic sketch of her influence in the early ages. Many new and valuable truths are promulgated; and though some of the opinions are unsound, because unscriptural, yet the earnest wish to benefit her sex, and improve society, has gifted the writer with great power in setting forth much that is true, and of the utmost importance. We hope she will have strength and energy, and a prolongation of life, to complete the work.

In estimating the merits of this indefatigable writer, we will give the opinions of British critics, only observing that, to us, the greatest blemish in her books in an under-current, more or less strong, running through many of them, bearing the philosophical opinions, or sayings rather, of the French sentimental school of infidels. We do not think Lady Morgan an unbeliever; but she gives occasion for censure by expressions, occasionally, that favour free-thinkers. If she had but served God, in her writings, with the same enthusiastic zeal she serves her country, what a glorious woman she would have been!

Mr. Chambers, in his Cyclopædia of English Literature, says:—

"Lady Morgan has, during the last thirty or forty years, written in various departments of literature — in poetry, the drama, novels, biography, ethics, politics, and books of travels. Whether she has written any one book that will become a standard portion of our literature, is doubtful, but we are indebted to her pen for a number of clever, lively national sketches and anecdotes. She has

fought her way to distinction, self-educated, in the midst of raillery, sarcasm, and vituperation, provoked on the one hand by her careless and bold avowal of liberal opinions on questions of politics and the 'minor morals' of life, and on the other by her ill-concealed worship of the fashions and follies of the great, which has led her democratic friends to pronounce the pretty severe opinion, that 'there is not a pernicious vanity or affectation belonging to tuft-hunting or *modishness*, which she does not labour to confirm and strengthen by precept, sentiment, and her own goodly example.'* If Lady Morgan has not always taste, she has talent; if she has not always delicacy, she speaks boldly and freely; if she has got into the society of the great (the reputation of her writings, like those of Swift, 'doing the office of a blue ribbon or of a coach-and-six'), she has told us all she knows about them. She has been as liberal of satire and sarcasm as of adulation. She has a masculine disregard of common opinion or censure, and a temperament, as she herself states, 'as cheery and genial as ever went to that strange medley of pathos and humour — the Irish character.'"

From "The Book of the Boudoir."

MY FIRST ROUT IN LONDON.

A few days after my arrival in London, and while my little book ("Wild Irish Girl,") was running rapidly through successive editions, I was presented to the countess dowager of C——k, and invited to a rout at her fantastic and pretty mansion in New Burlington Street. Oh, how her Irish historical name tingled on my ears, and seized on my imagination; as that of her great ancestor, "the father of chemistry, and uncle to lord Cork," did on the mind of my old friend, professor Higgens. I was freshly launched from the bogs of the barony of Tireragh, in the province of Connaught, and had dropped at once into the very sanctuary of English *ton*, without time to go through the necessary course of training in manners or milinery, for such an awful transition: so, with no *chaperon* but my incipient notoriety, and actually no toilet but the frock and the flower in which, not many days before, I had danced a jig, on an earthen floor, with an O'Rourke, prince of Brefney, in the county of Leitrim, I stepped into my job-carriage at the hour of ten, and, "all alone by myself" — as the Irish song says —

"To Eden took my solitary way."

What added to my fears, and doubts, and hopes, and embarrassments, was a note from my noble hostess, received at the moment of departure, which ran thus: —

"Every body has been invited expressly to meet the Wild Irish Girl: so she must bring her Irish harp. M. C. O."

I arrived at New Burlington Street without my Irish harp, and with a beating heart; and I heard the high-sounding titles of princes and ambassadors, and dukes and duchesses, announced, long before my own poor plebeian Hibernian name puzzled the porter, and was bandied from footman to footman, as all names are bandied, which are not written down in the red-book of Fashion, nor rendered familiar to the lips of her insolent menials. How I wished myself back in Tireragh with my own princes, the O's and Macs; and yet this position was among the items of my highest ambition! To be sought after by the great, not for any accidental circumstance of birth, rank, or fortune, but simply "*pour les beaux yeux de mon mérite*," was a principal item in the utopia of my youthful fancy. I endeavoured to recall the fact to mind; but it would not do: and as I ascended the marble stairs, with their gilt balustrade, I was agitated by emotions similar to those which drew from my countryman, Maurice Quill, his frank exclamation in the heat of the battle of Vittoria, "Oh, I wish some one of my greatest enemies was kicking me down Dame street!"

Lady C——k met me at the door of that suite of apartments which opens with a brilliant boudoir, and terminates with a sombre conservatory, where eternal twilights fall upon fountains of rose-water which never dry, and on beds of flowers which never fade, — where singing birds are always silent, and butterflies are for once at rest.

"What, no harp, Glorvina?" said her ladyship.

"Oh, Lady C——!"

"Oh, Lady Fiddlestick!—you are a fool, child; you don't know your own interests. Here, James, William, Thomas, send one of the chairmen to Stanhope street, for Miss Owenson's harp.

Led on by Dr. Johnson's celebrated "little Dunce," and Boswell's "*divine Maria*," who kindly and protectingly drew my arm through hers, I was at once merged into that mob of *élégantes* and *élégants*, who always prefer narrow door-ways for incipient flirtations, to the clear stage and fair play of the centre of a saloon. As we stood wedged on the threshold of fashion, my dazzled eyes rested for a moment on a strikingly sullen-looking, handsome creature, whose boyish person was distinguished by an air of singularity, which seemed to vibrate between hauteur and shyness. He stood with his arms crossed, and alone, occupying a corner near the door; and though in the brilliant bustling crowd, was "not of it."

"How do, Lord Byron?" said a pretty sprite of fashion, as she glided her spirituality through a space, which might have proved too narrow for one of Leslie Forster's demi-semi souls to pass through.

Lord Byron! All "*les braves Birons*" of French and English chivalry rushed to my mind, at the sound of the historical name! But I was then ignorant, that its young and beautiful inheritor was to give it greater claims on the admiration of posterity, than the valiant *preux* of France, or the loyal cavaliers of England, had yet bestowed on it. For fame travels slowly in our Barony of Tireragh; and though Lord Byron had already made his first step in that career which ended in the triumph of his brilliant and powerful genius over all his contemporaries, *I* had got no further

* Westminster Review, October, 1829.

in the article Byron, than the "*pends-toi, brave Biron,*" of *Henri Quatre.*

After a stand and a stare of some seconds, I was pushed on—and, on reaching the centre of the conservatory, I found myself suddenly pounced upon a sort of rustic seat by Lady C——k, whose effort to detain me on this very uneasy pre-eminence, resembled Lingo's remonstrance of "keep your temper, great Rusty-fusty;" for I too was treated *en princesse* (the princess of *Coolavin*), and denied the civilized privileges of sofa or chair, which were not in character with the habits of a "Wild Irish Girl." So there I sat, "*patience per force with wilful choler meeting,*" the lioness of the night! exhibited and shown off like "the beautiful hyena that never was tamed," of Exeter 'Change, looking almost as wild, and feeling quite as savage!

* * * * *

I shall never forget the cordiality with which, upon this memorable occasion, Lady C——k presented me to all that was then most illustrious for rank and talent in England; even though the manner savoured, perhaps, something too much of the Duchess de la Ferté's style of protection, on a similar occasion, "*Allons, Mademoiselle, parlez—vous allez voir comme elle parle;*" for if the manner was not exactly conformable to the dignity of the princess of *Coolavin,* the motive rendered all excusable; and I felt with the charming *protégée* of the French duchesse, that "so many whimsical efforts proceeded merely from a desire to bring me forward."

Presenting me to each and all of the splendid crowd, which an idle curiosity, easily excited, and as soon satisfied, had gathered round us, she prefaced every introduction with a little exordium, which seemed to amuse every one but its subject. "Lord Erskine, this is the 'Wild Irish Girl,' whom you are so anxious to know. I assure you, she talks quite as well as she writes. Now, my dear, do tell my Lord Erskine some of those Irish stories you told us the other evening at Lord C——ville's. Fancy yourself *en petit comité,* and take off the Irish brogue. Mrs. Abingdon says you would make a famous actress, she does indeed! You must play the short-armed orator with her; she will be here by-and-by. This is the duchess of St. A——; she has your 'Wild Irish Girl' by heart. Where is Sheridan? Do, my dear Mr. T——; (this is Mr. T——, my dear—geniuses should know each other)—do, my dear Mr. T——, find me Mr. Sheridan. Oh! here he is! what! you know each other already; *tant mieux.* This is Lord Carysfort. Mr. Lewis, do come forward; that is Monk Lewis, my dear, of whom you have heard so much—but you must not read his works, they are very naughty. But here is one, whose works I know you have read. What, you know him too!" It was the Hon. William Spenser, whose "Year of Sorrow," was then drawing tears from all the brightest eyes in England, while his wit and his pleasantry cheered every circle he distinguished by his presence.

Lewis, who stood staring at me through his eye-glass, backed out at this exhibition, and disappeared. "Here are two ladies," continued her ladyship, "whose wish to know you is very flattering, for they are wits themselves, *l'esprit de Mortemar,* true N——'s. You don't know the value of this introduction. You know Mr. Gell, so I need not present you, he calls you the Irish Corinne. Your friend Mr. Moore will be here by-and-by. I have collected 'all the talents' for you. Do see, somebody, if Mr. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons are come yet; and find me Lady Hamilton. Now pray tell us the scene at the Irish baronet's in the rebellion, that you told to the ladies of Llangollen; and then give us your blue stocking dinner at Sir Richard Phillips's; and describe us the Irish priests. Here is your countryman, Lord L——k, he will be your bottle holder."

Lord L——k volunteered his services. The circle now began to widen—wits, warriors, peers, ministers of state. The harp was brought forward, and I attempted to play; but my howl was funereal; I was ready to cry in character, but endeavoured to laugh, and to cover out my real timidity by an affected ease, which was both awkward and impolitic. The best coquetry of the young and inexperienced is a frank exhibition of its own unsophisticated feelings—but this is a secret learned too late.

GOOD MOTHERS.

That which the woman is, the mother will be; and her personal qualities will direct and govern her maternal instinct, as her taste will influence her appetite. If she be prejudiced and ignorant, the *good mother* will mismanage her children; and if she be violent in temper and vehement in opinion, the good mother will be petulant and unjust towards them: if she be inconsistent and capricious, she will alternate between fits of severity and bursts of indulgence, equally fatal: if she be vain, and coquettish, and selfish, she may be fond of her children through her pride, but she will always be ready to sacrifice their enjoyments, and even their interests, to the triumphs of her own vanity, or the gratification of her egotism.

The perfection of motherhood lies, therefore, in the harmonious blending of a happy instinct, with those qualities which make the good member of general society—with good sense and information with subdued or regulated passions, and that abnegation which lays every selfish consideration at the feet of duty. To make a good mother, it is not sufficient to seek the happiness of the child, but to seek it with foresight and effect. Her actions must be regulated by long-sighted views, and steadily and perseveringly directed to that health of the body and of the mind, which can alone enable the objects of her solicitude to meet the shocks and rubs of life with firmness, and to maintain that independence, in practice and principle, which sets the vicissitudes of fortune at defiance, fitting its possessor to fill the various stations, whether of wealth or poverty, of honour or obscurity, to which chance may conduct him.

This is my idea of the duties of maternity, and

of the perfection of that most perfect creature — a good mother. I know it is not everybody's idea, and that there is another *beau idéal* of maternity which is much more prevalent.

There is the good mother, that spends half her life in hugging, flattering, and stuffing her child, till, like the little Dalia-lama of Thibet, he thinks he has come into the world for no other purpose than to be adored like a god, and crammed like a capon. This is the good mother, who, in her fondness, is seen watching anxiously, after a long late dinner, for the entrance of the little victim which she has dressed up for sacrifice, and whose vigils are prolonged beyond its natural strength, that it may partake of the poisonous luxuries in the last service of the feast of ceremony, till the fever of over-excitement mounts to its cheek, sparkles in the eye, and gives incoherency to its voluble nonsense; an excitement to be followed not by the deep and dreamless sleep of infancy, but by the restless slumbers and fearful visions of indigestion. Alas for the mother and for the child! and alas for the guests called upon for their quota of admiration upon such melancholy occasions, — such terrible exhibitions of human vanity and human weakness, counteracting the finest instincts of human nature!

From "Woman and her Master."

WOMEN IN ASIA.

It is an awful and heart-rending act to raise the dark curtain which hangs before "the sanctuary of women" throughout the great continent of Asia, and to penetrate the domestic holds of those vain-glorious nations which arrogate to themselves the precedence in creation, and date their power and their policy from eras anterior to the written records of more civilized communities. In these states, on whose condition the passage of some thousands of years has imposed no change, and in which the sufferings of one half the species have awakened no sympathy, may be discovered the most graphic illustrations of the tyranny of man, and of the degradation of woman. There the sexes, in their mutual relations, are still where the earliest necessities of the species first placed them; perpetuating, by their false position, the barbarous rudiments of primeval society. The sin of polygamy, still unredeemed in the East, dries up the fountains of human sensibility, and crushes every better impulse of feeling, — annihilating even the hope of political liberty, and leaving the wisest legislative reformer, at best, but a happy accident, if not an anomaly and a discord.

In the Zenana of the modern Hindoo, woman is still reared the slave of the most frightful superstition, — the victim of the most selfish institutes which man has yet devised. Frail, her infidelity to her lord is punished by a living burial; faithful, her constancy is rewarded by a place on his funeral pyre; her life and death, alike a violence to nature, an outrage to society, and a mortifying evidence of the incapacity of some races for improvement and reform.

WOMEN IN CHINA.

But there is a pompous and a pedantic land, which boasts supremacy in wisdom and in science from an epoch anterior to all human record, save its own — China, the land of many letters, of many lanterns, and of few ideas. Peopled by the long-eared, elliptic-eyed, flat-nosed, olive-coloured, Mongolian race, it offers a population singularly deficient in intellectual physiognomy; though, to its absurd ugliness, the women of the higher classes occasionally offer striking exceptions.

In China, polygamy prevails virtually, if not by name; and the sovereign, self-imprisoned in his golden-roofed palace, with his one empress, six queens, and three hundred (or, if he please, three thousand) concubines, reflects, on the great scale, the domestic establishment of those among his subjects whose wealth may permit the irrational indulgence of their passion or their pride. The female slave, who, at the head of a band of inferior slaves, is dignified with the name of superior, (adequate to that of wife,) who has been purchased with gold, may be returned, if on trial not approved, is not deemed worthy to eat at her master's table. Crippled from her cradle, morally and physically, ignorant of any one of the many thousand letters of her husband's alphabet, referred to the futile amusements of infancy for all resource against utter tedium, to dress and to smoke are her highest pleasures; and to totter on the flat roof of her golden cage, her sole privilege. She, too, feeble and imbecile as she is, is outraged in the only feeling that nature may have rescued from the wreck of man's oppression; for the Chinese wife, like the odalisque of Turkey, yields up her offspring a sacrifice to the murderous policy of her master.

If such is the destiny of the lady of the celestial empire, the woman of the middle and lower classes submits to a yet severer fate. She it is who feeds and rears the silk-worm, with an attention to details of which the female organization is so pre-eminently capable; she reels the produce, and works and weaves the silk. It is the woman, too, who cultivates the most tender tea-plants, and whose delicate fingers are alone fitted to roll the finer tea-leaf. Having thus furnished her quota to the common means of national wealth, she also works that exquisite gold and silver filagree, and prepares those gorgeous adornments, in which imperial vanity delights to adorn the ponderous and puerile divine-righted ruler of the celestial empire.

Descending yet lower in the social chain, the female peasant of China presents a still more extraordinary example of plodding industry. Exposed to the inclemency of the seasons, with the infant tied to her back, which she may have rescued from the wild beast, or from the devouring wave, she ploughs, sows, reaps, and performs the thousand offices of toil and drudgery attached to the cultivation of the soil, from which she derives so little benefit and enjoyment. Denied, too, all moral rights, she incurs, nevertheless, a fatal responsibility for her husband's delinquencies;

and suffers death with him, as his dependent, for crimes in which she could have no moral participation. The natural death of her husband gives her over to the family, who, to recover the money expended in her purchase, may re-sell her to the highest bidder, while her own is very frequently the work of her own hand. Suicide, it is asserted, is of frequent occurrence among the Chinese females of the lowest classes; and well may they seek death, to whom, from the cradle to the tomb, life holds forth not one solitary good.

MOTT, LUCRETIA,

Widely known for her philanthropy, and distinguished as a preacher among her own sect of "Friends," or "Quakers," is a native of the island of Nantucket, Mass. Her parents were Thomas and Anna Coffin; the latter, born Folger, was related to Dr. Franklin. Lucretia was in childhood instructed to make herself useful to her mother, who, in the absence of her husband, had the charge of his mercantile affairs. In 1804, when Lucretia was about eleven years old, her parents removed to Boston, where she had the advantage of attending one of the public schools. At the age of thirteen, she was sent to a "Friends' boarding-school," in the State of New York, where she remained three years, during the last year being employed as an assistant teacher; which shows how great her proficiency and faithfulness must have been. Her parents had, meantime, removed to Philadelphia; there she joined them, and at the age of eighteen was married to James Mott, who also belonged to the "Society of Friends," and subsequently entered into mercantile partnership with her father. Thus early was Mrs. Mott settled in life; and it is but justice to her to state, that she has been attentive to discharge well the womanly duties devolved on her—has been the mother of six children, five of whom are living, and do credit to their mother's forming care. She has also, in the chances and changes of an American merchant's life, been called to help her husband in the support of their family; and she did it, as a good wife does, willingly, with her whole heart. But these duties did not engross all her time; her active mind, directed and developed by the peculiar teachings of her sect, took a wider range than has yet been usual with her sex. We do not agree with her in religious sentiment; nor can we commend her manner of teaching as an example to be followed by American women. But we do believe she is conscientiously sincere and earnest in her endeavours to do good; and therefore we will give extracts from a letter of hers, embodying the views of faith and duty which have governed her life:

"I always loved the good, often in childhood desired to do the right, and prayed for strength to overcome or regulate a naturally quick or hasty temper. The religion of my education—that the obedience of faith to manifested duty ensured salvation—commended itself to my understanding and conscience. The doctrine of human depravity was not taught as an essential of the Christian's creed. The free agency of man was inculcated; and any departure from the right was ascribed to wilful disobedience of the teachings of the *light within us*.

"The numerous evils in the world were traced to this source. My sympathy was early enlisted for the poor slave, by the reading-books in our schools, depicting his wrongs and sufferings, and the pictures and representations by Thomas Clarkson, exhibiting the slave-ship, the middle passage, &c. The ministry of Elias Hicks and others on this subject, as well as their example in refusing the products of the unrequited bondman's labour, awakened a strong feeling in my heart.

"The unequal condition of woman with man also early impressed my mind. Learning, while at school, that the charge for the education of girls was the same as that for boys, and that, when they became teachers, women received only half as much as men for their services, the injustice of this distinction was so apparent, that I resolved to claim for my sex all that an impartial Creator had bestowed, which, by custom and a perverted application of the Scriptures, had been wrested from woman.

"At twenty-five years of age, surrounded with a little family and many cares, I still felt called to a more public life of devotion to duty, and engaged in the ministry in our Society. I received every encouragement from those in authority, until the event of a separation among us in 1827, when my convictions led me to adhere to the sufficiency of the *light within*, resting on "truth as authority," rather than "taking authority for truth." I searched the Scriptures daily, and often found the text would bear a wholly different construction from that which was pressed upon our acceptance.

"Being a non-conformist to the ordinances and rituals of the professed Church, duty led me to hold up the insufficiency of all these, including Sabbath-day observance, as the proper test of the Christian character, and that only 'he that *doeth* righteousness is righteous.'

"The practical life, then, being the highest evidence of a sound faith, I have felt a far greater interest in the moral movements of our age, than in any theological discussion.

"I hailed the Temperance Reform in its beginning in Massachusetts, watched its progress with much interest, was delighted with the fidelity of its advocates, and for more than twenty years I have practised total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks.

"The cause of Peace has had a share of my efforts, taking the ultra non-resistance ground—that a Christian cannot consistently uphold, and actively support, a government based on the sword, or whose ultimate resort is to the destroying weapon.

"The oppression of the working classes by existing monopolies, and the lowness of wages, especially of women, has often engaged my attention; and I have held and attended meetings with this class of society, and heard their appeals with heartfelt compassion, and with heartfelt desire for a radical change—that systems by which the rich

are made richer, and the poor poorer, should find no favour among people professing to 'fear God and hate covetousness.' Hence, the various associations and communities tending to greater equality of condition—'a home for all,' &c.—have had from me a hearty God speed."

In 1840, the "World's Anti-Slavery Convention' was held in London. Several of the American delegates were women, among whom was Lucretia Mott. No doubt she was the most able of all who were sent, and much was expected from her eloquence; but the English abolitionists had not reformed their old views of the sexes; they would not admit American women, any more than their own, on the platform. This brought what is termed "the woman question"—that is, the inherent right of the female to an equal participation with the male sex in all social, political, and religious offices—more into view.

Mrs. Mott advocates the doctrine of perfect equality of rights, if not of duties. These views form the distinctive character in her discourses, though it is but just to her to add that her language is mild, and her manners gentle and unassuming. As a preacher among her own order—the Hicksite or Unitarian Quakers—she is more widely celebrated than any other, of either sex, in the United States. She has a natural gift of speech; her sermons *sound* better than they *read*, because her persuasive manner prevents the listener from noticing the fallacies of her reasoning, so easily detected in her printed productions. These consist of "Speeches" and "Sermons," published in newspapers, chiefly; one "Sermon to Medical Students" is printed in pamphlet form, and so also is her "Discourse on Woman," delivered in Philadelphia, December 17th, 1849.

We admire her talents, but must express our profound regret that an American woman should lend her influence to infidelity! How strange Mrs. Mott, with her intelligence and sagacity, does not perceive that the religion of the Bible is the only source of strength for woman, and that, where its requirements are most fully observed by men, there our sex rises highest in esteem and honour.

The observance of one day in seven as a sacred duty is the exponent of revealed religion, because it testifies the faith of men in the Bible, and also their submission to its divine authority. By this authority, and no other, moral virtue is placed in the ascendant. Woman rises only by moral power. Abolish the Sabbath, and one of the main pillars of her security and influence would be stricken down. Look over the world where the Sabbath is not hallowed, and mark the state of the female sex—everywhere defiled, despised, degraded! Does "the light within"—does human reason teach the equality of the sexes, or make the stronger yield the way to the weaker? Look again—over those nations professing Christianity, yet devoting half of the Lord's Day to the service of the world. Are not the condition and powers of the women considered exceedingly inferior to those of men, wherever physical force rules the people? Neither civil nor religious freedom exist but in the two nations which most strictly observe the Lord's Day; and the Protestant people of Great Britain and America may safely trust the comparison between their condition and that of the anti-Sabbath-keeping world to show the wisdom of their course.

It is the sacred province of woman to guard the light of Christianity, and uphold the divine authority of the Bible; by these only her position is elevated, and her soul finds its true sphere—that of doing good. These cardinal truths, it seems, Mrs. Mott has not yet discovered. In her "Discourse on Woman," she says—

"Let woman then go on—not asking as favour, but claiming as right, the removal of all the hindrances to her elevation in the scale of being—let her receive encouragement for the proper cultivation of all her powers, so that she may enter profitably into the active business of life; employing her own hands in ministering to her necessities, strengthening her physical being by proper exercise and observance of the laws of health. Let her not be ambitious to display a fair hand, and to promenade the fashionable streets of our city; but rather, coveting earnestly the best gifts, let her strive to occupy such walks in society as will befit her true dignity in all the relations of life. No fear that she will then transcend the proper limits of female delicacy. True modesty will be as fully preserved in acting out those important vocations to which she may be called, as in the nursery or at the fireside, ministering to man's self-indulgence.

"Then, in the marriage union, the independence of the husband and wife will be equal, their dependence mutual, and their obligations reciprocal."

It is evident that Mrs. Mott places the "true dignity of woman" in her ability to do "man's work," and to become more and more like him. What a degrading idea; as though the worth of porcelain should be estimated by its resemblance to iron! Does she not perceive that, in estimating physical and mental ability above moral excellence, she sacrifices her own sex, who can never excel in those industrial pursuits which belong to life in this world? Woman has the hope of a "better inheritance, even a heavenly," in her keeping; to raise humanity towards the angelic is her office. The most "important vocation" on earth is that of the mother in her nursery. The true wife has a ministry more holy at home than the pulpit ever displayed; for she, "by her chaste conversation, coupled with fear"—(that is, piety, with gentleness and humility)—may convert and save her husband when the preacher fails.

In short, the theories of Mrs. Mott would disorganize society; but nature is more potent than her reasoning. The gentle sex are endowed with the faith and hope which things of this life cannot satisfy. Woman's "best gifts" are employed to promote goodness and happiness among those whose minds take their tone from her private character. Measured by this standard, Mrs. Mott deserves an estimation higher than her public displays of talent or philanthropy have ever won.

MOWATT, ANNA CORA,

Was born in France. Her father, Mr. Ogden, was a wealthy and highly respected citizen of New York. On her mother's side, she is descended from Francis Lewis, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Ogden having involved his fortune in the well-known Miranda expedition, embarked in mercantile business, which obliged him to remove to Bordeaux, where he resided several years. He was the father of seventeen children, of whom Mrs. Mowatt was the tenth. These young people possessed histrionic talent in a remarkable degree, which developed itself during this residence in France. The fine old chateau in which they resided, a short distance from the town, possessed, as many of those old French houses do, a little theatre, and it was here that they early began to exercise their talents.

When Anna was about six years old, Mr. Ogden returned to his native land. The children, however, continued to pursue their theatrical amusements, and the little Anna became remarkable for her skill in reading aloud. At thirteen, she was an insatiable reader. Among other works, she studied a great number of French plays, altering several of Voltaire's for private theatricals, in which she took a part. When scarcely more than fourteen, she attracted the attention of Mr. Mowatt, a wealthy lawyer of New York, a visitor in her father's family, who soon after proposed for her. The proposal was accepted by all parties, her father stipulating that the marriage should be deferred till Anna had attained her seventeenth year.

Meanwhile, the youthful *fiancée* continued her studies, attending school as formerly. Domestic clouds, however, soon began to darken, as is proverbially the case, around this "course of true love." There was some danger of the match being broken off, and to prevent any further difficulty, an elopement was decided upon. This was effected during the bustle and confusion attending the preparations for a play, which the young people were to act, in honour of their father's birth-day. The youthful bride was soon pardoned and received by her affectionate parents; her husband's residence, a fine estate about four miles from New York, allowing her still, from its near neighbourhood, to form a part of the family circle. Here, surrounded by wealth and every indulgence, Mrs. Mowatt continued her studies with untiring ardour, devoting herself principally to the study of French, Spanish and music, and never turned aside from these important occupations by the calls made upon her by society, which her social accomplishments rendered her so well fitted to adorn. During the first two years of her married life she published her first works, two volumes of poems, which, however, do not possess more merit than belongs to the ordinary run of juvenile productions. She occasionally exercised her skill in writing and arranging little dramatic pieces for private performance, which amusements lent their aid in embellishing this brilliant period of her life.

Mrs. Mowatt's health now began to decline—great fears were entertained of consumption—and a voyage to Europe was decided upon. Mr. Mowatt's professional engagements preventing his leaving New York, she accompanied some members of her family abroad. She remained in Bremen three months, when, being joined by her husband, they repaired to Paris. Here, where they had every opportunity of mingling in the most influential society of that gay and intelligent capital, she found time for study. She devoted herself to the acquirement of the Italian language, and wrote a play, in five acts, called "Gulzare, or the Persian Slave," which was afterwards published, though originally written for a private circle. After an absence of a year and a half, they returned to the United States; soon after which, clouds began to darken over their once prosperous career. In consequence of Mr. Mowatt's residence abroad, and partly from an affection of the eyes, he gave up his profession of the law, and embarked to a considerable extent in commercial speculations. Unfortunately, very soon after, one of those commercial crises occurred that convulse the whole mercantile world, and ruin, which it was impossible to avert, was impending over them. The weakness of his eyes prevented Mr. Mowatt from returning to his profession, and they were without resource.

Some time before these domestic events occurred, dramatic readings had met with great success in various cities of the Union. Mrs. Mowatt had heard these readings, and when their misfortunes fell upon them, the idea of turning her own talents to account in the same manner occurred to her. She had many difficulties to contend with in taking such a step. The injustice of society, which degrades woman in the social scale, if by her own honourable exertions she endeavours to labour for money, would operate against her, and of course influence her friends to oppose a project which must bring her before the public almost in the character of a dramatic performer. The consent of her husband being obtained however, she quietly made all the arrangements for her first

attempt, which was to take place in Boston, delaying to inform her father of the step she contemplated, till her departure for that city. She had, however, the happiness to receive his full approval before her first appearance. Her success in Boston far exceeded her expectations; and in Providence and New York, where she continued her readings, it was confirmed. Mrs. Mowatt suffered much from the disapprobation expressed by her friends at her having undertaken this public career, which was deemed by them a degradation—a forfeiture of caste. Her health gave way, and for two years she was a confirmed invalid.

About this time, Mr. Mowatt became principal partner in a publishing concern, and the whole force of Mrs. Mowatt's mind was turned to aid him. Under the name of Helen Berkley, she wrote a series of articles which became very popular, and were translated into German and republished in London. The success of these productions induced Mrs. Mowatt to write in her own name; and "she was accused by a wise critic of copying the witty Helen Berkley!" Her desultory writings were numerous and various. Unfortunately, the publishing business in which Mr. Mowatt was engaged proved unsuccessful, and new trials came upon them.

Being told that nothing would be so productive as dramatic writings, Mrs. Mowatt, in 1845, wrote her first comedy, called "Fashion," which was brought out with much splendour at the Park Theatre, New York. Its success was brilliant; and in Philadelphia it was performed with equal eclât. In less than two months after, she accepted the offer of an engagement from the manager of the Park Theatre, and made her debût in New York in the Lady of Lyons. Her success was complete, and her vocation was decided upon.

After a series of profitable engagements in the principal cities of the Union, Mr. and Mrs. Mowatt embarked for England; and in December, 1847, she made her first appearance before a foreign audience in Manchester. Her success was such, that a London engagement at the Princess's Theatre followed, where she performed for several weeks. A brilliant engagement in Dublin was soon after completed; since which time, her professional career continued to be successful in England, till interrupted by the loss of her husband, who died in London, in February, 1851. Mrs. Mowatt is slight and graceful in form, with a lovely countenance possessing all the principal requisites of beauty. In character she is "brave-hearted in adversity; benevolent, unselfish, and devoted."

NEAL, ALICE BRADLEY,

Was born in Hudson, New York, and was educated chiefly at a seminary for young ladies, in New Hampshire. In 1846, she was married to Mr. Joseph C. Neal, of Philadelphia, at that time editor of Neal's Saturday Gazette, a man highly esteemed for his intellectual abilities, and warmly beloved for his personal qualities. Being left a widow a few months after her marriage, Mrs. Neal, although very young, was entrusted with the editorship of her husband's paper, which she has

since conducted, in connection with Mr. Peterson, with remarkable ability, The Saturday Gazette continuing one of the most popular weekly papers of the city. She is principally known, as yet, as a contributor of tales and poems to the different periodicals of the day. In 1850, some of her writings were collected in one volume, under the title of "The Gossips of Rivertown; with Sketches in Prose and Verse." Mrs. Neal seems to have been endowed by nature with peculiar abilities for the sphere in which she has, by Providence, been placed. She began to write when quite a child; and in all her works she shows great facility in the use of her pen, a keen appreciation of the beautiful, and an almost intuitive penetration into the half-concealed springs that actuate the intercourse of society. Yet it is as a poetess, rather than a prose writer, that she will be chiefly admired, if we may judge of the ripened fruit by the fair blossoms of the early spring. The easy and harmonious flow of her verses, and the tenderness and feeling expressed in them, will make them always read and admired. In that most important literary department, writing books which children love to read and gain wisdom from reading, Mrs. Neal excels; her two charming little books, "Helen Morton's Trial" and "Pictures from the Bible," are deservedly popular.

From "Poems."

THE BRIDE'S CONFESSION.

A sudden thrill passed through my heart,
Wild and intense — yet not of pain —
I strove to quell quick, bounding throbs,
And scanned the sentence o'er again.
It might have been most idly penned
By one whose thoughts from love were free.
And yet, as if entranced, I read,
"Thou art most beautiful to me."

Thou did'st not whisper I was dear —
There were no gleams of tenderness,
Save those my trembling heart *would* hope
That careless sentence might express.
But while the blinding tears fell fast,
Until the words I scarce could see,
There shone, as through a wreathing mist,
"Thou art most beautiful to me."

To thee! I cared not for all eyes,
So I was beautiful in thine;
A timid star, my faint, sad beams
Upon *thy* path alone would shine.
Oh, what was praise, save from thy lips —
And love should all unheeded be,
So I could hear thy blessed voice
Say — "Thou art beautiful to me."

And I *have heard* those very words —
Blushing beneath thine earnest gaze —
Though thou, perchance, had'st quite forgot
They had been said in by-gone days.
While clasped hand, and circling arm,
Drew me still nearer unto thee,
Thy low voice breathed upon mine ear,
"Thou, love, art beautiful to me."

And, dearest, though thine eyes alone
May see in me a single grace,
I care not, so thou e'er can'st find
A hidden sweetness in my face.
And if, as years and cares steal on,
Even that lingering light must flee,
What matter! if from thee I hear,
"Thou art *still* beautiful to me!"

OLD LETTERS.

Through her tears she gazed upon them,
Records of that brief, bright dream!
And she clasped them closer — closer —
For a message they would seem
Coming from the lips now silent —
Coming from a hand now cold,
And she felt the same emotion
They had thrilled her with of old:

Blended with a holy grieving —
Blended with a throbbing pain —
For she knew the hand had penned them
Might not clasp her own again.
And she felt the desolation
That had fallen on her heart;
Bitter memories thronged around her,
Bitter murmurs would upstart.

She had waited for their coming,
She had kissed them o'er and o'er —
And they were so fondly treasured
For the words of love they bore,
Words that whispered in the silence,
She had listened till *his tone*
Seemed to linger in the echo,
"Darling, thou art all mine own!"

Faster still the tears came falling
Through her white and wasted hands,
Where the marriage ring — the widow's —
Linked their slender golden bands.
Sobs half stifled still were struggling
Through her pale and parted lips;
Oh, her beauty with life's brightness
Suffered a most drear eclipse!

Slowly folding, how she lingered
O'er the words his hands had traced!
Though the plashing drops had fallen,
And the faint lines half effaced.
"Gone for ever — oh, *for ever!*"
Murmur'd she, with wailing cry —
Ah, too true, for through the silence
Came no voice to give reply.

It is passed. The sob is stifled —
Quivering lips are wreathed with smiles,
Mocking with their strange deceiving,
Watchful love she thus beguiles —
With the thought that o'er her spirit
Sorrow's shadow scarce is thrown;
For those letters have a message
To her heart, and hers alone.

THE DAY OF REST.

"When will the Sabbath be gone, that we may set forth wheat. — *Amos* viii. 5.

What! give one day, from dawn to eve,
To worship and to prayer!
Lay down all plans of worldly gain,
All worldly hope and care?
Thy creed is strait as Pharisee —
Our years too quickly fly —
For, saith the wise man, "eat and drink,
To-morrow ye may die."

So Pleasure turns with mocking smile,
And Thrift goes hurrying on,
While cold Formality, though mute,
Wishes the hours were gone.
The earth a softer smile may wear,
The very brutes rejoice,
And only from the heart of man
Ascends no grateful voice.

Why was this day so sanctified?
That from thy faltering tongue
A heartless prayer might struggle forth,
Reluctant praise be wrung?
Oh mite! oh worm of dust and death!
Thine adulation dies,
A note scarce heard where ever rings
The pæan of the skies.

Think of the choral strains that swell
That glad triumphal song,
"Glory, and might, and majesty
To thee our God belong."
The stars are trembling in the flood
Of melody that thrills
Onward and upward, till all space
The glorious anthem fills!

Nay, not for this the seal was set
That marks the day of rest —
For thine, and not thy Maker's good,
Its hallowed hours were blest.
He knows thy murmurs, ere it comes
To win thee from thy care,
And marks how grudgingly are paid
Thy tithes of praise and prayer.

Oh restless, grasping, sordid heart!
Rather give praise to Heaven
That all thy schemes to toil and reap
This day from thee are riven.
Thy pulse shall beat more free and calm
For Sabbath rest and peace,
That woos thee gently towards the home
Where Sabbaths never cease.

From Dedication of "The Gossips of Rivertown," &c.

TO THE MOTHER OF JOSEPH C. NEAL.

As Ruth, of old, wrought in her kinsman's field —
From the uneven stubble patiently,
Gathering the corn full hands had lavish'd free.
Nor paused from sun, or air, her brow to shield —
So have I gleaned, where others boldly reap:
Their sickles flashing through the ripen'd grain,
Their voices swelling in a harvest strain.
Go on before me up the toilsome steep.
And thus I bind my sheaf at even-tide
For thee, my more than mother! and I come
Bearing my burden to the quiet home
Where thou did'st welcome me, a timid bride;
Where now thy blessed presence, day by day,
Cheereth me onward in a lonely way.

NICHOLS, MARY SARGEANT GOVE-

Wife of T. L. Nichols, M. D., formerly an Allopathic physician in the city of New York, where he is now an eminent "Water Cure" practitioner, with whom she is in profession associated. Before her marriage with Dr. Nichols, which took place in 1848, she conducted with great success a Water Cure establishment in that city, and was widely known as Mrs. Gove—her name by a former marriage — the physician for her own sex.

Few, among living women, deserve more respect than Mrs. Gove-Nichols; she has, in her own example, illustrated the beneficial results of knowledge to her sex, the possibility of success under the greatest difficulties, and above all, the importance that women, as well as men, should have an aim in life,—the high and holy aim of doing good.

Mrs. Gove-Nichols, whose maiden name was Neal, was born in 1810; her native place was Goffstown, State of New Hampshire, where her early years were passed. The advantages of education for girls were at that time very limited, and Mary Neal was not in a favoured position to secure even these. But she had an ardent desire to acquire knowledge, and become useful; and Providence, as she believes, aided her fervent wish. When a young girl, chance threw in her way a copy of Bell's Anatomy; she studied it in secret, and received that bias towards medical science which decided her destiny. Every medical book she could obtain she read, and when these were taken from her, she turned her attention to French and Latin, — good preliminary studies for her profession, though she did not then know it.

When about eighteen years of age, she commenced writing for newspapers; these poems, stories, and essays, are only of importance as showing the activity of her genius, which then, undeveloped and without an aim, was incessantly striving upward. Soon after her marriage with Mr. Gove, a work fell in her way* which gave the true impulse to her ardent temperament. We will give the account in Mrs. Gove's own words, premising that, at about the same time she read the works of Dr. John Mason Good, and her attention was particularly arrested by his remarks on the use of water; and from his writings, and the Book of Health, which she read during the year 1832, she became convinced of the efficacy of cold water in curing diseases.

"My warrant for this practice," she says, "was obtained wholly from these books. It was not till years afterwards, that I heard of Preissnitz and Water Cure, as I now practise it. From this time I was possessed with a passion for anatomical, physiological, and pathological study. I could never explain the reason of this intense feeling to myself or others; all I know is, that it took possession of me, and mastered me wholly; it supported me through efforts that would otherwise have been to me inconceivable and insupportable. I am naturally timid and bashful; few would be likely to believe this who only see my doings without being acquainted with me. But timid as I was, I sought assistance from scientific and professional men. I went through museums of morbid specimens that, but for my passion for knowledge, would have filled me with horror. I looked on dissections till I could see a woman or child dissected with far more firmness than I could now look upon the killing of an animal for food. My industry and earnestness were commensurate, notwithstanding my health was far from being firm. I had innumerable difficulties to contend against. When I am dead, these may be told for the encouragement of others — not till then. When I retired to rest at night, I took my books with me: the last minute I could keep awake was devoted to study, and the first light that was sufficient, was improved in learning the mysteries of our wonderful mechanism. My intense desire to learn seemed to make every one willing to help me who had knowledge to impart. Kindness from the medical profession, and the manifestation of a helpful disposition towards my undertakings, were every where the rule.

"After my marriage I resided for several years in New Hampshire, and then moved to Lynn, Mass., near Boston. Here I engaged in teaching, and had many more facilities for pursuing my studies than ever before.

"In 1837, I commenced lecturing in my school on anatomy and physiology. I had before this given one or two lectures before a Female Lyceum, formed by my pupils and some of their friends. At first I gave these health lectures, as they were termed, to the young ladies of my school, and their particular friends whom they were allowed to invite, once in two weeks; subsequently, once a week. In the autumn of 1838, I was invited by a society of ladies in Boston to give a course of lectures before them on anatomy and physiology. I gave this course of lectures to a large class of ladies, and repeated it afterward to a much larger number. I lectured pretty constantly for several years after this beginning in Boston. I lectured in Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, New York, New

* Book of Health, published at London, being a sort of Domestic Materia Medica.

Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Ohio, and also on the island of Nantucket. Physicians were uniformly obliging and friendly to me. I do not now recollect but one exception, and this was a 'doctor,' who I believe honestly thought that knowledge was, or would be injurious to women, and therefore he opposed me in my efforts to teach. I have forgotten his name, and I presume the world will do the same. But I have not forgotten, and never can forget, the many who have held out the hand of help to me, and through me to others, for I have never learned selfishly; what I have gained for myself I have gained for others.

"The passion that has possessed me from my first reading on pathology, I consider providential. I believe fully, that I have been set apart from my birth for a peculiar work. I may be called enthusiastic and superstitious for this conviction, but it is mine as much as my life. My ill health, from earliest infancy, the poverty and struggles through which I have passed, and the indomitable desire which I have had to obtain knowledge, all seem to me so many providences. During the time that I studied alone, my enthusiasm never for one moment failed. Day and night, in sickness and in health, the unquenchable desire for knowledge and use burned with undiminished flame. I studied day and night, though all the time I had to labour for bread,—first with my needle, and later with a school.

"It may be said that I was an enthusiast, and that my enthusiasm sustained me. I grant this; but will those who make this assertion define the word enthusiasm? To me it means, as it meant through those many long years, an unfaltering trust in God, and an all-pervading desire to be useful to my fellow-beings. If these constitute religious enthusiasm, then I am an enthusiast."

We can add little of interest to this graphic sketch of Mrs. Gove-Nichols, except to give a selection or two from her latest works, which will show her persevering efforts in the profession she has chosen, rather than her literary merits. Of her remarkable talents, there can be no doubt, nor of her sincerity. Whether she is or is not right, time must determine.

Besides these engrossing medical pursuits, Mrs. Gove found time to continue her literary studies. In 1844, she commenced writing for the Democratic Review; she wrote the "Medical Elective Papers," in the American Review, and was a contributor to Godey's Lady's Book. She prepared her "Lectures to Ladies on Anatomy and Physiology," which work was published by the Harpers in 1844. They also published, about the same time, Mrs. Gove's little novel, "Uncle John, or is it too much trouble," under the *nomme de plume* of Mary Orne, which she assumed when writing fictitious tales. In this way she sent forth "Agnes Norris, or the Heroine of Domestic Life," and "The Two Loves, or Eros and Anteros;" both written in the hurry of overburdened life, and, as might be expected, evincing that the spirit was prompting to every means of active exertion, while the natural strength was not sufficient for all these pursuits.

From "Experience in Water-Cure."

MEDICAL PRACTICE.

It is not my object to attack any school of medicine. I wish to give a very brief history of the principles and practice of the scientific schools of medicine, and also to give some results of my own labours in water-cure.

I know that it is considered, by some, presumption for a woman to come before the public as a physician. It is very unpleasant to some to see long-established customs broken, and long-cherished prejudices set at nought, even when a great good is to be achieved. But this is by no means the only class of persons in the community.

"Upward and onward," is the governing thought and the impelling motive of thousands. To these I speak—to these I bring the results of my investigations and my labours. The thought and the deed commend themselves to such as these with no hindrance from respectable custom or grey-headed prejudice.

In looking over the history of medical science, we find that Allopathy has great claims on our respect. The Allopathic school has always insisted on its professors being educated.

Whatever has been known of anatomy, physiology, and pathology, in the past, has been taught by the Allopathic school; and there is no difference between the professors of Allopathy and Homœopathy in this respect. Both insist on thorough education. Both schools have been laborious in noting the characteristic symptoms of disease, and the effects of what they considered remedies. Perhaps the Homœopathic school has been most earnest and assiduous in this last work; but Homœopathy being of recent date, must rest its claims to our gratitude more on the zeal and minuteness of its observations and discoveries, than on the length of its days, or the voluminousness of its records. The members of the Allopathic profession have differed with regard to the primary cause of disease. Those of the Homœopathic profession, I believe, have been united.

Amongst the Allopathists, one portion have advocated what was termed the Humoral Pathology, and another, the Nervous Pathology. Of all the nervous pathologists, Dr. Billings is clearest. He says, "all diseases have exhausted nervous influence for their cause." He says further,—

"During health, the capillary arteries go on with the work of nutrition and secretion, the muscles are fed, the mucous surfaces are lubricated just enough to prevent any sensation from the substances that pass along them—the serous surfaces are made sufficiently soft to slide upon each other without sensation, and the skin is kept soft by an insensible vapour. All this time, there is another process going on, which is the removal of superfluous matter by the absorbents."

After demonstrating that all these processes are carried on by the nervous energy, Dr. Billings shows by irrefragable argument, that the loss of this energy must produce disease.

Boerhaave seems, in the latter part of his life, to have had a glimpse of this doctrine; indeed,

he admitted the agency of the nervous power. In proof of this, we may mention that in the 755th of his aphorisms, where he lays down the proximate cause of intermitting fevers, he makes a change in the fourth edition. Hitherto it had stood—"Whence, after an accurate examination of the whole history, the proximate cause of intermittents is established to be viscosity of the arterial fluid." To this in the fourth edition is added, "Perhaps, also, the inertia of the nervous fluid as well of the cerebrum as of the cerebellum destined for the heart."

This theory of disease is shadowed in Cullen. According to Cullen, the system is superintended and regulated by a mobile and conservative energy seated in the brain, acting wisely but necessarily for the good of the whole. This energy, he considers to be distinct from the soul, and acting not only for the preservation, but the recovery of health.

Faint traces of this theory of disease may be found in the Brunonian system.

Darwin carries the idea farther, under the name of sensorial fluid. Broussais comes next to Brown with his theory of "organic contractility."

Humoral Pathology asserts, that morbid changes in the blood are the cause of disease.

Homœopathy asserts that psora is the cause of disease.

A little reflection shows that all these statements are true, and that it would be an error for either school to assert that the evil it sees is only the cause of disease.

It is clear, that if all the functions of the system are carried on, and the whole maintained in a state of health by the nervous energy, then if this nervous energy is wasted by any abuse, either by too much labour, too much thought, the domination of passion, or by taking poisonous stimulants, the nervous power, being thus wasted, cannot maintain the system in health. The consequence is disease, and the deposition of morbid matter in the system, which would have been thrown out if the nervous power had been left to do its work.

Thus we see that the observations of nervous and humoral pathologists and homœopathists have all been valuable and truthful.

The practice of both these schools is understood. It is to give as remedies the most virulent poisons known to us.

The extreme minuteness of the doses used by homœopaths, has been a great recommendation to those who have seen the bad effects of allopathic doses, and yet have not lost their faith in medicine.

I have used homœopathic medicine with care and in entire good faith, upon myself and my patients. The result of my trials with it has been to convince me, that though it has been, and is, a great negative good to the world, it has no positive efficacy. But the hygienic rules insisted on by Homœopathists are worthy of all praise.

With regard to allopathy, I must say that I studied it honestly, and because it poisons and oppresses the human constitution with drugs, and debilitates it with bleeding, I consider it one of the greatest evils that now rests upon the civilized world. But I do not attach the blame of this evil to individual practitioners of the art. Monarchy and despotism are bad—gigantic in their badness, but kings and despots may be good men.

These evils have their origin with the people, and our only hope of removing them is in promoting the intelligence of the people.

I maintain that the cause of disease is one—the want of nervous energy. Numerous occasions spring from this cause. In the fact, that diseasing matter is left in the system, not only for years but for generations, is seen the foundation of the assertion of the homœopathic school, that *psora* is the cause of all disease.

The great questions for humanity are, What is the cause of disease? and what remedial treatment is best?

As a water cure physician, I maintain that nervous energy is restored, and morbid matter cast out of the system, by means of the proper application of water cure.

We see that in case of disease, morbid matter must be expelled from the system, and by means of the nervous energy. It becomes important, then, to know whether we shall add to the evil already in the system, and to the labour of the already enfeebled vital energy, the most virulent poisons known to us, and which are called medicines, and thus still farther waste the vital energy by compelling it to strive to expel the poison of the disease and the poison of the medicine at once.

I contend that we can add to the vital power continually, by the water cure.

With regard to the evils of blood-letting, I have only to say in the language of Scripture, "the blood is the life." The regular medical profession is rapidly purifying itself from the heresy of blood-letting, or taking the life of patients.

Majendie, Marshall, Hall, Eberle, and many others, are doing this work, and there is no doubt that the good sense of the community is aiding in it more than physicians or people are aware.

It is impossible to do any justice to the subject of blood-letting in a paragraph, and I shall not therefore attempt it. In my "Lectures to Ladies on Anatomy and Physiology," page 226, some interesting facts and authorities are given. The regular profession of medicine has been, and is, the depository of much knowledge. My hope is, that it will not lag behind the age.

It is known that the faculty bleed less, and give less medicine, and use more water, than formerly. I see no good reason why this reform should not go on progressively with the intelligence and consequent demand of the public.

The greatest men in the profession have sanctioned the use of water. Hippocrates, the father of medicine, used water in his treatment of disease. His works bear testimony to the cure of cramp, convulsions, gout, and tetanus, by water.

Galen, who lived in the second century, cured fever with water only.

Celsus recommends water for the cure of certain diseases.

Boerhaave recommends water to make the body firm and strong.

Hoffman, a contemporary of Boerhaave, wrote on water for the cure of disease. He said if there was a universal medicine, it was water. Hahn also wrote on water cure; and one of the best water cure works was written by Currie, a Fellow of the Royal Society, Liverpool, and published in 1799.

In 1749, Rev. John Wesley published a work on water cure. He gives a list of eighty diseases curable by water.

Dr. Billings and others have had a correct theory of disease. Their error has been in introducing medicines into the system, which they thought increased the nervous or contractile power. The medicines being poison, and recognised as such by the vital organism, have aroused all the energy left in the body to cast them out. The poison has not increased the power, but stimulated what remained, to action, and has thus resulted in still greater waste to the system. Increase of action has been mistaken for increase of power, and the stimulation of poison for the tonic or strengthening effects of medicine.

The frightful effects of various kinds of medicines can hardly be exaggerated. One of the most common is calomel.

Salivation and the destruction of the organs of speech, and of the nose; incurable rheumatisms and paralysis, with rottenness of the bones, have been caused by calomel, and minor ills produced by it are every where. But with regard to the effects of medicines, a volume would not do them justice.

Of homœopathic medicines, I must say, that if I believed in their potency at all, I should believe it an evil potency, because they are the poisons of allopathy. Chalk, charcoal, and cuttle-fish, and several other substances used by the homœopathists, are exceptions. These, surely, cannot do injury. I should not fear to drink the water of Lake Superior, if a few grains of arsenic had been mixed with the whole of it. On the same principle I have never feared homœopathic medicines.

The darkness of this civilized era, with respect to the effects of medicines upon the human system, and the blind faith of even educated people in physicians, is to me one of the most astonishing phenomena in the world. But there is encouragement. Light—more light, is the anxious cry of many.

Some years since, I passed through the Albany Medical College. I saw there human bones that had rotted down under the poison of mercury. I saw tumours, ranged in glass vases, weighing from one to more than twenty pounds. Doctors had doubtless done all they could to cure these diseases. With what they had done, or in spite of it, the victims of ignorance and abuse had died. Knowledge would have saved them from sufferings which cannot be described, and from premature death. When I saw these things, and many more that I cannot speak of, in that College, a devotion to woman—to the work of spreading light on the subject of health and disease, was kindled in my heart, that death only can quench.

I felt then that I would lay myself on the altar, and be burned with fire, if woman could be saved from the darkness of ignorance, and the untold horrors of her diseases.

GENERAL VIEW OF MY PRACTICE AND SUCCESS.

In 1843, I obtained books from England on the Water Cure, and much practical information from Henry Gardner Wright, an English gentleman, who spent some time in this country during that year. He brought several works on Water Cure, and being in bad health, he applied the water in his own case successfully at my father's house, where he remained some months. The books that he brought, the accounts that he gave me of Priessnitz' practice, and Water Cure practitioners in England, and his application of water in his own case, added to my practical knowledge and conviction on the subject, removed the last remnant of my faith in drugs, and induced me to practise water cure alone in every case that came under my care. I soon saw what qualifications were requisite to make a successful practitioner of water cure. There are no rules of practice applicable to all cases, but the water cure physician must have judgment to adapt the treatment to the vital or reactive power possessed by the patient. A practice that would be eminently successful in one case, would surely destroy life in another. Care and ability in the diagnosis of disease, and skill in adapting the treatment to the strength and peculiar idiosyncracy of the patient, are indispensable to success in water cure.

In 1844, at the opening of Dr. Wesselhoeft's water cure house in Brattleborough, Vermont, I went to that place. I boarded near the water cure house for three months, and observed the practice very carefully. I also gave lectures to classes, composed of ladies who were under water treatment, and others. From Brattleborough I went to Lebanon Springs water cure house. They had no resident physician, and I concluded to remain for a time in that capacity. I took charge of the patients there for three months with the best success, and then came to New York, in the latter part of the autumn of 1844. I went to Dr. Shew's water cure house in Bond street, and remained for some weeks and saw his practice. I then took rooms, and gave lectures to classes of young ladies, and advice to patients, and attended to out-door practice till May, 1845, when I went to reside at my late water cure house, 261 Tenth street. There I have given lectures to classes of ladies, and have taken board and day-patients, and have also attended to out-door practice, as at my present residence.

The first two years I had a large number of board-patients, who came from a distance, from Connecticut, Northern New York, Rhode Island, Ohio, Kentucky, and several from the Southern States. During the past year, my practice has changed its character. Water cure houses have been established in different parts of the country, and patients can be treated nearer home; conse-

quently, I have not had so many board-patients. I have now a much larger practice in the city, which is doubtless owing to the spread of intelligence respecting water cure amongst the people, and also to the fact of my having become known.

I have looked over the records of my practice in this city, noting all failures and deaths, and their causes. Only two patients have died under my care—both children; one died in the summer of '47, the other in the summer of '49. The first died of disease of the brain and dysentery, the last of dysentery. Both were about nine months of age; both were born of unhealthy mothers, and were scrofulous. They seemed not to be organized to live any longer.

It may seem strange that, with a large practice, I have had so few deaths. I do not attribute this to my skill altogether, though I believe that I understand my profession; but it has so happened.

I am now looking toward the education of women as physicians, and particularly to attend to midwifery practice. If our medical colleges are not soon opened to woman, others will be founded where she will be educated. The spirit of the age will not any longer submit to bonds.

NOÈ, CANEDI MADDALENA,

Is a native of Bologna. Early in life she had the opportunity at Bologna of acquiring a knowledge of literature and science, for which she manifested decided abilities. She was admitted to that celebrated university, and then, after going through the regular studies, attended a course of law lectures. In this science she became so thoroughly versed, that the faculty determined to bestow a degree upon her. This was done on the 26th of April, 1807. The college of lawyers, in endowing her with the doctoral ring, presented her with a black velvet gown, embroidered in gold with laurel leaves, and in the centre, woven in gold letters, these words,—"Collegium Doctorum Juris Archigymnasii Bonon, dat merenti."

Shortly after this she married, and has since lived in the most retired domestic privacy. Nor has the remembrance of her laurels or literary triumphs diminished in the least the mildness and modesty which are an essential part of her character.

NORTON, CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH,

Grand-daughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, has well sustained the family honours. Her father was Thomas Sheridan, and her mother was the daughter of Colonel and Lady Elizabeth Callander. Mr. Sheridan died while his children were quite young, and their mother devoted herself entirely to their education. Mr. S. C. Hall, in his Gems of the Modern Poets, describes the early genius of Miss Caroline Sheridan, and the care her mother bestowed; his notice is doubtless correct.

"To her accomplished and excellent mother," he says, "may be attributed much of Mrs. Norton's literary fame;—it forms another link in that long chain of hereditary genius which has now been extended through a whole century. Her sister, the lady of the Hon. Captain Price Blackwood, is also a writer of considerable taste and power: her publications have been anonymous, and she is disinclined to seek that notoriety which the 'pursuits of literature' obtain; but those who are acquainted with the productions of her pen will readily acknowledge their surpassing merit.

The sisters used, in their childish days, to write together; and, before either of them had attained the age of twelve years, they produced two little books of prints and verses, called 'The Dandies' Ball' and 'The Travelled Dandies;' both being imitations of a species of caricature then in vogue. But we believe that, at a much earlier period, Mrs. Norton had written poetry, which even now she would not be ashamed to see in print. Her disposition to 'scribble,' was, however, checked rather than encouraged by her mother; for a long time, pen, ink, and paper were denied to the young poetess, and works of fiction carefully kept out of her way, with a view of compelling a resort to occupations of a more useful character. Her active and energetic mind, notwithstanding, soon accomplished its cherished purpose. At the age of seventeen, she wrote 'The Sorrows of Rosalie;' and, although it was not published until some time afterwards, she had scarcely passed her girlhood before she had established for herself the distinction which had long been attached to her maiden name."

When about nineteen years of age, Miss Sheridan married the Hon. George Chapel Norton, brother of the present Lord Grantley. He had proposed to her three years before, but her mother had postponed the engagement on account of her daughter's youth; and in the mean time Miss Sheridan had made an acquaintance with one whose early death prevented a union more consonant to her feelings. When Mr. Norton again sought her hand, he received it; but the marriage was an unhappy one, and they were separated in 1840. The world has heard the slanders to which she has been exposed, and a verdict of entire acquittal from all who listened to them, can scarcely have atoned for the cruel and baseless suspicions and persecution to which she was subjected. Her

reputation as a virtuous woman is now established beyond suspicion. England may well be proud of this gifted daughter of song; and her own sex throughout the world should honour her for the noble courage of soul by which she overcame the malignity of unmerited persecution.

Mrs. Norton's second work was "The Undying One," a poem, founded on the legend of the Wandering Jew. In 1840, she published "The Dream, and other Poems." In noticing these two works, a writer in the Quarterly Review says of Mrs. Norton—"This lady is the Byron of our modern poetesses. She has very much of that intense personal passion by which Byron's poetry is distinguished from the larger grasp and deeper communion with man and nature of Wordsworth. She has also Byron's beautiful intervals of tenderness, his strong practical thought, and his forceful expression. It is not an artificial imitation, but a natural parallel." Another British writer,* commenting on the subject, more justly observes—"That Mrs. Norton has a fervour, a tenderness, and a force of expression, which greatly resemble Byron's, there can be no doubt; but there all similarity ceases. Byron is the personification of passionate *selfishness;* his range of sympathy is extremely small. Mrs. Norton, on the other hand, has a large and generous heart, essentially *unselfish* in its feelings, and universal in its sympathies. (How perfectly these two persons typify the differences in the characteristics of the sexes!) Byron has a sneering, mocking, disbelieving spirit; Mrs. Norton a simple, beautiful, child-like implicitness of soul. Byron's strains resemble the vast, roaring, wilful waterfall, rushing headlong over desolate rocks, with a sound like the wail of a lost spirit; Mrs. Norton's, the soft, full-flowing river, margined with flowers, and uttering sweet music."

With these opinions of Mr. Rowton we entirely concur; and there are some remarks by an American writer, Rev. Dr. Bethune, which are highly creditable to his own cultivated taste and moral feelings, as well as truly just to this distinguished lady. "The traces of Mrs. Norton's sufferings are burned deeply on her pages. She scorns to hide the workings of her embittered memory and outraged heart; yet her tone, though unconstrained, is lofty, yielding not to man, but to the force of nature. What she has endured, has taught her not misanthropy, but a stronger sympathy with the weak and the wronged, a nobler eloquence in appeals for freedom, truth, and general justice."

In 1843, appeared her noble poem, "The Child of the Islands;" the nominal hero was the then baby prince of Wales, but the real purpose of Mrs. Norton was to pourtray the condition of the poor in England. The philanthropy which prompted the poem is as warm and holy as her genius is pure and fervid. The production was received with favour, and has, no doubt, been of essential service in awakening the public mind to the cause of suffering humanity. Mrs. Norton's last work is a beautiful combination of her varied talents, entitled "Music on the Wave;" the words and music both her own—published in 1851.

The Honourable Mrs. Norton, as her true style is, divides now with Mrs. Barrett Browning the laurel Great Britain confers on her daughters of song. Mr. Horne, in his New Spirit of the Age, says of these two distinguished women:—"Both possess not only great mental energies, but that description of strength which springs from a fine nature, and manifests itself in productions which evidently originated in genuine impulses of feeling. The subjects they both choose appear spontaneous, and not resulting from study or imitation, though cast into careful moulds of art. Both are excellent artists: the one in dealing with subjects of domestic interest; the other in designs from sacred subjects, poems of religious tendency, or of the supernatural world. Mrs. Norton is beautifully clear and intelligible in her narrative and course of thought and feeling; Miss Barrett has great inventiveness, but not an equal power in construction. The one is all womanhood; the other all wings."

This true womanly sentiment is a distinguishing characteristic of Mrs. Norton's productions. Her poems are replete with beauties of language, of images, and of thought; the most impassioned passages are characterized by a sweet feminine delicacy and purity of tone. Among her short poems, many exquisite ones might be quoted. She has also succeeded in the almost impossible achievement—really good English sonnets. As a prose writer, she must be ranked among the best contributors to the annuals; and her novel, "Woman's Reward," is hardly surpassed by any of its contemporary romances. On the whole, we are inclined to place Mrs. Norton at the head of the living Women of Genius, who now make England distinguished as the favoured country in Europe for the development of the virtues, the talents, and the true graces of womanhood. Mrs. Norton has, we believe, powers of mind to sustain, worthily, her high position.

From "The Dream."

LINES TO THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

Once more, my harp! once more, although I thought
Never to wake thy silent strings again,
A wandering dream thy gentle chords have wrought,
And my sad heart, which long hath dwelt in pain,
Soars, like a wild bird from a cypress bough,
Into the poet's heaven, and leaves dull grief below!

And unto thee—the beautiful and pure—
Whose lot is cast amid that busy world
Where only sluggish Dulness dwells secure,
And Fancy's generous wing is faintly furled;
To thee—whose friendship kept its equal truth
Through the most dreary hour of my embittered youth—

I dedicate the lay. Ah! never bard,
In days when poverty was twin with song;
Nor wandering harper, lonely and ill-starred,
Cheered by some castle's chief, and harboured long,
Not Scott's Last Minstrel, in his trembling lays,
Woke with a warmer heart the earnest meed of praise!

* Frederic Rowton.

For easy are the alms the rich man spares
To sons of Genius, by misfortune bent;
But thou gav'st me, what woman seldom dares,
Belief — in spite of many a cold dissent —
When, slandered and maligned, I stood apart
From those whose bounded power hath wrung, not crushed, my heart.

Thou, then, when cowards fled away my name,
And scoffed to see me feebly stem the tide;
When some were kind on whom I had no claim,
And some forsook on whom my love relied,
And some, who might have battled for my sake,
Stood off in doubt, to see what turn the world would take—

Thou gav'st me that the poor do give the poor,
Kind words and holy wishes, and true tears;
The loved, the near of kin, could do no more,
Who changed not with the gloom of varying years,
But clung the closer when I stood forlorn,
And blunted Slander's dart with their indignant scorn.

For they who credit crime, are they who feel
Their own hearts weak to unresisted sin;
Memory, not judgment, prompts the thoughts which steal
O'er minds like these, an easy faith to win;
And tales of broken truth are still believed
Most readily by those who have themselves deceived.

But like a white swan down a troubled stream,
Whose ruffling pinion hath the power to fling
Aside the turbid drops which darkly gleam
And mar the freshness of her snowy wing —
So thou, with queenly grace and gentle pride,
Along the world's dark waves in purity dost glide:

Thy pale and pearly cheek was never made
To crimson with a faint false-hearted shame;
Thou did'st not shrink — of bitter tongues afraid,
Who hunt in packs the object of their blame;
To thee the sad denial still held true,
For from thine own good thoughts thy heart its mercy drew.

And though my faint and tributary rhymes
Add nothing to the glory of thy day,
Yet every poet hopes that after-times
Shall set some value on his votive lay;
And I would fain one gentle deed record,
Among the many such with which thy life is stored

So when these lines, made in a mournful hour,
Are idly opened to the stranger's eye,
A dream of thee, aroused by Fancy's power,
Shall be the first to wander floating by;
And they who never saw thy lovely face,
Shall pause, to conjure up a vision of its grace!

TWILIGHT.

Oh! Twilight! Spirit that dost render birth
To dim enchantments; melting heaven with earth,
Leaving on craggy hills and running streams
A softness like the atmosphere of dreams;
Thy hour to all is welcome! Faint and sweet
Thy light falls round the peasant's homeward feet,
Who, slow returning from his task of toil,
Sees the low sunset gild the cultured soil,
And, tho' such radiance round him brightly glows.
Marks the small spark his cottage-window throws.
Still as his heart forestalls his weary pace,
Fondly he dreams of each familiar face,
Recalls the treasures of his narrow life,
His rosy children and his sunburnt wife,
To whom *his* coming is the chief event
Of simple days in cheerful labour spent.
The rich man's chariot hath gone whirling past,
And these poor cottagers have only cast
One careless glance on all that show of pride,
Then to their tasks turn'd quietly aside;
But *him* they wait for, him they welcome home,
Fixed sentinels look forth to see him come;
The fagot sent for when the fire grew dim,
The frugal meal prepared, are all for him;
For him the watching of that sturdy boy,
For him those smiles of tenderness and joy,
For him — who plods his sauntering way along,
Whistling the fragment of some village song!
Dear art thou to the lover, thou sweet light,
Fair fleeting sister of the mournful night!
As in impatient hope he stands apart,
Companion'd only by his beating heart,
And with an eager fancy oft beholds
The vision of a white robe's fluttering folds.

OBSCURITY OF WOMAN'S WORTH.

In many a village churchyard's simple grave,
Where all unmarked the cypress branches wave,
In many a vault where Death could only claim
The brief inscription of a woman's name;
Of different ranks, and different degrees,
From daily labour to a life of ease,
(From the rich wife, who through the weary day
Wept in her jewels, grief's unceasing prey,
To the poor soul who trudged o'er marsh and moor,
And with her baby begged from door to door,—)
Lie hearts, which, ere they found that last release,
Had lost all memory of the blessing "Peace;"
Hearts, whose long struggle through unpitied years
None saw but *Him* who marks *the mourner's tears*;
The obscurely noble! who evaded not
The woe which He had willed should be their lot,
But nerved themselves to bear!
Of such art thou,
My mother! With thy calm and holy brow,
And high devoted heart, which suffered still
Unmurmuring, through each degree of ill.
And, because Fate hath willed that *mine* should be
A Poet's soul (at least in *my* degree,) —
And that my verse would faintly shadow forth
What I have seen of pure unselfish worth,—
Therefore I speak of Thee; that those who read
That trust in woman, which is still my creed,
The early-widowed image may recall
And greet thy nature as the type of all!

From "Poems."

WEEP NOT FOR HIM THAT DIETH.

"Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him; but weep sore for him that goeth away, for he shall return no more, nor see his native country."—*Jeremiah xxii. 10.*

Weep not for him that dieth —
For he sleeps, and *is* at rest;
And the couch whereon he lieth
Is the green earth's quiet breast;
But weep for him who pineth
On a far land's hateful shore,
Who wearily declineth
Where ye see his face no more!

Weep not for him that dieth,
For friends are round his bed,
And many a young lip sigheth
When they name the early dead:
But weep for him that liveth
Where none will know or care,
When the groan his faint heart giveth
Is the last sigh of despair.

Weep not for him that dieth,
For his struggling soul is free,
And the world from which it flieth
Is a world of misery;
But weep for him that weareth
The captive's galling chain
To the agony *he* beareth,
Death were but little pain.

Weep not for him that dieth,
For *he* hath ceased from tears,
And a voice to his replieth
Which he hath not heard for years;
But weep for him who weepeth
On that cold land's cruel shore —
Blest, blest is he that sleepeth, —
Weep for the dead no more!

SONNET.

Like an enfranchised bird, who wildly springs,
With a keen sparkle in his glancing eye
And a strong effort in his quivering wings,
Up to the blue vault of the happy sky,—
So my enamoured heart, so long thine own,
At length from Love's imprisonment set free,
Goes forth into the open world alone,
Glad and exulting in its liberty:
But like that helpless bird, (confined so long,
His weary wings have lost all power to soar,)
Who soon forgets to trill his joyous song,
And, feebly fluttering, sinks to earth once more,—
So, from its former bonds released in vain,
My heart still feels the weight of that remembered chain

SONNET.—TO MY BOOKS

Silent companions of the lonely hour,
Friends, who can never alter or forsake,
Who for inconstant roving have no power,
And all neglect, perforce, must calmly take—
Let me return to you; this turmoil ending
Which worldly cares have in my spirit wrought,
And, o'er your old familiar pages bending,
Refresh my mind with many a tranquil thought,
Till, haply meeting there, from time to time,
Fancies, the audible echo of my own,
'T will be like hearing in a foreign clime
My native language spoke in friendly tone,
And with a sort of welcome I shall dwell
On these, my unripe musings, told so well.

MAN AND WOMAN.

Warriors and statesmen have their meed of praise,
And what they do, or suffer, men record;
But the long sacrifice of *woman's* days
Passes without a thought, without a word:
And many a lofty struggle for the sake
Of duties sternly, faithfully fulfilled—
For which the anxious mind must watch and wake,
And the strong feelings of the heart be still'd—
Goes by unheeded as the summer wind,
And leaves no memory, and no trace behind!
Yet it may be, more lofty courage dwells
In one meek heart which braves an adverse fate,
Than his whose ardent soul indignant swells,
Warm'd by the fight, or cheer'd through high debate.
The soldier dies surrounded: could he *live*
Alone to suffer, and *alone* to strive?

From "The Child of the Islands."

LONDON OUTCASTS.

What see the old trees THEN? Gaunt, pallid forms
Come, creeping sadly to their hollow hearts,
Seeking frail shelter from the winds and storms,
In broken rest, disturb'd by fitful starts;
There, when the chill rain falls, or lightning darts,
Or balmy summer nights are stealing on,
Houseless they slumber, close to wealthy marts
And gilded homes: there, where the morning sun
That tide of wasteful joy and splendour look'd upon.

There the man hides whose better days are dropp'd
Round his starvation, like a veil of shame;
Who, till the fluttering pulse of life hath stopp'd,
Suffers in silence, and conceals his name:
There the lost victim, on whose tarnish'd fame
A double taint of Death and Sin must rest,
Dreams of her village home and parents' blame,
And in her sleep, by pain and cold opprest,
Draws close her tatter'd shawl athwart her shivering breast

Her history is written in her face:
The bloom hath left her cheek, but not from age
Youth, without innocence, or love, or grace,
Blotted with tears, still lingers on that page;
Smooth brow, soft hair, dark eyelash, seem to wage
With furrow'd lines a contradiction strong;
Till the wild witchcraft stories, which engage
Our childish thoughts, of magic change and wrong,
Seem realized in her—so old, and yet so young!

And many a wretch forlorn, and huddled group
Of strangers *met in brotherhood of woe*,
Heads that beneath their burden weakly stoop,
Youth's tangled curls, and Age's locks of snow,
Rest on those wooden pillows, till the glow
Of morning o'er the brightening earth shall pass;
And these depart, none asking where they go;
Lost in the World's confused and gathering mass.
While a new slide fills up Life's magic-lantern glass.

COMMON BLESSINGS.

Those "common blessings!" In this chequered scene
How *little thanksgiving ascends to God!*
Is it, in truth, a *privilege so mean*
To wander with free footsteps o'er the sod,
See various blossoms paint the valley clod,
And all things into teeming beauty burst?—
A *miracle as great as Aaron's rod*,
But that our senses, into dullness nurst,
Recurring Custom still with Apathy hath curst.

They who have rarest joy, know *Joy's true measure;*
They who most suffer, value *Suffering's pause:*
They who but seldom taste the *simplest pleasure*,
Kneel oftenest to the *Giver* and *the Cause*.
Heavy the curtains feasting Luxury draws,
To hide the sunset and the silver night;
While humbler hearts, when care no longer gnaws,
And some rare holiday permits delight, [sight.
Lingering, with love would watch that earth-enchanting

THE BLIND.

The wild bird's carol in the pleasant woods
Is all he knows of Spring! The rich perfume
Of flowers, with all their various scented buds,
Tells him to welcome Summer's heavy bloom.
And by the wearied gleaners trooping home—
The heavy tread of many gathering feet,—
And by the laden wagon-loads that come
Brushing the narrow hedge with burden sweet,—
He guesses harvest in, and Autumn's store complete.

But in God's Temple the great lamp is out;
And he must worship glory in the dark!
Till Death, in midnight mystery, hath brought
The veiled Soul's re-illuminating spark,—
The pillar of the CLOUD enfolds the ark!
And, like a man that prayeth underground
In Bethlehem's rocky shrine, he can but mark
The lingering hours by circumstance and sound,
And break with gentle hymns the solemn silence round.

Yet still Life's Better Light shines out above!
And in that village church where first he learned
To hear his cheerless doom for Heaven's dear love,
He sits, with wistful face for ever turned
To hear of those who heavenly pity earned:
Blind Bartimeus, and him desolate
Who for Bethesda's waters vainly yearned.
And inly sighs, condemned so long to wait,
Baffled and helpless still, beyond the Temple gate.

From "Music on the Wave."

THE WIDOW.

The old trite story—ever new,
To those who find its fate their own,
Had been that woman's lot; she loved,
Was wooed—was left—and now was lone.
And in the burst of her despair,
She would have yielded up her breath,
But that a rosy cherub stood
Ever between her soul and death,
Saying, "Forsake me not, dear life,
That art the better part of mine;
Have pity on the feeble grasp,
Which baby fingers round thee twine;
Have pity on the dumb bright eyes
Whose sole expression is of love,
Still answering with a ready smile
The mother's smile that bends above;
Have pity on the tender limbs
Now cradled on thy rocking knee—
If even friends thy prayers have spurned,
Oh! what will strangers prove to me!"

PARDOE, JULIA,

Has travelled much, and written many books. Her works have all been reprinted in the United States; yet she has never been a favourite in our reading republic. There seems to us something wanting in her writings; her works of fact want historic truth in details, those of fiction want impassioned truth in sentiment. But the British Reviews commend her talents highly; and we borrow from one* of these the following well-written sketch.

"Miss Pardoe is the second daughter of Major Thomas Pardoe, of the Royal Wagon Train, an able and meritorious officer, who, after having partaken of the hardships and shared the glories of the Peninsular campaigns, concluded a brilliant military career on the field of Waterloo, and has not since been engaged in active service.

"Miss Pardoe gave promise, at a very early age, of those talents which have since so greatly distinguished her. Her first work, a poetical production, was dedicated to her uncle, Captain William Pardoe, of the Royal Navy, but is not much known, and though exhibiting considerable merit, will hardly bear comparison with her more mature and finished productions. The earliest of her publications which attained much notice, was her 'Traits and Traditions of Portugal,' a book which was extensively read and admired. Written in early youth, and amid all the brilliant scenes which she describes, there is a freshness and charm about it, which cannot fail to interest and delight the reader.

"The good reception which this work met with, determined the fair author to court again the public favour, and she published several novels in succession—'Lord Morcar,' 'Hereward,' 'Speculation,' and 'The Mardyns and Daventrys.' In these it is easy to trace a gradual progress, both in power and style, and the last-named especially is a work worthy of a better fate than the generality of novels. But we are now approaching an era in the life of Miss Pardoe. In the year 1836, she accompanied her father to Constantinople, and, struck by the gorgeous scenery and interesting manners of the East, she embodied her impressions in one of the most popular works which have for many years issued from the press. 'The City of the Sultan' at once raised her to the height of popularity. The vividness of the descriptions, their evident truthfulness, the ample opportunities she enjoyed of seeing the interior of Turkish life, all conspired to render her work universally known and as universally admired. This was speedily followed by 'The Beauties of the Bosphorus,' a work, like 'The City of the Sultan,' profusely and splendidly illustrated, and this again by 'The Romance of the Harem.'

"Miss Pardoe's power of description and habits of observation appeared to point out to her her line of literature as peculiarly that of recording the wonders of foreign lands, and a tour which the family made through the Austrian empire, enabled her to give the world the results of her observations on Hungary in that excellent work, 'The City of the Magyar,' a work now more than ever deserving of public notice—less gay and glittering than 'The City of the Sultan,' her work on Hungary exhibits deeper research; its statistics are peculiarly accurate; and it is on all hands admitted to be one of the best books of travel ever submitted to the public.

"A very short time after the publication of this work, appeared 'The Hungarian Castle,' a collection of Hungarian legends, in three volumes, interesting on all grounds, but especially as filling up a very little known page in the legendary history of Europe.

"About this time, Miss Pardoe, finding her health suffering from the too great intensity of study and labour to which she had subjected herself, retired from the great metropolis, and has since resided with her parents in a pleasant part of the county of Kent. The first emanation from her retirement, was a novel, entitled 'The Confessions of a Pretty Woman,' a production which was eagerly read, and rapidly passed into a second edition. In due course of time this was followed by another, 'The Rival Beauties.' These tales are more able than pleasing; they are powerful pictures of the corruptions prevalent in modern society, and bear too evident marks of being sketches from the life. We have placed 'The Rival Beauties' out of its proper order, that we may conclude by a notice of those admirable historical works on which Miss Pardoe's fame will chiefly rest—her 'Louis the Fourteenth' and 'Francis the First.' The extremely interesting character of their times admirably suited Miss Pardoe's powers as a writer, and she has in both cases executed her task with great spirit and equal accuracy. The amount of information displayed in these volumes is really stupendous, and the depth of research necessary to produce it, fully entitles Miss Pardoe to take a very high rank among the writers of history

"Her style is easy, flowing, and spirited, and

* Bentley's Miscellany.

her delineations of character as vivid as they are just; nor would it be easy to find any historical work in which the *utile* is so mingled with the *dulce*, as in those of Miss Pardoe.

"She is now, we hear with much pleasure, engaged on 'A Life of Mary de Medici,' a subject extremely suited to her pen."

We cannot refrain from expressing our hope that this anticipated work will, in some respects, excel her "Louis the Fourteenth," which has been much talked of, and, perhaps, much read. La Bruyerè says, "There is a taste for every thing; even the worst has its partisans." This stricture of a sagacious observer may account for the popularity of Miss Pardoe's "Louis the Fourteenth;" yet, with such materials, it seems to us wonderful a book could have been written by a woman with so little moral interest to commend it. Trivial gossip, unfair views, and, above all, the reproduction of many scandalous anecdotes, that tend to nothing but catering to a taste for *grassièrete*, mar this work; nor are such faults redeemed by any peculiar charm of style or arrangement. We like Miss Pardoe's novels better than her histories.

From "The Court and Reign of Francis the First," &c.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE COURT OF FRANCIS.

In the month of May, Francis, probably somewhat alarmed by the deficit which had already betrayed itself in the national exchequer, removed his court to Amboise, whither Madame d'Angoulême had preceded him, for the purpose of celebrating at that castle the marriage of Mademoiselle de Bourbon, the sister of the connètable, with the Duke de Lorraine; and it is upon record that, on this occasion, being desirous to give some variety to the festivities, which were limited in their nature by the fact that, in a private residence, the etiquette of mourning for the late king did not permit either balls or masquerades, the young monarch caused a wild boar, which had been taken alive in the neighbouring forest, to be turned loose in the great court-yard of the castle, having previously ordered every issue, by which the savage denizen of the woods might escape, to be carefully closed. This being, as it appeared, fully accomplished, the courtly company then assembled at Amboise, stationed themselves at the windows, whence they amused themselves by casting darts and other missiles at the enraged and bewildered animal.

Highly excited by this novel pastime, bets ran high between the young nobles on their respective skill; and bright eyes watched anxiously the flight of every weapon as it was hurled from the respective casements. Suddenly, however, shrieks of terror echoed through the spacious apartments. The boar, tortured beyond endurance, had made a furious plunge at the door which opened upon a great staircase; had dashed it in, and was rapidly ascending the steps which led to the state-rooms, and which were protected only by a hanging drapery of velvet; when the king, rushing from the apartment where the horror-stricken ladies were crowding about the queen, and, thrusting aside the courtiers who endeavoured to impede his passage, threw himself full in the path of the maddened animal, and, adroitly avoiding his first shock, stabbed him to the heart.

From "Confessions of a Pretty Woman."

TRAINING A BEAUTY.

My mother's personal arrangements once made, she turned her attention to myself, and masters of every description were forthwith provided for me. The exertions of Mademoiselle had already commenced. It was decided that, short as had been the period of her dictatorship, I was undeniably improved—in appearance. I made a more graceful courtesy, had got rid of my shyness, and did not, by any unlandladylike demonstrations of energy, disturb the propriety of my dress.

Nothing could be better! Compliments were showered upon Mademoiselle, and praises upon myself; after which we each made a lower and more elegant courtesy than before, and withdrew to our *ultima Thule*.

Under the care of this invaluable preceptress, I learnt to apply the apothegm which has since been (falsely) attributed to her distinguished countryman, Prince Talleyrand, that "words were given to us to disguise our thoughts." By the way, how frequently it occurs that the world fastens upon an acknowledged wit, a shrewd saying to which he has never given utterance! It would appear that individuals who occasionally stumble upon a good thing, of which they themselves do not perhaps appreciate the full merit, anxious that it should not be lost, terminate it with, "as so and so said;" and in this manner, in order to save their saying, sacrifice themselves. Even so, I should imagine, was the really profound and diplomatic "saw," which I have just quoted, fastened upon the modern Machiavel, who, nevertheless, disclaimed its parentage.

I learnt, also, to agree—at least in words—with every one upon every subject, and never to betray my own sentiments and opinions; to look upon every thing through the medium of expediency; and to appreciate rank and riches beyond all other human attributes.

THE RELIGION OF FASHION.

Religion I had none. Mademoiselle tried the village church, and the preaching of good Dr. James, on one solitary occasion, and then pleaded her conscience as an excuse for absenting herself thenceforward. I had occasionally accompanied my mother and her party; but as the family pew was closely curtained round with heavy damask, and I sat on a cushion beside the fire, amusing myself with the richly-illustrated prayer-books, and catching fragments of their conversation, which, out of respect for the place, was carried on in soft whispers, and thereby only rendered the more attractive, I seldom heard more than the responses, and the extremely inharmonious singing of the children of Lady Madelaine's schools, which, even at that early age, used to set my teeth on edge.

My notions of religion were consequently of a very vague and unformed description. When, as I sometimes saw my mother and her guests pre-

paring to attend the morning service with undisguised and even acknowledged reluctance, I ventured to inquire for what reason she submitted to an annoyance which it was in her power to avoid, she answered me very sententiously that she went to church "for the sake of example" — that "it was necessary that the lower orders should see persons of station uphold the clergy, or they might presume to absent themselves in their turn, which was a thing not to be thought of." She did not explain for what reason, nor did I enquire, for she was evidently weary of the subject; while I, on my side, felt no particular interest in its continuance. I was accordingly quite satisfied, from that time forth, whenever I swelled the train of my mother on this septenary duty, that I was setting an example to the "lower orders," and was consequently a person of considerable importance both to Dr. James and his parish.

USES OF ADVERSITY.

Oh! adversity is a shrewd task-mistress: a mighty moral leveller—how it teaches us to appreciate kindness, and to discover friends where we had previously only discerned inferiors! It is, indeed, as the great poet of the world has said, the jewel struck out of the ugliness and venom of the heart. Fine friends fall away—the dust of the butterfly's wings is swept off by the cold touch of this same adversity—and it is then, and only then, that we turn to simple, pure, and honest human hearts for comfort. Happy they, who even thus tardily find what they seek.

PASTA, JUDITH,

Was born in 1798, at Como, near Milan, of a Jewish family. At the age of fifteen, she was admitted as a pupil to the Conservatorio of Milan, then under the direction of Asiolé. Her voice was naturally hard and unequal, and she had great difficulty in satisfying the master of vocalisation. She made her début in 1815, upon the second-rate theatres, such as those of Brescia, Parma, and Leghorn; from that period till 1822, she struggled through the apprenticeship of her profession without any presage of her future celebrity. At that period, during the congress, she obtained a brilliant success at Verona. She then went to Paris, where she excited vast enthusiasm, and laid the foundation of a reputation never surpassed by any dramatic singer. Not that she ever attained very great perfection in her vocalisation, or her method of throwing out her voice; but she had the most wonderful gift of assimilating herself to every character; there was in her accents something so penetrating, so indescribably touching, that she possessed unlimited command over the feelings of her audience. She gave the deepest study to her art, and every representation seemed to mark a progress. She first appeared in the character of Desdemona, in London, in March, 1824. This was always one of her finest parts; and some years afterwards furnished a subject for comparison with Madame Malibran, with whom it was also a favourite *rôle*. If the latter, in her vocal execution and the pure feeling of music, had an incontestable advantage, nobody could deny to Madame Pasta a higher conception, more unity, and, in a word, a truer expression of the unfortunate Venetian.

In 1829, Madame Pasta purchased a beautiful country-seat near lake Como; and after passing her summers there for some years, she at length appeared to give up the stage, having lived quietly for three years in this agreeable retreat. When in 1840 she accepted proposals from the Russian court to go to St. Petersburg, the emoluments given her for that season were fixed at 40,000 dollars of our money.

Madame Pasta has received more praise, and awakened more enthusiasm, than any actress of the age. Bellini wrote Norma and the Sonnambula expressly for her; in the latter, it was surprising to see her admirable in a simplicity so very different from the stately parts in which she generally excelled. Her Anna Bolena exhibits an energy and dignity which have served as a model to all subsequent actresses.

PFEIFFER, MADAME,

Has distinguished herself in a very remarkable manner by travelling alone on a journey around the globe. We give the account, taken from a letter of the Rev. J. Perkins, American Missionary at Oroomiah, Persia, who thus details her adventures:—

"On the 1st of August, 1848, a knocking at the door of our mission premises was soon followed by the quick step of a native, who came to Dr. Wright with the statement that there stood in the street a woman, who knew no language, and was entirely unattended, except by a Koordish muleteer. A moment afterward, another native came with the additional statement, the lady is dressed in English clothes, and she says in your language, Will you give me a little water?

"Dr. Wright, whose curiosity and astonishment could hardly be otherwise than highly excited, by the announcement of a lady in European costume, speaking English, in the street, at night, and unattended, in this remote, barbarous land, where the appearance of a European man is a thing of very rare occurrence, soon had ocular proof of what his ears were so reluctant to admit—a bona fide European lady standing before him, having a letter for Mr. Stocking from an acquaintance of his at Mosul, which introduced us to Madame Pfeiffer, of Vienna, who had performed the circuit of the world, thus far, alone, and was now hastening toward her home.

"Who, then, is Madame Pfeiffer? She is a German lady, fifty-one years old, of great intelligence, and most perfect accomplishments, and, to appearance, thoroughly sane on every subject, unless it be her style of travelling, which is at least somewhat peculiar.

"Madame Pfeiffer, leaving her husband and her two sons, (one of them an officer of government and the other an artist,) started in 1846 on her tour around the world. An aged gentleman of her acquaintance accompanied her for a short time; but finding that she was obliged to protect

him instead of his protecting her, she left him, and proceeded entirely alone.

"From Europe, Madame Pfeiffer went to Brazil, where she admired the brilliant flowers and the magnificent forests more than almost any thing else that she had seen, and where she came very near being murdered by a black ruffian, who attempted to rob her. She still carries the scars of the wounds then received, but states, with evident satisfaction, that she had cut off three of his fingers, in self-defence, when several persons providentially came to her rescue. She had intended to cross the *continent*, from Rio to the Pacific ocean; but finding things in too disordered a state to admit of it, she took passage in a sailing vessel at Rio, in which she doubled Cape Horn, and went to Chili; and after a short stay at Valparaiso, she took passage in another vessel for Tahiti, where she made an agreeable visit, among the mementos of which she has Queen Pomare's autograph.

"From Tahiti, our heroine traveller proceeded to China, where she visited several of the points most accessible to foreigners, mingling socially with the missionaries there, whom she mentions familiarly by name, as Dr. Bridgeman, Dr. Ball, Mr. Gutzlaff, &c.; the autograph of the last named of whom she has in Chinese. One of the strongest impressions which she seems to have brought from the 'celestial *empire*' is, the imminent insecurity of foreigners at Canton.

"From China, Madame Pfeiffer went to Calcutta; and from that city, she travelled overland, across British India, to Bombay, passing through a great variety of incidents and adventures on the way, and holding much pleasant intercourse with Protestant missionaries, (though herself born and educated a Catholic,) at various stations and of different nations.

"From Bombay, Madame Pfeiffer went in a steamer to Bussorah; and thence, in another steamer, up to Bagdad; and from Bagdad, she travelled in company with a caravan up to Mosul, as a memento of which place she has a sculptured figure of the human head, taken from the ruins of ancient Nineveh. From Mosul, she crossed the formidable Koordish mountains to Oroomiah—a caravan journey of twelve days, (but protracted, in her case, by tedious delays, to twenty days,) in company with a Koordish muleteer, on a route of greater exposure, humanly speaking, than any other she has travelled during her circuit of the world.

"After a visit of one day with us, which we all wished could have been longer, Madame Pfeiffer hastened on toward Tabreez, intending to go thence through Georgia to Tiflis, and thence across the Caucasus, through European Russia, to Vienna, hoping to reach her home about the first of November.

"The adventurous circumstances of Madame Pfeiffer, during many parts of her tour, invest it with the most romantic and thrilling interest. Think, for instance, in her passage across the wild Koordish mountains, of a savage Koord pointing to the tassel on the Turkish fez (cap) she wore, to which he took a fancy, and demanding it of her by the significant gesture of drawing his hand across his throat—meaning, of course, "Give me the tassel as you value your head;" and she, in turn, repelling the demand, by gestures, unable to speak to him a word orally, in any language he could understand. Through many such adventures she made her way safely to Oroomiah, carrying about her person a large sum of money, (by accidental necessity rather than choice,) over the wild regions of Koordistan, in a manner which seems to us truly marvellous. Her practical motto is, never betray fear; and to her strict adherence to that, she expresses herself as greatly indebted for her success in travelling.

"On the road, Madame Pfeiffer, in these regions, wears the large veil, concealing most of the person, which is commonly worn here by native females, when they go abroad, and rides astride, as they also ride; but her other garments, (with the exception of the Turkish cap above named,) are sufficiently European, in appearance, to distinguish her from natives. Her language, on the way, in these lands, is wholly the language of signs, dictated by necessity, and which she seems often to have made very expressive. On the last day's ride, before reaching Oroomiah, for instance, the stage being two ordinary stages, and the muleteer, at one time, proposing to halt till the next day, she would rest her head upon her hand, as emblematical of sleep, and repeat Oroomiah; and when the muleteer, from regard to his tired horses, still insisted on halting, she added tears to her gestures; and the obstinate Koord's heart, according to his own statement, was then irresistibly subdued—so much so, that he went promptly and cheerfully. Her helplessness and dependence, on well known principles, did much, doubtless, at once to win for her kindness among the bloody Koords, and ward off danger. Madame Pfeiffer has, however, intrinsic elements of a good traveller. Though she had rode, on the day she reached Oroomiah, almost incessantly, from one o'clock, A. M., till eight o'clock, P. M., at the wearisome rate of a caravan, over a very dry, hot, dusty region, a distance of near sixty miles, still, on her arrival, she seemed little tired—was buoyant and cheerful as a lark, (which is probably her habitual temperament,) and was quite ready, the next day, (the only day she stopped with us,) to take a pleasure ride on Mount Seir.

"Madame Pfeiffer occupies but a single horse on her journey; her small trunk being swung on one side of the animal, and her scanty bed on the other, and she riding between them. Her fare on the road, moreover, is extremely simple—consisting of little more than bread and milk—a regimen not more convenient to the traveller, on the score of economy, than conducive, as she says, to her health, and certainly to her security. To those who may be curious in regard to the expenses of her tour round the world, I may repeat her statement, that she had expended, when here, just about one thousand dollars.

"A passion for travel is the ruling motive that carries Madame Pfeiffer so cheerfully and courageously through all her manifold hardships and

perils. She, however, has minor objects—makes large collections of insects and flowers. She is already an authoress of some celebrity, having published a work on Iceland, and another on Syria and the Holy Land, the fruits of her earlier travel; and the copious notes and observations which she is making during her tour around the world, will, of course, in due time be given to the world. 'A small affair,' she pertinently remarked, 'would it have been for me to sail around the world, as many have done; it is my land journeys that render my tour a great undertaking, and invest it with interest.'

"Madame Pfeiffer expressed her purpose, after visiting home and resting a while, of taking North America in her next tour. Possibly, this female Ledyard will meet with some, in our native land, under whose eye this notice may fall; if so, we would bespeak for her their kind offices, and pledge them, in return, a rare entertainment in making her acquaintance."

Madame Pfeiffer reached her home in safety, where she has since remained.

PEIRSON, LYDIA JANE,

Was born in Middletown, Connecticut. Her father, William Wheeler, was a man of education and of a poetic turn of mind, and from him his daughter probably inherited her genius. From her earliest years, Miss Wheeler displayed that fondness for poetry and music which was to characterize her after life, and almost in her infancy was accustomed to compose verses, and sing them to little wild airs of her own. These first songs were all of God and nature, she being, like almost all children of genius, of a devotional cast of mind and exquisitely sensible of beauty. Her powers of memory were unusually great; and in several instances she learned by heart whole books, such as Falconer's Shipwreck, The Lady of the Lake, Lalla Rookh, Byron's Bride of Abydos, Corsair, &c. Although Miss Wheeler began to write at such an early age, she did not publish any of her productions till after her marriage, esteeming, with a modesty natural to a refined and sensitive mind, her own writings too insignificant to interest any one. When she was fifteen years of age, her parents removed to Canandaigua, New York; and two years after, Miss Wheeler was married to Mr. Peirson, of Cazenovia, and removed with her husband into the unsettled wilds of Tioga county, Penn., where she has passed the last twenty years.

During the first years of her utter loneliness and seclusion in the forest, being shut out from society and almost without books, her pen was her only solace—the charm that alone warded off despondency and gloom. Mrs. Peirson wrote from no pecuniary motives; though for many years her children were chiefly dependent on her efforts; but because the spirit of poetry which filled her breast would compel an utterance; and in that she found sweet relief from her many cares. She has written much—chiefly for magazines and newspapers. Her published poems would fill more than a thousand common octavo pages, and the half that she has written is yet unpublished. Her published prose exceeds her poems, two pages to one, and amongst it all there cannot be found a bad or worthless article. Her prose papers have never been collected; but she has published two volumes of poems—"Forest Leaves," in 1845, and "The Forest Minstrel," in 1847. Her writings are characterized by ease, grace, delicacy, and beauty, bearing marks of a genuine and sincere love of nature, and are evidently the outpourings of an earnest soul, full of deep and strong sensibilities. In 1849, she edited the Lancaster Literary Gazette with much success. None of our female writers have surmounted so many impediments in their literary career as Mrs. Peirson.

From "Forest Leaves."

OLD TREES.

It was a wilderness,
A wild dark forest of old patriarch trees,
Gigantic trees, of which no living man
Could say, I saw them when their trunks were less,
Their heads less high than now. Moss-grown, and grey
They stood, the monuments of ages past;
Engrav'd in characters which every eye
May read and understand, with one great name,
The name of Him who rear'd them; of all else,
As desert ruins silent, save at times
When spirits from the far mysterious past
Come back like children to a household hearth,
And mourn for all the beautiful and dear
That come no more to meet them. Then a voice
Of strange dark sighing heaves the heavy robes
Above their stern old hearts.

WOMEN IN THE WILDERNESS.

Dost thou know
How fares the forest dweller, in her hut
Of unhewn logs, erected hastily,
With windows all unglaz'd, and roof of bark,
Through which the rain drops trickle, and the storm
Looks down upon the sleeper? Hast thou known
The stern privation, and the cruel want
That make themselves at home in such abodes,
And cast their shadows between heart and heart,
Excluding love's warm sunlight, till the blooms
That look to it for life grow pale and die?
If thou dost know these things, I need not tell
The painful story. If thou knowest not,
'Twere vain to tell, for thou canst not believe.—
She was still young, and on her face and form
The magic light of beauty linger'd still
The rose was on her cheek; but o'er her brow
There lay a shadow, even when she smiled,
The fearful shadow which a darken'd heart
Throws on the sunshine of the spirit's joy.
And those blue eyes—the dewy tenderness
Of heaven dwelt still within them, and bright forms
Of human sympathies lay tremblingly
Amid their troubled waters,—and her voice
Had in its cadence that complaining tone,
With which the heart, that will not be belied,
Tells its own story.

THE MOTHER.

It was a winter eve.
The fire was blazing brightly on the hearth
Within a rural dwelling. She was there,
But, oh! no longer young or beautiful;
For toil, and sorrow, and the restlessness
With which strong spirits struggle with their bonds,
Like those wild mighty birds that will not brook
The chains they cannot sever; these had touch'd
The grace and beauty of her form and face;
But in her eyes the spirit liv'd and spake,
And dazzled as of old. Around her sat
A band of children, and with gentle voice

She gave familiar lessons, teaching them
The gentle virtues, knitting their young hearts
In one sweet bond of love; and leading thus
Their willing minds by easy flowery paths
Toward the hill of science. Still she plied
Her needle all the while, with busy hand,
And oftentimes, amid her cheerful words,
Sigh'd all unconsciously — then smiled again,
And spoke to them of hope, and coming years,
Bright with the beams that always shine from heaven
Upon the path of piety and truth.

THE POETESS.

Her task was done. The evening prayers were said,
The good night spoken, and the kiss exchang'd,
And she was left alone. She brought her pen
And spread before her the unsullied sheet,
On which she thought to trace the imagings
Of bright and sportive fancies. But her hand
Was cold and weary, and her heart was sad.
Beside her lay a page on which her name
Was printed with high honours as a bard
Well worthy of a place amid the band,
Of which her country boasts. So she had won
The meed she coveted, the wreath of Fame,
And now she felt the utter worthlessness
Of such a glittering toy. It had no power
To still the painful throbbings of her heart,
To cool the fever of her troubled brain,
Or satisfy the yearnings of her soul.—
She droop'd her face upon her folded hands,
And wept, oh! long and bitterly.

THE SHADOWS OF THE PAST.

The Shadows of the Past! Oh, dim and pale,
They linger in the paths where joy has been;
And Memory lifts at times oblivion's veil,
And lights the vista with her magic sheen,
Till stricken hearts go mad, and call in vain
On joys, that ne'er can thrill her chords again.

The Shadows of the Past! Oh, beautiful
In the deserted bowers of bliss they stand;
So gentle-ey'd, so meekly sorrowful,
Extending toward us the familiar hand;
Oh! we would bribe Heaven's mercy, to restore
Those blessed angels to our arms once more.

The Shadows of the Past! Oh, sad they seem,
With wither'd rose-buds braided in their hair,
And broken tablets of the heart's young dream,
Oh! precious were the hopes dissever'd there;
Woe to the weary heart, which, all undone,
Looks back and weeps — and wanders darkly on!

TO SLEEP.

Yes, come, for I am weary, and would feel
Thy breath of balm upon my fever'd brow;
Soft to my couch thy breezy footsteps steal,
Oh, gentle soother! thou art welcome now.

How quietly thou glidest from thy bower
Of silken poppies, in the shadowy vale,
Where Lethe's waters press the silent shore,
And drooping plants their dreamy breath exhale!

Now lay thy velvet hand upon mine eyes,
Shut out the world, and calm my throbbing brain;
Then from the twilight land of mysteries,
I pray thee, beckon thine enchanted train.

Shadows of gentle memories, dress'd by thee
In radiant tissue of immortal light;
And yet with semblance of reality,
And all familiar to my mental sight.

All forms of Love, and Truth, and holy Hope,
That laid their short-liv'd offerings on my heart,
When I believ'd that flowers would never droop,
And braided roses never fall apart.

Oh, simple faith of girlhood! Purer, far,
Than the cold worship of the world-wise heart,
Which desolate, and seam'd with many a scar,
Conceals its anguish with a veil of art

Thy dewy fingers only can restore
The faded treasures of life's blessed morn:
And weave around the heart, which hopes no more,
Sweet garlands of the rose that wears no thorn.

PHELPS, ALMIRA H. LINCOLN,

Was born in Berlin, Connecticut, in 1793. The character of her father, Samuel Hart, is described in the memoir of her elder sister, Mrs. Emma Willard. Her mother was Lydia Hinsdale, a woman of great energy and sound judgment. Almira, the youngest of a large family, was indulged in childhood; but love of knowledge, and an ambition to excel, induced her, as she grew older, to seek her chief pleasure and occupation in intellectual pursuits and moral improvement; religious truths, also, early exercised great influence over her. She was, for some years, the pupil of her sister Emma, and after the marriage of the latter to Dr. Willard, passed two years with her in Middlebury, Vermont. When about eighteen, she spent a year, as a pupil, at the then celebrated school of her relative, Miss Hinsdale, in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. She married, not long after, Simeon Lincoln, who succeeded William L. Stone as editor of the "Connecticut Mirror," in Hartford, Connecticut.

At the age of thirty, Mrs. Lincoln was left a widow, with two children, and with two perplexed estates, those of her husband and his father, to settle, which she successfully accomplished. At that time, she began the study of the Latin and Greek languages and the natural sciences, and also applied herself to improving her talent for drawing and painting, in order to prepare herself for assisting her sister, Mrs. Willard, in the Troy Seminary, where she passed seven years, engaged in alternate study and instruction.

In 1831, Mrs. Lincoln married the Hon. John Phelps, a distinguished lawyer of Vermont, in which State she resided for the next six years. In 1839, she was called on to assume the office

of Principal of the West Chester (Pa.) Female Seminary, which invitation she accepted; she subsequently removed to the Patapsco Female Institute, near Ellicott's Mills, Maryland, where she now presides over one of the most flourishing and best-conducted institutions of the country. Mr. Phelps, by whose assistance and advice his wife had been aided and guided in establishing the Institute, died in 1849.

The first work published by Mrs. Phelps was her larger Botany, generally known as "Lincoln's Botany," printed about 1829. Few scientific books have had a more general circulation than this, and, for the last twenty years, it has kept its place as the principal botanical class-book, notwithstanding numerous competitors. Her next work was a "Dictionary of Chemistry," which, though it purported to be a translation from the French, contains much, in the form of notes and an appendix, that is original. With the learned, this work gave the author great credit, as it evinced much research and a thorough knowledge of the science which it illustrated. After her second marriage, she prepared her "Botany" and "Chemistry for Beginners;" and also published a course of lectures on education, which had been addressed to the pupils of the Troy Seminary, and which now constitutes, under the title of the "Female Student, or Fireside Friend," one of the volumes of the "School Library," published by the Messrs. Harper. "This work," says an English publisher, in his advertisement to a second London edition, "deserves to be extensively circulated in this country (England). The author is one of the most distinguished writers on education. In America, great efforts are now making to improve female education, and Mrs. Phelps will be found an eloquent advocate for her sex."

A larger and smaller "Natural Philosophy, for Schools," a "Geology for Beginners," with a larger Chemistry, soon followed; and a translation of Madame Necker de Saussure's "Progressive Education," by Mrs. Willard and Mrs. Phelps, with notes, and "The Mother's Journal" as an appendix, by the latter, was published in 1838. Her next work was a small volume, "Caroline Westerly, or the Young Traveller," which constitutes volume sixteen of Harpers' Boys' and Girls' Library for Beginners. The works we have enumerated were all written by Mrs. Phelps within about eight years, during the first two of which she was connected with the Troy Female Seminary, and much occupied by important duties connected with its supervision. During the six remaining years, she resided in Vermont, where she became the mother of a son and daughter, and presided over the household affairs of her home with tact and ability equal to those who make housekeeping the chief pursuit of their life. The only book published by Mrs. Phelps since she has been actively engaged in education, is "Ida Norman, or Trials and their Uses," which was written for the benefit of her pupils. Some of her addresses at the public examinations and commencements of the Institute have been published, and we understand that it is her intention soon to issue a volume of her addresses to her pupils on moral and religious subjects.

In her girlhood, Mrs. Phelps wrote occasional poetry, and commenced a record of her reading, observations, and the events of her life, which she has continued to the present time; and probably, had she chosen to court the muses rather than cultivate the sciences, she might have been equally successful. But it is as a teacher that her fine talents and good influence have been most beneficial to her sex and to her country. The office of instructress to the young is a mission of great power and responsibility, which Mrs. Phelps has fulfilled, and still continues to fulfil, in a manner deserving high honour. It was for her pupils that her scientific works were prepared; no woman in America, nor any in Europe, excepting Mrs. Marcet and Mrs. Somerville, has made such useful and numerous contributions to the stock of available scientific knowledge as Mrs. Phelps. Yet had she not been a teacher, and found the need of such works, it is very doubtful whether she would have prepared them.

From "The Fireside Friend."

WORKS OF FICTION.

Female writers have too often followed the leadings of imagination, without enquiring to what end its vagaries would tend. The fondness of the sex for reading works of fiction, is proverbial. But are not the authors of such works labouring to prepare for their readers that kind of food which, so far from rendering the mental system strong and healthy, disorders and enfeebles it? Novels and poetry are, indeed, the flowers of literature; they afford opportunity for the display of genius, and are pleasant companions for an idle or heavy hour. They may exhibit virtue in an attractive light, and inspire the reader with an enthusiasm to imitate the noble examples of heroes and heroines. But I would appeal to the experience of every romantic female, whether, after the excitement occasioned by the perusal of some fascinating novel, she has returned to the scenes of every-day life with a spirit calmed, and prepared to meet its realities with fortitude and resignation? or whether she has not, at such times, experienced a distaste, almost amounting to disgust, for the homely beings and scenes with which reality surrounded her? And has it not required a strong and painful effort to regain that mental equilibrium, so necessary for prudent conduct and amiable deportment?

> "For yet, alas! the real ills of life
> Claim the full vigour of a mind prepared,
> Prepared for patient, long, laborious strife,
> Its guide *experience*, and *truth* its guard."

The virtues which appear with eclat on the pages of fiction, are not the humble, unobtrusive ones of common life — those which, in reality, demand the greatest efforts, and exhibit the best-regulated minds; the trials which excite our sympathy in these creations of fancy, are seldom those of real life. False views are thus given of our own duties, and what we ought to expect from others.

MORAL INFLUENCE.

Those who are gifted with the power to influence the minds of their fellow-beings, should beware how they exert this influence. Is it enough that they amuse, astonish, and delight mankind? This, too, the mountebank or opera-dancer may do. But, as sure as there is a future state of existence, so there is a moral influence to be exerted by every human being, according to the measure of his abilities. And where can this influence be more powerfully, more extensively exercised, than through the medium of the press? Although our voice be feeble, yet, if our testimony is on the side of truth, it may have an influence on the feeble-minded even greater than more powerful accents. It will be heard when we shall be removed to another tribunal than that of literary criticism, where the flashes of genius are too often preferred to the steady light of truth. But at that great tribunal we shall be judged according to the *motives* with which we have written, and not the *ability* with which we have executed our task.

EDUCATION.

The true end of education is to prepare the young for the active duties of life, and to enable them to fill with propriety those stations to which, in the providence of God, they may be called. This includes, also, a preparation for eternity; for we cannot live well without those dispositions of heart which are necessary to fit us for heaven. To discharge aright the duties of life requires not only that the intellect shall be enlightened, but that the heart shall be purified. A mother does not perform her whole duty, even when, in addition to providing for the wants of her children and improving their understanding, she sets before them an example of justice and benevolence, of moderation in her own desires, and a command over her own passions: this may be all that is required of a heathen mother; but the Christian female must go with her little ones to Jesus of Nazareth, to seek his blessing; she must strive to elevate the minds of her offspring by frequent reference to a future state; she must teach them to hold the world and its pursuits in subserviency to more important interests, and to prize above all things that peace which, as the world giveth not, neither can it take away.

ENERGY OF MIND.

Can we find no cause why the children of the rich, setting out in life under the most favourable circumstances, often sink into insignificance, while their more humble competitors, struggling against obstacles, rise higher and higher, till they become elevated in proportion to their former depression? Have we never beheld a plant grow weak and sickly from excess of care, while the mountain pine, neglected and exposed to fierce winds and raging tempests, took strong root and grew into a lofty tree, delighting the eye by its strength and beauty? If we look into our State Legislatures, our National Congress, and the highest executive and judicial offices in the country, we do not find these places chiefly occupied by those who were born to wealth, or early taught the pride of aristocratic distinctions. Most of the distinguished men of our country have made their own fortunes; most of them began life knowing that they could hope for no aid or patronage, but must rely solely upon the energies of their own minds and the blessing of God.

From "A Mother's Journal."

THE MOTHER'S HOPES.

Every mother hopes—she hopes that her infant will live to comfort and cheer her old age; to be *good*, and, it may be, *great*. As far as she is enlightened as to her maternal duties, and the means of realizing her fond hopes for her child, almost every mother exerts herself to do. What a pledge for virtuous conduct is the character of a mother! though she might trifle with her own reputation, can she endure the thought of bequeathing infamy to her offspring? May the time come when every virtuous child may proudly say, "Behold my mother!" and when every mother may joyfully say, "Behold my child!"

AN INFANT'S FIRST IDEAS.

The little actions of an infant seem so *natural*, that we can scarcely persuade ourselves to think they are worth comment. So, in the physical world mankind are prone to seek an explanation of *uncommon* phenomena only, while the ordinary changes of nature, which are in themselves equally wonderful, are disregarded. Comets and earthquakes had occupied the attention of inquirers long before any one had ever thought of asking what caused the falling of a stone, or how warmth was produced by the burning of cold substances. An infant cries after its mother;—this is natural, the mother believes; but why is it natural? It is because the child is endowed with a mental faculty, connecting its sensations with the object which gives rise to them, and which is capable of awakening emotions of affection that cluster around the being whose sight suggests ideas of kindness, protection, and sympathy. This faculty is *association*, which, like the attraction of gravitation in the planetary system, binds together the thoughts in a human soul. The mother ought to know that on the proper direction of this faculty depends the moral and religious character of her child, and that as soon as it can distinguish her from strangers, it is, by the operation of the same principle, capable of receiving impressions which may prove favourable or unfavourable to its future well-being. It is this consideration which renders the mother's office so important.

EFFECT OF EXCITEMENTS.

Strong excitements have an unfavourable effect upon the nerves of young children. We know this to be the case with ourselves, but are apt to forget that things which are common to us may be new and striking to them. My child was, on a certain evening, carried into a large room brilliantly lighted and filled with company. He gazed around with an expression of admiration and delight, not

unmixed with perplexity; the latter, however, soon vanished, and he laughed and shouted with great glee; and as he saw that he was observed, exerted himself still farther to be amusing. He was then carried into a room where was music and dancing; this was entirely new, and he was agitated with a variety of emotions; fear, wonder, admiration, and joy seemed to prevail by turns. As the scene became familiar, he again enjoyed it without any mixture of unpleasant feelings.

But the effect of these excitements was apparent when he was taken to his bed-room; his face was flushed, as in a fever, his nervous system disturbed, and his sleep was interrupted by screams.

THE CHILD AND NATURE.

The expression of the emotions of young children, when first viewing the grand scenery of nature, affords a rich treat to the penetrating observer. At eight months old, my child, on being carried to the door during a fall of snow, contemplated the scene with an appearance of deep attention. He had learned enough of the use of his eyes to form some conception of the expanse before him, and to perceive how different it was from the narrow confines of the apartments of the house. The falling snow, with its brilliant whiteness and easy downward motion, was strange and beautiful; and when he felt it lighting upon his face and hands, he held up his open mouth, as if he would test its nature by a third sense.

A few weeks after this he was taken, on a bright winter's day, to ride in a sleigh: (this scene was in Vermont.) The sleigh-bells, the horses, the companions of his ride, the trees and shrubs loaded with their brilliant icy gems, the houses, and the people whom we passed, all by turns received his attention. If he could have described what he saw as it appeared to him, and the various emotions caused by these objects, the description would have added a new page in the philosophy of mind. How often are the beauties of nature unheeded by man, who, musing on past ills, brooding over the possible calamities of the future, building castles in the air, or wrapped up in his own self-love and self-importance, forgets to look abroad, or looks with a vacant stare. His outward senses are sealed, while a fermenting process may be going on in the passions within. But if, with a clear conscience, a love of nature, and a quick sense of the beautiful and sublime, we do contemplate the glorious objects so profusely scattered around us by a bountiful Creator, with the interesting changes which are constantly varying the aspect of these objects, still our emotions have become deadened by habit. We do not admire what is familiar to us, and therefore it is, that we must be ever ignorant of the true native sympathy between our own hearts and the external world.

From "Poems."

THE WONDERS OF NATURE.

The universe, how vast! exceeding far
The bounds of human thought; millions of suns,
With their attendant worlds moving around
Some common centre, gravitation strange!
Beyond the power of finite minds to scan!
Can He, who in the highest heav'n sublime,
Enthron'd in glory, guides these mighty orbs—
Can He behold this little spot of earth,
Lost 'midst the grandeur of the heavenly host:
Can God bestow one thought on fallen man?
Turn, child of ignorance and narrow views,
Thy wilder'd sight from off these dazzling scenes;
Turn to thy earth, and trace the wonders there.
Who pencils, with such variegated hues,
The lowly flower that decks the rippling stream,
Or gorgeously attires the lily race?
Who, with attentive care each year provides
A germ to renovate the fading plant,
And gives soft show'rs and vivifying warmth,
Kindling within the embryo inert
The little spark of life, unseen by all,
Save him who gave it, and whose care preserves?
Who teaches, when this principle of life,
Thus animated, swells the germ within,
And bursts its tomb, rising to light and air—
Who teaches root and stem to find their place,
Each one to seek its proper element?
Who gilds the insect's wings, and leads it forth
To feast on sweets and bask in sunny ray?
None can the life of plant or insect give,
Save God alone;—He rules and watches all.
Scorns not the least of all His works; much less
Man, made in his image, destined to exist
When e'en yon brilliant worlds shall cease to be.
Then how should man, rejoicing in his God,
Delight in his perfections, shadow'd forth
In every little flow'r and blade of grass!
Each opening bud, and care-perfected seed,
Is as a page, where we may read of God.

R.

RACHEL,

As her name is only known in her theatrical profession, is of Jewish parentage, her father, M. Felix, being among the poorest of his tribe. Rachel Felix was the eldest of seven children, and early began to aid her parents in their severe struggle to gain subsistence for their family. Her career opened as a street singer: with an old guitar on which she played the accompaniment, the little Rachel went forth to win by her songs the bread she was unable to earn with her hands.

On a cold evening in January, about the year

1830, Choron, the founder of an academy for music in Paris, was charmed by the silver voice of a child singing out the most delightful cadences upon the keen wintry air. It was little Rachel "singing for her supper." Choron pressed through the crowd who were gathered around her, and in utter amazement gazed upon a delicate little girl of ten or twelve summers, thinly clad, and standing in the snow, the very image of desolation. With her benumbed finger she held out a wooden bowl for a sou, and in it Choron dropped a silver coin. His heart was touched, and the deepest feelings of interest for the little warbler were awakened.

"My child," he asked, "who taught you to sing so well?"

"Nobody, sir!" said the little girl, while her teeth chattered; "I have learnt just as I could."

"But where did you learn those beautiful airs which you sing, and which I do not know?"

"Indeed, sir, I have learnt a little of them everywhere. When I go about the streets I listen under the windows to those ladies and gentlemen who sing. I try to catch the airs and the words, and afterwards arrange them the best way I can."

"You are cold and hungry; come with me, and I will give you food and clothing," said the good Choron; and the crowd clapped their hands. But they lost their little Rachel—she never again sang on the Boulevards. Choron obtained permission of her parents to give her a musical education, and under his tuition her wonderful vocal powers rapidly developed. Death took away her benefactor, and she returned awhile to her miserable parents.

The little girl was then just budding into the bloom of a graceful and fascinating woman. She looked to the stage as the means of obtaining bread, and succeeded in making an engagement at the Gymnase, one of the minor theatres of Paris. She made no impression; the audiences refused to applaud. She was disappointed, but not discomfited. From an old clothes-merchant of her own race she borrowed an odd volume of Racine, and was charmed with the tragedy of *Andromache*. She recited the part of the daughter of *Hélene;* her eyes filled with the tears of deep emotion, and she said to her mother, "I know my destiny—I will perform tragedy."

Through the influence of a retired actor she obtained an engagement at the Theatre Française, and her appearance in the characters of Racine was greeted with immense applause. The Parisians were in ecstasies. The singing-girl of the Boulevards was apotheosized as the "Tragic Muse." Her salary was first fixed at 4000 francs: the second season it was raised to 150,000 francs. The courts of France and England soon delighted to pay her homage; and within ten years from the hour when Choron took her half frozen from the streets of Paris, she wore a gorgeous diamond necklace, with the words "VICTORIA TO RACHEL" emblazoned upon it!

Mademoiselle Rachel is at the head of her profession as a tragic actress, and her annual income is not far from thirty-five thousand dollars. Like Jenny Lind in another public sphere, she has no peer in her profession or the admiration of the votaries of the drama. She might have been one of the greatest of living singers, but she preferred to aim at the highest tragic eminence. That she has accomplished.

Would that we could add—what may be truly said of the sweet singer of Sweden—"Mademoiselle Rachel bears a spotless reputation!" It could hardly be expected, accustomed as the poor little girl was to scenes of misery and low vice in such a licentious city as Paris, that Rachel would grow up with much natural delicacy of feeling; but genius should have a purifying power, giving moral elevation of sentiment to the soul of a woman. No doubt calumny has exaggerated the reports of Mademoiselle Rachel's amours; nor ought she to be judged by the standard of a Siddons, who was born and trained in a land where female chastity is required as the crowning grace of the actress. Still we do regret that a shadow has fallen on the fair fame of one who might have been, like Jenny Lind, a glory to her sex as well as to her profession. But let us record her good deeds. Mademoiselle Rachel is said to be very charitable to the poor. She has provided generously for her own family; educating her sisters and brothers, and never forgetting the humble condition from which she has risen. As a memorial of her street-minstrelsy, she religiously preserves her old guitar.

REYBAUD, MADAME CHARLES,

Is the *nomme de plume* of Mademoiselle H. Arnaud. She resides in Paris. Why she should have chosen to put away her own name, and give the celebrity of her genius to a fictitious one, has never been made known; but such is the fact. She need not have done this in order to secure the success of her works, which have been received with great favour by the Parisian public.

Madame Reybaud has published over twenty different novels and tales, none of which have failed. Her most striking qualities are the unity and perfectness with which she constructs and finishes her plot, each incident and dialogue tending to the completion of the plan; and so ingeniously does she cometimes contrive the story, that the most experienced novel-reader is taken by surprise in the unforeseen *denouement*. Like all who write much, she has produced books of very unequal merit, but the best exhibit both tenderness and wit; and what must be highly commended, because more rare in French novels, there is nothing extravagant in sentiment or offensive to morals to be found in her works. An able English critic has truly said, "Madame Charles Reybaud, little known to English readers, is a good and captivating writer of considerable ability. Her numerous productions may be perused without fear by the conscientious and scrupulous reader. We are doing them a service in recommending this interesting author to their notice. She will cheer many a winter evening, and the pleasant languor of a July noon; she will occupy very agreeably the odd hour between the return from the drive and the appearance at the dinner-

table. Her intentions and tendencies are good; her sentiments very sweet and delicate; a strong sense of religious and moral responsibility evidently pervades her mind. She introduces her readers to the antique relics of that beautiful and graceful aristocracy — let us give all their due — which was destroyed by the first French revolution."

We subjoin the titles of her most popular works, commending as our favourites, "Les deux Marguerites," "Sans Dot," and "Espagnoles et Françaises." The others are, — "Dona Marianna," "Fabiana," "Geraldine," "Lena," "Madame de Rieux," "Mademoiselle de Chazeuil," "Marie d'Enambue," "Mézelie," "Misé Brun," "La Pauvre Paysanne," "La Petite Reine," "Romans du Cœur," and "Valdepeiras."

ROBINSON, THERESE ALBERTINE LOUISE,

Wife of the accomplished scholar, Professor Robinson, of New York, was born on the 26th of January, 1797, at Halle, Germany. She was the daughter of Professor L. H. von Jacob, a man distinguished for his learning. In 1806, her father became a Professor at the Russian University of Charkow. Here he remained five years, during which time his daughter began the study of the Slavonic languages and literature. Here she also wrote her first poems, afterwards published under the name of Talvi, a title composed of the initials of her maiden name, Therese Albertine Louise von Jacob. In 1811 her father was transferred to St. Petersburgh, and her studies were principally confined to the modern languages; but she also devoted part of her time to historical reading, and to the cultivation of her poetical talent. Her industry was intense and incessant. In 1816 her father returned to Halle, when she found an opportunity to acquire the Latin language. In 1825 she published at Halle several tales, under the title of "Psyche," with the signature of Talvi. In 1822 she translated Walter Scott's "Covenanters" and "Black Dwarf," under the name of Ernst Berthold. An accidental circumstance attracted her attention to the Servian literature, and so interested her in it that she learned that language and translated a number of poems, which she published in 1826 in two volumes, entitled "Popular Songs of the Servians."

In 1828 she was married to Professor Robinson, and after some time accompanied him to America. Here, after studying the aboriginal languages with great interest, she translated into the German Mr. Pickering's work on the Indian tongues of North America. This was published at Leipzic in 1834. During the same year she published an English work called an "Historical View of the Slavic Languages," which was afterwards translated into the German. In 1837 she returned with her husband and children to Germany, where she remained for two or three years, during which time she published at Leipzic a work entitled an "Attempt at an Historical Characterization of the Popular Songs of the Germanic Nations, with a Review of the Songs of the Extra-European Races." About the same time she published a work in German on "The Falseness of the Songs of Ossian."

After her return to America her time was principally devoted to the study of American history. The result was, "A History of John Smith," published in F. Raumer's Historiches Taschenbuch in 1845, and a larger historical work on the "Colonization of New England," published at Leipzic in 1847. Mrs. Robinson was induced to write this work from her strong desire to make the Germans acquainted with the history of the United States previous to the Revolution, of which they are quite ignorant. It is a production showing great research and judgment.

Mrs. Robinson's next works were written in English; the one published in 1850, entitled an "Historical Review of the Languages and Literature of the Slavic Nations, with a Sketch of their Popular Poetry," was originally prepared for, and appeared in, the Biblical Repository; a theological periodical started by her husband, Professor Robinson. She afterwards revised and partly re-wrote it. It is considered the most interesting and complete work in existence on the literature of the Slavonic nations. In the same year a small novel appeared, — "Heloise, or the Unrevealed Secret," — published by the Appletons in New York, and simultaneously in Germany. This work is instructive as well as interesting, from the insight it affords into social life in Germany, and the manner in which the Russian government is administered in Caucasus, and the wild warfare of those regions carried on. In 1851 she published, through the Appletons, "Life's Discipline; a Tale of the Annals of Hungary."

The writings of this accomplished and excellent woman all show the highest attainments in literature, an unprejudiced mind, a clear and just judgment, a strong and comprehensive understanding, and a highly poetical temperament. Goethe speaks with great admiration of her poems, both original and translated. Her novels are superior both in style and interest to the ordinary publications of that class; her last work especially is valuable for the power of its incidents and the light it throws on the Magyar character and the incipient causes of the late revolution in Hungary. Mrs. Robinson is now a contributor to the German and American periodicals.

From "Life's Discipline."

SELFISHNESS.

Not the untamed passion of the human heart, which, bursting out into a flame, spreading ruinously, destroys all barriers; not the unbridled force, which, in wild outbreaks of savage roughness, crushes under foot tender blossoms, lovely flowers, — not these constitute the greatest, the truest evil of the world; it is cold, creeping *egotism*, heartless *selfishness;* which, with its attendants, treachery, deceit, and hypocrisy, easily bears away the palm, because it knows what it is doing, while passion, in blind fury, shatters its own weapons.

LOVING UNWORTHILY.

The greatest misery which can befall a woman is to love a *bad* man. The true essence of her love is the total abnegation of her own will; the immersion of all self-dependence in the self of the beloved object. Woe to the heart if it then falls out with the better qualities of mankind! Losing her faith in the moral worth of the man she loves a woman loses all the *happiness* of love. As long as the better element is not entirely lost in him, if it is, perhaps, the rough power of a passion, whatever be its name, that ruined him, if the brute has perhaps gained in him the momentary ascendency over the man, and drags him to the depth of destruction, or even into the slime of low vulgarity; in this case, it seems almost as if, beside the lost esteem, there might still exist in the tenderest heart an affection for the ruined object. It is only that the flame does not *shine* any more! no more with magic brightness illumines the world around it. That it can only, like a deceptive heap of secretly glowing embers, *consume* the heart which harbours it against its will. But fatal to every loving weakness in a woman's breast is creeping treachery; calculating, deluding craftiness, when she has once recognised them under their mask. In the cold hands of low egotism the heart turns to ice. Love is dead. We are cured,—but are we happy?

GRIEF AND GUILT.

If it *is* true that constant change and the charm of novelty, the ceaseless rolling on of events around us, the attraction of the beautiful which we discover in a new, strange world, can at last strengthen and heal the most deeply wounded heart, as long as it is *grief* which has enfeebled it; this is not so when *guilt* has weighed it down: the sting of conscience cannot be withdrawn with all the exertion of our will: we cannot escape that pursuing monitress even in the most impetuous whirl of changing events and experiences!

THE SOUL'S POWER.

For not the actions themselves are what gives worth to man or takes it from him; what should gain him our approbation or draw upon him our contempt. Only when we have learned to know well the way which the soul has taken before it arrived at its aim, the deed; only when we are aware what outward powers have influenced the formation of the inward resolution; what seed education and early powerful circumstances have strown in each human heart, and, in what degree Providence has made it susceptible for such seed; then only may we judge, admire, and approve, or condemn.

S.

SCACERNI-PROSPERI, ANGELA,

Of Ferrara, is descended from a family in which learning and learned men abounded. Carefully educated at home by her father, she was, in her early youth, well versed in general history, geography, geometry, and the French and Latin languages, and also displayed a turn for the fine arts. Her parents removed from Ferrara and resided for some time in Tuscany, where Angela had still greater opportunities for mental improvement, of which she took advantage. She was received into the Academy Clementina of Fine Arts in Bologna, and having returned with her father to her native country, was enrolled among the members of the Academy Ariostea. Then, having become the wife of the Count Michel Fausto Prosperi, and the mother of several children, she devoted herself entirely to her domestic duties. She is universally beloved by all who know her, and her country willingly grants to her that veneration and respect which belong to her merits. She is an easy, harmonious, and graceful writer. Her works consist of many lyric poems, songs, epigrams, and sonnets, written with great sweetness and learning, and a touching Elegy on Guido Villa, formerly President of the hospital of St. James and Anna in Ferrara.

SCACRATI-ROMAGNLI, ORINTIA,

Was born at Cesena, and, from her girlhood, has been distinguished for intelligence. In youth her beauty was remarkable; this, added to her highly cultivated mind, made her society sought for in the most brilliant circles. She was endowed with great penetration into character, tact, and discretion. Circumstances led her to a country life for some years; she there devoted herself to literature, and wrote several dramatic pieces. She afterwards established herself at Rome, where she enjoyed the admiration of all, and the esteem of a large circle of friends. To foreigners she exercised a generous hospitality, and her name is known to many illustrious travellers of other nations. Her works, in four volumes, were published in 1810.

SCHOPPE, AMALIA VON,

Whose maiden name was Weise, is a German novel-writer who has distinguished herself for the number of her works, comprising about 150 volumes. We know little of her private history except from her own pen. In 1838 she published "Erinnerungen aus meinem Leben," which is said to contain many incidents of her own life, and pourtraying her own character under that of her heroine, Clementine. "If so," says a British critic, "she presents herself to the public as a woman of no ordinary character; intelligent, but unimpassioned; of a frank and energetic disposition, and devoid of prudery and false sentiment." Her first work was published in 1829, and as she has written at the rate of six or seven volumes per year, it is not strange that the same critic should observe that "Madame von Schoppe is a woman of talent, though her works are hastily planned and imperfectly finished." Her historical tales show extensive reading; among these, the collection entitled "Myosotis," published in 1841, attracted considerable attention. A son of Madame von Schoppe is also an author.

SEDGWICK, CATHARINE MARIA,

Was born in Stockbridge, Massachusetts. Her father, the Honorable Theodore Sedgwick, a citizen of high reputation, was at one time Speaker of the House of Representatives, afterwards senator in Congress, and, at the time of his death, filled the office of judge of the supreme court of his state. Miss Sedgwick's first book, the "New England Tale," appeared in 1822. It was originally written for a religious tract; but as it gradually expanded into a work too large for such a purpose, she was prevailed on, with much difficulty, by her friends to give it to the world in its present form.

It was received with such favour, that in 1827 the authoress was induced to publish her second work; a novel in two volumes, entitled "Redwood." This work met with great success, and was republished in England and translated into French and Italian. One of the characters in the book, Miss Debby Lennox, bears the stamp both of originality and truthfulness; and if it stood alone, would prove not only the extensive observation, but the great powers of invention possessed by its delineator. Miss Sedgwick's next work was "Hope Leslie, or Early Times in America;" a novel in two volumes, published in 1827. This has continued to be her most popular tale; and, indeed, no novel written by an American, except, perhaps, the early works of Cooper, ever met with such success. The character of the heroine is a lovely embodiment of womanhood with all its ideal perfections, and yet with a few natural weaknesses which only render her the more lifelike and interesting. The Indian girl, Magawisca, seems to be more a being of the imagination; too high-souled and lofty, as well as too refined to be a true type of the race from which she sprung. In 1830, "Clarence, a Tale of our own Times," appeared; in 1832 "Le Bossu," one of the Tales of Glauber Spa, and in 1835, "The Linwoods, or Sixty Years Since, in America." During the same year she collected in one volume the shorter tales which had appeared in different periodicals; and in 1836 she published her popular story of "The Poor Rich Man and the Rich Poor Man;" in 1837 "Live and Let Live;" in 1838 "Means and Ends, or Self-Training;" and afterwards, "A Love Token for Children," and "Stories for Young Persons." In 1840 she published her "Letters from Abroad to Kindred at Home," in two volumes; and not long after a "Life of Lucretia M. Davidson." She has also been a frequent contributor to annuals and periodicals. For the Lady's Book she wrote her thrilling novel, "Wilton Harvey." In the same Magazine was published "A Huguenot Family," "Scenes from Life in Town," "Fanny McDermot," &c. These will appear in the new edition of Miss Sedgwick's works now in course of publication. A writer in the National Portrait Gallery thus truly estimates the characteristics of her genius.

"It is evident that Miss Sedgwick's mind inclines towards cheerful views of life. There seems to be implanted in her heart a love of goodness and of the beautiful, which turns as naturally towards serenity and joy, as flowers lean towards the sun. It is manifest that though possessing great refinement herself, her sympathies are not confined to a coterie or class, but that they are called forth by every manifestation of virtue, even in the most humble circumstances, and that she looks with kind regard upon those gleams of a better nature which occasionally break forth amid prevailing clouds and darkness.

"She affects no indifference to the accidental advantages of condition. It would be impossible to diminish her interest in the powers and fascinations of genius and imagination, and she thinks it no duty to attempt it. But her highest favour and affection are reserved for that enduring virtue which is perfected through much trial and tribulation, and which needs no earthly witness or outward reward. She delights to see the "signet of hope upon the brow of infancy;" but she remembers with more satisfaction the last smile of unfaltering faith and love, which even death itself spares for a season.

"It is impossible to speak of her works without a particular regard to their moral and religious character. We know no writer of the class to which she belongs who has done more to inculcate just religious sentiments. They are never obtruded, nor are they ever suppressed. It is not the religion of observances, nor of professions, nor of articles of faith, but of the heart and life. It always comes forth; not as something said or done from a sense of necessity or duty, but as part of the character, and inseparable from its strength, as well as from its grace and beauty. It is a union of that faith which works by love with that charity which never faileth.

"There is another characteristic of Miss Sedgwick's writings which should not be overlooked. We allude to their great good sense and practical discretion; the notableness which they evince and recommend. This is so true, that we recollect having heard a zealous utilitarian declare, after

reading one of her works, that political economy might be taught to the greatest advantage through the medium of romances."

Her style is peculiarly good; equally free from stiffness and negligence, it is more distinguished by delicacy and grace than strength, and the purity of her English may afford a model to some of our learned scholars.

Miss Sedgwick is evidently an ardent admirer of nature, and excels in describing natural scenery. She has also great powers both of invention and imagination, and delineates character with wonderful skill. Her children are, to a certain point, beautifully and naturally described; but there are in the mind of this writer two antagonistic principles:—the usefully practical, and the sentimentally romantic. This is by no means uncommon with delicate and refined minds; they like to deviate into regions beyond the every-day world, yet sense and circumstances recall them to common truths; hence arise little discrepancies which mar in some degree the naturalness of the delineations. Miss Edgeworth is almost the only writer of children's books who has entirely avoided this fault; but it is difficult to arrive at this excellence, and it is no disparagement to Miss Sedgwick to say she has not attained it. With every abatement that can be made, Miss Sedgwick remains among the front rank of those earnest and sincere writers whose talents have been employed for the purpose of doing good, and whose works have obtained a great and deserved popularity. Her books have, almost without exception, been reprinted and favourably received in England.

From "Redweod."

THE OPINIONS OF A YANKEE SPINSTER.

"Well," said Debby, "contentment is a good thing and a rare; but I guess it dwells most where people would least expect to find it. There's Ellen Bruce, she has had troubles that would fret some people to death, and yet I have seldom seen her with a cloudy face."

"How do you account for that, Miss Debby? I am curious to get at this secret of happiness, for I have been in great straits sometimes for the want of it."

"Why, I'll tell you. Now, Ellen, I don't mean to praise you"—and she looked at Ellen while an expression of affection spread over her rough-featured face. "The truth is, Ellen has been so busy about making other people happy, that she has no time to think of herself; instead of grieving about her own troubles, she has tried to lessen other people's; instead of talking about her own feelings and thinking about them, you would not know she had any, if you did not see she always knew just how other people felt."

"Stop, stop, Deborah, my good friend;" said Ellen, "you must not turn flatterer in your old age."

"Flatterer! The Lord have mercy on you, girl; nothing was farther from my thoughts than flattering. I meant just to tell this young lady for her information, that the secret of happiness was to forget yourself and care for the happiness of others."

"You are right—I believe you are right," said Miss Campbell, with animation; "though I have practised very little after your golden rule."

"The more's the pity, young woman; for depend on it, it's the safe rule and the sure; I have scriptur' warrant for it, beside my own observation; which, as you may judge, has not been small. It's a strange thing, this happiness; it puts me in mind of an old Indian I have heard of, who said to a boy who was begging him for a bow and arrow, 'the more you say bow and arrow, the more I won't make it.' There's poor Mr. Redwood; as far as I can find out, he has had nothing all his life to do but to go up and down and to and fro upon the earth, in search of happiness; look at his face: it is as sorrowful as a tombstone, and just makes you ponder upon what has been, and what might have been; and his kickshaw of a daughter—why I, Debby Lennox, a lone old woman that I am, would not change places with her—would not give up my peaceable feelings for hers, for all the gold in the king's coffers: and for the most part, since I have taken a peep into what's called the world, I have seen little to envy among the great and the gay, the rich and handsome."

"And yet, Miss Debby," said Grace, "the world looks upon these as the privileged classes."

"Ah! the world is foolish and stupid besides."

"Well, Miss Deborah, I have unbounded confidence in your wisdom, but since my lot is cast in this same evil world, I should be sorry to think there was no good in it."

"No good, Miss! that was what I did not and would not say. There is good in everything and everywhere, if we have but eyes to see it and hearts to confess it. There is some pure gold mixed with all this glitter; some here that seem to have as pure hearts and just minds as if they had never stood in the dazzling sunshine of fortune."

"You mean to say, Deborah," said Ellen, "that contentment is a modest, prudent spirit; and that for the most part she avoids the high places of the earth, where the sun burns and the tempests beat, and leads her favourites along quiet vales and to sequestered fountains."

"Just *what* I would have said, Ellen, though it may not be just *as* I should have said it;" replied Deborah, smiling. "You young folks like to dress off everything with garlands, while such a plain old body as I only thinks of the substantials."

THE TRAINING OF A BELLE.

Mrs. Manning's notions of education were not peculiar. In her view, the few accomplishments quite indispensable to a young lady, were dancing, music, and French. To attain them she used all the arts of persuasion and bribery; she procured a French governess, who was a monument of patience; she employed a succession of teachers, that much-enduring order, who bore with all long-suffering, the young lady's indolence, caprices, and tyranny. At the age of seven, the grand-

mother's vanity no longer brooking delay, the child was produced at balls and routes, where her singular beauty attracted every eye, and her dexterous, graceful management of her little person, already disciplined to the rules of Vestris, called forth loud applauses. The child and grandmother were alike bewildered with the incense that was offered to the infant belle and future heiress; and alike unconscious of the sidelong looks of contempt and whispered sneers which their pride and folly provoked. At the age of fourteen Miss Redwood, according to the universal phrase to express the debût of a young lady, was "brought out;" that is, entered the lists as a candidate for the admiration of fashion and the pretensions of lovers. At eighteen,—the period which has been selected to introduce her to our readers,—she was the idol of the fashionable world, and as completely mistress of all its arts and mysteries as a veteran belle of five-and-twenty.

THOUGHTS OF A DYING MOTHER.

She knows not—no one knows—how to look upon the troubled and vanishing dream of this life, till the light of another falls upon it. No one knows how mean every thing that is transient and perishable appears unto me; how insignificant the joys, nay, even the sufferings that are past, as I stand trembling on the verge of that bright world of innocence and safety, where I hope to appear with the child God has given me.

TRUE POLITENESS.

He who should embody and manifest the virtues taught in Christ's sermon on the Mount, would, though he had never seen a drawing-room, nor even heard of the artificial usages of society, commend himself to all nations, the most refined as well as the most simple.

From "The Poor Rich Man and the Rich Poor Man."

MR. AIKIN'S PHILOSOPHY.

"I must say, I think there is a useless and senseless outcry against rich men. It comes from the ignorant, unobserving, and unreflecting. We must remember that in our country there are no fixed classes: the poor family of this generation is the rich family of the next; and more than that, the poor of to-day are the rich of to-morrow, and the rich of to-day the poor of to-morrow. The prizes are open to all, and they fall without favour. Our rich people, too, are, many of them, among the very best persons in society. I know some such: there is Mr. Beckwith; he has ten talents, and a faithful steward is he; he and his whole family are an honour and blessing to their country; doing in every way all the good they can. Such a rich man as Morris Finley I despise, or rather pity, as much as you or any man can; but pray do not let us envy him his riches; they are something quite independent of himself; and can a man be really poorer than he is—a poor mind, a poor heart—that is the poverty to shun. As to rich men being at their ease, Miner, every acquisition brings a new want—a new responsibility."

"But, Aikin Aikin; now, candidly, would you not be willing to take their wants and responsibilities with their purses?"

"I cannot say, Miner; money is the representative of power—the means of extended usefulness, and we all have dreams of the wonderful good we should do if we had these means in our hands. But this I do know; that, till we are conscious of employing, and *employing well*, the means we have, we ought not to crave more. But let us look at the matter in the right point of view. We are all children of one family; all are to live here a few years; some in one station, and some in another. We are all of us, from the highest to the lowest, labourers in our Father's field; and *as we sow, so shall we reap*. If we labour rightly, those words of truth and *immense* import will sound in our ears like a promise, and not like a threat. We shall work at our posts like faithful children, not like tasked slaves; and shall be sure of the riches that perish not in the using. As to all other riches, it is not worth our while to covet or envy them, except in some rare cases, we have all, in this country, gifts and means enough."

THE POOR RICH MAN'S BLESSINGS.

I had a good education. I do not mean as to learning; that is only one part of it; I was taught to use my faculties. But, first and best of all, I early learned to seek the favour of God and the approval of conscience. I have always had a cheerful home, a clean room to come to, clean children, and a nice wife. Your mother has performed her duties, great and small: as to the small, she never has failed a day since we were married to put on her *t'other* gown at evening, and a clean cap with a riband bow, most always of blue, the colour she knows I like best. Her trade has helped us through many a hard-rubbing day; and it has given me peace of mind; for I know if I were taken from you, she could and would support you without running to any widows' societies or assistant societies.

HIS ADVICE TO HIS CHILDREN.

Observe for yourselves, my children; and do n't trust to what others tell you. If you make good use of your bodily eyes and the eyes of your mind, you will see that Providence has bound the rich and the poor by one chain. Their interests are the same; the prosperity of one is the prosperity of all. The fountains are with the rich, but they are no better than a stagnant pool till they flow in streams to the labouring people. The enterprise and success of the merchant give us employment and rich rewards for our labour. We are dependent on them, but they are quite as dependent on us. If there were none of these hateful rich people, who, think you, would build hospitals and provide asylums for orphans, and for the deaf and dumb, and the blind?

HIS REMARKS ON MANNERS.

Manners, for the most part, are only the signs of qualities. If a child has a kind and gentle disposition, he will have the outward sign; if he have

the principle that teaches him to maintain his own rights and not encroach on those of others, he will have dignity and deference; which I take to be qualities of the best manners. As to forms of expression, they are easily taught; this I call women's work. They are naturally more mannerly than we."

"You say, Harry," interposed Mrs. Aikin, "that it is women's work to teach manners to the children; but don't you think they learn them mostly from example?"

"Certainly I do; manners, as well as every thing else. Man is called an imitative animal. You can tell by the actions of a child a year old what sort of people it has lived with. If parents are civil and kind to one another, if children never hear from them profane or coarse language, they will as naturally grow up well-behaved, as that candle took the form of the mould it was run in."

SHELLEY, MARY WOLSTONECRAFT,

Daughter of William Godwin and Mary Wolstonecraft, was born in London, August, 1797. Her mother dying at her birth, the daughter was tenderly and carefully brought up by her father and stepmother. The little girl soon evinced traits of the hereditary genius which was afterwards so fully developed.

In the introduction to one of her novels, she herself says of her youth:

"It is not singular that, as the daughter of two persons of distinguished literary celebrity, I should very early in life have thought of writing. As a child I scribbled; and my favourite pastime during the hours given me for recreation, was to 'write stories.' Still, I had a dearer pleasure than this, which was the formation of castles in the air; the indulging in waking dreams; the following up trains of thought, which had for their subject the formation of a succession of imaginary incidents. My dreams were at once more fantastic and agreeable than my writings. In the latter I was a close imitator; rather doing as others had done, than putting down the suggestions of my own mind. What I wrote was intended at least for one other eye — my childhood's companion and friend; but my dreams were all my own; I accounted for them to nobody; they were my refuge when annoyed, my dearest pleasure when free. I lived principally in the country as a girl, and passed a considerable time in Scotland. I made occasional visits to the more picturesque parts, but my habitual residence was on the blank and dreary northern shores of the Tay, near Dundee. Blank and dreary on retrospection I call them; they were not so to me then. They were the eyry of freedom, and the pleasant region where unheeded I could commune with the creatures of my fancy. I wrote then, but in a most commonplace style. It was beneath the trees of the grounds belonging to our house, or on the bleak sides of the woodless mountains near, that my true compositions, the airy flights of my imagination, were born and fostered. I did not make myself the heroine of my tales. Life appeared to me too commonplace an affair as regarded myself. I could not figure to myself that romantic woes or wonderful events would ever be my lot; but I was not confined to my own identity, and I could people the hours with creations far more interesting to me at that age than my own sensations."

Here is the key of the true womanly character, *disinterestedness*. This young girl did not weave the garland or create the Utopia for herself, but for others. The mind of a boy works differently; he places himself in the centre of his creations, and wins the laurel for his own brow.

In 1815 Miss Wolstonecraft was married to Percy Bysshe Shelley, whose name at once moves the admiration, the pity, and the censure of the world. That Mrs. Shelley loved her husband with a truth and devotion seldom exceeded, has been proven by her whole career. Their married life was eminently happy, and the fidelity with which she devoted her fine genius to the elucidation of his writings and the defence of his character, is the best eulogium that has been offered to his memory. Mrs. Shelley thus sketches the first year of her married life and her husband's influence:

"My husband was from the first very anxious that I should prove myself worthy of my parentage, and enrol myself on the page of fame. He was for ever inciting me to obtain literary reputation, which even on my own part I cared for then, though since I have become infinitely indifferent to it. At this time he desired that I should write, not so much with the idea that I could produce any thing worthy of notice, but that he might himself judge how far I possessed the promise of better things hereafter. Still I did nothing. Travelling and the cares of a family occupied my time; and study, in the way of reading or improving my ideas in communication with his far more cultivated mind, was all of literary employment that engaged my attention."

In the summer of 1816, Lord Byron and Mr. and Mrs. Shelley were residing on the banks of the Lake of Geneva. They were in habits of daily intercourse, and when the weather did not allow of their boating excursions on the lake, the Shelleys often passed their evenings with Byron at his house at Diodati. "During a week of rain at this time," says Mr. Moore, "having amused themselves with reading German ghost-stories, they agreed at last to write something in imitation of them. 'You and I,' said Lord Byron to Mrs. Shelley, 'will publish ours together.' He then began his tale of the Vampire; and having the whole arranged in his head, repeated to them a sketch of the story one evening, but from the narrative being in prose, made but little progress in filling up his outline. The most memorable result, indeed, of their story-telling compact, was Mrs. Shelley's wild and powerful romance of 'Frankenstein, or the Modern Prometheus;' one of those original conceptions that take hold of the public mind at once and for ever."

"Frankenstein" was published in 1817, and was instantly recognised as worthy of Godwin's daughter and Shelley's wife, and as, in fact, possessing

some of the genius and peculiarities of both. It is formed on the model of St. Leon; but the supernatural power of that romantic visionary produces nothing so striking or awful as the grand conception of "Frankenstein;" the discovery that he can, by his study of natural philosophy, create a living and sentient being. The hero, like Caleb Williams, tells his own story; and the curiosity it excites is equally concentrated and intense. A native of Geneva, Frankenstein, is sent to the University of Ingolstadt to pursue his studies. He had previously dabbled in the occult sciences, and the University afforded vastly extended facilities for prosecuting his abstruse researches. He pores over books on physiology, makes chemical experiments, visits even the receptacles of the dead and the dissecting-room of the anatomist; and after days and nights of incredible labour and fatigue, his perseverance is rewarded—he succeeds in discovering the cause of generation and life; nay, more; he became capable of bestowing animation on lifeless matter! Full of his extraordinary discovery, he proceeds to create a man; and at length, after innumerable trials and revolting experiments to seize and infuse the principle of life into his image of clay, he constructs and animates a gigantic figure eight feet in height. His feelings on completing the creation of this monster are powerfully described, but not so vividly as Mrs. Shelley has depicted her own emotions when the plot of the story was first seized or comprehended by her imagination.

In 1817 Shelley and his wife returned to England and spent several months in Buckinghamshire. In 1818 they returned to Italy; their eldest child died in Rome; the parents then retired to Leghorn for a few months, and after travelling to various places, finally, in 1820, took up their residence at Pisa. In July, 1821, Shelley's death occurred; he was drowned in the Gulf of Lerici.

Mrs. Shelley had one son who survived his father; with her children she returned to England, and for years supported herself by her writings. In 1844 her son, Henry Florence Shelley, succeeded to the title and estates of his grandfather.

Mrs. Shelley's second work of fiction, "Walpurga," was published in 1823. Her other novels are "Lodore," "Perkin Warbeck," "Falkner," and "The Last Man." She wrote a "Journal of her Travels in Italy and Germany;" also "Lives of Eminent French Poets." But her last work, "Memoirs of Shelley," prefixed to the complete edition of his Poems and Letters, displays her character in its loveliest light. She is the guardian angel of her dead husband's fame, as she was of his happiness while he lived. Mrs. Shelley is a woman of original genius; "like her father, she excels in mental analysis," says Mr. *Chambers, commenting on "Frankenstein,"* "and in the conceptions of the grand and the powerful, but fails in the management of her fable, where probable incidents and familiar life are required or attempted." But in "Lodore" she has shown her power to depict scenes true to nature. Mrs. Shelley died in London, February 1st. 1851, in the fifty-third year of her age.

From "Frankenstein."

THE CREATION OF THE MONSTER.

It was on a dreary night of November that I beheld the accomplishment of my toils. With an anxiety that almost amounted to agony, I collected the instruments of life around me, that I might infuse a spark of being into the lifeless thing that lay at my feet. It was already one in the morning; the rain pattered dismally against the panes, and my candle was nearly burnt out, when, by the glimmer of the half-extinguished light, I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open; it breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs.

How can I describe my emotions at this catastrophe, or how delineate the wretch whom with such infinite pains and care I had endeavoured to form? His limbs were in proportion, and I had selected his features as beautiful. Beautiful! Great God! His yellow skin scarcely covered the working of muscles and arteries beneath; his hair was of a lustrous black, and flowing; his teeth of pearly whiteness; but these luxuriances only formed a more horrid contrast with his watery eyes, that seemed almost of the same colour as the dun-white sockets in which they were set, his shrivelled complexion, and straight, black lips.

LOVE.

It is said that in love we idolize the object, and placing him apart and selecting him from his fellows, look on him as superior in nature to all others. We do so; but even as we idolize the object of our affections, do we idolize ourselves: if we separate him from his fellow mortals, so do we separate ourselves; and glorying in belonging to him alone, feel lifted above all other sensations, all other joys and griefs, to one hallowed circle from which all but his idea is banished. We walk as if a mist or some more potent charm divided us from all but him; a sanctified victim, which none but the priest set apart for that office could touch and not pollute, enshrined in a cloud of glory, made glorious through beauties not our own.

SHERWOOD, MRS.,

Has written many books, and always with a worthy purpose. In the character of the Lady of the Manor she has, perhaps unconsciously, given us the key to her own. Like that good lady, Mrs. Sherwood resides in the south of England; she is the widow of an English officer, and passed several years with her husband in India. Since his decease, which occurred when she was in the prime of life, Mrs. Sherwood has found her chief occupations and pleasures in her own home, instructing her children and writing works to assist in the Christian instruction of the young. The titles of her books show for whom they were prepared. "Little Henry and his Bearer" was her first literary production. Then followed "The History of John Martin," "The Fairchild Family," "The Infant's Progress," "The Indian Pilgrim," "Victoria Anzoomund," "Birthday Present," "Errand Boy," "The Young Foresters," "Juliana Oakley,"

"Erminia," "Emancipation," and a number of other stories. Her largest and most important work, however, is "The Lady of the Manor," in four volumes. Its design is to teach the doctrines of the Church of England to young females. The religious novel has always appeared to us an amusement of doubtful utility. That Christian morals should be inculcated in every work of fiction sent forth in a Christian land, is imperative. From the fact that the Saviour taught these principles by his parables, we are constrained to believe that much good may be done by showing portraitures of the struggles of virtue, the sacrifices of self, and the triumphs of integrity over the evils which curse the world. But the doctrines of religion should, we think, be learned from the Bible and from those appointed to expound its teachings; the discipline of the Church, its forms and rules, are best remembered when studied in their shortest and simplest arrangement; still, the advice communicated in the didactic portions of Mrs. Sherwood's "Lady of the Manor" is, for the most part, excellent, and has, we doubt not, done great good. She is entitled to our warmest esteem as a woman of sincere piety, who has laboured long and earnestly in the highest and holiest cause that can occupy a female pen — the advancement of Christ's kingdom on earth. In her literary claims Mrs. Sherwood is excelled by many living writers of her own sex; as a Christian, we fear few could be found worthy to rank as her equal. Her works have been widely circulated in America.

SIGOURNEY, LYDIA HUNTLEY,

Was born in Norwich, Connecticut, in the year 1791. She was the only child of her parents, and consequently was brought up with great tenderness. Her parentage was in that happy mediocrity which requires industry, yet encourages hope; and the habits of order and diligence in which she was carefully trained by her judicious mother have no doubt been of inestimable advantage to the intellectual character of the daughter.

She early exhibited indications of genius. Perhaps the loneliness of her lot, without brother or sister to share in the usual sports of childhood, had an influence on her pursuits and pleasures. We are by no means in favour of establishing precocity of intellect as the standard of real genius. Still, it is true that many distinguished persons have been marked in childhood as extraordinary; the opening blossom has given forth the sweet odour which the rich fruit, like that of the Mangostan, embodies in its delicious perfection. At eight years of age the little Lydia was a scribbler of rhymes; like Pope, "lisping in numbers." Her first work was published in 1815. It was a small volume, entitled "Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose and Verse." Before this, however, she had fortunately met with a judicious and most generous patron. To Daniel Wadsworth, Esq., of Hartford, belongs the tribute of praise which is due for drawing such a mind from the obscurity where it had remained "afar from the untasted sunbeam."

In 1819 Miss Huntley was united in marriage with Charles Sigourney, a respectable merchant of Hartford, Connecticut; a gentleman of cultivated taste and good literary attainments. From that period Mrs. Sigourney devoted her leisure to literary pursuits; she has produced a variety of works, each and all having one general design — that of doing good.

In 1822 she published "Traits of the Aborigines of America;" a descriptive and historical poem in five cantos. It depicts with truth, and often with much vigour, the condition of the red man before the arrival of his European conqueror, and has passages of deep tenderness and wild beauty. Yet, written as it is in blank verse, and rather discursively, the impression it leaves on the mind is not powerful.

Mrs. Sigourney's next work was in prose — "A Sketch of Connecticut Forty Years Since," published in 1824. During the ensuing fourteen years she sent forth "Poetry for Children," "Sketches: a Collection of Prose Tales, &c.," "Poems," "Zinzendorf," "Letters to Young Ladies," and "Letters to Mothers." All these were favourably received by the American public, and gave the author a warm place in the heart of the people.

In 1840 Mrs. Sigourney went to Europe, visiting England and Scotland in the summer, and passing the winter in Paris, where she received much kindness. She returned to her home in Hartford during the spring of 1841. While on her visit, a volume of her selected poems, superbly illustrated, was published in London, and soon after her return, "Pocahontas," the most carefully finished of her long poems, came out in New York. In 1842 her "Pleasant Memories in Pleasant Lands," a record in prose and verse of her wanderings abroad, was issued; and in 1846 "Myrtis, with other Etchings and Sketching," was published. Since then she has sent out several works, among which are "Water-drops;" an excellent contribution to the temperance cause. A volume of her "Poems," beautifully illustrated, was published in 1848.

The talents and industry of Mrs. Sigourney have won for her a good reputation; and though

British critics have attempted to disparage her genius by accusing her of imitating Mrs. Hemans, yet her works are esteemed by English Christians as the most useful of their class. An American critic has well defined the powers of this truly American poetess; — "Mrs. Sigourney's works express with great purity and evident sincerity the tender affections which are so natural to the female heart, and the lofty aspirations after a higher and better state of being which constitute the truly ennobling and elevating principle in art as well as nature. Love and and religion are the unvarying elements of her song; if her powers of expression were equal to the purity and elevation of her habits of thought and feeling, she would be a female Milton or a Christian Pindar. But though she does not inherit

'The force and ample pinion that the Theban eagles bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion through the liquid vaults of air,'

she nevertheless manages language with ease and elegance, and often with much of the *curiosa felicitas*, that 'refined felicity' of expression, which is, after all, the principal charm in poetry. In blank verse she is very successful. The poems that she has written in this measure have not unfrequently much of the manner of Wordsworth, and may be nearly or quite as highly relished by his admirers."

The predominance of hope with devotional feeling has inclined Mrs. Sigourney to elegiac poetry, in which she excels. Her muse has been a comforter to the mourner. No poet has written such a number of these songs, nor are these of necessity melancholy. Many of hers sound the notes of holy triumph and awaken the brightest anticipations of felicity — ay,

"Teach us of the melody of heaven."

She "leaves not the trophy of death at the tomb," but shows us the "Resurrection and the Life." Thus she elevates the hopes of the Christian and chastens the thoughts of the worldly-minded. This is her mission, the true purpose of her heaven-endowed mind; for the inspirations of genius are from heaven, and, when not perverted by a corrupt will, rise upward as naturally as the morning dew on the flower is exhaled to the skies.

We must not omit to record that Mrs. Sigourney is, in private life, an example to her sex, as well as their admiration in her literary career. She is a good wife and devoted mother; and in all domestic knowledge and the scrupulous performance of her household duties, she shows as ready acquaintance and as much skill as though these alone formed her pursuits. Her literary studies are her recreations — surely as rational a mode of occupying the leisure of a lady as the morning call or the evening party.

From "Letters to Mothers."

POWER OF A MOTHER.

You have gained an increase of power. The influence which is most truly valuable is that of mind over mind. How entire and perfect is this dominion over the unformed character of your infant. Write what you will upon the printless tablet with your wand of love. Hitherto your influence over your dearest friend, your most submissive servant, has known bounds and obstructions. Now, you have over a new-born immortal almost that degree of power which the mind exercises over the body, and which Aristotle compares to the "sway of a prince over a bond-man." The period of this influence must indeed pass away; but while it lasts, make good use of it.

Admitting that it is the profession of our sex to teach, we perceive the mother to be first in point of precedence, in degree of power, in the faculty of teaching, and in the department allotted. For in point of precedence she is next to the Creator; in power over her pupil, limitless and without competitor; in faculty of teaching, endowed with the prerogative of a transforming love; while the glorious department allotted is a newly quickened soul and its immortal destiny.

THE MOTHER'S TEACHINGS.

Wise men have said, and the world begins to believe, that it is the province of woman to teach. You, then, as a mother, are advanced to the head of that profession. I congratulate you. You hold that license which authorizes you to teach always. You have attained that degree in the College of Instruction by which your pupils are in your presence continually, receiving lessons whether you intend it or not, and if the voice of precept be silent, fashioning themselves on the model of your example. You cannot escape from their imitation. You cannot prevent them from carrying into another generation the stamp of those habits which they inherit from you. If you are thoughtless or supine, an unborn race will be summoned as witnesses of your neglect.

WOMAN'S PATRIOTISM.

This, then, is the patriotism of woman; not to thunder in senates, or to usurp dominion, or to seek the clarion-blast of fame, but faithfully to teach by precept and example that wisdom, integrity, and peace which are the glory of a nation. Thus, in the wisdom of Providence, has she been prepared by the charm of life's fairest season for the happiness of love; incited to rise above the trifling amusements and selfish pleasures which once engrossed her, that she might be elevated to the maternal dignity; cheered under its sleepless cares by a new affection; girded for its labours by the examples of past ages, and adjured to fidelity in its most sacred duties by the voice of God.

SKETCH OF A FAMILY.

It is the duty of mothers to sustain the reverses of fortune. Frequent and sudden as they have been in our own country, it is important that young females should possess some employment by which they might obtain a livelihood in case they should be reduced to the necessity of supporting themselves. When females are suddenly reduced from affluence to poverty, how pitiful, contemptible it is, to see the mother desponding and helpless, and permitting her daughters to

embarrass those whom it is their duty to assist and cheer.

"I have lost my whole fortune," said a merchant, as he returned one evening to his home; "we can no longer keep our carriage. We must leave this large house. The children can no longer go to expensive schools. Yesterday I was a rich man; to-day there is nothing I can call my own."

"Dear husband," said the wife, "we are still rich in each other and our children. Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in these active hands and loving hearts."

"Dear father," said the children, "do not look so sober. We will help you to get a living."

"What can you do, poor things?" said he.

"You shall see! you shall see!" answered several voices. "It is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight children be poor? We shall work and make you rich again."

"I shall help;" said the little girl, hardly four years old. "I shall not have any new things bought, and I shall sell my great doll."

The heart of the husband and father, which had sunk within his bosom like a stone, was lifted up. The sweet enthusiasm of the scene cheered him, and his nightly prayer was like a song of praise.

They left their stately house. The servants were dismissed. Pictures and plate, rich carpets and furniture were sold, and she who had been the mistress of the mansion shed no tears.

"Pay every debt," said she; "let no one suffer through us, and we may be happy."

He rented a neat cottage and a small piece of ground a few miles from the city. With the aid of his sons he cultivated vegetables for the market. He viewed with delight and astonishment the economy of his wife, nurtured as she had been in wealth, and the efficiency which his daughters soon acquired under her training.

The eldest instructed in the household, and also assisted the young children; besides, they executed various works which they had learned as accomplishments, but which they found could be disposed of to advantage. They embroidered with taste some of the ornamental parts of female apparel which were readily sold to a merchant in the city.

They cultivated flowers, sent bouquets to market in the cart that conveyed the vegetables; they plaited straw, they painted maps, they executed plain needle-work. Every one was at her post, busy and cheerful. The little cottage was like a bee-hive.

"I never enjoyed such health before," said the father.

"And I was never so happy before," said the mother.

"We never knew how many things we could do when we lived in the grand house," said the children, "and we love each other a great deal better here. You call us your little bees."

"Yes," replied the father; "and you make just such honey as the heart likes to feed on."

Economy, as well as industry, was strictly observed; nothing was wasted. Nothing unnecessary was purchased. The eldest daughter became assistant teacher in a distinguished seminary, and the second took her place as instructress to the family.

The dwelling, which had always been kept neat, they were soon able to beautify. Its construction was improved, and the vines and flowering trees were replanted around it. The merchant was happier under his woodbine-covered porch in a summer's evening, than he had been in his showy dressing-room.

"We are now thriving and prosperous," said he; "shall we return to the city?"

"Oh, no!" was the unanimous reply.

"Let us remain," said the wife, "where we have found health and contentment."

"Father," said the youngest, "all we children hope you are not going to be rich again; for then," she added, "we little ones were shut up in the nursery, and did not see much of you or mother. Now we all live together, and sister, who loves us, teaches us, and we learn to be industrious and useful. We were none of us happy when we were rich and did not work. So, father, please not to be rich any more."

From "Poems."

THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.*

Long hast thou slept unnoted. Nature stole
In her soft ministry around thy bed,
Spreading her vernal tissue, violet-gemm'd,
And pearl'd with dews.
She bade bright Summer bring
Gifts of frankincense, with sweet song of birds,
And Autumn cast his reaper's coronet
Down at thy feet, and stormy Winter speak
Sternly of man's neglect. But now we come
To do thee homage, mother of our chief!
Fit homage—such as honoureth him who pays.
Methinks we see thee; as in olden time,
Simple in garb—majestic and serene,
Unmoved by pomp or circumstance—in truth
Inflexible, and with a Spartan zeal
Repressing vice and making folly grave.
Thou didst not deem it woman's part to waste
Life in inglorious sloth—to sport a while
Amid the flowers, or on the summer wave,
Then fleet, like the ephemeron, away,
Building no temple in her children's hearts,
Save to the vanity and pride of life
Which she had worshipp'd.
For the might that clothed
The "Pater Patriæ"—for the glorious deeds
That make Mount Vernon's tomb a Mecca shrine
For all the earth—what thanks to thee are due,
Who, 'mid his elements of being, wrought,
We know not—Heaven can tell!
Rise, sculptured pile!
And show a race unborn who rest below,
And say to mothers what a holy charge
Is theirs—with what a kingly power their love
Might rule the fountains of the newborn mind.
Warn them to wake at early dawn, and sow
Good seed before the World hath sown her tares;
Nor in their toil decline—that angel bands
May put the sickle in, and reap for God,
And gather to his garner. Ye, who stand
With thrilling breast to view her trophied praise,
Who nobly rear'd Virginia's godlike chief—
Ye, whose last thought upon your nightly couch,

* On laying the corner-stone of her monument at Fredericksburg, Virginia.

Whose first at waking, is your cradled son,
What though no high ambition prompts to rear
A second WASHINGTON, or leave your name
Wrought out in marble with a nation's tears
Of deathless gratitude — yet may you raise
A monument above the stars — a soul
Led by your teachings and your prayers to God.

PRAYER FOR MISSIONS.

Night wraps the realm where Jesus woke,
No guiding star the magi see,
And heavy hangs oppression's yoke,
Where *first* the Gospel said "*be free.*"

And where the harps of angels bore
High message to the shepherd-throng,
"Good will and peace" are heard no more
To murmur Bethlehem's vales along.

Swarth India, with her idol-train,
Bends low by Ganges' worshipp'd tide,
Or drowns the suttee's shrink of pain
With thundering gong and pagan pride.

On Persia's hills the Sophi grope;
Dark Birmah greets salvation's ray;
Even jealous China's door of hope
Unbars to give the Gospel way.

Old Ocean, with his isles, awakes,
Cold Greenland feels unwonted flame,
And humble Afric wondering takes
On her sad lips a Saviour's name.

Their steps the forest-children stay,
Bound to oblivion's voiceless shore,
And lift their red brows to the day,
Which from the opening skies doth pour.

Then aid with prayer that holy light
Which from eternal death can save,
And bid Christ's heralds speed their flight,
Ere millions find a hopeless grave.

A BUTTERFLY ON A CHILD'S GRAVE.

A butterfly bask'd on a baby's grave,
Where a lily had chanced to grow:
"Why art thou here, with thy gaudy dye,
When she of the blue and sparkling eye
Must sleep in the churchyard low?"

Then it lightly soar'd through the sunny air,
And spoke from its shining track:
"I was a worm till I won my wings,
And she whom thou mourn'st, like a seraph sings:
Wouldst thou call the blest one back?"

THE ALPINE FLOWERS.

Meek dwellers 'mid yon terror-stricken cliffs!
With brows so pure, and incense-breathing lips,
Whence are ye? Did some white-wing'd messenger
On Mercy's mission trust your timid germ
To the cold cradle of eternal snows?
Or, breathing on the callous icicles,
Bid them with tear-drops nurse ye? —
— Tree nor shrub
Dare that drear atmosphere; no polar pine
Uprears a veteran front; yet there ye stand,
Leaning your cheeks against the thick-ribb'd ice,
And looking up with brilliant eyes to Him
Who bids you bloom unblanch'd amid the waste
Of desolation. Man, who panting, toils
O'er slippery steeps, or, trembling, treads the verge
Of yawning gulfs, o'er which the headlong plunge
Is to eternity, looks shuddering up,
And marks ye in your placid loveliness —
Fearless, yet frail — and, clasping his chill hands,
Blesses your pencill'd beauty. 'Mid the pomp
Of mountain summits rushing on the sky,
And chaining the rapt soul in breathless awe,
He bows to bind you drooping to his breast,
Inhales your spirit from the frost-wing'd gale,
And freer dreams of heaven.

THE THRIVING FAMILY.

A SONG.

Our father lives in Washington,
And has a world of cares,
But gives his children each a farm,
Enough for them and theirs.
Full thirty well-grown sons has he,
A numerous race indeed,
Married and settled all, d'ye see,
With boys and girls to feed.
So, if we wisely till our lands,
We're sure to earn a living,
And have a penny too to spare
For spending or for giving.
A thriving family are we,
No lordling need deride us;
For we know how to use our hands,
And in our wits we pride us.
Hail brothers, hail!
Let nought on earth divide us.

Some of us dare the sharp north-east;
Some clover-fields are mowing;
And others tend the cotton-plants
That keep the looms a-*going*;
Some build and steer the white-wing'd ships
And few in speed can mate them;
While others rear the corn and wheat,
Or grind the corn to freight them.
And if our neighbours o'er the sea
Have e'er an empty larder,
To send a loaf their babes to cheer
We'll work a little harder.
No old nobility have we,
No tyrant king to ride us;
Our sages in the capitol
Enact the laws that guide us.
Hail, brothers, hail!
Let nought on earth divide us.

Some faults we have, we can't deny,
A foible here and there;
But other households have the same,
And so we won't despair.
'T will do no good to fume and frown,
And call hard names, you see,
And what a shame 't would be to part
So fine a family!
'Tis but a waste of time to fret,
Since Nature made us one,
For every quarrel cuts a thread
That healthful Love has spun.
Then draw the cords of union fast,
Whatever may betide us,
And closer cling through every blast,
For many a storm has tried us.
Hail, brothers, hail!
Let nought on earth divide us.

SMITH, ELIZABETH OAKES,

Was born near Portland, Maine. Her maiden name was Prince, and she traces her descent, from both father and mother, to the early Puritans. Her genius began to develop itself very early; even before she could write she used to compose little stories and print them; at the age of eight she was carrying on an extensive correspondence with imaginary persons, and also keeping a journal. Yet, with all this, she was a very lively and playful child, possessing a large family of at least a dozen dolls, and also showing herself a very expert little needle-woman. Her religious feelings were early excited to action, and, when a mere child, she would pass most of the night in prayer for herself or some of her relations who happened to sin against her code of morals; and occasionally she would discipline herself still farther —

would fast, or inflict some bodily torture on herself — sometimes to such an extent that a fainting-fit would reveal her sufferings to her family.

At the age of sixteen Miss Prince married Seba Smith, Esq., a lawyer and an accomplished scholar, at that time editor of the Portland Advertiser, but

who is more widely known as the original Jack Downing. In 1839 Mr. Smith removed to New York, and Mrs. Smith, who had written for publication anonymously, commenced then to write under her own name; sacrificing for the sake of her children those feelings of feminine sensitiveness and delicacy which had made her before shrink from publicity. She resides now at Brooklyn, Long Island, which has been her home for a number of years.

Mrs. Smith's writings consist chiefly of Poems, Essays, Tales, and Criticisms, which have appeared in the different annuals and periodicals of the day. Her first published book was entitled "Riches without Wings;" written for the young, but interesting to readers of all ages. In 1842 she published a novel, "The Western Captive," founded on traditions of Indian life. In 1844 "The Sinless Child, and other Poems" appeared, which were very favourably received, and have passed through several editions. Subsequently she wrote a tragedy called "The Roman Tribute," founded upon an incident in Roman history, when the emperor saves Constantinople from pillage by paying its price to Attila, the victorious Hun. Her next work was also a tragedy, entitled, "Jacob Leisler," and founded upon the insurrection in New York in 1680. In 1848 Mrs. Smith published a prose work, called "The Salamander; a Legend for Christmas, by Ernest Helfenstein." She has, moreover, written numerous tales and poems for children, and edited "The May Flower," "Tribute to the Beautiful," and "Miller's Poetry of Flowers."

In 1850 her play of "The Roman Tribute" was brought out in Philadelphia and acted with some access. However, it did not meet the favour it deserved; its general tone and the sentiments expressed in it being too lofty and elevated to please the popular mind. It is, like many plays written by persons of genius, better adapted perhaps to the closet than the stage in its present state. Her tragedies have not been published.

Mrs. Smith holds, deservedly, a high rank among the writers of America. Her metaphysical and thoughtful turn of mind may prevent her from being as widely popular as some of much less natural genius and power, but will only make her more warmly admired and loved by those who study her writings with the attention they deserve. The pure and lofty morality of her productions will always command admiration, and some of her sonnets and shorter poems are almost unequalled for their finish and play of fancy. Her conversational talents are remarkable, and those who have the privilege of her acquaintance are both charmed and instructed; her bright fancies blending with her benevolence give her words a peculiar power over the listener.

From "Miscellaneous Papers."

DREAMS OF CHILDHOOD.

I used to dream of joyous shapes floating in the air which were angels to me. I must have started very early in life the heresy that angels have no wings, because these creatures had none in my sleep. These did not speak to me, but looked lovingly upon me; and I would clasp my hands with such fervency of desire to be worthy of their companionship that I often awoke in tears. I grew shy when others talked of dreams, lest I should be called upon to describe my world of visions, which then I felt would be a desecration. I am confident one reason why children dread being alone in the dark is owing to the huge shapes and vague impressions of similar scenes brought to the mind in the process of dreaming. It is cruel to compel them to darkness when this is the case. I have no doubt many a child might trace the morbid action of his faculties to an undue severity upon this ground. "Truly the light is good, and a pleasant thing it is to behold the sun." For myself, I needed no indulgence on this score.

WAKING DREAMS.

I was a courageous child, delighting in the mystical and confidently expecting some revelation — longing to have a voice call on me as did the child Samuel — bending my ear to listen, and ready to say "speak, Lord!" As life wore on and the revelation of an actual presence was withheld, I redoubled my little fasts, and was more earnest in my prayers that I might be accounted worthy; I inflicted childish penances upon myself all to no purpose. Dreams of rare significancy I had, indeed, and day-dreams of grandeur and beauty too deep for utterance; poetry in its manifold forms came to my mind's eye, but unearthly shapes and strange voices were not vouchsafed.

From "The Beloved of the Evening Star."

LOVE.

Strange, that an emotion of such universal import as love should be treated with so little

reverence by the constitution of society; that a sentiment involving so much of human happiness or misery, affecting health, intellect, and life itself, should be the subject for gibes and jokes, instead of being met, as it should be, with solemn and holy thought, and deep, earnest reverence, as of a mystery belonging to the soul itself, and not to be profaned. Laws are made not to guard the sacredness of this necessity of our being, but to guard inviolate the sacredness of contract. "This ought ye to do, and not to leave the other undone." We all weep over the wrongs and sorrows of loving hearts; history, literature, the dweller of the palace, and the peasant beside the "stile;" each and all are alive to the same sentiment and suffer the same griefs, yet no man has said to his neighbour, "Come, let us see, if we cannot do something to right this great human wrong; let us see to it, that the congenial stand only in relation, and thus do away the greatest temptation to evil in the minds of the weak and erring."

RELIGION.

We are fast casting aside the crude shackles of superstition, and God only knows how much of the best part of religion is going also — its simpleness of faith, its earnest and affectionate hold of the heart, which clings to it with the tenacity of the Patriarch, when he said, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." The cold, intellectual assent of the understanding, however high in the abstract, is poor in comparison with that life-giving grasp which, though dimmed by excess of faith, is yet the grasp of one who feels a great and overwhelming human need.

Surely it is not well to make our religion, as the tendency of the age is, a matter for logical deduction — a subject for seventh-day speculation, when it should be a daily and hourly craving of the heart; a going forth of the spirit to commune with spirit; a beautiful lifting of the veil of the temple to behold the mystery and glory within. The instinctive faith of the child-man is better than this; who "sees God in clouds and hears him in the wind," and who, in the dimness of his reverence, gropes amid omens and dreams, in the blind fear of slighting the intimations of that all-pervading power which he "ignorantly worships."

From "Woman and her Needs."

It appears to me we need less of legislation in regard to our sex than that of enlightened public opinion. Whether we wear this or that costume, or go to the polls or stay away, seems of less importance than a radical understanding of our true selves. Let us assert first the reverence due us as a portion of the moral and intellectual type, and gradually we shall take that symmetrical position in human affairs which is for the best good of the world — certainly, we shall have other and better influence than we now have.

I am aware that the large class of the other sex, enraptured with the sensualities of Moore, and fit only to admire "bread and butter girls," will oppose this theory of marriage. It is the style to prate of "sweet sixteen," and to talk of the loveliness of girlhood; and most lovely is it, and sacred should it be held: and therefore the woman should not be defrauded of the period; she should not be allowed to step from the baby-house to the marriage altar. It should be considered not only unwise to do so, but absolutely indelicate. It should affix odium to parents and guardians, if done by their instrumentality, or if by the will of the girl, be regarded as an *evidence of precocious development, as unchaste as it is unwise.*

From "The Roman Tribute."

FEMALE PHYSICIANS.

Eudocia. Our art is learn'd by dames of gentle blood,
Who sit with patient toil and lips contract,
If so they may relieve one human pang.
The ghastly wound appals us not, nor yet
The raging fury of the moonstruck brain;
Not wrinkled hags are we, with corded veins,
Croaking with spells the midnight watches through,
But some are fair as she, the vestal mother.

THE WRONGED MOTHER AND HER SON.

Boy, thou wilt be a man anon, and learn
Hard, cruel, manlike ways; thou wilt break hearts,
And think it brave pastime; thou wilt rule men,
And for the pleasure of thy petty will
Make pools of blood, and top thy pikes with heads;
Burn cities, and condemn the little ones
To bleed and die within their mother's arms!
Child. [*weeping.*] I will never be so vile; I will be brave
And merciful as thou hast taught me.
Eud. [*fondly.*] Wilt thou, pretty dear? Thou art a brave boy.
Wilt always love me? Look here into mine eyes:
My own brave boy, when men shall evil speak,
Defame and curse me, wilt thou forget to love?
Child. Never!
Eud. Never, my brave boy; and when evil tongues
Shall make thy mother's name a blush, wilt thou,
Mine own dear child, wilt thou believe?
Child. Never!
Eud. My boy, dost thou remember thy poor dove,
Thy white-wing'd dove, which the fell hawk pursued,
And sprinkled all the marble with his blood?
Child. [*sobbing.*] My poor, dear dove!
Eud. Ay, thine *innocent* dove!
Listen, child! In the long hereafter years,
Wilt thou remember me as that poor dove,
Hawk'd down and done to death by *cruel* hands?
Think this, and God himself will bless thee!

From "Poems."

THE CHILD SPIRIT.

She is thy guardian angel — she,
From out the crystal gates
Lured by her tenderness for thee,
Upon thy pathway waits.

With rosy fingers, golden hair,
Thy couch she lingers near,
To smooth the brow oppress'd by care,
And dry the earth-born tear.

Thy spirit walks with her along
The peopled home of space,
Where thought is always breathed in song,
And love lights every face.

Oh, wildering hours of heart-felt bliss,
As hand in hand ye glide,
Forgetful of a world like this,
And all its grief beside.

Thy fingers by her own impress'd,
The lingering touch retain,
When morning from the dewy east
Recalls thy sense again.

Her murmur'd accents in thine ear,
Thrill in thy deepest heart —
Alas! that voices, loved and dear,
Should with our sleep depart.

We hear them in the midnight hours
Call softly through the gloom,
And know they walk in heavenly bowers —
Their ashes in the tomb.

Walk, where fair valleys wake to sight,
And crystal waters leap —
Or gather, radiant with delight,
Around us in our sleep.

And these are they who never more
Our coarser senses greet,
But loving as they did of yore,
Our spirit-vision meet.

She, all unseen, *precedes* thy path,
To see what peril waits,
And turns aside the impending wrath
Of thy opposing fates.

She may not know how deep the wrong,
How dread the ill may be,
But, with a love than death more strong,
Her wing doth shelter thee.

THE RECALL, OR SOUL MELODY.

Nor dulcimer nor harp shall breathe
Their melody for me;
Within my secret soul be wrought
A holier minstrelsy!
Descend into thy depths, oh soul!
And every sense in me control.

Thou hast no voice for outward mirth,
Whose purer strains arise
From those that steal from crystal gates
The hymnings of the skies;
And well may earth's cold jarrings cease,
When such have soothed thee unto peace.

Within thy secret chamber rest,
And back each sense recall
That seeketh 'mid the tranquil stars
Where melody shall fall;
Call home the wanderer from the vale,
From mountain and the moonlight pale.

Within the leafy wood the sound
Of dropping rain may ring,
Which, rolling from the trembling leaf,
Falls on the sparrow's wing;
And music round the waking flower
May breathe in every star-lit bower:

Yet, come away! nor stay to hear
The breathings of a voice
Whose subtle tones awake a thrill
To make thee to rejoice,
And vibrate on the listening ear
Too deep, too earnest — ah, too dear.

Yes, come away, and inward turn
Each thought and every sense;
For sorrow lingers from without —
Thou canst not charm it thence;
But all attuned the soul may be
Unto a deathless melody.

THE WATER.

How beautiful the water is!
Didst ever think of it,
When down it tumbles from the skies,
As in a merry fit?
It jostles, ringing as it falls,
On all that 's in its way;
I hear it dancing on the roof,
Like some wild thing at play.

'T is rushing now adown the spout,
And gushing out below,
Half frantic in its joyousness,
And wild in eager flow.
The earth is dried and parch'd with heat,
And it hath longed to be
Released from out the selfish cloud,
To cool the thirsty tree.

It washes, rather rudely too,
The flow'ret's simple grace,
As if to chide the pretty thing
For dust upon its face:
It showers the tree till every leaf
Is free from dust or stain,
Then waits till leaf and branch are still'd,
And showers them o'er again.

Drop after drop is tinkling down
To kiss the stirring brook,
The water dimples from beneath
With its own joyous look:
And then the kindred drops embrace,
And singing on they go,
To dance beneath the willow tree,
And glad the vale below.

How beautiful the water is!
It loves to come at night,
To make us wonder in the morn
To find the earth so bright —
To see a youthful gloss is spread
On every shrub and tree,
And flowerets breathing on the air
Their odours pure and free.

A dainty thing the water is;
It loves the blossom's cup,
To nestle 'mid the odours there,
And fill the petals up;
It hangs its gems on every leaf,
Like diamonds in the sun;
And then the water wins the *smile*
The floweret should have won.

How beautiful the water is!
To me 't is wondrous fair;
No spot can ever lonely be,
If water sparkle there;
It hath a thousand tongues of mirth,
Of grandeur, or delight,
And every heart is gladder made
When water greets *the sight*.

FAITH.

Beware of doubt — faith is the subtle chain
Which binds us to the Infinite: the voice
Of a deep life within, that will remain
Until we crowd it thence. We may rejoice
With an exceeding joy, and make our life —
Ay, this external life — become a part
Of that which is within, o'erwrought and rife
With faith, that childlike blessedness of heart.
The order and the harmony inborn
With a perpetual hymning crown our way,
Till callousness, and selfishness, and scorn,
Shall pass as clouds where scatheless lightnings play.
Cling to thy faith — 't is higher than the thought
That questions of thy faith — the cold external doubt.

RELIGION.

Alone, yet not alone, the heart doth brood
With a sad fondness o'er its hidden grief;
Broods with a miser's joy, wherein relief
Comes with a semblance of its own quaint mood.
How many hearts this point of life have pass'd!
And some a train of light behind have cast,
To show us what hath been and what may be;
That thus have suffer'd all the wise and good,
Thus wept and pray'd, thus struggled and were free.
So doth the *pilot*, trackless through the deep,
Unswerving, by the stars his reckoning keep;
He moves a highway not untried before,
And thence he courage gains, and joy doth reap;
Unfaltering lays his course, and leaves behind the shore.

THE WIFE.

All day, like some sweet bird, content to sing
In its small cage, she moveth to and fro;
And ever and anon will upward spring
To her sweet lips, fresh from the fount below,
The murmur'd melody of pleasant thought,
Unconscious uttered, gentle-toned and low.
Light household duties, evermore inwrought
With placid fancies of one trusting heart
That lives but in her smile, and ever turns
From life's cold seeming and the busy mart,
With tenderness, that heavenward ever yearns,
To be refresh'd where one pure altar burns.
Shut out *from hence*, the mockery of life,
Thus liveth she content — the meek, fond, trusting wife.

THE GRIEF-CHILD.

Two stood before an Altar! in a land
Made up of shadowy dreams and many tears,
Emotions numbering ages, not fleet years —
And there, in old Cathedral, hand in hand,
Amid the pealing anthems of a band
Of unseen chaunters, which the spirit hears,
Each with a burden'd breast the altar nears.
Gleams of commingled angels round them stand,
As each for the baptismal water bears
A Grief-Child, pale, and hush'd, and wierdly sweet,
Long nursed in secret, now to God resign'd:
All self-renounced, they kneel with holy prayers,
And lay the fair Grief-Child at Jesus' feet;
Then to their earth-task wend with willing mind.

SOMERVILLE, MARY,

THE most learned lady of the age, distinguished alike for great scientific knowledge and all womanly virtues; she may well be esteemed an honour to England, her native country, and the glory of her sex throughout the world. We are told that her peculiar genius for mathematical and philosophical studies was early developed, and her natural taste directing her literary pursuits was not thwarted, but kindly encouraged by her friends. We see the happy result of these influences in the harmonious development of her mind and heart. Mrs. Somerville as daughter, wife, and mother, has been a pattern of feminine gentleness, fidelity, and carefulness. The leisure which women too often waste on trifles because they are taught and encouraged through the influence of men thus to waste it, she has improved for good: the result is such as should make Christians in earnest to promote the intellectual cultivation of woman's mind.

The first work of Mrs. Somerville was undertaken by the counsel and encouragement of Lord Brougham. This was a summary of "The Mechanique Celeste" of Laplace, which she prepared for the Library of Useful Knowledge, under the title of "Mechanism of the Heavens." The work was found too voluminous for the society's publications, and therefore it was issued separately in 1831. It is a volume of over 600 pages, large octavo. Its merits were acknowledged at once, and her reputation as an accomplished scientific writer established. It is said that soon after this book appeared its author met Laplace in Paris; during their conversation upon scientific subjects he remarked to her that she was the only person he knew of who seemed to *take the trouble* to understand his "Mechanique Celeste," except an English lady, who had translated it. Mrs. Somerville must have been gratified to witness his pleasure when learning that she was the lady translator.

Mrs. Somerville's genius was highly appreciated by the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria; and to the latter, when Queen of Great Britain, the second work of this illustrious author is inscribed. The dedication marks the admirable good sense and noble views of both. The work was "The Connexion of the Physical Sciences," published in 1834: of this the Quarterly Review observes; "To the 'Mechanism of the Heavens' succeeded her volume on the 'Connexion of Physical Sciences;" unassuming in form and pretensions, but so original in design and perfect in execution as well to merit the success of eight editions, each carefully embodying all of augmentation that science had intermediately received. Though rich in works on particular sciences, and richer still in those eminent discoveries which establish the relations amongst them, yet had we not before in English a book professedly undertaking to expound these connexions, which form the greatest attainment of present science and the most assured augury of higher knowledge beyond. Mrs. Somerville held this conception steadily before her, and admirably fulfilled it. Her work, indeed, though small in size, is a true Kosmos in the nature of its design, and in the multitude of materials collected and condensed into the history it affords of the physical phenomena of the universe. In some respects her scheme of treating these topics so far resembles that since adopted by Humboldt, that we may give Mrs. Somerville credit for partial priority of design, while believing that she would be the last person to assert it for herself."

This original and extraordinary work, which learned masculine critics thus allow to exceed any thing of the kind at that time extant, Mrs. Somerville claims only to have devised for the especial benefit of her own sex. She says — addressing the Queen — "If I have succeeded in my endeavour to make the laws by which the material

world is governed more familiar to my country-women, I shall have the gratification of thinking that the gracious permission to dedicate my book to your majesty has not been misplaced." We know of nothing which more charmingly illustrates the true moral elevation of feminine character than this dedication. The Sovereign Lady and the Lady Author sympathising together in an earnest effort to promote the mental cultivation of their sex. Mrs. Somerville's third and last production, "Physical Geography," in two volumes, was published in 1848. This work — "the history of the earth in its whole material organization," is worthy to be classed among the greatest efforts of the human mind, directing its energies to the philosophy of science *conjoined with moral advancement*. In truth, its excellence in this department is unrivalled; proving the correctness of the Reviewer's * remark that "it is a fortunate thing for any country that a portion of its literature should fall into the hands of the female sex; because their influence in every walk of letters is almost sure to be powerful and good." Mrs. Somerville has done more by her writings to Christianize the Sciences than any living author; nor do we recollect one, except it be Sir Isaac Newton, among departed philosophers, who has approached her standard of sublime speculations on the visible creation united with childlike faith in the Divine Creator. Physical science will, henceforth, have a religious power; for, though the mind of man is not sufficiently in harmony with moral goodness to make such an advance as Mrs. Somerville has done, no more than Peter and John could *see* the angel at the tomb of the Saviour, yet, when they heard from the women that Christ was risen and followed in faith, the revelation of the truth was made clear to the reason of the apostles as it had first been made to the love of the devoted females; thus will philosophers follow the moral guidance of a woman. Mrs. Somerville has received many testimonials of the esteem in which her writings are held. She has been elected member of a number of philosophical societies and academies of science both in England and Germany.

From "Physical Geography."

GOD AND HIS WORKS.

The earthquake and the torrent, the august and terrible ministers of Almighty power, have torn the solid earth and opened the seals of the most ancient records of creation, written in indelible characters on "the perpetual hills and the everlasting mountains." There we read of the changes that have brought the rude mass to its present fair state, and of the myriads of beings that have appeared on this mortal stage, have fulfilled their destinies, and have been swept from existence to make way for new races, which, in their turn, have vanished from the scene, till the creation of *man* completed the glorious work. Who shall define the periods of those mornings and evenings when God saw that his work was good? And who shall declare the time allotted to the human race, when the generation of the most insignificant insect existed for unnumbered ages? Yet man is also to vanish in the ever-changing course of events. The earth is to be burnt up, and the elements to melt with fervent heat — to be again reduced to chaos — possibly to be renovated and adorned for other races of beings. These stupendous changes may be but cycles in those great laws of the universe, where all is variable but the laws themselves and He who ordained them.

VARIETIES OF THE HUMAN RACE.

It is no difficult matter to see how changes may occur in speech, but no circumstance in the natural world is more inexplicable than the diversity of form and colour in the human race. It had already begun in the antediluvian world; for "there were giants in the land in those days." No direct mention is made of colour at that time, unless the mark set upon Cain, "lest any one finding him should kill him," may allude to it. Perhaps, also, it may be inferred that black people dwelt in Ethiopia, or the land of Cush, which means black in the Hebrew tongue. At all events, the differences now existing must have arisen after the flood; consequently all must have originated with Noah, whose wife, or the wives of his sons, may have been different colours, for aught we know.

Many instances have occurred of Albinos and red-haired individuals having been born of black parents, and these have transmitted their peculiarities to their descendants for several generations; but it may be doubted whether pure-blooded white people ever had perfectly black offspring. The varieties are much more likely to have arisen from the effects of climate, food, customs, and civilization upon migratory groups of mankind, and of such a few instances have occurred in historical times, limited, however, to smaller numbers and particular spots; but the great mass of nations had received their distinctive characters at a very early period.

AIR.

It has already been mentioned that oxygen is inhaled with the atmospheric air, and also taken in by the pores in the skin; part of it combines chemically with the carbon of the food, and is expired in the form of carbonic acid gas and water; that chemical action is the cause of vital force and heat in man and animals. The quantity of food must be in exact proportion to the quantity of oxygen inhaled, otherwise disease and loss of strength would follow. Since cold air is incessantly carrying off warmth from the skin, more exercise is requisite in winter than in summer — in cold climates than in warm; consequently, more carbon is necessary in the former than in the latter, in order to maintain the chemical action that generates heat, and to ward off the destructive effects of the oxygen which incessantly strives to consume the body.

* North American Review, Vol. xxvi. p. 403.

FOOD.

Animal food, wine, and spirits, contain many times more carbon than fruit and vegetables; therefore animal food is much more necessary in a cold than in a hot climate. The Esquimaux, who lives by the chase, and eats ten or twelve pounds weight of meat and fat in twenty-four hours, finds it not more than enough to keep up his strength and animal heat, while the indolent inhabitant of Bengal is sufficiently supplied with both by his rice diet. Clothing and warmth make the necessity for exercise and food much less, by diminishing the waste of animal heat. Hunger and cold united soon consume the body, because it loses its power of resisting the action of the oxygen, which consumes part of our substance when food is wanting. Hence, nations inhabiting warm climates have no great merit in being abstemious, nor are those committing an excess, who live more freely in the colder countries. The arrangement of Divine wisdom is to be admired as much in this as in all other things; for if man had only been capable of living on vegetable food, he never could have had a permanent residence beyond the latitude where corn ripens. The Esquimaux and all the inhabitants of the very high latitudes of both continents live entirely on fish and animal food.

EDUCATION.

The difference between the effects of manual labour and the efforts of the brain appears in the intellectual countenance of the educated man compared with that of the peasant; though he also is occasionally stamped with nature's own nobility. The most savage people are also the ugliest. Their countenance is deformed by violent unsubdued passions, anxiety, and suffering. Deep sensibility gives a beautiful and varied expression, but every strong emotion is unfavourable to perfect regularity of feature; and of that the ancient Greeks were well aware when they gave that calmness of expression and repose to their unrivalled statues. The refining effects of high culture, and, above all, the Christian religion, by subduing the evil passions and encouraging the good, are more than any thing calculated to improve even the external appearance. The countenance, though perhaps of less regular form, becomes expressive of the amiable and benevolent feelings of the heart — the most captivating and lasting of all beauty.

BENEVOLENCE.

Poetry of the highest stamp has fled before the utilitarian spirit of the age, yet there is as much talent in the world, and imagination too, at the present time, as ever there was at any period, though directed to different objects; but, what is of more importance, there is a constant increase of liberal sentiment and disinterested benevolence. Three of the most beneficial systems of modern times are due to the benevolence of English ladies — the improvement of prison discipline, savings-banks, and banks for lending small sums to the poor. The success of all has exceeded every expectation at home, and these admirable institutions are now adopted abroad. The importance of popular and agricultural education is becoming an object of attention to the more enlightened governments; and one of the greatest improvements in education is that teachers are now fitted for their duties by being taught the art of teaching. The gentleness with which instruction is conveyed no longer blights the joyous days of youth, but, on the contrary, encourages self-education, which is the most efficient.

* * * * *

Noble and liberal sentiments mark the proceedings of public assemblies, whether in the cause of nations or individuals; and the severity of our penal laws is mitigated by a milder system. Happily, this liberal and benevolent spirit is not confined to Britain; it is universal in the states of the American Union; it is spreading widely through the more civilized countries of Europe.

INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

No retrograde movement can now take place in civilization; the diffusion of Christian virtues and of knowledge ensures the progressive advancement of man, in those high moral and intellectual qualities that constitute his true dignity. But much yet remains to be done at home, especially in religious instruction and the prevention of crime; and abroad, millions of our fellow-creatures, in both hemispheres, are still in the lowest grade of barbarism. Ages and ages must pass away before they can be civilized; but if there be any analogy between the period of man's duration on earth and that of the frailest plant or shell-fish of the geological periods, he must still be in his infancy; and let those who doubt of his indefinite improvement compare the state of Europe in the middle ages, or only fifty years ago, with what it is at present. Some, who seem to have lived before their time, were then persecuted and punished for opinions which are now sanctioned by the legislature, and acknowledged by all. The moral disposition of the age appears in the refinement of conversation. Selfishness and evil passions may possibly ever be found in the human breast; but the progress of the race will consist in the increasing power of public opinion, the collective voice of mankind, regulated by the Christian principles of morality and justice. The individuality of man modifies his opinions and belief; it is a part of that variety which is a universal law of nature; so that there will probably always be difference of views as to religious doctrine, which, however, will become more spiritual, and freer from the taint of human infirmity; but the power of the Christian religion will appear in purer conduct, and in the more general practice of mutual forbearance, charity, and love.

SONTAG, HENRIETTA,

A VERY distinguished singer, was born at Coblentz, in 1808. Her parents were actors, and Henrietta was brought on the stage at Frankfort when she was only five years old. In 1824, she

performed at Berlin with great applause, and also at London and Paris. It was as a vocalist that she acquired her celebrity. Her voice was very clear and flexible, her acting fine, and her personal appearance attractive. About 1830, she married and left the stage.

For nearly twenty years this lady was heard of as the wife of count Rossi, a nobleman of distinguished rank, who was, at his marriage, the Sardinian minister at the court of Berlin. Some years afterwards he was sent ambassador to Russia, and during the missions of her husband at St. Petersburgh, as well as at Berlin, Madame Sontag (now countess Rossi) was received at court with the greatest distinction, and delighted the circles of the king and the emperor by the occasional display of her genius; — at St. Petersburgh she eclipsed all the female vocalists. In private life, her virtues and accomplishments rendered her respectable and admired. She was naturally benevolent, and her charities were immense. But in consequence of those reverses to which the most eminent have been liable in these revolutionary days, she has found it necessary again to resort to her talents as an artist. London was the place chosen for her reappearance. She sustained the character of Linda, in July, 1849, and was received with the warmest and most enthusiastic applause. As an actress she is undeniably improved, — it is impossible for a girl of twenty, whatever be her genius, to have that knowledge of human nature, and of the passions, which are requisite for the proper conception of tragic characters. Sometimes this mental finish arrives when nature begins to withdraw the exterior charms so necessary to impersonate the heroine. In the case of Madame Sontag (she resumes her own name, professionally,) this drawback does not exist; she enjoys perfect health and vigour, her person is elegantly formed, and her graceful, ladylike demeanour is peculiarly attractive. Her voice seems to have retained every element of power and beauty. It is a true soprano, both in tone and in compass. Her early advantages of education were great; and during her retirement she has never ceased to cultivate herself in private, thus evincing the true greatness of her genius by its constant activity.

SOUTHEY, CAROLINE ANNE,

Better known in the literary world as Caroline Bowles, an English poetess of fine genius and tender piety, was born about the close of the last century. Her father was of an eminent family in the county of Wilts, and vicar of a parish in Northamptonshire: he gave his daughter an excellent education. Her talent for poetry was cultivated by her elder brother, the Rev. William Lisle Bowles, himself a master of the Christian lyre. Miss Bowles profited by these advantages and encouragements, and in 1820 her first work, "Ellen Fitzarthur," was published. Her next was, "The Winter's Tale, and other Poems," in 1822, which was well approved. In 1836, "The Birth-Day, and other Poems;" "A Collection of Prose and Poetical Pieces;" "Solitary Hours," &c.

In 1839, Miss Bowles became the second wife of Robert Southey, the poet, whom she tended, during his declining and infirm age, with the tenderness and sweet sympathy which kindred taste, admiring affection, and Christian love inspired. He died in 1843. Mrs. Southey has written little under her present name, but her early productions are sufficient to place her among the best poets of her sex.

"All high poetry must be religious," says Professor Wilson; and who that is conscious of possessing a soul that longs for immortality but feels the truth of this doctrine? There is an aspiration in every mind for something higher, better, lovelier, than can be found on earth; and it is the holiest office of poesy to embody in language these vague yearnings for happiness and purity; and paint; on the dark and torn canvass of human life, transparent and glowing pictures of heavenly beauty and tranquillity. Few writers have done this with more effect than Mrs. Southey. There is a sincerity, a devotedness, ay, and an enjoyment too, in her religious musings, which shows that Christian feeling has elevated the poetic sentiment in her heart till she can sing of the "better land" with the sure and sweet conviction of its reality and blessedness. In private life Mrs. Southey is the Christian lady, doing good and communicating happiness in her domestic pursuits as she does by her literary talents.

From "Solitary Hours, and other Poems."

I NEVER CAST A FLOWER AWAY.

I never cast a flower away,
The gift of one who cared for me —
A little flower — a faded flower —
But it was done reluctantly.

I never looked a last adieu
To things familiar, but my heart
Shrank with a feeling almost pain,
Even from their lifelessness to part.

I never spoke the word "Farewell,"
But with an utterance faint and broken;
An earth-sick longing for the time
When it shall never more be spoken.

THE TREAT.

Never tell me of loving by measure and weight,
As one's merits may lack or abound;
As if love could be carried to market like skate,
And cheapen'd for so much a-pound.

If it can — if *yours* can — let them have it who care;
You and I, friend, shall never agree;
Pack up, and to market be off with your ware;
It 's a great deal too common for me;

D' ye linger? — d' ye laugh? — I 'm in earnest, I vow;
Though perhaps over-hasty a thought;
If you 're thinking to close with my terms as they are,
Well and good; but I won't bate a jot.

You must love me — we 'll note the chief articles now,
To preclude all mistakes in our pact —
And I 'll pledge ye, unask'd and beforehand, my vow
To give double for all I exact.

You must love me — not only through "evil report,"
When its falsehood you more than divine —
But when upon earth I can only resort
To your heart as a voucher for mine.

You must love — *not my faults* — but in *spite* of them, *me*,
For the very caprices that vex ye;
Nay, the more should you chance (as it's likely) to see
'T is my special delight to perplex ye.

You must love me, albeit all the world I offend
By impertinence, whimsies, conceit;
While assured (if you are not, all treaty must end)
That I never can stoop to deceit

While assured (as you must be, or there, too, we part)
That were all the world leagued against you,
To loosen one hair of your hold on my heart
Would be more than "life's labours" could do.

You must love me, howe'er I may take things amiss,
Whereof you in all conscience stand clear;
And although, when you 'd fain make it up with a kiss,
Your reward be a box on the ear.

You must love me — not only when smiling and gay,
Complying, sweet-temper'd, and civil —
But when moping, and frowning, and froward, or — say
The *thing* plain out — as cross as the Devil.

You must love me in all moods — in seriousness, sport;
Under all change of circumstance, too:
Apart or together, in crowds, or, in short,
You must love me — *because I love you.*

AUTUMN FLOWERS.

Those few pale autumn flowers,
How beautiful they are!
Than all that went before,
Than all the summer store,
How lovelier far!

And why? They are the last!
The last! the last! the last!
Oh! by that little word,
How many thoughts are stirr'd —
That sister of the past!

Pale flowers! pale, perishing flowers!
Ye 're types of precious things;
Types of those bitter moments,
That flit, like life's enjoyments,
On rapid, rapid wings;

Last hours with parting dear ones,
(That time that fastest spends)
Last tears in silence shed —
Last words half uttered —
Last looks of dying friends.

Who would but fain compress
A life into a day —
The last day spent with one
Who, ere the morrow's sun,
Must leave us, and for aye!

Oh, precious, precious moments!
Pale flowers! ye are types of those;
The saddest! sweetest! dearest!
Because, like those, the nearest
To an eternal close.

Pale flowers! — pale, perishing flowers!
I woo your gentle breath;
I leave the summer rose
For younger, blither brows.
Tell me of change and death.

TO DEATH.

Come not in terrors clad, to claim
An unresisting prey;
Come like an evening shadow, Death!
So stealthily! so silently:
And shut mine eyes and steal my breath;
Then willingly, oh, willingly,
With thee I 'll go away.

What need to clutch with iron grasp
What gentlest touch may take?
What need, with aspect dark, to scare
So awfully, so terribly?
The weary soul would hardly care,
Call'd quietly, call'd tenderly,
From thy dread power to break.

'T is not as when thou markest out
The young, the blest, the gay;
The loved, the loving; they who dream
So happily so hopefully;
Then harsh thy kindest call may seem,
And shrinkingly, reluctantly,
The summon'd may obey.

But I have drunk enough of life
(The cup assign'd to me
Dash'd with a little sweet at best,
So scantily, so scantily)
To know full well that all the rest,
More bitterly, more bitterly,
Drugg'd to the last will be:

And I may live to pain some heart
That kindly cares for me —
To pain, but not to bless. O, Death!
Come quietly — come lovingly,
And shut mine eyes, and steal my breath
Then willingly, oh! willingly,
I 'll go away with thee.

SOUTHWORTH, EMMA D. E. NEVITTE,

Is the daughter of the late Charles Le Compe Nevitte and Susannah George Wailes of St. Mary's, Maryland. On either side, her ancestors were French and English Roman Catholics, who came to America in 1632, with Calvert, and settled at St. Mary's, the first settlement in Maryland, where they became extensive land-holders. Here they continued to reside for nearly two hundred years, holding honourable posts, and taking an active part in the government of the province and the state. At the age of four, Miss Nevitte lost her father, and after that event resided with her grandmother, Mrs. Wailes, a Maryland lady of the old school, and a worthy member of the Episcopal church. Her mother was married a second time, to Joshua L. Henshaw, Esq., formerly of Boston; and to his personal instruction his step-daughter is indebted for all the education she received.

In 1841, Miss Nevitte became Mrs. Southworth; and in 1843, by a sudden and overwhelming misfortune, she was left destitute, with two infants to maintain. In 1846 she wrote her first sketch, and published it anonymously; her second story she sent to the "National Era," and its editor,

Dr. Bailey, not only approved the sketch, but saw so clearly the genius and power manifested by it, that he sought out the writer, and, by his encouragement, induced her to venture more boldly on the thorny path of authorship. Her principal productions are — "Retribution, or The Vale of Shadows," Harper & Brothers, N. Y., 1849; "The Deserted Wife," Appleton & Co., N. Y., 1850; "The Mother-in-Law, or The Isle of Rays," and "Shannondale," published in 1851. She has also written several very interesting tales and sketches for periodicals.

Mrs. Southworth is yet young, both as a woman and an author; but she is a writer of great promise, and we have reason to expect that the future productions of her pen will surpass those works with which she has already favoured the reading community—works showing great powers of the imagination, and strength and depth of feeling, it is true, but also written in a wild and extravagant manner, and occasionally with a freedom of expression that almost borders on impiety. This we are constrained to say, though we feel assured that no one would shrink more reluctantly than the young writer herself from coolly and calmly approaching, with too familiar a hand, the Persons and places held sacred by all the Christian world. She seems carried, by a fervid imagination, in an enthusiasm for depicting character as it is actually found (in which she excels,) beyond the limits prescribed by correct taste or good judgment. In other respects her novels are deeply interesting. They show, in every page, the hand of a writer of unusual genius and ability. In descriptions of Southern life, and of negro character and mode of expression, she is unequalled. She writes evidently from a full heart and an overflowing brain, and sends her works forth to the criticisms of an unimpassioned public without the advantage they would receive from a revision, and careful pruning, in some moment when calmer reflection was in the ascendancy.

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From "The Deserted Wife."

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

When I recollect the strong and decided bias, given in childhood to my own character by people and circumstances over which I had no sort of control, and against whose evil influence I could make no sort of resistance; when I suffer by the effect of impressions received in infancy, which neither time, reason, nor religion have been able to efface — which only sorrow could impair by bruising the tablet; knowing as I know the tender impressibility of infancy, feeling as I feel the indelibility of such impressions, I tremble for the unseen influences that may surround my own young children — ay, even for the chance word dropped by stranger lips, and heard by infant ears; for that word may be a fruitful seed that shall spring up into a healthful vine, or an Upas tree, twenty years after it is sown.

INFANCY.

Infancy is a fair page, upon which you may write goodness, happiness, heaven! or sin, misery, hell! — and the words once written, no chemical art can erase them. The substance of the paper itself must be rubbed through by the file of suffering before the writing can be effaced. Infancy is the soft metal in the moulder's hands; he may shape it in the image of a fiend, or the form of an angel — and when finished, the statue hardens into rock, which nothing but the hammer of God's providence can break; nothing but the fire of God's providence can melt for remoulding.

CHILDHOOD.

It is very wrong to make remarks on the personal beauty or ugliness of children in their hearing. The effect is invariably injurious. It is highly reprehensible to draw *invidious comparisons* between the beauty of children, especially before their faces. This thoughtlessness is fraught with the direst consequences. When you say, carelessly in their presence, that "Anne is prettier than Jane," and look at Anne as though her accidental beauty were a virtue, and look at Jane as though she were in fault — think that into the fertile soil of the children's hearts you have dropped the seeds of evil — the seed of vanity in the heart of Anne, the seed of envy into that of Jane, and the germ of discord into both.

UNHAPPY MARRIAGES AND THEIR CAUSES.

A primary cause of unhappy marriage is a *defective moral and physical education.* In our country, intellectual education is on a par with that of other enlightened nations of the earth — not so moral and physical education. Prudence, fortitude, truth, reverence, and fidelity, are not inculcated here as they should be. Industry, activity, and enterprise are our national good points of character, and these are impressed upon children by example, rather than by admonition; and our

virtues, generosity, hospitality, courage, and patriotism, are the virtues of constitution and of circumstance, rather than of education.

We fail to impress the duty of PRUDENCE upon our children, and hence rash and culpable mercantile speculation, ending in insolvency — and hence hasty, inconsiderate marriages, ending in bankruptcy of heart, home, and happiness. We fail to impress the duty of FIDELITY upon our children, and hence irregularity and unfaithfulness in business, embezzlement of funds, &c., and hence broken marriage faith and deserted families.

We fail to inculcate the duty of FORTITUDE, and hence, when obligations, professional or matrimonial, become painful, they are too often abandoned.

But it is PHYSICAL EDUCATION, in its relation to the happiness of married life, that I wish to discuss. We are still more thoughtlessly neglectful, and I was about to say *fatally* neglectful, of physical, than of moral education. *Fatally*, because no moral education can be completely successful, unless assisted and supported by a good physical training.

An instance — preach patience for ever, yet a dyspeptic *will* be ill-tempered.

Another — preach industry for ever, yet the weak and languid *will* be lazy and idle.

A third — inculcate the necessity of courage, presence of mind, by eloquent precept, and by the example of all the heroes and heroines of history, yet the nervous *will* start if a door claps.

One might go on *ad infinitum*.

A defective physical education is one of the primary causes of unhappiness in the marriage relation. A girl cannot be a useful or a happy wife, and she cannot make her husband and her children happy, or even comfortable, unless she be a healthy woman. In Great Britain, a girl in delicate health never expects to be married, and her friends never desire it for her. American girls are proverbially delicate in organization, and frail in health, and their mothers were delicate before them, and their children will be still more delicate after them, unless there is a great reform in physical cultivation. Such a reform is happily beginning in the North. It is yet unthought of in the West and South. Daily exercise by walking, skipping rope, calisthenics, horseback riding, which bring all the limbs and muscles into play; daily bathing in cold water on first rising in the morning; fresh air, simple, plain food, the disuse of coffee and tea, comfortable clothing, the disuse of tight ligatures, corsets, tight-waisted dresses, tight shoes, &c., are the best features of this excellent system of physical training. I believe that a young person with a good constitution to commence with, faithfully following these means for the preservation of health, with the blessing of God, will not fade or break until she is fifty, nor die until she is an hundred years old. I believe that youth, health, beauty, strength, and life can be greatly prolonged beyond their present average, and that we were all intended to live twice or three times as long as with our sad maltreatment we do live.

MISMANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.

American children (with the exception of a very few, whose parents know and practise better,) grow up drinking hot tea and coffee, eating hot meats and rich gravies and pastries, never bathing, taking little exercise, confined in crowded schoolrooms or close house-rooms, and become narrow-shouldered, hollow-cheeked, pale, sickly, nervous, and fretful; they marry early companions as pale, sickly, nervous, and fretful as themselves, and have children *twice* as pale, sickly, nervous, and fretful as their parents, and discord and other domestic miseries are such inevitable results that we *must* pity, and can scarcely blame the victims. They cry out in their agony for separation, divorce, for reform in social laws, when the truth is, no reform would cure their evils without a reform in their personal habits; such a reform as would give health, consequently good-humour, and, lastly, happiness.

ILL-HEALTH.

Few people consider how much our *moral* as well as our *physical* health depends upon exercise, cleanliness, and temperance. How much our happiness depends upon a free circulation, unobstructed perspiration, and a good digestion. How much domestic discomfort is caused by the querulousness of ill-health. Many a man of weak and unsettled principles is driven to dissipation and vice, and, it may be, to crime, by the discomforts of his home, of his sickly and nervous wife, fretful and troublesome children.

EARLY COURTSHIP.

Another prominent cause of unhappy marriages is the too unguarded and unrestrained association between young persons of opposite sexes in the same rank of society. If the dress and address of a young man are passable, if his conduct is unimpeachable and his *prospects fair*, however otherwise unknown and untried, he may be admitted at once to the intimacy of a young lady, and after a brief courtship, *too* brief to give either a knowledge of their own or each other's hearts, take the last irrevocable step — *marriage*. And this youth of fair manners, fair appearance, and fair conduct, may turn out to be, if not positively depraved, yet weak, unstable, untried, possessing the *best reputation*, based upon the morality of externals, rather than the tested, sound integrity of heart; with the most *defective character*, totally unfit to guide himself, still less another, through the shoals and quicksands of life.

DANGERS OF SOCIETY TO THE YOUNG.

In old times of chivalry, a knight must have proved his prowess before he could successfully aspire to the hand of his lady-love. The days of knight-errantry are long past, but in the age of man, or of the world, the days of moral warfare are never over; never over with the world while it exists; never over with man until death; and I would have some better proof of moral force in an untried young man, than a few weeks of acquaintance, popularity, and mere amiability of

manners would give, before I could trust the temporal and eternal welfare of my daughter to his keeping. When a young girl's heart is lost and won, it is too late for these prudential considerations; in this case, as in every other, the old proverb holds good—*Tidarsi è bene, e non fidarse e meglio.* The conversational acquaintanceship should be prevented from maturing into the dangerous intimacy. Yet do not misunderstand me; I would not have you pain or repulse a young heart by the coldness of suspicion. I would not have you shut yourselves up in a dark distrust and shut your doors and guard your girls with eastern jealousy; far from it; one need not run upon Scylla in avoiding Charybdis. "Moderation is the golden thread that holds together the beadroll of the virtues." I would have you take the middle course—"the golden mean" between jealous surveillance and dangerous neglect. In all other civilized and enlightened society in the world, young ladies are carefully guarded and guided, chaperoned through the mazes of life. In countries of the Eastern Continent this system of surveillance is excessive; here it is reprehensibly deficient; in England it is perfect. I confess I would have our manners resemble the English in *this* respect.

PREMATURE MARRIAGES.

Still another primary cause (I speak only of *primary causes* here deeming discord, tyranny, drunkenness, infidelity and desertion, so many *effects,*) still another primary cause of unhappiness in the marriage state is, that marriage is contracted too early in life. American girls are proverbially married too young; at an age which even a hearty robust Englishwoman would scarcely be permitted to enter upon the responsibilities of marriage. How much more improper, then, must it be for an American girl, with her national extreme delicacy of organization, to take upon herself the heavy burdens and onerous duties of matrimony before her feeble constitution is mature, or her frail strength confirmed. But our girls, with all these natural disadvantages, are married early, and hence the early (*proverbially* again) wasting of health and life; the failing of beauty, decline of grace, and loss of attractions in the women; and hence the vexatious, nervous irritability so common in young mothers, so destructive to domestic harmony and happiness. How can it be otherwise with the continued tax of a young and increasing family upon the immature strength of the youthful wife and mother? Our girls are extremely fragile at best, and will ever be so, ay, and will grow more so, unless a better system of physical education is generally adopted. When these delicate girls prematurely assume the cares and burdens of a family, they break down under it, become thin, pale, sickly, nervous, and fretful; no longer attractive, almost repulsive; and the husband, father, if his disposition be benevolent and protective, as is the nature of most American men, suffers martyrdom; devotes himself a living sacrifice to his sickly wife and large family. I know hundreds of such devoted men, all unconscious of their self-devotion, passing their lives in dull counting-houses, dark stores, dingy offices, dirty work-shops, or crowded school-rooms, so cheerfully! to provide a comfortable or a luxurious home where their wives and children ever live, but where they only come to snatch a hasty meal, or, late at night, to sleep. This, I think, is what Dr. Dewey calls "The Religion of Toil." But if, on the other hand, this husband of the sickly wife, this father of the peevish children, this victim of early marriage and other abuses, happens to be selfish and unprincipled, he becomes, more or less, tyrant or reprobate, or he sometimes quietly *leaves*; goes to the West or South, to sea, or to parts unknown, and is never heard of again. If he be licentious as well as selfish, his wandering fancies fix upon some younger, fresher, fairer, or some *new* form; then comes the thought of the possibility, the probability, the almost certainty, if he pursues it, of getting a legal enfranchisement from his matrimonial bonds. And this is naturally suggested by the facility with which divorces are granted; true, he cannot legally repudiate his wife while she remains faithful, but he *can* oblige *her* to release him, or break her neck, or her heart, or desert and starve her into compliance with his measures; or he can wrest her children from her, and make their restoration to her bosom the price of his release. I am not exaggerating, reader; if you live in a city and will look about you, you will find that I speak truly. But to conclude, I reiterate and insist upon this point, that the fundamental causes of unhappiness are in married life, a defective moral and *physical* education, and a premature contraction of the matrimonial engagement.

STEPHENS, ANN S.,

Is a native of Derby, Connecticut. In 1831 she was married to Mr. Edward Stephens, and soon after removed to Portland, Maine, where her literary career commenced. In 1835 she established a periodical called "The Portland Magazine," which was edited by her for two years, and at-

tained considerable popularity, owing, chiefly, to her own contributions to it. In 1837 Mr. and Mrs. Stephens removed to New York, where they have since resided. Soon after her settlement in that city, she became editor of "The Ladies' Companion," and subsequently editor of the "Ladies' National Magazine;" an interesting and popular work. She has also been a regular and highly valued contributor to "Graham's Magazine," "The Columbia Magazine," and many of the other popular periodicals. For one of her stories, "Mary Derwent," she received a prize of four hundred dollars, yet it can by no means be considered her best. In truth, she is one of the most successful Magazine writers of the day; and her sketches and novellettes, if collected, would fill several volumes. As a poetess, Mrs. Stephens is comparatively but little known; the few pieces of hers that have appeared are marked by the same picturesque detail and easy flow of language with her prose sketches. She excels in drawing pictures with her pen — in placing before her readers, by a few graphic lines and glowing words, a character or scene, whether in high or low life, amid the palaces of royalty or the wild depths of the western forests, with such vividness and power that it seems to stand "a real presence" before the eye.

Mr. Charles J. Peterson, in some remarks on this well-known writer, which appeared in Graham's Magazine, says that Mrs. Stephens possesses "powers of description of the first order. She has an eye quick to perceive, and a pen skilful to trace the prominent parts of a picture. Like a painter, she throws her whole force on the objects in the front, finishing the background with a few bold masses of light and shade. No writer since Sir Walter Scott has excelled her in this. — In sketching rural scenery, she is perhaps without a rival. The village school — the white church on the hill — the walk through the twilight woods — the search after wild strawberries — the romp on the green — the old elm by the water side, and all the various pictures that pertain to country life, start into view with a few skilful touches of her pencil, and are remembered afterward, not as ideal scenes, but as familiar objects we have often visited. Her characters, and their actions, are described graphically, and often with minute skill. There is in her story of 'Malina Gray' a scene where a grey-headed father supplicates Mrs. Gray that her daughter, who was to have been married to his child, may see the dying young clergyman; and we shall never forget the elaborate detail with which the author describes the old man, trembling with heart-breaking emotion as he leans on his cane, while the Pharisaical mother quietly adjusts her knitting-needle in the sheath, places her work on the table, and listens with cold surprise to a request so opposite to her notions of propriety. The eager emotion of the father and the self-righteous composure of Mrs. Gray are finely contrasted. It is one of those pictures that time cannot efface from the memory. In various other of her tales are scenes described with equal force. The supper party in 'The Patch-Work Quilt' reminds us of the quiet humour, and minute detail, of the Flemish painters."

In speaking of her style, Mr. Peterson remarks that it "is sometimes too gorgeous, and would, now and then, bear softening. But of late she displays more chastened simplicity — the picture is toned down; and we think for the better. There is a passion and earnestness about her manner which distinguishes her from her contemporaries; she is more masculine and condensed in style than is usual with her sex. In her diction, regarded as distinct from style, she is a model. Her words are well chosen, and usually derived from old Saxon roots; and they come from her pen in sentences often glowing like melted lava."

In the autumn of 1850, Mrs. Stephens accompanied some friends on a tour through Europe and Eastern lands, expecting to be absent about two years. The opportunities this journey will afford a writer of her quick observation and remarkable powers of description, give us good reason to expect, on her return, a work of greater length and importance than any one she has yet put forth.

From "The Patch-Work Quilt."

OUR HOMESTEAD.

Our homestead was an old-fashioned house, built before the Revolution. It had a sharp, narrow roof in front, and one that sloped almost to the ground at the back. Its white front and heavy stone chimneys were completely embowered by a clump of superb maples, whose heavy branches lay woven together, and entangling their foliage on the very roof, from the first budding time of spring till the leaves fell away in autumn. A thicket of damask roses, lilac trees, and snow-ball bushes luxuriated in their shelter, and a slope of rich, heavy sward—hedged in by a rustic fence—received just enough of the warm sunshine, that lay on it in the morning, and of the dews, which rained from the leaves at nightfall, to keep it thicker and more vividly green than any spot in the neighbourhood. The house occupied a verdant angle, formed by two roads that intersected each other in the heart of a lovely and secluded little village. Every window of our dwelling overlooked some pretty spot of scenery. Here was a white cottage, there a glimpse of the river with one end of the wooden bridge that spanned it. There was a view down a green vista of the river vale, farther on a breezy grove, and, on the east and west, ridges of grassy hills piled upon each other against the horizon and crested with forest trees

From "A Story of Western Life."

A THUNDER STORM.

There had been a moon that evening, but the coming storm overwhelmed and shrouded it from sight. Still a pearly glow now and then shot along the small and gloomy clouds that came surging up from the north, and spread themselves over the sky like a lead-colqured pavement, torn and agitated by unseen hands. But soon even the pearly gleam disappeared. It had lingered among the clouds, the last smile on the face of heaven—now it was swept away, and left nothing

but blackness and gloom behind. The air seemed pressing down to the earth, thick, stagnant, and sultry. A dismal sound came up from the forest, as if the elements were chained among those giant trees — moaning at their captivity and wrathful with each other — still, amid darkness and gloom, that horséman sped on. The road was narrow, and full of ruts. Stumps, in some places, stood half crumbling away in the very wagon track, but with a loosened rein, and knees pressed hard to his fleet animal, that doomed man plunged onward to his fate. The thunder, which had been all the time muttering on high, now pealed and crashed above him — the lightning came down in sheets of lurid fire, shedding a bluish tinge over the corpselike hue of his face. Still his horse plunged on amid sheets of flame or black darkness, never checking his speed for an instant.

All at once that desperate rider drew the curb with a sharp pull, which brought the horse's foaming mouth down upon his chest. He staggered, fell back upon his haunches, and recovered himself with a snort of pain; but all the time the rider was bending forward till his face almost touched the arched neck of his beast, his knees were pressed convulsively to the drooping sides of the stumbling animal, and he strove again to catch the sound of hoofs which had for an instant reached him through the storm.

"On, on!" The words came hissing through his shut teeth, but scarcely had the gallant horse made a bound forward when the curb was fiercely drawn again.

"It is somewhere close by—oh, if the lightning would but strike again!"

It did strike, with a crash that made the brave horse leap in the air, though he had never shrunk from the lightning — not three rods before them, a dry tree was shivered in ten thousand pieces, and every splinter shot forth a stream of fire. For one moment the horseman recoiled, the next he recognized the spot.

"Thank God, there it is!" he exclaimed aloud, and with this blasphemous thanksgiving on his parted lips, he struck the horse and dashed into a cart-path, revealed by the stricken tree. On, without swerving from the path an instant, he passed directly under the burning tree, and was engulfed in the dark woods beyond.

THE PRISONER'S TRIAL.

Hunt was brought in and placed on a bench opposite the judge, who scrupulously averted his eyes from the prisoner's face while the jury was empannelled and the whole preliminaries entered upon. Never had a court been conducted with so much of imposing form at the Bend before. Every one looked grave, some even solemn, as the prisoner was arraigned. Hunt stood up; his lips turned white, and his hands, which he clasped over his breast, shook a little, but his eyes were bent full on the judge, and he answered "Not guilty, not guilty, so help me God!" in a voice that swelled clear and full through the listening crowd.

As the prisoner sat down again Hannah cast a look over the crowd, rose to her feet, and, supporting her faltering steps by pressing her hand to the wall, went round to the bench he occupied and crept timidly to his side. He did not turn his head or seem to be conscious of the action, but the lines about his mouth began to quiver, and he shut his heavy eyelids hard together once or twice, as if determined to force back the moisture from his eyes before it had time to form into tears.

This stern effort to subdue the feelings tugging at his heart, joined to the feeble and desolate air with which the poor girl had performed her simple act of devotion, had its effect upon the impulsive and ardent beings who surrounded them. That gentle creature, so young, so pure, and helpless, as she crept through the outskirts of the crowd like a pretty fawn following the hunted stag even among the hounds, and crouched down by the only being left to her on earth, touched their sympathies more than a thousand orations would have done. Though rude backwoods-men, feeling, good and generous feeling, was vigorous in their tough hearts. A whisper ran through the crowd; many an unequal breath was drawn, and more than one heavy lip trembled without speaking. The foreman of the jury — a bluff, hale old fellow — drew his coat-sleeve across his eyes two or three times. The judge turned uneasily in his chair, and seemed to be diligently counting the glasses crowded on a shelf behind him; while the blacksmith's wife lifted a flaring cotton handkerchief to her face, shook her huge navarino bonnet mournfully, and sobbed aloud.

"This will never do;" whispered the prosecuting attorney, leaning toward William Wheeler, who stood close behind him; "who put the girl up to this stage effect?"

Wheeler only replied by a sarcastic and yet ghastly smile. The pompous young lawyer then turned to the judge.

"May it please your honour, I desire that the young woman there may be removed from the court until she is called up as a witness," he said, pointing toward poor Hannah.

The blacksmith's wife flung back her navarino, grasped the handkerchief in her hand, and gave the lawyer a look that would have demolished a man of common nerve. The judge turned hastily on his seat; "I'll see you——" He checked himself just in time, took up one of the law-books, as if to seek for some authority, and then replied with solemn dignity, "The court has decided that it is no business of yours where the girl sits."

David Hunt, who had grasped his daughter's hand and half risen, sunk back to his seat again as these words fell on his ear, and a murmur of approbation passed through the crowd.

STRICKLAND, AGNES,

Whose graceful pen has made the dead queens of England objects of deep interest to the living world, may justly be classed among the most eminent English female writers of the day. She resides at Reydon Hall, Suffolk County, about twenty miles from London. Miss Strickland is descended from an eminent and honourable family,

the Nevilles, of Raby, who were connexions, in a remote degree, of the good Queen, Katharine Parr. We name this circumstance because of the influence such a reminiscence has undoubtedly exerted over the mind and pursuits of Miss Strickland. The love and reverence she was taught from childhood to cherish for the queen of her own ancestral line made the lives of these royal ladies the most interesting theme she could study or illustrate.

The reading public of America, as well as of Great Britain, are too familiar with the result of these studies to require any description thereof; yet few, probably, have considered the labour as well as talent involved in the great work of these ladies;—there are two Miss Stricklands united in this literary enterprise, though one sister withholds her name. "Lives of the Queens of England, from the Norman Conquest, with Anecdotes," is the title; the work is in twelve volumes. The first three were published in 1840; the others appeared at intervals of a year or more till 1848; the volume containing the history of Queen Anne completed the series.

We know nothing among the aims of literature more difficult than to write history well: learning, conscientiousness, the patient spirit of research, time and opportunities for such research, unflagging industry, penetration into character, a philosophic power of observation and reflection, are some of the requisites for an historian. Besides, one should be a universal reader, and versed in science; for how shall the historian describe an epoch if unacquainted with its intellectual advancement? Then the writer must have the poet's sensibility to discover depths of feeling and passion, and a real enthusiasm for heroic and generous deeds; also the picturesque faculty of seeing the groups evolved from the dust of antiquity and the shelves of the library, in order to paint them living beings—not departed forms—with vigour, spirit, taste. If we go on augmenting, some reader may say, as Rasselas did to the philosopher—"I perceive it is impossible to become an"—historian.

Miss Strickland has not, certainly, attained *all* the requisites; yet she has proved herself a very useful writer. Her "Queens of England" have induced many to whom stronger diet would have been unpalatable to gain a respectable knowledge of the leading facts of English history. For her own sex her work is not only of deep interest, but must prove in many ways highly beneficial. Her own unwearied industry is an example of much importance; the devotion of her talents to a great subject is another commendable trait in her character; and the success attending her labours has a wide influence for good. Miss Strickland has incurred considerable censure from some of the British critics on account of her High Church and Tory principles, which she never attempts to conceal; but she seems so thoroughly convinced of the truth of her own opinions, that we must believe she is honestly sure her statements are correct. In short, she is a sincere Queen-worshipper; and certainly, if there be a "divinity" to hedge kings, who have usually been very poor specimens of humanity, queens may well be exalted. Since she commenced her work, other biographies of some of these royal ladies have appeared, but none has equalled Miss Strickland's in the interest of the narrative or in the originality of materials.

We have passed over the earlier writings of Miss Strickland, yet these deserve mention. "The Pilgrims of Walsingham; or Tales of the Middle Ages; an Historical Romance," containing some well-told stories, has gone through numerous editions, and obtained much popular favour in England, and been republished in the United States several times. Miss Strickland has also written poetry worthy of notice, if her prose had not excelled it. She is now engaged in writing the "Lives of the Queens of Scotland;" the first volume of which has appeared.

From "The Queens of England," vol. xii.

BRITISH QUEENS.

Whether beloved or not, the influence of the wife and companion of the sovereign must always be considerable; and, for the honour of womankind, be it remembered that it has, generally speaking, been exerted for worthy purposes. Our Queens have been instruments in the hands of God, for the advancement of civilization and the exercise of a moral and religious influence. Many of them have been brought from foreign climes to plant the flowers and refinements of a more polished state of society in our own; and well have they, for the most part, performed their mission.

ROMAN CATHOLIC QUEENS.

Enough of sin, enough of sorrow, have surely been related of Queens of the Romish church to satisfy any candid reader that they have been pourtrayed not according to the ideal perfections of angelic beings, but with all the follies, the inconsistencies, the frailties to which fallen and corrupt human nature is heir. If we had represented them otherwise, we should have acted as absurdly as those who argue, after the fashion of stultified heathens, by raising a clamour, and reiterating cries of, "Great is the Diana of the Ephesians."

PROTESTANT QUEENS.

Katharine Parr was the preserver of our universities and the nursing-mother of the Reformation; and here it is impossible to refrain from referring the reader to our life of that illustrious lady,* as a sufficient refutation of the ridiculous accusation put forth in letters, which have been addressed to the editors of daily and weekly papers, complaining of our unjust partiality "in having made angels of all the popish Queens, and demons of all the protestant Queens;" as if it were in the power of biographers to make historical characters any thing but what they were, or just to blame them for recording facts for which authentic authorities are given. Our affections are naturally

* See Lives of the Queens, vol. v.

on the side of the Queens of the reformed church, to which we ourselves belong. It is a church which enjoins truth, and we do not pay her so ill a compliment as to imply that she requires the sophistries of falsehood to bolster up her cause. It is impossible for any rational person to draw controversial inferences from the relative merits of Roman Catholic and Protestant Queens, since no two of them have been placed in similar circumstances.

T.

TARNOW, FANNY,

Is one of the most remarkable and most fertile of all the modern German authoresses. Her genius was developed by misfortune and suffering: while yet an infant, she fell from a window two stories high, and was taken up, to the amazement of the assistants, without any apparent injury, except a few bruises; but all the vital functions suffered, and during ten or twelve years she was extended on a couch, neither joining in any of the amusements of childhood, nor subjected to the usual routine of female education. She educated herself. She read incessantly, and, as it was her only pleasure, books of every description, good and bad, were furnished her without restraint. She was about eleven years old when she made her first *known* poe cal attempt, inspired by her own feelings and situation. It was a dialogue between herself and the angel of death. In her seventeenth year she was sufficiently recovered to take charge of her father's family, after he had lost, by some sudden misfortune, his whole property. He held, subsequently, a small office under government, the duties of which were principally performed by his admirable daughter. Her first writings were anonymous, and for a long time her name was unknown. Her most celebrated novel, the "Thekla," was published in 1815; and from this time she has enjoyed a high and public reputation. Fanny Tarnow resides, or did reside, in Dresden.

TASTU, SABINE CASIMIR AMABLE VOREST,

Was born at Metz, in 1798. She has taken several prizes offered by literary academies, and holds a place among the first rank of contemporary French poets. Her verses are written with great elegance, while the sentiments they convey are refined and moral. She has been very successful in her books for young persons.

THEIS DE CONSTANCE, MARIE, PRINCESS OF SALM DYCK,

Was born at Nantes, 7th November, 1767. After having received a very brilliant education, she, in 1789, married M. Pipelet, a physician of considerable celebrity, and established herself in Paris, where she indulged her taste for literature in a congenial atmosphere. One of her first works was the poetical drama of "Sapho," an opera in four acts, which was adapted to music by Martini, and went through a hundred representations at the *Theatre Louvois*. Poetical Epistles, Dramas, and various other productions in verse, read by Madame Pipelet at the Athenæum at Paris, and afterwards published, obtained for her an honourable reputation in the literary world. She has also published several ballads, of which she composed the melodies and the piano accompaniments. In 1803, she became the wife of the count de Salm Dyck, who took the title of prince in 1816. Since that time the princess de Salm has lived alternately on the estates of her husband, in Germany, and at Paris, where, by her wit, her conversational powers, and her amiable manners, she has always rallied round her the élite of artists, and men of letters.

THIERRY, MADAME,

Is the wife of the distinguished historian, and has merited a very charming acknowledgment from that illustrious author. In one of his prefaces, adverting to his misfortune — one of the greatest to a man fond of books, his blindness — he declares that "his wife has been to him his eyes, his memory, his unfailing helpmate; without whom his great works could scarcely have been accomplished, so untiring and intelligent was her constant assistance; adding to the offices of a zealous secretary, the sympathy and encouragement of affection."

He adds that her abilities are equal, if not superior, to his own; and that only her extreme modesty prevents her undertaking works of importance. In this opinion we cannot concur with the author of the "Norman Conquest." The sketches Madame Thierry has published are pretty stories, neatly written, and nothing more. "Scénes de Mœurs," and "Adelaide," could only have been written by a woman of cultivated and elegant mind, but they evince no extraordinary intellectual powers. Still, we consider her entitled to a high place among distinguished women, because she has won from her husband such a beautiful eulogium on her talents, and on the manner in which she has employed them. We may see, in this example, of what inestimable benefit to the husband the cultivated intellect of the wife may become, if he has true nobleness of soul to encourage the development and rightly estimate the mind of his wife.

TOWNSEND, ELIZA,

Was born in Boston, Massachusetts, where she still resides, during the latter part of the eighteenth century. All her early poems, though attracting attention and favourable notice for the poetic genius they displayed, were published anonymously, and for many years her authorship was kept a secret, which has prevented her from being as widely known as she would otherwise have been. Her poem on "The Incomprehensibility of God" is generally considered her best; and in a criticism on this, the Rev. Dr. Cheever remarks that "it is equal in grandeur to the Thanatopsis of Bryant," and that "it will not suffer by comparison with the most sublime pieces of Wordsworth or Cole-

ridge." Though this praise may be somewhat too high, yet it shows among what class of poets Miss Townsend may claim a place — those in whom religious feeling, thoughtfulness, and a deep, if quiet enthusiasm are the leading traits. Her productions have generally appeared in the different religious periodicals of New England, and no collection of them has ever been made. Mr. Griswold, whose work on "The Female Poets of America" is well known, says of this writer: — "There is a religious and poetical dignity, with all the evidences of a fine and richly-cultivated understanding, in most of the poems of Miss Townsend, which entitle her to be ranked among the distinguished literary women who were her contemporaries, and in advance of all who in her own country preceded her."

From "Poems."

THE INCOMPREHENSIBILITY OF GOD.

Where art thou?—Thou! source and support of all
That is or seen or felt; thyself unseen,
Unfelt, unknown — alas, unknowable!
I look abroad among thy works — the sky,
Vast, distant, glorious with its world of suns —
Life-giving earth, and ever-moving main,
And speaking winds — and ask if these are thee!
The stars that twinkle on, the eternal hills,
The restless tide's outgoing and return,
The omnipresent and deep-breathing air —
Though hailed as gods of old, and only less,
Are not the Power I seek; are thine, not thee!
I ask thee from the past: if, in the years,
Since first intelligence could search its source,
Or in some former unremembered being,
(If such, perchance, were mine), did they behold thee?
And next interrogate Futurity,
So fondly tenanted with better things
Than e'er experience owned — but both are mute;
And Past and Future, vocal on all else,
So full of memories and phantasies,
Are deaf and speechless here! Fatigued, I turn
From all vain parley with the elements,
And close my eyes, and bid the thought turn inward
From each material thing its anxious guest,
If, in the stillness of the waiting soul,
He may vouchsafe himself — Spirit to spirit!
O Thou, at once most dreaded and desired,
Pavilioned still in darkness, wilt thou hide thee?
What though the rash request be fraught with fate,
Nor human eye may look on thine and live?
Welcome the penalty! let that come now,
Which soon or late must come. For light like this
Who would not dare to die?
Peace, my proud aim,
And hush the wish that knows not what it asks.
Await His will, who hath appointed this,
With every other trial. Be that will
Done now, as ever. For thy curious search,
And unprepared solicitude to gaze
On Him — the Unrevealed — learn hence, instead,
To temper highest hope with humbleness.
Pass thy novitiate in these outer courts,
Till rent the veil, no longer separating
The Holiest of all — as erst, disclosing
A brighter dispensation; whose results
Ineffable, interminable, tend
Even to the perfecting thyself — thy kind —
Till meet for that sublime beatitude,
By the firm promise of a voice from heaven
Pledged to the pure in heart!

TROLLOPE, MRS.,

Has acquired a wide notoriety, and made large profits by her writings; yet few of her sex would, we think, be willing to stand in her place, and bear her name, for all she has gained. Born in England, about 1787, she was unknown to literary fame until she had reached the sober season of married and middle life, when she suddenly burst forth like a meteor, whose erratic course makes it an object of curiosity its own nature would never

have awakened. In this sketch of Mrs. Trollope we shall give the notices by her own countrymen, British critics, whose fairness regarding her productions, on all points save one, may be considered established. Mr. Chambers, in his "Cyclopædia of English Literature," thus expresses his opinion: "Mrs. Trollope first came before the public in 1832, when her 'Domestic Manners of the Americans' was published, and excited much attention. She drew so severe a picture of American faults and foibles, — of their want of delicacy, their affectations, drinking, coarse selfishness, and ridiculous peculiarities — that the whole nation was incensed at their English satirist. There is much exaggeration in Mrs. Trollope's sketches; but having truth for their foundation, her book is supposed to have had some effect in reforming the 'minor morals' and social habits of the Americans. The same year our authoress continued her satiric portraits in a novel entitled 'The Refugee in America,' marked by the same traits as her former work, but exhibiting little art or talent in the construction of a fable. Mrs. Trollope now tried new ground. In 1833 she published 'Belgium;' and 'Western Germany' in 1834, countries where she found much more to gratify and interest her than in America, and where she travelled in generally good humour. The only serious evil which Mrs. Trollope seems to have encountered in Germany was the tobacco-smoke, which she vituperates with unwearied perseverance. In 1837 she presented another novel, 'The Vicar of Wrexhill,' an able and entertaining work, full of prejudices, but containing some excellent painting of manners and eccentricities. In 1838 our authoress appears again as a traveller. 'Vienna and the Austrians' was of the same cast as 'Belgium and Germany,' but more deformed by prejudice. This journey

also afforded Mrs. Trollope materials for a novel, which she entitled 'A Romance of Vienna.' Three novels were the fruit of 1839; namely, 'The Widow Barnaby,' a highly amusing work, particularly the delineation of the bustling, scheming, unprincipled husband-hunting widow; 'Michael Armstrong, or the Factory Boy,' a caricature of the evils attendant on the manufacturing system; and 'One Fault,' a domestic story, illustrating with uncommon vigour and effect the dismal consequences of that species of bad temper which proceeds from pride and over-sensitiveness. In 1840 we had 'The Widow Married;' and in 1841 'The Blue Belles of England,' and 'Charles Chesterfield.' The latter relates the history of a youth of genius, and contains a satirical picture of the state of literature in England, branding authors, editors, and publishers with unprincipled profligacy, selfishness and corruption. In 1842 Mrs. Trollope, besides throwing off another novel, 'The Ward of Thorpe Combe, gave the public the result of a second visit to Belgium, describing the changes that had been effected since 1833, and also 'A Visit to Italy.' The smart caustic style of our authoress was not so well adapted to the classic scenes, manners, and antiquities of Italy, as to the broader features of American life and character, and this work was not so successful as her previous publications. Returning to fiction, we find Mrs. Trollope, as usual, prolific. Three novels, of three volumes each, were the produce of 1843 — 'Hargrave,' 'Jessie Phillips,' and 'The Lauringtons.' The first is a sketch of a man of fashion; the second an attack on the new English poor-law; and the third a lively satire on 'superior people,' the 'bustling Botherbys' of society. Reviewing the aggregate labours of this industrious authoress, we cannot say that she has done good proportioned to her talents. Her satire is directed against the mere superficialities of life, and is not calculated to check vice or encourage virtue. In depicting high life, she wants the genial spirit and humanity of Theodore Hook. She has scattered amusement among novel-readers by some of her delineations; but in all her mirth there is a mocking and bitter spirit, which is often as misplaced as it is unfeminine."

From another critic, Mr. R. H. Home, author of A New Spirit of the Age, we take the following: "The class to which Mrs. Trollope belongs is, fortunately, very small; but it will always be recruited from the ranks of the unscrupulous, so long as a corrupt taste is likely to yield a trifling profit. She owes every thing to that audacious contempt of public opinion which is the distinguishing mark of persons who are said to *stick at nothing*. Nothing but this sticking at nothing could have produced some of the books she has written in which her wonderful impunity of face is so remarkable. Her constitutional coarseness is the natural element of a low popularity, and is sure to pass for cleverness, shrewdness, and strength, where cultivated judgment and chaste inspiration would be thrown away. Her books of travel are crowded with plebeian criticisms on works of art and the usages of courts, and are doubtless held in great esteem by her admirers, who love to see such things overhauled and dragged down to their own level. *The book on America is of a different class. The subject exactly suited her style and her taste, and people looked on at the fun as they would at a scramble of sweeps in the kennel; while the reflecting few thought it a little unfair in Mrs. Trollope to find fault with the manners of the Americans. Happy for her she had such a topic to begin with.* Had she commenced her literary career with Austria or France, in all likelihood, she would have ended it there.

"But it is to her novels she is chiefly indebted for her current reputation; and it is here her defects are most glaringly exhibited. She cannot adapt herself to the characterization requisite in a work of fiction; she cannot go out of herself; she serves up every thing with the same sauce; the predominant flavour is Trollope still. The plot is always preposterous, and the actors in it seem to be eternally bullying each other. She takes a strange delight in the hideous and revolting, and dwells with gusto upon the sins of vulgarity. Her sensitiveness upon this point is striking. She never omits an opportunity of detailing the faults of low-bred people, and even goes out of her way to fasten the stigma upon others who ought to have been more gently tasselled. Then her low people are sunk deeper than the lowest depths, as if they had been bred in and in, to the last dregs. Nothing can exceed the vulgarity of Mrs. Trollope's mob of characters, except the vulgarity of her select aristocracy. That is transcendent — it caps the climax.

"We have heard it urged on behalf of Mrs. Trollope, that her novels are, at all events, drawn from life. So are sign-paintings. It is no great proof of their truth that centaurs and griffins do not run loose through her pages, and that her men and women have neither hoofs nor tails. The tawdriest wax-works, girt up in paste and spangles, are also 'drawn from life;' but there ends the resemblance."

This last critic is an Englishman, or it might reasonably be urged that if Mrs. Trollope is low in her tastes, vulgar in her ideas, and not worthy of credit when writing on any subject — except the Americans, her statements respecting their "Domestic Manners" might *possibly* take their colouring from her own mind and character. But all abuse of Americans has been so pleasant to English taste, that even Mrs. Trollope was praised and paid for her first coarse caricatures, till she, naturally enough, fancied herself gifted to shine among the best of England's writers. They are welcome to a monopoly of her fame; we only regret that she belongs to the female sex.

A few words are all that is needed to explain her dislike of America. We quote from a sketch which appeared in the Knickerbocker in 1833, written by the Rev. Timothy Flint, who resided in Cincinnati during the sojourn of Mrs. Trollope in that city. He judges her more kindly than do her English critics:

"In reply to the question which has been asked us, we are sure, a thousand times, what sort of a

person was Mrs. Trollope, and what were her objects in visiting America? we reply, she was in person a short, plump figure, with a ruddy, round, Saxon face, of bright complexion, forty-five, though not showing older than thirty-seven, of appearance singularly unladylike, a misfortune heightened by her want of taste and female intelligence in regard to dress, or her holding herself utterly above such considerations, though at times she was as much finer and more expensively dressed than other ladies, as she was ordinarily inferior to them in her costume. Robust and masculine in her habits, she had no fear of the elements; recklessly exposing herself in long walks to the fierce meridian sun or the pouring shower, owing a severe fever, no doubt, to those circumstances. Voluble as a French woman, shrill and piercing in the tones of her voice, piquant and sarcastic in the tenor of her conversation, she was a most accomplished mimic; and as she had travelled in France and Italy, and knew the language and light literature of both these countries, and was, moreover, acquainted, as we know from her correspondence, with the most distinguished men and women of genius in England; as she was, in particular, perfectly *au fait* in regard to every thing that concerned theatricals and play-writing and play-going people; as she had seen every body and knew every body in Europe of whom we hear, her conversation was remarkably amusing.

She was in correspondence while in this country, as we know, with Miss Mitford and Miss Landon, and, we believe, with Campbell, the poet, and other names well known to fame. Having been trained to the expectation of inheriting a great fortune, and having views of conventional morals and decorum not of the severer class, not restrained by religious considerations, and mixing much with the gay and pleasure-seeking, she had probably run through the common and allowed range of fashion, and exhausted the common forms of pleasure and worn it all out to satiety; though we have every reason to believe that, while in America, whatever liberty she may have taken with the lesser morals, she was exemplary in her observance of the higher duties; she was amiable in the highest degree in her relations with the people about her in the suburbs of Cincinnati, where she resided during the greater part of her stay in America, and among whom she was extremely popular; enacting among them Lady Bountiful with a graciousness of distribution, and nursing the sick, which every where gains favour. Besides Hervieu, an accomplished French painter, she was accompanied by her son and two daughters."

Mr. Flint goes on to state that Mrs. Trollope came to America in the spring of 1829, to cooperate with Miss Fanny Wright, another British eccentric, who, at Nashoba, Tennessee, was engaged in her famous and failing experiment of cultivating the Ethiopians. Mrs. Trollope was soon disgusted. After spending two days at Nashoba, she fled from the negro settlement, came to Cincinnati, Ohio, where she passed two winters building her huge Turkish bazaar, which cost her $24,000, on which, paying $12,000 and repudiating the remainder, she departed for England. But the disappointment of her hopes was not her severest trial. Owing to her want of letters of introduction and to her vulgar appearance, she was never visited or invited into society while in Cincinnati, never attended a party, nor was admitted into but four families; and those, though respectable, did not give parties. Such was her knowledge of America.

We have not named all her works. In 1849 she published "Young Love," a novel, which a writer in the London Athenæum thus reports: "The masculine vigour and shrewdness developed in Mrs. Trollope's earlier novels, won for them a popularity which is fast waning from the sameness of material and feebleness of plot exhibited in each succeeding work. The announcement, however, of one bearing the above title, was likely enough, after the politic fashion of Mr. Bayes, to 'surprise' the public into a purchase, although it did not in the slightest degree whet our appetite; for we should be perplexed to name a writer less likely to pourtray, in its truth and beauty, the purity and poetry, 'to dally with the innocence' of 'Young Love.'"

Her latest work, issued in 1850, was "Petticoat Government;" a miserable attempt to be piquant and witty on a subject that Caudle had completed.

TUTHILL, LOUISA C.,

Was born and educated in New Haven, Connecticut. She enjoyed the best advantages, both as to schools and society, and in her girlhood began to amuse herself with attempts at poems, plays, and novels. But no one was ever allowed to scrutinize these juvenile efforts, and before her marriage they were devoted to a general conflagration. She was married in 1817, at a very early age, to Cornelius Tuthill, Esq., a distinguished member of the bar in New Haven, and fond of science and literature. He encouraged his wife in her literary tastes and pursuits, and surprised her by causing one of her poems to be published without her knowledge, which was her first appearance in print. In 1825 Mrs. Tuthill was left a young widow with four children, and to solace herself under her heavy affliction she had recourse to her pen. At this time she wrote "James Somers, the Pilgrim's Son," published in 1827, and "Mary's Visit to B.," in 1829. She continued to write anonymously for periodical literature for some time, and in 1848–9, published "The Young Lady's Reader," and "Young Lady's Friend;" the first works to which her name was attached. In 1842 Mrs. Tuthill removed to the vicinity of Boston, where she wrote "I will be a Gentleman," and "I will be a Lady;" books for the young, which have been very successful. She continued the series, and produced "Onward, Right Onward," "Anything for Sport," "The Boarding-School Girl," "A Strike for Freedom," and "My Wife," a story in one volume. Not long after, having removed to Philadelphia, Mrs. Tuthill published "The History of Architecture;" a very interesting work on an art but little understood,

and for the study of which the authoress had enjoyed unusual facilities. Within the last three years there have appeared from the same writer "The Nursery Book for Young Mothers," and three little works, "The Merchant," "The Lawyer," and "The Mechanic;" part of a series entitled "Success in Life."

Mrs. Tuthill is a pleasant writer; her cheerful spirit and hopeful philosophy give an attractive charm even to good *advice;* which, like medicine, requires often to be sugared before it is willingly taken. All her writings bear the stamp of an earnest purpose to promote the best interests of society; she has read much, and uses her knowledge of books skilfully to illustrate her own views. There is also a pure current of pious feeling, flowing, as it were, from her warm heart, that freshens old thoughts and keeps her literary field bright with the flowers that never die.

From "The Young Lady's Home."

A DAUGHTER'S DUTY.

How few daughters are fully aware of the sacrifices made for them by their parents! Your father, year after year, has toiled, perhaps, for that wealth which enables him to give you the luxuries and elegances of life. Day and night has his anxious mind been exercised for your welfare. He has spared you from home and its duties and given up the pleasure of your society and your assistance to fit you for life. Or, if you have been so happy as to remain beneath the parental roof, you have probably been so occupied with your intellectual education as to have had little time to devote to him. Now that you have more leisure, enquire how you shall contribute to your father's comfort and enjoyment. Have you acquired accomplishments? Consider it the highest gratification they can afford you to exercise them for his amusement. Let the voice which he has been the means of cultivating yield its sweetest notes for his pleasure; let his praise be more welcome to your ear than the applause of thousands.

BEHAVIOUR TO SERVANTS.

Never ring for a servant unless it is absolutely necessary; consider whether you have a right to make even your own waiting-maid take forty steps to save yourself one. Nothing shows a person's ill-breeding more plainly than a harsh, imperious manner towards servants. Knowing how much more agreeable it is to be requested than commanded, it would seem as if every one might say, "Will you do this?" or even, "Please do that;" and there would be no want of propriety in saying, "Will you have the kindness to do it?" Human nature resents the imperative mood, but yields a ready acquiescence to gentle entreaty. You must not suppose that all servants are of course merely mercenary; they may serve with affection, and possess a keen sensibility to kindness. An amiable dignity of deportment, joined with considerateness, and a hearty desire for their good, may secure faithful, humble allies, whose interests are identified with your own. Avoiding that familiarity which the old proverb says breeds "contempt," consider what is really due to the feelings and character of a faithful domestic, and demonstrate by your conduct that you have no contempt for those whom Providence has placed in a subordinate station, and that you recognise no vulgarity but such as arises from a low and vicious character.

HOME HABITS.

A young lady who would be prepared for the responsible situation of a wife and the respected mistress of a household, has much to learn at her mother's fireside. A cumbrous set of rules and maxims hung about one, like the charms which the gree-gree man sells to the poor African, will not ward off the evils, nor furnish an antidote to the trials, of life. It is by the habitual exercise of those affections and those principles which make her the light and life of her father's hearth and hall, that a young lady becomes fitted for another station. At home she is in the genial school ordained by Providence for the nurture of those "flowers of loveliness" which will beautify another habitation. The habit of cheerful acquiescence to the will of others may be acquired by submission to the will of parents; self-denial, by yielding to brothers and sisters; consideration for the welfare of dependants, by care not to give unnecessary trouble to servants. A young lady who is not an affectionate, docile daughter, a loving, kind sister, cannot make a good wife.

* * * * *

The well-spring of the affections is in your own hearts; let it not be a sealed fountain; let your love cheer your father, mother, brothers, sisters, friends, and your gentle, docile submission to lawful authority, prove that it has been well for you "to bear the yoke in your youth."

SOCIETY.

Does society claim an exorbitant share of time? This sacrifice is often yielded as if demanded by that "necessity that knows no law." The hours spent in society are but a small proportion of the time thus yielded; previous preparation for these hours makes a far more exorbitant demand. Tasteful embroidery and fine needlework afford pleasant occupation to young ladies; but when employed solely for the decoration of the person, they may be treacherous monopolizers. One young lady has been known to spend two months upon the trimming to a ball-dress, and another a half-year upon an embroidered satin dress. Patient, persevering industry, which, applied to better purposes than the gratification of vanity and selfishness, would deserve high encomium; and perhaps, after all this pains-taking, *society* would have been as well pleased without the trimming and embroidery.

* * * * *

Acknowledging that society has claims, and that you are to maintain kind and friendly relations with the circle to which you belong; yet, neither these claims, nor your love of display, nor your fondness for amusement, should lead you to the sacrifice of personal happiness and of principle.

CONVERSATION.

The literature of the day, improvement in the arts, discoveries in science, the important events that are taking place in the world, the efforts being made for the diffusion of knowledge and religion,—these, and a thousand other interesting topics, men might talk about in the society of ladies without lowering their own minds or elevating beyond their capacity those of their auditors, or rather *colloquists;* for it is assumed that here they meet on terms of perfect equality. If it be said that, by courtesy, it is left for the ladies to take the lead, then they are to blame if they find no higher themes for entertainment than fashions, beauty, dress, manners, flattery, and scandal. Making large allowance for their fondness for these topics, candour must allow that modesty, in many instances, and the fear of ridicule in others, deter them from bringing forward other less trifling subjects in which they are deeply interested. Cicero says of silence,—"There is not only an art, but an eloquence in it;" let, then, *your* silence be eloquent whenever frivolous or unsuitable subjects are introduced; it is often the only delicate way in which you can manifest disapprobation.

CHRISTIANITY.

Woman owes her present elevation of character and condition to Christianity; in all countries where its benign, holy influence is unfelt, she is still an unintellectual, a degraded being; and just in proportion to its purity and its power over a people is her domestic happiness.

INDEPENDENCE.

You cannot fulfil the duties that devolve upon you in relation to others without some independence. You cannot live without exerting influence; perhaps many look to you for example; if your course is uncertain as that of the fluttering insect, governed by the impulse of the moment, you can hardly fail to mislead. Generous impulses, noble impulses, are often lauded; but so long as the human heart is sinful, you may not trust implicitly to its impulses; they may be right, but it is mournfully certain that they may be wrong.

PRINCIPLES.

The Bible contains two grand, ultimate principles: namely, holiness produces happiness; sin, misery. All the *commands* of God are founded upon this immutable truth; the *precepts* of the gospel flow from the same source. "Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself." "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you."

CONSISTENCY.

Consistency of character is the very keystone of the arch; giving completeness and strength to all the virtues.

In order to be consistent in the right way, you must have a just sense of the importance of the objects at which you aim. A consistent *lawyer* is one who applies all his learning, his zeal, and his eloquence, to gain a bad cause as well as a good one. A consistent *fine lady* is one whose parties are the most splendid, whose dresses are made by the most fashionable modist, whose bonnets are the perfection of elegance, whose manners are as regulated as her watch, to suit all times and occasions, and who pays her bills or not, just as suits her convenience. A consistent politician goes all lengths with party, right or wrong, even though the measures of his party tend to the destruction of his country. In these cases unity of purpose produces consistency. It therefore becomes of the utmost consequence to ascertain what is your aim. The question here is, not what you know, or what you are; but what you intend to be. The passionate lover of science climbs the fearful precipice, and perils life itself for a single little flower belonging to a genus that is wanting in his herbarium. What efforts should be deemed too great to attain each flower of beauty that adorns the garland of woman's worth?

CHEERFULNESS.

It is the peculiar duty of woman to maintain a cheerful heart. Protected from the trials and cares to which the other sex are exposed, to her they turn for comfort and consolation. And nobly does she afford it in the time of darkness and affliction; but too often, in apparent prosperity, instead of cheering those who are annoyed with a thousand nameless vexations, she adds to their perplexities and cares. How lovely does she appear to whom all in the domestic circle turn for sympathy in their joy, and who, with winning kindness, beguiles them from their sorrow. The little one, tottering on the floor, clears his discontented face and breaks into a merry laugh as he catches the reflection of her sweet smile. The poor, too, pray that God may bless her whose presence is ever to them such a rich blessing. Cherish, then, in the spring-time of life, that cheerfulness which is the "bloom and effluence" of Christianity, and its fragrance shall be shed around your declining years, and linger, when the spirit is fled, in a sweet smile over the face that even in death it can make lovely.

SELF-GOVERNMENT.

Self-government is, of course, a much more difficult task for the irritable, the passionate, the sanguine, than for the naturally amiable. The disposition which a happy few possess resembles the climate of some sweet island of the Pacific Ocean, where no violent storms ever agitate the mild and uniform temperature; while others are like our own Indies, where the hurricane and tornado are frequent visitants. If you possess an equable flow of animal spirits it is impossible for you to conceive of the difficulty of restraining and controlling an impetuous, impulsive temperament. The Apostles St. John and St. Paul exemplified this natural difference in temperament. The beloved disciple possessed an angelic sweetness of disposition, a kindliness, and a beautiful equanimity, which rendered him the soothing, gentle friend, upon whose bosom the Saviour could lean at the social board.

V.

VICTORIA I.,

REIGNING Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, was born at Kensington Palace, May 24th, 1819. Her father was Edward Duke of Kent, fourth son of George III., and her mother* was Victoria Maria Louisa, daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg. Left a widow when her delicate infant was but eight months old, the Duchess of Kent devoted herself to the great purpose of training her daughter to be worthy of the crown which it seemed probable she might wear. Queen Victoria is, therefore, the exponent of female nature rightly cultivated for the highest station a mortal can inherit by birth. The means by which this instruction was perfected and the results to humanity, are studies for the statesman, philosopher, and Christian.

In our brief sketch we shall only allude to some of the seemingly small circumstances, yet really great events, because influencing a mind which was to have a vast influence on other minds.

The ordering and training of Queen Victoria was entirely the work of her wise-hearted mother, and chiefly accomplished by female agencies. That her education was of the highest and most perfect order for her station, there are ample proofs; it has given to the greatest monarchy in the world the best sovereign the world contains; the best of her own royal line; the best, morally speaking, that ever sat on England's throne. More than this, Victoria was trained to perform all her duties; she is an accomplished lady, as perfect in her feminine as in her queenly character; a dutiful daughter, a loving wife, a watchful mother, a kind mistress, a generous benefactor, an exemplary Christian; there are no startling contrasts nor weak inconsistencies in her conduct. Such uniform adherence to the right and proper under circumstances where selfish propensities are so often stimulated and so easily gratified, must be

* See Sketch of the Duchess of Kent, page 716.

the result of the conscientious principle early and unceasingly cultivated. In this lies the germ of all moral goodness and the elements of all true greatness. From Conscientiousness enlightened by the Divine precepts are educed the virtues of obedience, temperance, truth, justice, mercy, prudence, fidelity, benevolence, and self-control; while the sweet feelings of love, hope, and faith, whose union and exaltation form the crowning grace of piety, owe their best and holiest charm to the same principle of right. Let us see how the teachings of the mother could thus lead her child in the way of righteousness whose end is always happiness, either in this world or in the better one to come.

Before the birth of this precious child, the Duchess of Kent had shown, in the previous circumstances of her life, and particularly in the personal sacrifices and risks she endured when, leaving her own home in Germany, she hastened to England so that her offspring might be British born, her deep devotion to duty, and that innate wisdom which has guided her through every task and trial. Perhaps nothing at the time more strikingly marked the moral delicacy of the woman and the decision of character so necessary to sustain it, than the resolution she evinced to trust herself to the care of the midwife whom she had summoned from Germany to attend her.

In spite of the remonstrances of those who fancied scientific knowledge was confined to masculine practitioners, the Duchess of Kent was firm in her purpose to employ only Dr. Charlotte,* as she was called; and thus, under a woman's care and skill, Victoria was ushered into the world. The Duchess of Kent nursed her infant at her own bosom, always attended on the bathing and dressing, and, as soon as the little girl could sit alone, she was placed at a small table beside her mother's at her meals, yet never indulged in any but the prescribed simple kinds of food. Thus were the sentimennts of *obedience*, *temperance*, and *self-control* early inculcated and brought into daily exercise.

The Duke of Kent died in debt for money borrowed of his friends. The Duchess instructed the little Princess concerning these debts, and encouraged her to lay aside portions of money, which might have been expended in the purchase of toys, as a fund to pay these demands against her deceased father. Thus were awakened and cultivated those noble virtues, *justice*, *fortitude*, *fidelity*, *prudence*, with that filial devotion which is the germ of *patriotism*. And thus, throughout all the arrangements during the first seven years, the

* This female physician was a regular graduate from a medical college in Germany, where such midwives only, or chiefly, are employed by women of all ranks. "The Duchess of Kent adhered to the modest and praiseworthy custom of the old Teutonic nations, and confided herself to Dr. Charlotte," says an English writer. Would that this "*modest and praiseworthy custom*" might be prepared for and followed every where. Female physicians should be educated to take charge of their own sex and of children; then the public health would really improve, because the founders of those habits which ensure health would become enlightened. The employment of *men* as midwives is unscriptural and unnatural; an insult to the *female* mind and an outrage on female delicacy.

order, the simplicity, the conscientiousness of the teacher, were moulding the ductile and impressable mind and heart of the pupil to follow after wisdom and do the right. Love, in her mother's form, was ever around the little Princess; the counsels and examples of that faithful Mentor, like an inspiration, served to lift up the young soul to have hope in God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Well was it that the Duke of Kent left his wife sole guardian over their child. The Duchess could arrange the whole manner of Victoria's education and superintend it. She did do this. From the day of her husband's death till Victoria was proclaimed Queen, the Duchess of Kent never separated herself from her daughter. They slept in the same apartment; the first lessons were given by maternal lips, and when careful teachers were employed, still the mother was ever present, sharing the amusements and encouraging the exercises and innocent gaiety of the child. Thus was Victoria trained. Her intellectual education was as thorough as her physical and moral. From her cradle she was taught to speak three languages—English, German, and French. In her fifth year her mother chose as preceptor for the Princess the Rev. George Davys; now, through the gratitude of his pupil, Bishop of Peterborough. In the cooperation afforded by this gentleman with the wise plans of the Duchess for her daughter's instruction, he evinced great excellence of moral character, and his faithfulness was well rewarded. The Duchess confided in him fully. When the Princess became heir presumptive to the throne, and it was intimated to her mother that some distinguished prelate should be appointed instructor, and Earl Grey named the Bishop of Lincoln, then was the conscientious and truly noble mind of the Duchess displayed. She expressed her perfect approval of Dr. Davys as her daughter's tutor, declined any change, but hinted that if a dignified clergyman were indispensable to fill this important office, there would be no objection if Dr. Davys received the preferment he had always well merited. He was soon afterwards made Dean of Chester. Such traits deserve notice, because illustrative of the good influences which surrounded the young Princess, and also because they exhibit the constancy of woman's esteem when gained by worthy conduct.

Besides her preceptor, Victoria had an excellent instructress, the Baroness Lehzen, whose services were likewise retained through the whole term of her education; and the long harmony so happily maintained between the mother and her auxiliaries in this important work of preparing a sovereign to be worthy of a throne, is an example worth consideration by those who would seek the best models for private education.

It has been stated repeatedly and never contradicted, that the Princess Victoria was not aware of her claims on the succession until a little before the death of her uncle, George IV. The Duchess had thus carefully guarded her child from the pernicious flattery of inferiors, and kept her young heart free from hopes or wishes which the future might have disappointed. When the accession of King William placed her next the throne, she had completed her eleventh year, "and evinced abilities and possessed accomplishments very rare for that tender age in any rank of life;" says an English author. "She spoke French and German with fluency, and was acquainted with Italian; she had made some progress in Latin, being able to read Virgil and Horace with ease; she had commenced Greek and studied Mathematics, and evinced peculiar aptness for that science of reality; indeed, in all the sciences connected with numbers the royal pupil showed great skill and powers of reason." She had also made good proficiency in music and drawing; in both of which arts she afterwards became quite accomplished. Thus happily engaged in acquiring knowledge of every kind necessary for her royal station, among which the knowledge of the people was not neglected, nor the arts, sciences, and employments which most conduce to the prosperity and advancement of a nation, this young Princess passed the intervening years till her majority, May 24th, 1837. The day was kept as a general holiday throughout the kingdom. The city of London voted addresses of congratulation to the Princess Victoria and Duchess of Kent on that occasion, which we notice in order to give a few sentiments from the reply of the Duchess; she said: "The Princess has arrived at that age which now justifies me in expressing my confident expectation that she will be found competent to execute the sacred trust which may be reposed in her; for, communicating as she does with all classes of society, she cannot but perceive that the greater the diffusion of religious knowledge and the love of freedom in a country, the more orderly, industrious, and wealthy is its population; and that, with the desire to preserve the constitutional prerogatives of the crown, ought to be coordinate with the protection of the liberties of the people."

In four weeks from that day the sudden death of William IV. gave the sovereignty of the British empire to this young maiden of eighteen. Beautifully has she fulfilled the expectations of her mother and the hopes of the nation. The manner in which the Duchess relinquished her power over her daughter was a fitting sequel to the faithfulness with which she had exercised it. The great officers of state and privy counsellors, a hundred or more of the noblest in the land, assembled on the morning of June 20th, at Kensington Palace. They were ushered into the grand saloon. Soon Victoria appeared, accompanied by her mother and the officers of her household. After the Duchess had seen her royal daughter enthroned on a seat of state prepared for the occasion, she withdrew and left the young Queen with her council. From that hour the Duchess treated her august daughter with the respectful observance her station, according to court etiquette, demands. No more advice, no farther instructions, not even suggestions, were ever offered. Doubtless, if the Queen seeks her mother's counsel in private it is always given in love and truth; but the good seed had been sown at the right time; it put forth, by the

blessing of God, spontaneously. The soul, like the soil, must bear its own harvest.

On the 17th of July, 1837, the young Queen made her first public appearance as sovereign over her realm; she prorogued Parliament in person; never was the act done more royally.

On the 28th of June, 1838, she was crowned in Westminster Abbey. Never were the long and tedious ceremonies more gracefully endured. From that time onward there has been no diminution in her zeal; every duty devolving on her, every form prescribed, every custom held important in the old and cumbrous British government, Victoria I. has performed, observed, and cherished. She has been the model of female royalty. But this is a trifling matter, compared with the salutary influence her high principles, refined taste, and graceful propriety of manners have wielded over those who give the tone to fashionable society in England. Vice and folly retire abashed from her presence.

Great Britain is governed by laws, but the ruler is not amenable to these laws. Hence the importance that the sovereign should show obedience to the laws of God, from which the morality of all Christian codes is educed. With wickedness on the throne, pollution in the palace, infidelity at the head of the church, how can the nation increase in piety, virtue, and goodness? The great blessing of a female reign * is in its purity of court-morals and its decorum of manners. These strengthen the religious elements of human nature and give soul the supremacy over sense.

This example of strict virtue on the British throne was imperatively needed; hence the great blessing conferred by the reign of Victoria, who is, in her private life, a model for her people. She was married on the 10th of February, 1840, to her cousin, Prince Albert, of Saxe-Coburg, who had been, for a time, her associate in childhood, and whose development of character and talents has fully justified the wisdom of her choice and the worth of her influence. The union was one of mutual affection, and has been remarkably happy and fortunate. The royal pair have already seven children—Victoria Adelaide, Princess Royal, born Nov. 21, 1840; Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, born Nov. 9, 1841; Alice Maud Mary, born April 25, 1843; Alfred Ernest, born August 6, 1844; Helena Augusta, born May 5, 1846; Louisa Caroline, born March 5, 1848; Arthur Patrick, born May 1, 1850. All these children are carefully trained under the supervision of their royal parents, and the family of the Queen is one of the best governed and guided in England.

We might record royal journeys by sea and land more extensive than any made since the Revolution; these are only of importance to our purpose as showing the activity of Victoria's mind and the wise economy with which all her private affairs are managed. She finds time for all she wishes to do, and the means from her allowed income. She is never in debt. She is liberal in her charities, and, from her private purse, has pensioned many deserving persons, including a number of the literary ladies of England. Compare Victoria's character and conduct since she came to the throne with the best sovereign of her royal line. The Georges I. and II. were hardly above the brutes; we would not bring this excellent Queen into comparison with such men. Nor with George IV., the profligate sensualist, who disgraced the title of "gentleman;" nor with William IV., of whom, on his accession, John Foster pithily remarks, "It is to be hoped he is *better than the last*, and there could not well be *cheaper praise.*"

But we will take him who has been vaunted as the good king, George III. He was narrow-minded, cruel, and selfish. It is notorious that he delighted in signing death-warrants, and never would grant a pardon to the condemned unless driven by the greatest importunities. Victoria pardons even against the remonstrances of her advisers; and so painful to her is the signature of her name to the death-penalty that she has been relieved from the duty, though the delight of the pardoning power she holds firmly. Of the manner in which their respective sentiments of honour and honesty contrast, the following, from the pen of an English gentleman, will testify. "Frederick, Prince of Wales, father of George III., died considerably in debt, of which his son, rich as he was, never paid a single farthing. So much for George III. as a son; let us look at him as a FATHER. No sooner was George, Prince of Wales, (afterwards George IV.) born, than his father laid hands on the Duchy of Cornwall and all other property to which the son was entitled, appropriated the rents and profits thereof to his own use, and never accounted to the latter for any part of them whatever, (as he was bound to do on the son's coming of age,) but sent the son to Parliament for the payment of his debts!

How different the conduct of VICTORIA!

With an income of not much more than half the amount of that possessed by her grandfather, George III., her almost first act on coming to the throne, was to pay her father's (the Duke of Kent's) debts out of her own privy purse; and on the birth of her son, (the Prince of Wales,) she had his Duchy and other property put into the hands of responsible commissioners to be protected and made the most of for him till he was of age."

It is impossible to study carefully the manifestations of character in the sexes, without seeing on every side proofs of the superior moral endowments of the female. Woman is the conservator of truth and purity; the first teacher and best

* Queens have excelled kings in the administration of civil government not from superior powers of reason, but from a clearer moral sense. Isabella I. was the greatest and noblest ruler who has governed Spain, because she faithfully sought to do right. Theresa Maria, with a very limited education, was the wisest and best ruler who has held sway over the Germanic Empire, because she laboured for the good of those she governed; not for her own sensual indulgences. Elizabeth was the most able ruler of men and the most watchful for the welfare of her subjects who has ever filled the British throne, because she governed as the mother, not as the oppressor, of her people; holding the power for good or evil which the sovereign does not now possess. Compare the glories and prosperity of her reign with that which preceded and that which followed. No wonder the British people rejoice when the sceptre passes into the hands of a woman!

exemplar of the Christian virtues. When God, by whom "kings reign," exalts a woman to the government of a great kingdom, we are led to believe it is for the purpose of promoting the best interests of virtue, religion, and social happiness. There was never a time when moral power might be so effectually and gloriously employed as at the present. The empire of physical force is crumbling into ruins. It is fitting that the reign of feeling and intellect, of industry and peace, should be ushered in by a woman.

The last great pageant in which Queen Victoria has performed her part so admirably, was the opening of the "World's Fair," at the Crystal Palace, London; May the 1st, 1851. Leaning on the arm of her beloved and revered husband, Prince Albert, who had originated this wonderful and most successful enterprise of bringing together into London the world's work and wealth, the Queen, leading their princely son while the husband led their royal daughter, appeared before the vast assemblage of men from all nations as one who had the "monarch power," yet sweetly modified by the character of wife and mother. She came to give publicly her sympathy and her approval to a great movement whose influence on the happiness of the world, will, probably, be more important than any which has taken place since the Reformation. The opening of the great Industrial Exhibition was an act worthy of a Queen; worthy of Victoria I.

W.

WEBER, HELENE MARIE,

Is the only child of Major Frederick Weber, a native of Berlin, and at one time an officer of note in the Prussian service. Mrs. Weber, who is yet living, was an Englishwoman of great beauty and fortune, daughter of a Liverpool merchant named Hastings. They were married in Paris in 1824, and Helene was born in that city in 1825. Major Weber died the next year. After his death, Mrs. Weber went with her child to England; where she resided until 1837, when she removed to Brussels to facilitate Helene's education; and in 1843 she gave Helene an opportunity of acquiring a thorough knowledge of German by a residence in Leipzic. Miss Weber is not only thoroughly educated in all the usual branches studied by women, but is a proficient in several of the more abstruse sciences; such as chemistry, geology, mineralogy, mathematics, political economy, &c. A celebrated French critic, opposed to the course in which she is engaged, acknowledges that "Miss Weber possesses the highest order of intellect, and a thorough knowledge of social and political economy."

It was while she was living in Leipzic that she began to take an interest in the cause of woman's rights; and her earliest papers on the subject were published in a periodical of that city. They excited a great deal of notice at the time. Their success induced her to undertake a series of tracts covering the whole ground of "Woman's Rights and Wrongs." The first of these was published at Leipzic in 1844, and during the next year it was succeeded by nine others; each bearing a second title and confined to one subject. The following synopsis of this series may be acceptable.

1. "Intellectual Faculties" argues that women are intellectually equal to men. Man is superior in profundity of mind — woman in quick perceptions and brilliant fancies. Uneducated women are more apt and intelligent than uneducated men. Girls are trained too delicately to allow the mind to expand.

2. "Rights of Property." The property of a woman should not fall to her husband by marriage. She ought to hold it independent of him, but it ought to be liable for debts contracted by her, even in her husband's name, and for actual family expenses, under a judicious discrimination of items. The husband not to be held for debts contracted by the wife, except family expenses, as named previously.

3. "Wedlock." The wife not to lose her civil existence by marrying. Actions in law against the wife to be prosecuted against her irrespective of the husband, and the latter not to be held for any pecuniary penalty imposed on her. Marriages ought not to be hastily contracted, and divorces seldom or never granted.

4. "Politics." Women ought to enjoy an equal right with men to political stations, being capable to an equal degree.

5. "Ecclesiastics." Women are capable of being efficient ministers of the gospel. It is a calling for which they are eminently suited — even better than men.

6. "Rights of Suffrage." Woman ought to vote at all the ballotings: she ought not only to have the right, but should ever exercise it.

7. "Dress." Distinction in the dress of the sexes ought to be abolished, and each person to dress as he or she prefers. She advises male attire for single women, and for married women on some occasions. She proves the propriety of this dress

by ingenious arguments, and maintains that it does not conflict with the Mosaic law.

8. "Vocation." Agriculture is the most suitable employment for women of adequate means. It is noble, respectable, and replete with pleasure. Attending shops and indoor mechanical pursuits are fit vocations for the sex. Industry is one of the first virtues; every woman should produce by honest labour at least as much as she consumes.

9. "Ultraism." Fanatical reformers do great harm to the cause. Over-zeal is worse to a cause than downright opposition. Hitherto there have been too many lines of distinction between the two sexes. Many of these have been eradicated; some still remain, because they are natural lines, such as man cannot interfere with; and all attempts to break down all the lines of distinction are futile and fraught with evil to the cause. All organized bodies are detrimental to the advancement of woman's rights. Under the shelter of an aggregate mass, opinions are promulgated which mere individuals would not avow. The work of reform must advance without hot-bed aid.

10. "Prudery." The timidity and squeamishness of many women keep the work back. This is better than ultraism, but is yet a serious evil. The duty of woman is pointed out—to secure her rights and to retain what she gains.

These brief outlines will give you an idea of the character of the tracts. Miss Weber is not ultra herself, except in regard to dress. The essays are written with singular vigour, interspersed with wit and humour. They have been widely circulated, and have done more good, perhaps, than the efforts of all the female reformers united. Her reasoning is close and perspicuous, and rarely fails to convince. These books are in pamphlet form of from ninety-six to one hundred and forty-four pages each. They were issued without the writer's name—not even an initial. The name was discovered, however, before the fifth number appeared, and Miss Weber became famous. The learned and the noble sought her acquaintance. This was the period at which she assumed male attire; being then nineteen years old.

In the spring of 1845 Miss Weber came in possession of a handsome legacy, left her by an aunt in Berlin. She then bought the farm on which she now lives, fifteen miles from Brussels, called by her "La Pelouse." It was in wretched condition, but she went energetically to work and soon put it in order; built a new house, repaired the stables and outhouses, laid out gardens and ornamented grounds, and gave the whole place an appearance of thrift and prosperity. Besides an object of occupation and interest, she has made her farm a source of profit. She oversees and directs every thing in person, keeps farm-books, and conducts her operations with system. Her family, besides herself, consists of her mother, two young girls, (her cousins,) and three servants. The working people live in cottages on the farm.

Miss Weber has a fine, but rather masculine form. She is tall and well-proportioned, and in male attire, her favourite dress, she appears like an elegant young gentleman. Her hair is cut short; she generally wears a black dress-coat and pantaloons; sometimes a stylish blue dress-coat with superb plain gilt buttons and drab tights. She always wears a buff cassimere vest, trimmed with plain but highly polished gold buttons, and she uses very little jewelry. Her face is womanly and beautiful; her manners are ladylike and easy, and no one would suppose that she was conscious of appearing in a dress differing from most of her sex. Her conversation is full of vigour, animation, and sincerity, enlivened by a natural turn for wit and humour, but marked by the most refined womanly delicacy, and a true feminine consideration for the feelings of others. She numbers among her friends the great and good of both sexes.

Miss Weber is a pious and consistent churchwoman. All her books breathe a true Christian spirit. In 1844 she published in Leipzic a small volume of religious poems, descriptive of the finest passages of Scripture. This volume was well received, and gained for her the favour and personal friendship of the religious community. Besides these, she has written extensively in prose and verse for periodicals, and has delivered lectures in several of the larger German cities, as Berlin, Vienna, &c., before societies organized on her own principles, to further the cause of reform; yet, as has been observed before, except in the matter of dress, she is remarkably free from those ultra notions which prevail so extensively in France. At present, Miss Weber is engaged in preparing a book on "Agriculture as an Employment for Women."

We have given the foregoing sketch as communicated by a lady who visited and admired Miss Weber; nor do we doubt her claims to admiration. She has a good degree of prudence united with talents of a brilliant order; but we do question the utility of her theories and the truth of her reasoning. That she seems to adhere to the Christian religion and expresses her belief in the Bible, makes what is repugnant to the spirit of its holy doctrines more mischievous than would be her avowed infidelity. Therefore we cannot send forth the record of her opinions and doings without a few words of warning to our young countrywomen.

One of Miss Weber's strongest arguments in favour of male costume is, that nature has made sufficient differences in the personal appearance of the sexes; therefore they should dress *alike*. But is this true philosophy? If nature has made differences, ought not art to follow the intimation of nature or Providence, and make the mode of dress appropriate to these differences?

But more fallacious are her ideas respecting employments. If women devote themselves to agriculture, who shall manage the household and train the children? Miss Weber has inherited a fortune. She does not labour with her hands, nor does she employ female labourers to any extent. If women earn their own support, men will have more time and money to spend on their own selfish gratifications. It is the necessity of doing what the Apostle commands every Christian man to do —"provide for his own household"—which keeps

many from sin and ruin. This doctrine, which is inciting women to compete with men in industrial arts and become independent of the care and protection of the stronger sex, is most dangerous in its influence, and would, if it were acted out, (which it will never be,) destroy all hope of Christian progress.

WELBY, AMELIA B.

WHOSE maiden name was Coppuck, was born in St. Michael's, Maryland, in 1821. About 1835, her father removed to Louisville, Kentucky, where, three years afterwards, she was married to Mr. George B. Welby, a merchant of that city. Mrs. Welby began to write at a very early age, and, when scarcely more than a girl, her poems, which were published under the *nom de plume* of Amelia, in the Louisville Journal, had gained for her no small degree of fame, as one of the most promising of our numerous band of young writers. Without displaying any marked or peculiar traits of genius, her writings possess a finish and graceful ease; they show true and warm womanly feelings, a refined delicacy, and an eye to perceive, together with a mind that can appreciate the lovely and beautiful in spirit, as well as in nature. They are evidently not mere imitations of some favourite writer, but have a character and style of their own, which has probably contributed much to their popularity. In 1844, a collection of her poems was published in Boston, which met with unusual success for that class of writings, going through no less than four large editions in four years. In 1850, a larger collection of her writings was published by the Appletons of New York, in a volume beautifully illustrated.

From "Poems."

MY SISTERS.

Like flowers that softly bloom together,
Upon one fair and fragile stem,
Mingling their sweets in sunny weather
Ere strange, rude hands have parted them,
So were we linked unto each other,
Sweet sisters, in our childish hours,
For then one fond and gentle mother
To us was like the stem to flowers:
She was the golden thread that bound us
In one bright chain together here,
Till Death unloosed the cord around us,
And we were severed far and near.

The floweret's stem, when broke or shattered,
Must cast its blossoms to the wind,
Yet, round the buds, though widely scattered,
The same soft perfume still we find;
And thus, although the tie is broken
That linked us round our mother's knee,
The memory of words we 've spoken,
When we were children light and free,
Will, like the perfume of each blossom,
Live in our hearts where'er we roam,
As when we slept on one fond bosom,
And dwelt within one happy home.

I know that changes have come o'er us;
Sweet sisters! we are not the same,
For different paths now lie before us;
And all three have a different name;
And yet, if Sorrow's dimming fingers
Have shadowed o'er each youthful brow,
So much of light around them lingers
I can not trace those shadows now.
Ye both have those who love ye only,
Whose dearest hopes are round you thrown,
While, like a stream that wanders lonely,
Am I, the youngest, wildest one.

My heart *is* like the wind, that beareth
Sweet scents upon its unseen wing —
The wind! that for no creature careth,
Yet stealeth sweets from everything;
It hath rich thoughts for ever leaping
Up, like the waves of flashing seas,
That with their music still are keeping
Soft time with every fitful breeze;
Each leaf that in the bright air quivers,
The sounds from hidden solitudes,
And the deep flow of far-off rivers,
And the loud rush of many floods:

All these, and more, stir in my bosom
Feelings that make my spirit glad,
Like dewdrops shaken in a blossom;
And yet there is a something sad
Mixed with those thoughts, like clouds, that hover
Above us in the quiet air,
Veiling the moon's pale beauty over
Like a dark spirit brooding there.
But, sisters! those wild thoughts were never
Yours: ye would not love, like me,
To gaze upon the stars for ever,
To hear the wind's wild melody.

Ye 'd rather look on smiling faces,
And linger round a cheerful hearth,
Than mark the stars' bright hiding-places
As they peep out upon the earth.
But, sisters! as the stars of even
Shrink from Day's golden-flashing eye,
And, melting in the depths of heaven,
Veil their soft beams within the sky;
So shall we pass, the joyous-hearted,
The fond, the young, like stars that wane
Till every link of earth be parted,
To form in heaven one mystic chain.

TO A SEA-SHELL.

Shell of the bright sea-waves!
What is it that we hear in thy sad moan?
Is this unceasing music all thine own?
Lute of the ocean-caves!

Or does some spirit dwell
In the deep windings of thy chambers dim,
Breathing for ever, in its mournful hymn,
Of ocean's anthem-swell?

Wert thou a murmurer long
In crystal palaces beneath the seas,
Ere from the blue sky thou hadst heard the breeze
Pour its full tide of song?

Another thing with thee:
Are there not gorgeous cities in the deep,
Buried with flashing gems that brightly sleep,
Hid by the mighty sea?

And say, oh lone sea-shell!
Are there not costly things and sweet perfumes
Scattered in waste o'er that sea-gulf of tombs?
Hush thy low moan and tell.

But yet, and more than all—
Has not each foaming wave in fury tossed
O'er earth's most beautiful, the brave, the lost,
Like a dark funeral pall?

'T is vain—thou answerest not!
Thou hast no voice to whisper of the dead;
'T is ours alone, with sighs like odors shed,
To hold them unforgot!

Thine is as sad a strain
As if the spirit in thy hidden cell
Pined to be with the many things that dwell
In the wild, restless main.

And yet there is no sound
Upon the waters, whispered by the waves,
But seemeth like a wail from many graves,
Thrilling the air around.

The earth, oh moaning shell!
The earth hath melodies more sweet than these—
The music-gush of rills, the hum of bees
Heard in each blossom's bell.

Are not these tones of earth,
The rustling forest, with its shivering leaves,
Sweeter than sounds that e'en in moonlit eves
Upon the seas have birth?

Alas! thou still wilt moan—
Thou 'rt like the heart that wastes itself in sighs
E'en when amid bewildering melodies,
If parted from its own.

THE OLD MAID.

Why sits she thus in solitude? her heart
Seems melting in her eye's delicious blue—
And as it heaves, her ripe lips lie apart
As if to let its heavy throbbings through;
In her dark eye a depth of softness swells,
Deeper than that her careless girlhood wore;
And her cheek crimsons with the hue that tells
The rich, fair fruit is ripened to the core.

It is her thirtieth birthday! with a sigh
Her soul hath turn'd from youth's luxuriant bowers,
And her heart taken up the last sweet tie
That measured out its links of golden hours!
She feels her inmost soul within her stir
With thoughts too wild and passionate to speak;
Yet her full heart—its own interpreter—
Translates itself in silence on her cheek.

Joy's opening buds, affection's glowing flowers,
Once lightly sprang within her beaming track:
Oh, life was beautiful in those lost hours,
And yet she does not wish to wander back!
No! she but loves in loneliness to *think*
On pleasures past, though never more to be:
Hope links her to the future—but the link
That binds her to the past is *memory*!

From her lone path she never turns aside,
Though passionate worshippers before her fall;
Like some pure planet in her lonely pride,
She seems to soar and beam above them all!
Not that her heart is cold!—emotions new
And fresh as flowers are with her heartstrings knit:
And sweetly mournful pleasures wander through
Her virgin soul, and softly ruffle it.

For she hath lived with heart and soul alive
To all that makes life beautiful and fair;
Sweet Thoughts, like honey-bees, have made their hive
Of her soft bosom-cell, and cluster there;
Yet life is not to her what it hath been:
Her soul hath learned to look beyond its gloss—
And now she hovers like a star between
Her deeds of love—her Saviour on the cross!

Beneath the cares of earth she does not bow,
Though she hath oftimes drained its bitter cup,
But ever wanders on with heavenward brow,
And eyes whose lovely lids are lifted up!
She feels that in that lovelier, happier sphere,
Her bosom yet will, birdlike, find its mate,
And all the joys it found so blissful here
Within that spirit-realm perpetuate.

Yet, sometimes o'er her trembling heartstrings thrill
Soft sighs, for raptures it hath ne'er enjoyed—
And then she dreams of love, and strives to fill
With wild and passionate thoughts the craving void.
And thus she wanders on—half sad, half blest—
Without a mate for the pure, lonely heart,
That, yearning, throbs within her virgin breast,
Never to find its lovely counterpart!

THE RAINBOW.

I sometimes have thoughts, in my loneliest hours,
That lie on my heart like the dew on the flowers,
Of a ramble I took one bright afternoon,
When my heart was as light as a blossom in June;
The green earth was moist with the late fall'n shower
The breeze flutter'd down and blew open the flowers,
While a single white cloud, to its haven of rest
On the white wing of Peace, floated off in the west.

As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool breeze
That scatter'd the rain-drops and dimpled the seas,
Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unroll'd
Its soft-tinted pinions of purple and gold.
'T was born in a moment, yet, quick as its birth,
It had stretch'd to the uttermost ends of the earth,
And, fair as an angel, it floated as free,
With a wing on the earth and a wing on the sea.

How calm was the ocean! how gentle its swell!
Like a woman's soft bosom it rose and it fell;
While its light sparkling waves, stealing laughingly o'er,
When they saw the fair rainbow, knelt down on the shore
No sweet hymn ascended, no murmur of prayer,
Yet I felt that the spirit of worship was there,
And bent my young head, in devotion and love,
'Neath the form of the angel that floated above.

How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings!
How boundless its circle, how radiant its rings!
If I look'd on the sky, 't was suspended in air;
If I look'd on the ocean, the rainbow was there;
Thus forming a girdle, as brilliant and whole
As the thoughts of the rainbow that circled my soul.
Like the wing of the Deity, calmly unfurl'd,
It bent from the cloud and encircled the world.

There are moments, I think, when the spirit receives
Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves,
When the folds of the heart in a moment unclose
Like the innermost leaves from the heart of a rose:
And thus, when the rainbow had pass'd from the sky,
The thoughts it awoke were too deep to pass by;
It left my full soul, like the wing of a dove,
All fluttering with pleasure and fluttering with love.

I know that each moment of rapture or pain
But shortens the links in life's mystical chain;
I know that my form, like that bow from the wave,
Must pass from the earth and lie cold in the grave;
Yet oh! when death's shadows my bosom encloud,
When I shrink at the thought of the coffin and shroud,
May Hope, like the rainbow, my spirit enfold
In her beautiful pinions of purple and gold.

HOPELESS LOVE.

The trembling waves beneath the moonbeams quiver,
Reflecting back the blue, unclouded skies;
The stars look down upon the still, bright river,
And smile to see themselves in paradise;
Sweet songs are heard to gush in joyous bosoms,
That lightly throb beneath the greenwood tree,
And glossy plumes float in amid the blossoms,
And all around are happy — all but me!

And yet, I come beneath the light, that trembles
O'er these dim paths, with listless steps to roam,
For here my bursting heart no more dissembles,
My sad lips quiver, and the tear-drops come;
I come once more to list the low-voiced turtle,
To watch the dreamy waters as they flow,
And lay me down beneath the fragrant myrtle,
That drops its blossoms when the west winds blow.

Oh! there is one, on whose sweet face I ponder,
One angel-being 'mid the beauteous band,
Who in the evening's hush comes out to wander
Amid the dark-eyed daughters of the land!
Her step is lightest where each light foot presses,
Her song is sweetest 'mid their songs of glee,
Smiles light her lips, and rosebuds, 'mid her tresses,
Look lightly up their dark redundancy.

Youth, wealth, and fame are mine: all that entrances
The youthful heart, on me their charms confer;
Sweet lips smile on me, too, and melting glances
Flash up to mine — but not a glance from her!
Oh, I would give youth, beauty, fame, and splendour,
My all of bliss, my every hope resign,
To wake in that young heart one feeling tender —
To clasp that little hand, and call it mine!

In this sweet solitude the sunny weather
Hath call'd to life light shapes and fairy-elves,
The rosebuds lay their crimson lips together,
And the green leaves are whispering to themselves;
The clear, faint starlight, on the blue wave flushes,
And fill'd with odours sweet, the south wind blows,
The purple clusters load the lilac bushes,
And fragrant blossoms fringe the apple-boughs.

Yet, I am sick with love and melancholy,
My locks are heavy with the dropping dew,
Low murmurs haunt me — murmurs soft and holy,
And oh, my lips keep murmuring, murmuring too!
I hate the beauty of these calm, sweet bowers,
The bird's wild music, and the fountain's fall;
Oh, I am sick in this lone land of flowers,
My soul is weary — weary of them all!

Yet had I that sweet face, on which I ponder,
To bloom for me within this Eden-home,
That lip to sweetly murmur when I wander,
That cheek to softly dimple when I come —
How sweet would glide my days in these lone bowers,
Far from the world and all its heartless throngs,
Her fairy feet should only tread on flowers,
I'd make her home melodious with my songs!

Ah me! such blissful hopes once fill'd my bosom,
And dreams of fame could then my heart enthrall,
And joy and bliss around me seem'd to blossom;
But oh, these blissful hopes are blighted — all!
No smiling angel decks these Eden-bowers,
No springing footstep echoes mine in glee —
Oh, I am weary in this land of flowers!
I sigh — I sigh amid them all — ah me!

THE LAST INTERVIEW.

Here, in this lonely bower, where first I won thee,
I come, beloved, beneath the moon's pale ray,
To gaze once more, through struggling tears, upon thee,
And then to tear my broken heart away;
I dare not linger near thee as a brother;
I feel my burning heart would still be thine;
How could I hope my passionate thoughts to smother,
While yielding all the sweetness to another,
That should be mine!

But fate hath will'd it; the decree, too, spoken:
Now life may lengthen out its weary chain.
For reft of thee, its loveliest links are broken:
May we but clasp them all in heaven again!
Yes, thou wilt there be mine; in yon blue heaven
There are sweet meetings of the pure and fond,
Of joys unspeakable to such are given
When the sweet ties of love that here are riven
Unite beyond.

A glorious charm from heaven thou dost inherit
The gift of angels unto thee belongs;
Then breathe thy love in music, that thy spirit
May whisper to me, through thine own sweet songs,
And though my coming life may soon resemble
The desert spots, through which my steps shall flee,
Though round thee then wild worshippers assemble,
My heart will triumph if thine own but tremble
Still true to me.

Yet, not when on our bower the light reposes
In golden glory, wilt thou sigh for me;
Not when the young bee seeks the crimson roses,
And the fair sunbeams tremble o'er the sea;
But when at eve the tender heart grows fonder,
And the full soul with pensive love is fraught,
Then with wet lids o'er these sweet paths thou'lt wander,
And, thrill'd with love, upon my memory ponder
With tender thought.

And when at times thy birdlike voice entrances
The listening throng with some enchanting lay,
If I am near thee, let thy heavenly glances
One gentle message to my heart convey;
I ask but this — a happier one has taken
From my lone life the charm that made it dear;
I ask but this, and promise me, unshaken;
To me that look of love — but, oh! 'twill waken
Such raptures here!

And now, farewell! — farewell! I dare not lengthen
These sweet, sad moments out; to gaze on thee
Is bliss indeed, yet it but serves to strengthen
The love that now amounts to agony;
This is our last farewell — our last fond meeting;
The world is wide, and we must dwell apart;
My spirit gives thee, now, its last wild greeting,
With lip to lip, while pulse to pulse is beating,
And heart to heart!

Farewell, farewell! Our dream of bliss is over,
All save the memory of our blighted love;
I now must yield thee to thy happier lover,
Yet, oh! remember, thou art mine above!
'Tis a sweet thought; and when by distance parted,
'T will lie upon our hearts a holy spell —
But the sad tears beneath thy lids have started,
And I — alas! — we both are broken-hearted! —
Farewell!

WHITMAN, SARAH HELEN,

Is a native of Providence, Rhode Island. Her maiden name was Power. Her father died when she was a child. Her mother being thus left to the solitariness of a widow's lot, devoted herself with unwearied care to the education of her daughter. The health of Miss Power was constitutionally delicate, while her mental faculties developed with that quickness and brilliancy which surely indicates the predominancy of imagination. Poetry was the favourite literature of her youthful studies, and she soon manifested the propensity, which the Muse *will* foster in those she elects her votaries, to "write rhyme."

In 1828, Miss Power was married to John W. Whitman, a young lawyer of Boston. The marriage was one of affection, induced by the congeniality of poetical and literary tastes, but the union was in a few years dissolved by the death of Mr. Whit-

man. Mrs. Whitman then returned to her mother's arms and her early home, at Providence, where she now resides. Her poetry has appeared in the periodicals and annuals over the signature "Helen," and always excited attention by its richness of imagery and sweet, melodious versification. She has an uncommonly retentive memory, and elaborates her poems in a rather peculiar manner; arranging, correcting, and finishing them as compositions perfectly and wholly in her mind, be they ever so long, before committing a line to paper. By this means she has no unfinished performances; those that she does not complete at once are entirely abandoned.

Her published poems have not been numerous; she appears never to have contemplated making a *volume*, but only allows her thoughts to visit the temple of the muses to gratify her own love of the beautiful and glorious in nature and art. The genius of this amiable woman seems naturally of that delicate presence which shrinks, like the "sensitive plant," from any collision with the actual world; but the sad passages in her life have probably deepened the melancholy pathos of her strains. There appears no affectation in this sensibility; she feels as warm admiration for the beauties and blessings which the beneficent Creator has bestowed on the works and creatures of his hand, as though these awakened none but pleasurable emotions. Still, there is ever in her heart a sensation of sadness, like that so powerfully described by Keats in his "Ode on Melancholy," as if she tasted the bitter ingredient even in the sweetest draught.

TO THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

Hail! queen of high and holy thought;
Of dreams, with fairy beauty fraught;
Sweet memories of the days gone by;
Glimpses of immortality.
Visions of grandeur, glory, power,
All that in inspiration's hour,
Like sunset's changing glories, roll
Within the poet's raptured soul!

Thy throne is in the crimson fold,
Around the setting day-star roll'd;
Thou walkest through the sapphire sky,
When the bright moon is sailing high,
Touching the stars with purer light,
And lending holier charms to night;
The clouds a deeper glory wear,
The winds a softer music bear,
And earth is heaven when thou art there.

There's not a murmur on the breeze,
Nor ripple on the dark, blue seas,
Nor breath of violets, faintly sweet,
Nor glittering dew-drop at our feet,
Nor tinge of mellow radiance, where
Soft moonbeams melt along the air;
Nor shade nor tint, on flower or tree,
But takes a softer grace from thee.

And love itself — the brightest gem
In all creation's diadem —
Oh! what were mortal love, didst thou
Not lend a glory to his brow?
Degraded, though of heavenly birth,
And sullied with the cares of earth;
Wasted and worn by doubts and fears,
Its youthful smiles soon change to tears;
But at thy spirit-stirring breath,
It burst the bonds of sin and death;
And, robed in heavenly charms by thee,
It puts on immortality.

THE WAKING OF THE HEART.

"Pleasure sits in the flower cups, and breathes itself out in fragrance."—*Rahel.*

As the fabled stone into music woke
When the morning sun o'er the marble broke,
So wakes the heart from its stern repose;
As o'er brow and bosom the spring wind blows,
So it stirs and trembles as each low sigh
Of the breezy south comes murmuring by —
Murmuring by like a voice of love,
Wooing us forth amid flowers to rove
Breathing of meadow-paths thickly sown
With pearls from the blossoming fruit trees blown,
And of banks that slope to the southern sky
Where languid violets love to lie.
No foliage droops o'er the woodpath now,
No dark vines swinging from bough to bough;
But a trembling shadow of silvery green
Falls through the young leaf's tender screen,
Like the hue that borders the snowdrop's bell,
Or lines the lid of an Indian shell;
And a fairy light, like the firefly's glow,
Flickers and fades on the grass below.
There the pale Anemone lifts her eye
To look at the clouds as they wander by,
Or lurks in the shade of a palmy fern
To gather fresh dews in her waxen urn.
Where the moss lies thick on the brown earth's breast,
The shy little Mayflower weaves her nest,
But the south wind sighs o'er the fragrant loam,
And betrays the path to her woodland home.
Already the green budding birchen spray
Winnows the balm from the breath of May,
And the aspen thrills to a low, sweet tone
From the reedy bugle of Faunus blown.
In the tangled coppice the dwarf oak weaves
Her fringelike blossoms and crimson leaves;
The sallows their delicate buds unfold
Into downy feathers bedropped with gold;
While, thick as the stars in the midnight sky,
In the dark, wet meadows the cowslips lie.
A love tint flushes the wind-flower's cheek,
Rich melodies gush from the violet's beak,
On the rifts of the rock the wild columbines grow,
Their heavy honey-cups bending low —
As a heart which vague, sweet thoughts oppress,
Droops 'neath its burden of happiness.
There the waters drip from their moss-rimmed wells,
With a sound like the tinkling of silver bells.

THE MAIDEN'S DREAM.

"Thrice hallowed be that beautiful dawn of love when the maiden's cheek still blushes at the conscious sweetness of her own innocent thoughts."—*Jean Paul.*

Ask not if she loves, but look
In the blue depths of her eye,
Where the maiden's spirit seems
Tranced in happy dreams to lie.

All the blisses of her dream,
All she may not, must not speak,
Read them in her clouded eye,
Read them on her conscious cheek

See that cheek of virgin snow
Damasked with love's rosy bloom;
Mark the lambent thoughts that glow
Mid her blue eye's tender gloom.

As if in a cool, deep well
Veiled by shadows of the night,
Slanting through, a starbeam fell,
Filling all its depths with light.

Something mournful and profound
Saddens all her beauty now,
Weds her dark eye to the ground —
Flings a shadow o'er her brow.

Hath her love-illumined soul
Raised the veil of coming years —
Read upon life's mystic scroll
Its doom of agony and tears?

Tears of tender sadness fall
From her soft and lovelit eye,
As the night dews heavily
Fall from summer's cloudless sky.

Still she sitteth coyly drooping
Her white lids in virgin pride,
Like a languid lily stooping
Low her folded blooms to hide.

Starting now in soft surprise
From the tangled web of thought,
Lo, her heart a captive lies
In its own sweet fancies caught.

Ah! bethink thee, maiden yet,
Ere to passion's doom betrayed;
Hearts where Love his seal has set,
Sorrow's fiercest pangs invade.

Let that young heart slumber still,
Like a bird within its nest;
Life can ne'er its dreams fulfil —
Love but yield thee long unrest.

Ah! in vain the dovelet tries
To break the web of tender thought —
The little heart a captive lies,
In its own sweet fancies caught.

STANZAS WITH A BRIDAL RING.

The young Moon hides her virgin heart
Within a ring of gold;
So doth this little circlet all
My bosom's love infold,
And tell the tale that from my lips
Seems ever half untold.

Like the rich legend of the east
That never finds a close,
But winds in linked sweetness on
And lengthens as it goes,
Or like this little cycle still
Returneth whence it flows.

And still as in the elfin ring
Where fairies dance by night
Shall the green places of the heart
Be kept for ever bright,
And hope within this magic round
Still blossom in delight.

A SONG OF SPRING.

In April's dim and showery nights
When music melts along the air,
And Memory wakens at the kiss
Of wandering perfumes, faint and rare —

Sweet springtime perfumes, such as won
Proserpina from realms of gloom
To bathe her bright locks in the sun,
Or bind them with the pansy's bloom,

When light winds rift the fragrant bowers
Where orchards shed their floral wreath,
Strewing the turf with starry flowers,
And dropping pearls at every breath;

When all night long the boughs are stirred
With fitful warblings from the nest,
And the heart flutters like a bird
With its sweet passionate unrest —

Oh! then, beloved, I think on thee,
And on that life, so strangely fair,
Ere yet one cloud of memory
Had gathered in hope's golden air.

I think on thee and thy lone grave
On the green hillside far away;
I see the wilding flowers that wave
Around thee as the night winds sway;

And still, though only clouds remian
On life's horizon, cold and drear,
The dream of youth returns again
With the sweet promise of the year

I linger till night's waning stars
Have ceased to tremble through the gloom,
Till through the orient's cloudy bars
I see the rose of morning bloom!

All flushed and radiant with delight,
It opens through earth's stormy skies,
Divinely beautiful and bright
As on the hills of paradise.

Lo! like a dewdrop on its breast
The morning star of youth and love,
Melting within the rosy east,
Exhales to azure depths above.

My spirit, soaring like a lark,
Would follow on its airy flight,
And, like yon little diamond spark,
Dissolve into the realms of light.

Sweet-missioned star! thy silver beams
Foretell a fairer life to come.
And through the golden gate of dreams
Allure the wandering spirit home.

A STILL DAY IN AUTUMN.

I love to wander through the woodlands hoary
In the soft light of an autumnal day,
When Summer gathers up her robes of glory,
And like a dream of beauty glides away.

How through each loved, familiar path she lingers,
Serenely smiling through the golden mist,
Tinting the wild grape with her dewy fingers
Till the cool emerald turns to amethyst:

Kindling the faint stars of the hazel, shining
To light the gloom of Autumn's mouldering halls
With hoary plumes the clematis entwining
Where o'er the rock her withered garland falls.

Warm lights are on the sleepy uplands waning
Beneath soft clouds along the horizon rolled,
Till the slant sunbeams through their fringes raining
Bathe all the hills in melancholy gold.

The moist winds breathe of crispéd leaves and flowers
In the damp hollows of the woodland sown,
Mingling the freshness of autumnal showers
With spicy airs from cedarn alleys blown.

Beside the brook and on the umbered meadow,
Where yellow fern-tufts fleck the faded ground,
With folded lids beneath their palmy shadow
The gentian nods in dewy slumbers bound.

Upon those soft, fringed lids the bee sits brooding,
Like a fond lover loath to say farewell,
Or with shut wings, through silken folds intruding,
Creeps near her heart his drowsy tale to tell.

The little birds upon the hillside lonely
Flit noiselessly along from spray to spray,
Silent as a sweet wandering thought that only
Shows its bright wings and softly glides away.

The scentless flowers in the warm sunlight dreaming,
Forget to breathe their fulness of delight,
And through the trancéd woods soft airs are streaming,
Still as the dewfall of the summer night.

So in my heart a sweet, unwonted feeling,
Stirs like the wind in ocean's hollow shell —
Through all its secret chambers sadly stealing,
Yet finds no word its mystic charm to tell.

RETROSPECTION.

My heart is in my childhood's home,
And by the far-off sunny braes,
Where, musing, once I loved to roam,
In early youth's romantic days.

The past — the past — the dreamy, past,
Called up by memory's magic wand,
Gleams through the halo round it cast
Bright as e'en hope's own phantom land.

Oh never more in after life
Can hope *itself* such dreams impart
As then, with breathing beauty rife,
Wreathed their soft spells around my heart.

The skies were brighter then than now,
More bland the wandering breezes blew,
The birds sang sweeter on the bough,
The wild flowers wore a richer hue.

Ideal forms of classic lore,
By moss-grown grot and crystal well,
Seemed still to linger as of yore,
And fairies danced in every dell.

Blither than Elf-land's fabled queen,
I loved the green and laughing earth;
While wooded cliff and wild ravine,
Were echoing to my bosom's mirth.

For care had never dimmed my brow,
Nor friends proved heartless and untrue;
I ne'er had wept love's broken vow,
Nor aught of life's dark changes knew.

Farewell, sweet scenes of past delight!
Slowly ye sink from memory's gaze,
Still beaming with reflected light,
As bathed in twilight's parting rays.

I wander on my weary way,
Unmindful where my lot is cast,
Since wheresoe'er my footsteps stray,
They cannot lead me to *the past*.

WILLARD, EMMA,

DISTINGUISHED both as a teacher and writer, has for many years held a prominent position among those who encourage and aid American literature and moral improvement.

* Mrs. Willard is the daughter of the late Samuel Hart, of Berlin, Connecticut, where she was born in February, 1787. Her father was descended, on the maternal side, from Thomas Hooker, the first minister of Hartford, who is regarded as the founder of the State of Connecticut; he having led the colony across the wilderness from the vicinity of Boston. Her paternal ancestor was Stephen Hart, a deacon of Mr. Hooker's church, and his companion through the wilderness.

The love of teaching appears to have been a ruling passion in Miss Hart's mind, and was developed in her early years. At the age of sixteen she took charge of a district school in her native town. The following year she opened a select school, and in the summer of the next year was placed at the head of the Berlin Academy. During this period, being engaged at home throughout the summer and winter in the capacity of instructress, she managed in the spring and autumn to attend one or other of the two boarding-schools at Hartford.

During the spring of 1807, Miss Hart received invitations to take charge of academies in three different states, and accepted that from Westfield, Massachusetts. She remained there but a few weeks, when, upon a second and more pressing invitation, she went to Middlebury, in Vermont. Here she assumed the charge of a female academy which she retained for two years. The school was liberally patronized, and general satisfaction rewarded the efforts of its preceptress. In 1809, she resigned her academy, and was united in marriage with Dr. John Willard, then marshal of the district of Vermont, and for several years a leader of the republican party of that State.

In 1814, Mrs. Willard was induced to establish a boarding-school at Middlebury, when she formed the determination to effect an important change in female education, by the institution of a class of schools of a higher character than had been established in the country before. She applied herself assiduously to increase her own personal abilities as a teacher, by the diligent study of branches with which she had before been unacquainted. She introduced new studies into her school, and invented new methods of teaching. She also prepared "An Address to the Public," in which she proposed "A Plan for Improving Female Education."

General Van Schoonhoven, on inspecting the "Plan," heartily approved it; and taking a copy, exhibited it to the leading men of Waterford. At their recommendation, a copy was sent to Governor De Witt Clinton. The latter immediately wrote to Mrs. Willard, expressing a most cordial desire that she would remove her institution to the State of New York. He also recommended the subject of her "Plan" in his message to the legislature. The result was, the passage of an act to incorporate the proposed institute at Waterford, and another to give to female academies a share of the literary fund; being, it is believed, the first law ever passed by any legislature with the direct object of improving female education.

During the spring of 1819, Mrs. Willard accord-

* For this graphic notice we are chiefly indebted to a work —American Biographical Sketch Book — by William Hunt.

ingly removed to Waterford, and opened her school. The higher mathematics were introduced, and the course of study was made sufficiently complete to qualify the pupils for any station in life. The first young lady who was examined publicly in geometry, and perhaps the first instance in the country, was Miss Cramer, since Mrs. Curtis.

In the spring of 1821, difficulties attending the securing of a proper building for the school in Waterford, Mrs. Willard again determined upon a removal. The public-spirited citizens of Troy offered liberal inducements; and in May, 1821, the Troy Female Seminary was opened under flattering auspices, and abundant success crowned her indefatigable exertions. Since that period, the institute has been well known to the public, and the name of Mrs. Willard, for more than a quarter of a century, has been identified with her favourite academy. Dr. Willard died in 1825; Mrs. Willard continued her school till her health was impaired, and in 1830 she visited France. She resided in Paris for several months, and from thence went to England and Scotland, returning in the following year. After her return, she published a volume of her travels, the avails of which, amounting to twelve hundred dollars, were devoted to the cause of female education in Greece. It may be proper to add, that she gave the avails of one or two other publications to the same object.

The plan of the school for the education of native teachers in Greece originated with Mrs. Willard, and was carried forward through many difficulties and some opposition from those whose aid was expected. Often desponding as to the final result of the attempt, Mrs. Willard laboured but the more zealously, and gave largely of her own substance to secure the desired advantages for Greece. The plan was ultimately crowned with success. "The most elevated views," says M. Eichthal, in his excellent work, entitled Les Deux Mondes, "have determined the important attempt of some American ladies of establishing in Athens a Normal school of native teachers; thus improving civilization at its source. Twenty boarders, (*pensionnaires,*) are now receiving a special education for this object; twelve of them, chosen from the different provinces, are placed in the school by the government, which furnishes the expenses of their education; the others are educated at the expense of the American ladies. Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Hale, and Mrs. Phelps, were among those who entered warmly into the views of Mrs. Willard, and aided her in carrying them out with their pens and influence."

In 1838, Mrs. Willard resigned the charge of the Troy Seminary, and returned to Hartford, where she revised her celebrated Manual of American History, for the use of schools. The merits of this work, her smaller United States History, and Universal History, have been attested by their very general use in seminaries of education.

Since 1843, she has completed the revision of her historical works, revised her Ancient Geography, and, in compliance with invitations, has written numerous addresses on different occasions, being mostly on educational subjects. Two of these were written by request of the Western Literary Institute and College of Teachers, and were read at annual meetings of the society, at Cincinnati; one in 1841 and the other in 1843. In 1845, by special invitation, she attended the convention of county and town superintendents, held at Syracuse. She was invited to take part in the public debate; declining that honour, the gentlemen of the convention, to the number of about sixty, called on her at her lodgings, where she read to them a prepared address. The principal topic of it was, "that women, now sufficiently educated, should be employed and furnished by the men as committees, charged with the minute cares and supervision of the common schools;" reasoning from the premises that to man it belongs to provide for the children, while upon woman it is incumbent to take the provision, and apply it economically and judiciously. These sentiments were received with decided approbation."

In the fall of the same year, 1845, Mrs. Willard made, with great satisfaction, an educational tour through some of the southern counties of New York; having been specially invited to attend the institutions for the improvement of teachers of the common schools. At Monticello, Binghamton, Owego, Cairo, and Rome, she aided in instructing no less than five hundred teachers of these schools, and, in many cases, her partings with the young female teachers were not without tears.

The inhabitants of the places where she went to instruct teachers, desiring to have a share in her visits, at their request she attended public meetings of both sexes, where she introduced resolutions which were unanimously passed in the several counties, and aided in the debates. The object was, to forward her scheme of giving to the best educated and most able women of the country the charge and supervision of the village schools for little children; especially of those things appertaining to the conveniences of such schools. That the teachers of these schools should be mostly females, is now universally agreed; but, argued she, while the young women can be the teachers, it needs the matrons, acting under the authority of the men, to aid in the supervision.

In the ensuing winter of 1846, Mrs. Willard prepared for the press a work which has given her more fame abroad, and perhaps at home, than any of her other writings. This work, which was published in the ensuing spring, both in New York and London, developed the result of a study which had intensely occupied her at times, for fourteen years. Its title is "A Treatise on the Motive Powers which produce the Circulation of the Blood;" and its object is nothing less than to introduce and to establish the fact, that the principal motive power which produces circulation of the blood is not, as has been heretofore supposed, the heart's action, that being only secondary; but that the principal motive power is *respiration*, operating by animal heat, and producing an effective force at the lungs. Of this work the London Critic thus speaks:

"We have here an instance of a woman undertaking to discuss a subject that has perplexed and

baffled the ingenuity of the most distinguished anatomists and physiologists who have considered it, from Hervey down to Paxton; and what is more remarkable, so acquitting herself as to show that she apprehended, as well as the best of them, the difficulties which beset the enquiry; perceived as quickly as they did the errors and incongruities of the theories of previous writers; and lastly, herself propounded an hypothesis to account for the circulation of the blood and the heart's action eminently entitled to the serious attention and examination of all who take an interest in physiological science."

During the spring and summer of 1846, Mrs. Willard made the tour of the southern and western states, visiting every one of them except Texas. In every city she met her former pupils, who gave her a filial welcome. She was received by the principals of schools and those employed in education as an "educationalist;" and as such, was invited to visit and to address schools, where, in many instances, she received public testimonials of consideration.

In addition to the compends of history which she has written, she has invented, for the purpose of teaching and impressing chronology on the mind by the eye, two charts of an entirely original character; one called "The American Chronographic for American History," and the other for universal history, called the "Temple of Time." In the latter, the course of time from the creation of the world is thrown into perspective, and the parts of this vast subject wrought into unity, and the most distinguished characters which have appeared in the world are set down, each in his own time. This, in the chart, is better arranged for the memory, than would be that of the place of a city on a map of the world.

In 1849, she published "Last Leaves from American History;" containing an interesting account of our Mexican War, and of California.

The poetical compositions of Mrs. Willard are few, and are chiefly comprised in a small volume printed in 1830. The following, written on shipboard, is a gem of its kind. It has been set to music by the celebrated English composer and vocalist, Knight, and is very popular as a sacred song. The sentiment is so appropriate to the scene, that for an evening strain at sea it is unrivalled.

THE OCEAN HYMN.

Rock'd in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord, hast power to save.
I know thou wouldst not slight my call,
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Tho' stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
And tho' the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep, to wreck and death:
In Ocean's cave, still safe with Thee,
The germ of immortality;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

From "Address on behalf of the Greek Normal School."

Greece has been not only physically but morally wounded. The vile system of the Arabian deceiver has surrounded her on almost every hand. What circumstance could occur so likely to make way for the destruction of that abominable superstition, as to impart dignity,—the elevation of moral and intellectual worth, to women beyond its reach but within its observation? and is it to be expected that they might derive from American women as well as from any other the frame work of such a character? If this can be made to appear; then will be shown an added obligation in us, to send to the daughters of fallen Greece, the blessings of such an education.

* * * * *

The human mind will wander to future times. Even the votary of pleasure, who tells us to "pluck the fresh flowret ere it close," though he thinks his motto is present enjoyment, yet unconsciously he mingles a bitter foreboding which destroys the very essence of joy. "Let us *haste* (he says) for the flowret *will* soon wither—the roses soon fade. Let music sound—and let us laugh loud, that we need not think of death. Ay, turn away from that open grave. Speak not of the approach of the pestilential cholera. Quick! quick! let us gather the roses, lest the next moment they are blighted for ever!" Is this the spirit of happiness? Is it for this, that we should exchange that desire of doing good, and that willingness to communicate, which flows from a pious heart, as a fresh stream from a rolling fountain? Is it for this, that we are to hold fast for ourselves and our families all that we have or can acquire? Forbid it, gracious Saviour! Thou that didst divest thyself of heaven's glory, and for those who loved thee not wore the garb of poverty and reproach, forbid that those who call themselves by thy name of infinite benevolence and wisdom, should thus be guilty of selfishness and folly! what if the good we undertake be for the distant and the future? when our souls are free, no longer bound to a clod that gravitates to the earth, these things *will* be neither *distant* nor *future*. In the regions where immortal spirits hold blessed communion, we may meet with those, who perchance are led thither by means to which we have been instrumental; and with them look down with joy upon the good which is maturing upon earth—the souls that are ripening for heaven.

From "Address to the Columbian Association."

HOW TO TEACH.

In searching for the fundamental principles of the science of teaching, I find a few axioms as indisputable, as the first principles of mathematics. One of these is this, HE IS THE BEST TEACHER WHO MAKES THE BEST USE OF HIS OWN TIME AND THAT OF HIS PUPILS. *For* TIME *is all that is given by God in which to do the work of* IMPROVEMENT.

What is the first rule to guide us in making the best use of Time? It is, *to seek first and most to improve in the best things.* He is not necessarily

the best teacher who performs the most labour; makes his pupils work the hardest, and bustle the most. A hundred cents of copper, though they make more clatter and fill more space, have only a tenth of the value of one eagle of gold.

WHAT TO TEACH.

What is the best of all possible things to be taught? MORAL GOODNESS. That respects GOD and man; God first, and man second. To infuse into the mind of a child, therefore love and fear towards God—the perfect—in wisdom, goodness, justice and power,—the Creator, Benefactor, and Saviour, the secret Witness and the Judge—this is of all teaching the very best. But it cannot be accomplished, merely in set times and by set phrases; it should mingle in all the teacher's desires and actions. The child imbibes it when he sees that the instructor feels and acts on it himself. When the youth is untruthful, when he wounds his companion in body—in mind—in character or in property, then show him that his offence is against God; that you are God's ministers to enforce his laws, and must do your duty. Be thus mindful in all sincerity, judge correctly, adopt no subterfuge—pretend not to think the child is better than he is, but deal plainly and truly, though lovingly with him; then his moral approbation will go with you, though it should be against himself, and even if circumstances require you to punish him. The voice of conscience residing in his heart is as the voice of God; and if you invariably interpret that voice with correctness and truth, the child will submit and obey you naturally and affectionately. But if your government is unjust or capricious, if you punish one day, what you pass over or approve another, the dissatisfied child will naturally rebel.

Next to moral goodness is HEALTH AND STRENGTH *soundness of body and of mind.* This like the former is not what can be taught at set times, and in set phrases; but it must never be lost sight of. It must regulate the measure and the kind of exercise required of the child, both bodily and mental, as well as his diet, air and accommodations. The regular routine of school duties consists in teaching acts for the practice of future life; or sciences in which the useful or ornamental arts find their first principles; and great skill is required of the teacher in assigning to each pupil an order of studies suitable to his age, and then selecting such books and modes of teaching as shall make a little time go far.

From "Treatise on the Circulation of the Blood."

CARE OF HEALTH.—TO YOUNG LADIES.

When I am speaking to young girls (the Lord bless and keep them), I am in my proper element. Why should it be otherwise? I have had five thousand under my charge, and spent thirty years of my life devoted to their service; and the general reader will excuse me if I add some further advice to them, which the light of this theory will show to be good. If it is so, others may have its benefit as well as they, but it is most natural to me to address myself to them.

Would you, my dear young ladies, do the will of God on earth by being useful to your fellow-beings? Take care of health. Would you enjoy life? Take care of health; for without it, existence is, for every purpose of enjoyment, worse than a blank. No matter how much wealth or how many luxuries you can command, there is no enjoyment without health. To an aching head what is a downy pillow with silken curtains floating above? What is the cushioned landau and the gardened landscape to her whose disordered lungs can no longer receive the inspirations of an ordinary atmosphere? And what are books, music, and paintings to her whose nervous sufferings give disease to her senses, and agony to her frame?

Would you smooth for your tender parents the pillow of declining life? Take care of health. And does the "prophetic pencil" sometimes trace the form of one whose name perhaps is now unknown, who shall hereafter devote to you a manly and generous heart, and marriage sanction the bond? Would you be a blessing to such a one? then now take care of your health: or if you hesitate, let imagination go still further. Fancy yourself feeble as with untimely age, clad in vestments of sorrow, and leaving a childless home to walk forth with him to the church-yard, there to weep over your buried offspring.

Study then to know your frame that you may, before it is too late, pursue such a course as will secure to you a sound and vigorous constitution.

OF THE FORCE THAT MOVES THE BLOOD.

When circulation is our life, it behoves us to consider well its causes, that we may add reason to instinct in its healthful preservation. That the blood travels through the system by its own volition, none believe; but that it is an inert mass which will only move as it is moved. What then are the forces which move inert bodies? Are there any which may not be resolved into one of these three, impulse, gravitation, and heat; of which the latter has the greater range in point of degree, being in the expansion of a fluid from warm to warmer, the most gentle of all imaginable forces, while in other states it is the most powerful of any known to man. It is then to one or more of these forces that we must look for the motive powers which produce the circulation. And the human circulation has peculiar difficulties to encounter. Man does not enjoy his noble erect position, without some countervailing disadvantages. The long upright column of his blood spreading at its base, presents no trifling force to be moved. And this force is to be overcome by means so gentle that the mind, the dweller in this house of clay, shall not be disturbed by its operations. Again: the parts of the body are to be used by the mind as instruments, and ten thousand different motions are to be performed at its bidding. What but Almighty Wisdom could have effected these several objects? And is it not most reasonable to suppose that this wisdom would assign for these purposes not any one of the forces which move matter, but combine them all? Gravitation by itself cannot produce a circulation by any machinery. Impulse

alone could not carry on a circulation without existing in such an excessive degree that it must disturb the mind and endanger the body. But heat, the antagonist force of gravitation, by the lessening or increasing of the maximum and minimum difference, can operate more or less forciby as occasion requires, and at the same time so gently and so quietly, that the mind shall take no cognizance of its operation as a moving force. It can be so placed that by its expansive force it shall lift gravitation when that obstructs the way, and by its transmission leave to it the course, when its presence as a force would become hurtful. Why, then, should we hesitate to conclude that this is the principal force employed, since we know it exists in the human system? And if it is the principal agent which does actually perform this great work, then if the quantity afforded be small, so much the more perfect the machine, for so much the less will it be likely either to endanger the body or disturb the mind, and so much the more praise is due to the Mighty Artificer.

WORTLEY, LADY EMMELINE STUART,

Is a well-known English poetess, daughter of the Duke of Rutland, and wife of the Hon. Stuart Wortley. She has written a great deal, and with remarkable rapidity—principally poetry, although she has published one or two novels, which have not been very successful. Her poems would fill more than a dozen volumes; they are "The Knight and the Enchantress," published in 1832; "London at Night," and other poems," in 1834; "The Village Churchyard," in 1835; "The Visionary," in 1837; "Lays of Leisure," in 1838; accounts of her travels, and many occasional poems. She certainly evinces unusual facility in versification, but more care and finish would be an improvement to her style. Some of her shorter poems display brilliancy of imagination, and when her theme is new and inspiring, she becomes impassioned and pathetic. Her poems on America attest the power of her genius as well as the kindness of her heart. Lady Stuart Wortley made the tour of the United States in 1849–50. She contributed a number of poems on the subject of her travels to different periodicals, and early in 1851, her "Travels in the United States" appeared. The work evinces a very different spirit from the recorded opinions of Mrs. Trollope and Miss Martineau. The higher the birth of those who visit our Republic, the better they assimilate with our citizens; as witness the reports made by Captain Marryatt and the Earl of Carlisle.

Lady Stuart Wortley is a woman of refined manners and highly cultivated intellect; we hope England will send forth other travellers to our land of like disposition, to enjoy and to confer pleasure. Then the true sisterly union between the two countries might soon be effected. There is genuine goodness of heart shown in the writings of this lady; her records of what she sees and hears always bring out expressions of feelings and hopes that do honour to human nature. These give value to her works. It is not wit but wisdom—moral goodness—which makes the real worth of literature.

From "Travels in the United States."

MR. WEBSTER'S RESIDENCE.

We have been much charmed with our visit to Green Harbour, Marshfield, the beautiful domain of Mr. Webster, it is a charming and particularly enjoyable place, almost close to the sea. The beach here is something marvellous, eight miles in breadth, and of splendid, hard, floor-like sand, and when this is covered by the rolling Atlantic, the waves all but come up to the neighbouring green, grassy fields. Very high tides cover them.

This house is very prettily fitted up. It strikes me as being partly in the English and partly in the French style, exceedingly comfortable, and with a number of remarkably pretty drawing-rooms opening into one another, which always is a judicious arrangement I think; it makes a party agreeable and unformal. There are a variety of pictures and busts by American artists, and some of them are exceedingly good. There is a picture in the chief drawing-room of Mr. Webster's gallant son, who was killed in the Mexican war. The two greatest of America's statemen each lost a son in that war, Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster. There is also a fine picture of Mr. Webster himself, which, however, though a masterly painting, does not do justice to the distinguished original. It was executed some years ago; but I really think it is not so handsome as the great statesman is now, with his Olympus-like brow, on which are throned such divinities of thought, and with that wonderful countenance of might and majesty.

The dining-room here is a charming apartment, with all its windows opening to the ground, looking on the garden; and it is deliciously cool, protected from the sun by the overshadowing masses of foliage of the most magnificent weeping (American) elms. These colossal trees stand just before the house, and are pre-eminently beautiful: they seem to unite in their own gigantic persons the exquisite and exceeding grace of the weeping willow, with the strength and grandeur of the towering elm.

The walls of the dining-room are adorned chiefly with English engravings, among which there is one of my father. My bed-room is profusely decorated with prints of different English country houses and castles. The utmost good taste and refinement are perceptible in the arrangements of the house, and a most enchanting place of residence it is.

* * * * *

Mr. Webster's farm here consists of one thousand five hundred acres: he has a hundred head of cattle.

MR. WEBSTER'S GENIUS.

One cannot wonder at the Americans' extreme admiration of the genius and the statesman-like qualities of their distinguished countryman, his glorious and electrifying eloquence, his great powers of ratiocination, his solid judgment, his stores of knowledge, and his large and comprehensive mind—a mind of that real expansion and breadth which, heaven knows, too few public men can boast of.

From "Lays of Leisure."

DREAMS.

Dreams, loveliest mutabilities of ever-changeful earth!
Beauteous and precious blossoming of Time's cold desert dearth,
Incarnadining life's grey mists with sun hues of the south,
And brightening life's horizon-rim with the orient fires of youth.

Like the fair rainbow, linking earth to the blue exulting sky,
And showering o'er the space around a flood of radiancy!
O, wondrous are ye, and sublime in your phases and your powers,
Wresting from care and feverish woe some few short splendid hours!

From the monarch's brow ye lift the crown! the captive's chains unbind!
Youth unto frozen age ye are, and light unto the blind—
A refuge and a shelter to earth's wanderer, weary-hearted,
And *all* to the bereaved, since ye restore the long-departed!

To childhood's ken, O! what a world of mystery and of glory!
Surpassing all even childhood meets in the gorgeous realms of story!
All dazzling dyes, all wildering light, all wonder, and all change!
Where the thoughts, like birds of paradise, through an endless sunshine range!

From "Recent Poems."

AMERICAN MIND.

Wand'rers! whose feet, like mine, ne'er press'd before
This proud, magnificently-various shore—
Wand'rers! who speed from many a distant zone
To gaze on Nature's transatlantic throne—
Ne'er lightly view the thousand scenes sublime
Of great America's resplendent clime,
But still, in thoughtful mood's observant care,
Weigh well the many-mingling glories there,
Since all the *loftier* wonders of the land
Are most admired—when best ye understand!
It is a gracious study for the soul,
As, part by part, the Heaven stamp'd leaves unroll;—
Not only, all-majestic nature here
Speaks to each kindling thought, but, far and near,
A large and mighty meaning seems to lurk,
A glorious mind is every where at work!
A bold, grand spirit rules and reigns around,
And sanctifies the common air and ground,
And glorifies the lowliest herb and stone
With living tints and touches of its own;
A spirit ever flashing back the sun,
That scorns each prize while aught is to be won,
More boundless than the prairie's verdurous sweep,
Or th' old Atlantic's long-resounding deep,
And more luxuriant than the forest's crowd
Of patriarch trees by weightiest foliage bow'd—
More rich than California's teeming mould,
Whose hoarded sunbeams laugh to living gold—
More soaring, far, than th' immemorial hills—
More fresh and flowing than their streams and rills—
That *mind*, of quenchless energy and power,
Which springs from strength to strength, hour after hour—
Man's glorious mind, in its most glorious mood,
That seems, for aye, on every side to brood,
In this empurpled and exultant land,
So gladly bow'd beneath its bright command—
Man's glorious mind, on its most glorious march—
High-spanning earth, like Heav'n's own rainbow arch—
That soul, that mind, 't is every where reveal'd!
It crowns the steep, it gilds the cultured field,
It charms the wild, and paves the rushing stream,
And scarce allows the sun a vagrant beam,
It tames the rugged soil of rocks, and flings
From seas to seas the shadow of its wings,
And Time and Space in that great Shadow rest
And watch to serve their ruler-son's behest.)
And still its growing, gathering influence spreads,
And still abroad its own great life it sheds,
O'er mount and lake, and cataract, field and flood,
O'er rock and cave and isle, o'er plain and wood,
It lives, it lightens, and in might inspires
Each separate scene with fresh creative fires,
Where'er it moves a *Wondering World* awakes,
And still all nature's face its likeness takes;
It quickens still, and kindles, and pervades
Her startled deserts and receding shades,
Her mightiest solitudes and paths unknown,
Her hidden shrines and well-springs pure and lone
Hung—as The Heavens are hung above them all,
And holding their sublimest powers in thrall!

A FAREWELL TO AMERICA.

Farewell! thou great and gracious land,
Glory and wonder of the earth,
For ever seeming to expand,
Wakening to new majestic birth—
Great, good Columbia!

Farewell! thou chosen second home
Of homeless thousands—countless hosts
That fly from desolation's doom
To these glad, hospitable coasts
Of thine, Columbia!

Of myriads, thou 'rt the cherished goal—
They shape toward thee their eager flight;
A second sun thou shin'st—to soul
As bright as that above the sight—
Great, bright Columbia!

A thousand kind farewells to thee!
Ten thousand salutations fair;
Thanks, tears, and praises, gushing free
And many a hushed, heart-whispered prayer,
For thee, Columbia.

Ay, thousand blessings, warm and true,
Ten thousand wishes for thy weal,
A world of homage—but thy due—
And all that heart can form or feel,
For thee, Columbia.

For thou the stranger know'st to greet
With welcomes glowing as the West,
And well the wanderer's wearied feet
May those kind welcomes charm to rest
In thee, Columbia

What can I wish thee? All hast thou
That thought can dream or tongue can name;
Plumed victory and success thy brow
Have graced with every wreath of fame,
Thrice crowned Columbia!

Thy people's great undying love
Builds walls of adamant and steel—
Thy mightiest barrier this shall prove,
And pledge of thy perpetual weal,
Thrice arm'd Columbia.

What can I wish thee? Arms and arts
Shed o'er thee glory's richest gleam—
Still at thy call, crowned-knowledge starts
What can I wish, or think, or dream
For thee, Columbia?

"Continuance,"—still the same career,
The same triumphant course!—proceed!
Onward!—with changeless, stateliest cheer,
The universe shall follow. Lead!
On! on! Columbia!

Thy step is lightning, and thy breath
An earthquake-storm, far felt around;
All earth's past life seems sleep or death
To thy great movement, without bound,
Thy march, Columbia.

Man's loftiest happiness and good,
That — that thou still do'st seek and ask;
By thee 't is nobly understood —
'T is made thy one great sovereign task,
Thine aim, Columbia.

Thou crescent country! — evermore
Showing a brighter, grander face,
Honour to thee, still o'er and o'er.
And honour to that glorious race —
Thy sons, Columbia.

Thy Titan sons! they heave on high
The mountains of their greatness still;
Yea, their own greatness seeks the sky,
To scale its sun-heights at their will.
Be proud, Columbia!

No need have they of towers to aid,
Of giant steps, or cloud capp'd steeps;
Their tow'ring heads the heights invade
With feet firm planted in the deeps,
To serve Columbia.

Their spirits sweep like waves of fire
On the untrod shores beyond to break,
And as they still ascend, aspire,
A world's foundations seem to shake —
Not thine, Columbia!

Thou nobler, newer world sublime!
Thou hast a long bright race to run
Still shall those spirits soar and climb,
Since naught seems gained till all is won
For thee, Columbia.

Caucasus of creation, thou!
Rising above all heights yet tried;
The very spheres might seem to bow
To meet, halfway, thy crest of pride —
Thy stars — Columbia!

Thy Titan sons — they conquering pass,
And empire in their pathway springs;
History uplifts for them her glass;
Renown for them outspreads her wings,
And shouts, "Columbia!

Thy daughters — fairy forms they wear;
Flowers of the setting sun, in vain;
Their smiles a rising sun appear,
Till wins the East's own roseate reign —
Thy West, Columbia!

Farewell to each! farewell to all! —
The free, the beautiful, the great —
To mount and wood, field, flood and fall,
Thy walls of strength, and walks of state,
And thee, Columbia!

Let tears these parting sorrows tell!
Sisters, sweet sisters mine, adieu!
And, glorious brothers, fare ye well —
If there can be farewell to you,
And thee, Columbia!

Oh! who can say "Farewell" to thee?
Where'er we go, thy tracks we find;
From zone to zone, from sea to sea,
We hail thy majesty of mind,
And thee, Columbia!

Here, thy great fleets bestride the main;
There, thy, blest missions, call to Heaven;
Here, doth thy boundless commerce reign;
And there thine artists' souls have striven —
For thee, Columbia.

For thee, for thy true glory still,
Labours full many a gifted hand;
Works of thy sons' creative skill
Adorn full many a stranger land,
For thee, Columbia.

No! there is no farewell to thee —
Still more and more thine influence spreads;
Where'er we move, by land or sea,
A life, a light thy presence sheds —
Thy flower, *Columbia*!

A glorious life — a dazzling light —
Blessing all those who feel and *see*;
A flash — a portion of thy might —
No! there is no farewell to thee,
Or thine, Columbia!

And least of all, when bound to shores
Which deathless ties with thee unite,
What though between *old ocean roars?*
England seems mingling in her might
With thee, Columbia

Then no farewell! but blessings still,
And many a kindly parting word;
And may they gain the wished for skill
To touch and thrill an answering chord
In thee, Columbia.

Scorn not your English sister's tones —
Scorn not your English sister's tears,
For they are truths — and *trusting ones* —
And each a world of feeling bears,
For your Columbia!

Be blessings on yon barks! They bring
Friendship and faith in glad increase,
From them what wealth of good shall spring,
Whose richest freight is earth's deep peace —
Thy peace, Columbia?

Away with reckless strifes and wars —
Those barks have nobler *missions* found;
The people's great ambassadors —
Shall they shed aught but concord round?
Say thou, Columbia!

For thou, the people's *precious* weal
Dost study well, and justly weigh,
Even with a strong and sacred zeal;
And doth not peace best serve them, say?
Reply, Columbia.

Blessed be the barks! — Methinks I hear,
A shout, as of the seas! — "Rejoice!
Earth! rest in peace!" and far and near
Repeats *thy thousand thundering voice*,
"Peace! peace! *Columbia.*"

War's glory fades, and day by day,
Art, knowledge, enterprise, and trade
March in magnificent array:
That still such progress may be made,
Heaven save Columbia!

YOUNG WRITERS AND OTHERS.

UNDER this title is included not only the youthful who have scarcely ceased to blush when their names are mentioned in connexion with authorship, but also those who, from hindrances of various sorts, have not yet reached the best eminence within their power. Writers of poetry and contributors to periodicals who have not collected their articles into a volume come under this rule. Such can only be judged by a few desultory sketches or poems; we cannot assign them a fixed position. A lady traveller who has given the particulars of one journey, or description of foreign countries during one tour, can scarcely be said to have distinguished herself in literature, unless her work is of extraordinary merit. Yet, as our aim is to give the perfect impression of female intellect and its records, it could not be accomplished unless we included the names of those who are not, perhaps, widely known, and yet are contributing to make the present century remarkable for its intelligent women. Moreover, there are some sketches in this second section which could not be obtained in season for insertion in the first section of the living; and a few, accidentally omitted. All these are here brought together, associated, where every lady would like to find her name, with youth, hope, and promise. Arranging these "Young Writers," &c., in alphabetical order, nationally, shows at a glance, the degree and inclination of the developement of female intellect, in every country. It is also curious to remark that nearly in this order is the greatest, or, at any rate, the most active and most beneficial influence of the sex exerted. Those peculiarities in the present developement of female genius which were described in our "Remarks on the Fourth Era," are here strikingly illustrated. America has the most numerous band of female poets and teachers; these hold sway over the heart and the affections. Out of the heart are the issues of life. A well-written book for children is of more value to human progress and more significant of its quiet but effective onward march, than is a great work on philosophy, however brilliant may be its style or imposing its subject. Where these good books for children and youth are in the greatest request, there woman has the greatest moral influence, and uses it the best. The intellect and taste are highly cultivated in England; physical education is better understood there than in the United States—but the heart and soul are bowed to the worship of caste and condition.

AMERICAN.

ALLIN, ABBY

RESIDES in Pomfret, Connecticut. Her poems have appeared in several periodicals, over the signature of "Nilla," her own name reversed, during several past years. In 1850, these poems, with some prose papers, contributed to the Boston Journal, were published. "Home Ballads, a book for New Englanders," is its title, descriptive of its spirit and sentiments. The writings of Miss Allin are filled with warm sympathies for the working-day world; she has a cheerful, hopeful philosophy, and loves "home, children and friends." The expression of these feelings makes her Ballads popular.

BAILEY, MARGARET L.,

BY birth Miss Shands, was born in Sussex, Virginia, in 1812. In 1838, she was married to Mr. G. Bailey, of Cincinnati, at present editor of the National Era, at Washington. During Mrs. Bailey's residence in Cincinnati, she edited "The Youth's Monthly Visitor," a juvenile periodical which was conducted with unusual ability and met with great success, but was discontinued in 1846, in consequence of her removal to Washington.

Mrs. Bailey is favourably known both as a poetess and a prose writer. Her productions principally have appeared in the periodicals edited by her husband and herself, and have contributed much to their success.

BARNES, SUSAN REBECCA,

Is a daughter of the Hon. Richard H. Ayer, of Manchester, New Hampshire, at which place Mrs. Barnes now resides. Her poems have been favorably received, and show greater strength and vigor than those that are written by the generality of her sex.

BAYARD, ELISE JUSTINE,

Is a native of New York. The few poems that she has published are enough to entitle her to take a high rank among the poetesses of our country. No collection of her writings has ever been made.

BOGART, ELIZABETH,

DAUGHTER of the Rev. David S. Bogart, was born in the city of New York, where she now resides. She has, however, resided in other places, and, in a letter to a friend, she thus describes a place where the family lived when she was about sixteen years of age.

"Hempstead Harbor is a most romantic spot on the western part of Long Island — where, instead of the wide-spread level country we had just left, and the everlasting sounding of the magnificent ocean, we found ourselves located in a lovely valley, at the head of a beautiful bay with its ebbing and flowing tides, and surrounded with hills covered with forest trees and evergreens. I am an enthusiastic admirer of scenery, and think it was in that place that the natural romance of my disposition was augmented and encouraged, until it was brought to exercise an enduring influence over my mind. I would not wish it otherwise — for it appears to me to be a *refining* sentiment, which, though it may sometimes unfit us for the rough angles of the real world, amply repays us by the charm of the ideal."

It was there she probably formed her taste for descriptive poetry in which she most excels. She has written much for the Periodicals, and generally over the name of Estille; her first productions appeared in 1825. She has also written in prose, and four of her tales have taken prizes; and what is of more consequence to our sketch of her, have been deserving of this success. She is best known by her poems, some of which have been very popular.

HE CAME TOO LATE.

He came too late! Neglect had tried
  Her constancy too long;
Her love had yielded to her pride,
  And the deep sense of wrong.
She scorn'd the offering of a heart
  Which linger'd on its way,
Till it could no delight impart,
  Nor spread one cheering ray.

He came too late! At once he felt
  That all his power was o'er;
Indifference in her calm smile dwelt;
  She thought of him no more.
Anger and grief had passed away,
  Her heart and thoughts were free;
She met him, and her words were gay;
  No spell had memory.

He came too late! The subtle chords
  Of love were all unbound;
Not by offence of spoken words,
  But by the slights that wound.
She knew that life held nothing now
  That could the past repay,
Yet she disdain'd his tardy vow,
  And coldly turn'd away.

He came too late! Her countless dreams
  Of hope had long since flown;
No charms dwelt in his chosen themes,
  Nor in his whisper'd tone.
And when, with word and smile, he tried
  Affection still to prove,
She nerved her heart with woman's pride,
  And spurn'd his fickle love.

AN AUTUMN VIEW FROM MY WINDOW.

I gaze with raptured eyes
Upon the lovely landscape, as it lies
  Outstretch'd before my window: even now
  The mist is smiling from the mountain's brow;
For it is early morning, and the sun
  His course has just begun.

How beautiful the scene
Of hill on hill arising, while between
  The river, like a silvery streak appears,
  And rugged rocks, the monuments of years,
Resemble the old castles on the Rhine,
  Which look down on the vine.

No clustering grapes, 't is true,
Hang from these mountain-sides to meet the view;
  But fairer than the vineyards is the sight
  Of our luxuriant forest's, which, despite
The change of nations, hold their ancient place,
  Lost to the Indian race.

Untiring I survey
The prospect from my window, day by day.
  Something forgotten, though just seen before,
  Something of novelty or beauty more
Than yet discover'd, ever charms my eyes,
  And wakes a fresh surprise.

And thus, when o'er my heart
A weary thought is stealing, while apart
  From friends and the gay world, I sit alone,
  With life's dark veil upon the future thrown,
I look from out my window, and there find
  A solace for the mind.

The Indian Summer's breath
Sighs gently o'er the fallen leaflet's death,
  And bids the frost-king linger on his way
  Till Autumn's tints have brighten'd o'er decay
What other clime can such rich painting show?
  Tell us, if any know!

BOLTON, SARAH T.,

A POETESS, and a contributor to some of the best periodicals of the Union, is a native of Ohio, where she now lives. Thought and feeling stamp her verses with the mark of sincerity and earnestness.

BROOKS, MARY E.,

Is a native of New York City. Her maiden name was Aiken. She wrote for several years under the name of Norna. In 1828, Miss Aiken married James G. Brooks, also an author, and in 1829 they published their writings in a volume entitled "The Rivals of Este, and other Poems."

The principal poem in the work is by Mrs. Brooks. Mr. Brooks died at Albany, in 1841, and since then Mrs. Brooks has resided in New York. Some of her lyrics are very beautiful.

PSALM CXXXVII.

Come, sweep the harp! one thrilling rush
  Of all that warm'd its chords to song,
And then the strains for ever hush
  That oft have breathed its wires along!
The ray is quench'd that lit our mirth,
  The shrine is gone that claim'd the prayer;
And, exiles o'er the distant earth,
  How can we wake the carol there?

One sigh, my harp! and then to sleep,
  For all that loved thy song have flown;
Why should'st thou lonely vigils keep,
  Forsaken, broken, and alone?

Let this sad murmur be thy last,
Nor e'er again in music swell;
Thine hours of joyousness are past,
And thus we sever. Fare thee well!

"OH, NEVER BELIEVE, LOVE."

Oh, never believe, love, the music that floats
So light from my harp is a truant to thee;
In the heart there are deeper and holier notes
Than e'er to the harp-string were utter'd by me;
And like the wild numbers that silently lay *
Till morn's magic finger awoke them to song,
Thy thought to my soul is the life-lighting ray,
And music and rapture flow swiftly along.

And while the light flow'rets I carelessly twine,
That fancy has pluck'd in her perishing bower,
'T is only to cover the heart and the shrine,
Where thine image still hallows each happier hour.
And never believe, love, tho' brightness they fling,
They can win from my spirit a moment of rest;
It is only the touch of the nightingale's wing
As she hurries along to the leaf she loves best.

C.

CAMPBELL, JULIET H. L.,

Is a native of Pennsylvania, and a daughter of Judge Lewis, of that State. She was married in 1843, since which event she has resided in Pottsville. Mrs. Campbell's poetical talents were very early developed, and she began to be known for her genius when almost a child. Since her marriage she has been a frequent and valued contributor, both in prose and verse, to the best periodicals.

A STORY OF SUNRISE.

Where the old cathedral towers,
With its dimly lighted dome,
Underneath its morning shadow
Nestles my beloved home;
When the summer morn is breaking
Glorious, with its golden beams,
Through my open latticed window
Matin music wildly streams.
Not the peal of deep-toned organ
Smites the air with ringing sound;
Not the voice of singing maiden
Sighing softer music round;
Long ere these have hail'd the morning,
Is the mystic anthem heard,
Wildly, fervently, outpouring,
From the bosom of a bird.
Every morn he takes his station
On the cross which crowns the spire,
And, with heaven-born inspiration,
Vents in voice his bosom's fire;
Every morn when light and shadow,
Struggling, blend their gold and grey,
From the cross, midway to heaven,
Streams his holy melody.
Like the summons from the turrets
Of an eastern mosque it seems:
"Come to prayer, to prayer, ye faithful!"
Echoes through my morning dreams.
Heedful of the invitation
Of the pious messenger,
Lo! I join in meek devotion
With so lone a worshipper.
And a gushing, glad thanksgiving,
From my inmost heart doth thrill,
To our Ever Friend in heaven,
As our blent glad voices trill.

Then the boy who rests beside me
Softly opes his starry eyes,
Tosses back his streaming ringlets,
Gazes round in sweet surprise.
He, though sleeping, felt the radiance
Struggling through the curtain'd gloom.
Heard the wild, harmonious hymning,
Break the stillness of my room:
These deliciously commingled
With the rapture of his dreams,
And the heaven of which I 've told him
On his childish vision gleams.
Guardian seraphs, viewless spirits,
Brooding o'er the enchanted air,
Pause with folded wings, to listen
To the lispings of his prayer;
Up, to the recording angel,
When their ward on earth is done,
They will bear the guileless accents
Of my infant's orison.

CASE, LUELLA J. B.

Is a native of Kingston, New Hampshire. Her father was the Hon. Levi Bartlett of that state. Some time after Miss Bartlett's marriage, she removed to Cincinnati, where she still resides. Her writings both in prose and verse, though generally admired, have never yet been collected.

ENERGY IN ADVERSITY.

Onward! Hath earth's ceaseless change
Trampled on thy heart?
Faint not, for that restless range
Soon will heal the smart.
Trust the future: time will prove
Earth hath stronger, truer love.

Bless thy God — the heart is not
An abandoned urn,
Where, all lonely and forgot,
Dust and ashes mourn:
Bless him, that his mercy brings
Joy from out its withered things

Onward, for the truths of God —
Onward, for the right!
Firmly let the field be trod,
In life's coming fight;
Heaven's own hand will lead thee on,
Guard thee till thy task is done!

Then will brighter, sweeter flowers
Blossom round thy way,
Than ere sprung in Hope's glad bowers,
In thine early day:
And the rolling years shall bring
Strength and healing on their wing.

CHANDLER, CAROLINE H.

Is a native of Philadelphia. Her maiden name was Hieskill. She has not written much. A few poems are all that have appeared with her name attached to them; yet these are sufficient to evince a warm and impassioned temperament, ardent feelings, and great poetic sensibility.

CHENEY, HARRIET V.

Is a native of Massachusetts. Her love of literature was developed in childhood, probably owing much to the influence of her mother's taste and genius, who was author of one of the earliest American novels, "The Coquette, or History of Eliza Wharton." Soon after the subject of our notice left school, she wrote, in conjunction with her sister, "The Sunday School, or Village Sketches," which was published anonymously.

* The Statue of Memnon.

It was popular, the edition was soon exhausted, and the authors were solicited to republish it; — but not having secured the copyright, another writer had seized on the book, changed the title to "Charles Hartland," and published it for his own benefit. This appropriation of the writings of females by men has been repeatedly done; thus Miss Hannah Adams was injured, and Miss Strickland plundered; while such men are usually the most authoritative in claiming for their own sex all the talents. The next work, "A Peep at the Pilgrims," passed through two editions, and was re-published in London. It is an interesting story of the early settlers of New England, and has lately been re-printed in Boston. "The Rivals of Acadia," was the next; and then for a number of years Mrs. Cheney's time was wholly devoted to her family. The death of her husband, by rendering her own exertions on behalf of her children essential to their education, has called her again into the field of literature. Her latest books, "Sketches from the Life of Christ;" and "Confessions of an early Martyr," appeared in 1846; she has since been a contributor to "The Literary Garland," a Monthly Magazine published in Montreal, Canada, where Mrs. Cheney now resides. Her sister, MRS. CUSHING, is editor of the "Garland," and has written several books for the young, and poems: "Esther, a Dramatic Poem," is a work of deep interest. These two amiable and intelligent sisters are doing much, in a quiet way, for the literary taste and moral improvement of the youth of Canada.

COOPER, MISS,

DAUGHTER of the distinguished novelist, J. Fennimore Cooper, has written a work of rare merit, entitled "Rural Hours; by a Lady," published in 1850. It is a journal of daily life, commencing with the spring of 1848, and ending with the spring of 1849. The scenery described so charmingly is that surrounding her own fair home in Cooperstown: out of these simple materials Miss Cooper has formed one of the most interesting volumes of the day, displaying powers of mind of an high order. This path of literature is peculiarly appropriate for our own sex and our new country. Beautified as these scenes from common life may be by the touch of genius and the soul of piety, we are taught how fair is the world we live in, when viewed in the gentle spirit of love, hope, and faith.

COXE, MARGARET,

WAS born in Burlington, New Jersey. Her father was William Coxe, Esq., long an eminent citizen of that place. Miss Coxe, as a delicate child, was educated chiefly at home; a choice library, a beautiful garden, and a pious family, united with her own love of study, gave the bias to her mind which has proved of such benefit to others. She is now one of the most accomplished educators of her own sex in the country; because to her thorough discipline of mind is added the true religion of heart which has such an influence in moulding the characters of the young. Miss Coxe has written some excellent works, among which are "Botany of the Scriptures;" "Wonders of the Deep;" and "The Young Lady's Companion," in a series of Letters, replete with the faithful monitions and precepts a good mother, or rather an affectionate elder sister would urge on those under her care. Miss Coxe is now at the head of a large and popular seminary for young ladies in Cincinnati, Ohio.

D.

DINNIES, ANNA PEYRE,

A POETESS known at first under the name of Moina, was born in Georgetown, South Carolina. Her father, Judge Shackleford, removed to Charleston when Anna was a child, where she was educated. In 1830, Miss Shackleford married John C. Dinnies of St. Louis, Missouri, where she has since resided. The poetry of Mrs. Dinnies is characterized by vigour of thought and delicate tenderness of feeling. There is something exceedingly fascinating in the display of intellectual power, when it seems entirely devoted to the happiness of others. It is genius performing the office of a guardian angel. There is a fervidness in the expressions of this writer, which goes to the heart of the reader at once, and exalts the strain, no matter what the theme may be. In the regions of imagination she does not soar far or often; the wild and mysterious are not her passion; but the holy fire of poesy burns pure and bright in her own heart, and she cherishes it to illumine and bless her own hearth. The genius that has warmed into summer beauty a frozen "Chrysanthemum," that "peerless picture of a modest wife," should be cherished and encouraged; for this "beauty-making power" it is which most essentially aids religious truths to refine and purify social and domestic life. Besides her contributions to periodicals, Mrs. Dinnies prepared a handsome volume, "The Floral Year," published in 1847.

LINES

Addressed to a White Chrysanthemum, presented to the writer in December.

Fair gift of Friendship! and her ever bright
And faultless image! welcome now thou art,
In thy pure loveliness — thy robes of white,
Speaking a moral to the feeling heart;
Unscathed by heats — by wintry blasts unmoved —
Thy strength thus tested — and thy charms improved.

Emblem of innocence, which fearless braves
Life's dreariest scenes, its rudest storm derides,
And floats as calmly on, o'er troubled waves,
As where the peaceful streamlet smoothly glides;
Thou 'rt blooming *now* as beautiful and clear,
As *other* blossoms do, when Spring is here.

Symbol of hope, still banishing the gloom,
Hung o'er the mind by stern December's reign!
Thou cheer'st the fancy by thy steady bloom
With thoughts of Summer and the fertile plain,
Calling a thousand visions into play,
Of beauty redolent — and bright as May!

Type of a true and holy love; the same
Through every scene that crowds life's varied page;
'Mid grief—'mid gladness, spell of every dream,
Tender in youth—and strong in feeble age!
The peerless picture of a modest wife,
Thou bloom'st the fairest 'midst the *frosts* of life.

THE WIFE.

"She flung her white arms round him—Thou art all
That this poor heart can cling to."

I could have stemmed misfortune's tide,
And borne the rich one's sneer,
Have braved the haughty glance of pride,
Nor shed a single tear.
I could have smiled on every blow
From Life's full quiver thrown,
While I might gaze on thee, and know
I should not be "alone."

I could—I think I could have brooked,
E'en for a time, that thou
Upon my fading face hadst looked
With less of love than now;
For then I should at least have felt
The sweet hope still my own,
To win thee back, and, whilst I dwelt
On earth, not been "alone."

But thus to see, from day to day,
Thy brightening eye and cheek,
And watch thy life-sands waste away,
Unnumbered, slowly, meek;
To meet thy smiles of tenderness,
And catch the feeble tone
Of kindness, ever breathed to bless,
And feel, I 'll be "alone;"

To mark thy strength each hour decay,
And yet thy hopes grow stronger,
As filled with heaven-ward trust, they say,
"Earth may not claim thee longer;"
Nay, dearest, 't is too much—this heart
Must break when thou art gone;
It must not be; we may not part;
I could not live "alone!"

DODD, MARY ANN HAMMER,

Was born in 1813. She is a native of Hartford, Connecticut, and still resides in that city. As a poetess, she has been known for the last seventeen years, but as her writings have been scattered through various magazines, she is not as generally appreciated as she deserves to be, and as she probably would be, were her articles presented in a more compact form to the world. Some of her poems are gems of thought and feeling.

E.

EAMES, ELIZABETH J.,

Was born in the state of New York. Her maiden name was Jesup. She was married in 1837, and removed to New Hartford, near Utica, in her native state. Mrs. Eames has been for several years a valued contributor to many of the most popular journals of the day.

THE PICTURE OF A DEPARTED POETESS.

This still, clear, radiant face! doth it resemble
In each fair, faultless lineament thine own?
Methinks on that enchanting lip doth tremble
The *soul that breathes thy lyre's* melodious tone.
The soul of music, oh! ethereal spirit,
Fills the dream-haunted sadness of thine eyes;
Sweet poetess! thou surely didst inherit
Thy gifts celestial from the upper skies.

EAMES, JANE A.,

Of Massachusetts, is known as a very successful writer of books for the young. She has prepared a number of Sunday School books, for the Protestant Episcopal S. S. Union. "My Mother's Jewel; or Happy in Life and Death," "Agnes and Eliza," and several other well written and popular works, are among these.

ESLING, CATHARINE H. W.,

Was born in Philadelphia, in 1812. Under her maiden name of Waterman she was long a favourite writer in the periodicals of the country, and she won her place among the poetical writers of the age by qualities which commend her effusions to the hearts of her readers. Her poems are the expressions of a true woman's soul: she excels in portraying feeling, and in expressing the warm and tender emotions of one to whom *home* has ever been the lode-star of the soul. In pathos and delicacy she has few equals. Her only published book is entitled "The Broken Bracelet and Other Poems."—1850.

F.

FARRAR, MRS.,

Wife of Professor John Farrar of Harvard University, has written several works of merit. Warmly interested in the cause of human improvement, she has prepared her books for the young, and chiefly for those of her own sex. "The Life of Lafayette," "The Life of Howard," "Youth's Letter Writer," "The Children's Robinson Crusoe," and a number of others, well-known to the children of New-England are her works. But her most important production is "The Young Lady's Friend," published in 1837, one of the best manuals of its kind extant. The work has been lately revised, the first set of stereotype plates having been worn out, which is a sure proof of the popularity of this excellent book.

FULLER, FRANCES A.,

Was born in Monroeville, Ohio, about 1826. She is just rising into notice as a young writer of brilliant promise both in prose and verse.

FULLER, METTA VICTORIA,

Younger sister to the preceding, more generally known by her *nom de plume* of "Singing Sibyl," has attracted much attention as a young poetess of uncommon facility and grace.

G.

GREEN, FRANCES HARRIET,

Whose maiden name was Whipple, was born in Smithfield, Rhode Island. Her family is one of the most honourable in the state, and some of the members have displayed uncommon talents. While

very young she showed a decided genius, and poetry was her first production. A number of her fugitive pieces appeared from 1830 to 1835. Her first prose work was "Memoirs of Eleanor Eldridge"—a coloured woman, which was very successful. Her next book was a singular one to emanate from a woman's mind—"The Mechanic," addressed to operatives. This appeared in 1841, and in 1844, she published "Might and Right," an historical sketch of the doings of the two political parties during the attempts to form a new constitution for the state of Rhode Island. In the following years she wrote for the "Reform Periodicals," so called, principally, and in 1848, became editress of a magazine, "The Young People's Journal," in the hope of "combining the gems of science with the flowers of literature." Mrs. Green is an original and often a powerful writer. Her poetry is marked in its character. "The Dwarf's Story" is passionate and thrilling; some of her descriptive poems are exceedingly beautiful, and all are imbued with the warm, earnest spirit of the seeker after good. Her writings show a vivid imagination and carefully cultivated intellect; but we fear she has wasted her fine talents on sectarian and political discussions, and thus failed of doing the good or enjoying the success her philanthropy deserves, and her genius should effect.

H.

HAIGHT, SARAH ROGERS,

Is descended from ancestors distinguished for their piety and learning. The Rev. John Elliot, in his "Biographical Dictionary," containing a brief account of the first settlers, eminent characters, &c., who came to New England, gives the following notice:

"The church of Ipswich was supplied with a pastor by the name of Rogers, above one hundred years. The family descended from Mr. John Rogers, who was the first English martyr to the cause of the Reformation; he was burnt at Smithfield, 1553.

Mr. Rogers of Dedham, was his grandson; whose son Nathaniel came over to New England, and was in the church at Ipswich between forty and fifty years.

Mr. Rogers of Littleton, who was graduated in 1725, with whom the compiler of this work once served as an assistant, possessed very superior talents; was a very rational and learned divine, a man of scientific research, and a complete gentleman in his manners.

The branches of the family are numerous; no one name has been more conspicuous among the divines of Massachusetts."

The maternal ancestors of the subject of this memoir descended from Richard Smith, who was an officer under Cromwell, and who emigrated from England in the beginning of the eighteenth century. He purchased of the natives, the territory now constituting the town of Smithtown, in Suffolk County, N. Y. The estate occupied by the original patentee, has continued in the possession of his direct descendants to the present time; and the gentleman who may now be considered as the head of the family, worthily sustains its characteristic reputation for energy, urbanity, and hospitality.

Sarah Rogers was born in the city of New York, and educated in its best schools. She was married at a very early age, to Richard K. Haight, Esq., a native and resident of the same city. A natural fondness for travel, and love of adventure, stimulated doubtless by the glowing descriptions given her by her husband of those far-off lands, and classic shores, over which he had already travelled extensively, inspired her with an ardent desire to visit them in person.

A few years elapsed, during which she cultivated studies with reference to her favourite design; when she was gratified to the full extent of her most sanguine anticipations, in being conducted over almost every country of Europe, as well as portions of Asia and Africa.

The extent of her perigrinations may be inferred from the following lines borrowed from her "Letters from the Old World."

To Tartary's desert plains, from fertile Gallic lands,
From Norway's rocky coasts, to Nubia's burning sands,
We've wander'd.
On Briton's Druid stones, Scythia's mounds on eastern plains,
Odin's temples in the North, o'er Memnon's cavern'd fanes,
We've ponder'd.
The Gaul, Goth, and Saxon, Scandinavian and Hun,
Greek, Turcoman, Arab and Nubia's swarthy son,
We've confronted," &c.

To a residence of several years in various foreign capitals, affording the usual concomitants of society suited to every taste; with galleries and libraries, wherein the amateur and student might revel at pleasure, was superadded the advantages of being made acquainted with men of letters and science of every nation; the friends, associates, and colleagues of the conductor of her wanderings.

"The extent to which she improved her rare

opportunities, can be appreciated by those only, who have the happiness to be intimately acquainted with the estimable qualities of her mind and heart," says the gentleman to whom we are indebted for the foregoing sketch, who has known its subject from her childhood — "while those who are acquainted only with the beautiful emanations of her pen will join us in regretting that Mrs. Haight has not continued her reminiscences and observations." Her only published work — "Letters from the Old World: by a Lady of New York," was received with much favour when it appeared, in 1840. It is in two volumes, containing a great variety of interesting information, and at the time was considered one of the best descriptive books of travel modern tourists had furnished: it was highly creditable to the talents and acquirements of Mrs. Haight.

HEWITT, MARY E.,

Was born in Malden, Massachusetts; her malden name was Moore. Her mother, left early a widow, removed to Boston, where Miss Moore continued to live until her marriage with Mr. James L. Hewitt, when she changed her place of residence to the city of New York. In 1845, Mrs. Hewitt published a small volume of poems, selected from her contributions to the various periodicals, entitled, "Songs of our Land, and other Poems." Many of these had appeared and attracted much attention, under the signature of "Jane." These verses are evidently the utterance of a warm and impassioned heart, and strong imagination. The thoughts are expressed gracefully and harmoniously, and bear the stamp of truth and originality. In 1850, Mrs. Hewitt edited a gift book, called "The Gem of the Western World;" and the "Memorial" a beautiful tribute to the memory of her friend, Mrs. Frances S. Osgood.

THE SPIRIT-BOND.

What is the spell that binds my soul,
As with a silver cord, to thee;
That brims with joy life's golden bowl,
And wakes each pulse to ecstasy?

Methinks, in some far distant sphere,
Some star in memory dimly set,
That we, for years long sundered here,
In high communion erst have met.

And yet our souls to each were dark,
As is the broad, mysterious sea;
Till lighted by the electric spark,
Struck from the chain of SYMPATHY.

'T is sympathy that binds my soul,
As with a silver cord, to thee;
That brims with joy life's golden bowl,
And wakes each pulse to ecstasy.

THE BRIDE'S REVERIE.

Lonely to-night, oh, loved one! is our dwelling,
And lone and wearily hath gone the day;
For thou, whose presence like a flood is swelling
With joy my life-tide — thou art far away.

And wearily for me will go the morrow,
While for thy voice, thy smile, I vainly yearn;
Oh, from fond thought some comfort I will borrow,
To while away the hours till thou return!

I will remember that first, sweet revealing
Wherewith thy love o'er my tranced being stole;
I, like the Pythoness enraptured, feeling
The god divine pervading all my soul,

I will remember each fond aspiration
In secret mingled with thy cherished name,
Till from thy lips, in wildering modulation,
Those words of ecstasy "I love thee!" came,

And I will think of all our blest communing,
And all thy low-breathed words of tenderness;
Thy voice to me its melody attuning
Till every tone seemed fraught with a caress.

And feel thee near me, while in thought repeating
The treasured memories thou alone dost share.—
Hark! with hushed breath and pulses wildly beating
I hear thy footstep bounding o'er the stair!

And I no longer to my heart am telling
The weary weight of loneliness it bore;
For thou, whose love makes heaven within our dwelling,
Thou art returned, and all is joy once more.

THE CHILD OF FAME.

"Je vivrai eternellement." — *La vie de Sappho. Traduction. de Madame Dacier.*

Nay — call me not thy rose — thine own sweet flower,
For, oh, my soul to thy wild words is mute!
Leave me my gift of song — my glorious dower —
My hand unchanged, and free to sweep the lute.

Thus, when within the tomb thy memory slumbers,
Mine, mine will be of those immortal names
Sung by the poet in undying numbers:
Call me not thine — I am the world's and fame's!

Were it not blissful, when from earth we sever,
To know that we shall leave, with bard and sage,
A name enrolled on fame's bright page for ever,
A wonder, and a theme to after age!

Talk not of love! I know how, wasted, broken,
The trusting heart learns its sad lesson o'er —
Counting the roses Passion's lips have spoken,
Amid the thorns that pierce it to the core.

Oh, heart of mine! that when life's summer hour
For thee with love's bright blossoms hung the bough
Too quickly found an asp beneath the flower —
And is naught left thee but ambition now?

Alas! alas! this brow its pride forsaking,
Would give the glory of its laurel crown
For one fond breast whereon to still its aching —
For one true heart that I might call mine own?

HOPKINS, LOUISA PAYSON,

Daughter of the Rev. Dr. Payson, distinguished for his learning and piety, and wife of the Rev. Mr. Hopkins, professor in Williams College, Mass., has written a number of works for the young, which are greatly valued for their excellent mode of illustrating the Bible and its doctrines. Among her books published previously to her marriage, was "The Pastor's Daughter," which gave its author a high reputation for talents as well as religious zeal. Her latest work is, "The Guiding Star; or the Bible God's Message," a sequel to "Henry Langdon, or what was I made for?" published in 1846. These two books contain, well arranged and clearly set forth, such evidences of the truth of God's revealed Word, as must make the Bible History interesting to the youngest child who can read it, and furnish to the mother a manual for the edification of her own mind, as well as a guide to aid in instructing her family. Mrs. Hopkins should hold a high rank among Christian writers.

HORSFORD, MARY GARDINER,

Was born in the city of New York, 1824. Her father, Samuel S. Gardiner, soon after removed to the family mansion on Shelter Island, where her mother's ancestors had resided. Here, in this secluded and beautiful place, Miss Gardiner passed the greater portion of her youth, books and nature her chief companions. She soon became, from a reader of poetry, a writer; her father's library was her best means of education, although she had other good instructors. In 1840 she was placed in the Albany Female Seminary, where she continued three years with great advantage. Soon afterwards she began her contributions, by request, to the Knickerbocker; and also wrote for the Lady's Book, and other periodicals. In 1847 Miss Gardiner was married to Eben Norton Horsford, Rumford Professor in Harvard University at Cambridge. Since her marriage Mrs. Horsford has written some of her most beautiful poetry. There is an exquisite delicacy of fancy, united with power of thought in her verses, that is rarely equalled by those who have established their fame. No collection of her writings has been made.

MY NATIVE ISLE.

My native isle! my native isle!
Forever round thy sunny steep
The low waves curl with sparkling foam
And solemn murmurs deep,
While o'er the surging waters blue
The ceaseless breezes throng,
And in the grand old woods awake
An everlasting song.

The sordid strife and petty cares
That crowd the city's street,
The rush, the race, the storm of Life
Upon thee never meet;
But quiet and contented hearts
Their daily tasks fulfil,
And meet with simple hope and trust
The coming good or ill.

The spireless church stands plain and brown
The winding road beside;
The green graves rise in silence near,
With moss-grown tablets wide;
And early on the Sabbath morn,
Along the flowery sod,
Unfettered souls, with humble prayer,
Go up to worship God.

And dearer far than sculptured fane
Is that gray church to me,
For in its shade my mother sleeps,
Beneath the willow-tree;
And often when my heart is raised,
By sermon and by song,
Her friendly smile appears to me
From the seraphic throng.

The sunset glow, the moon-lit stream
Part of my being are;
The fairy flowers that bloom and die,
The skies so clear and far,
The stars that circle Night's dark brow,
The winds and waters free,
Each with a lesson all its own
Are monitors to me.

The systems in their endless march
Eternal truth proclaim;
The flowers God's love from day to day
In gentlest accents name;
The skies for burdened hearts and faint
A code of Faith prepare;
What tempest ever left the heaven
Without a blue spot there?

My native isle! my native isle!
In sunnier climes I 've strayed,
But better love thy pebbled beach
And lonely forest glade,
Where low winds stir with fragrant breath
The purple violet's head,
And the star-grass in the early spring
Peeps from the sear leaf's bed.

I would no more of tears and strife
Might on thee ever meet,
But when against the tide of years
This heart has ceased to beat,
Where the green weeping willows bend
I fain would go to rest,
Where waters lave, and winds may sweep
Above my peaceful breast.

"A DREAM THAT WAS NOT ALL A DREAM."

Through the half-curtained window stole
An autumn sunset's glow,
As languid on my couch I lay
With pulses weak and low.

And then methought a presence stood
With shining feet and fair,
Amid the waves of golden light
That rippled through the air;

And laid upon my heaving breast
With earnest glance and true,
A babe whose pure and gentle brow
No shade of sorrow knew.

A solemn joy was in my heart —
Immortal life was given
To earth, upon her battle-field
To discipline for Heaven.

Strange music thrilled the quiet room
An unseen host were nigh,
Who left the infant pilgrim at
The threshold of our sky.

A new, strange love woke in my heart,
Defying all control,
As on the soft air rose and fell
That birth-hymn for a soul.

And now again the autumn skies
As on that evening shine,
When from a trance of agony
I woke to joy divine:

That boundless love is in my heart,
That birth-hymn on the air;
I clasp in mine with grateful faith
A tiny hand in prayer:

And bless the God who guides my way
That 'mid this world so wide
I day by day am walking with
An angel by my side.

HOWE, JULIA WARD,

Wife of Dr. S. G. Howe of Boston, the celebrated philanthropist, is a daughter of Samuel Ward of New York. That she is thoroughly educated and accomplished, her poems, that is the few she has given to the public, are sufficient to prove. Purity, elevation of thought, and felicity of expression, mark all her writings. She is, as we might judge, 'to the manner born,' for her mother, Mrs. Ward, was also a woman of poetic genius.

A MOTHER'S FEARS.

I am one who holds a treasure,
A gem of wondrous cost;
But I mar my heart's deep pleasure
With the fear it may be lost.

God gives not many mothers
So fair a child as thou,
And those he gives to others
In death are oft laid low

I, too, might know that sorrow,
To stand by thy dying bed,
And wish each weary morrow
Only that I were dead.

Oh! would that I could bear thee,
As I bore thee 'neath my heart,
And every sorrow spare thee,
And bid each pain depart!

Tell me some act of merit,
By which I may deserve
To hold the angel spirit,
And its sweet life preserve.

When I watch the little creature,
If tears of rapture flow —
If I worship each fair feature —
All mothers would do so.

And if I fain would shield her
From suffering, on my breast,
Strive every joy to yield her,
Tis thus that I am blest.

Oh! for some heavenly token,
By which I may be sure
The vase shall not be broken —
Dispersed the essence pure!

Then spake the Angel of Mothers
To me, in gentle tone:
"Be kind to the children of others,
And thus deserve thine own."

J.

JAMES, MARIA,

Is the daughter of a Welsh emigrant, who came to America in the early part of this century, when his daughter was about seven years old, and settled in the northern part of the state of New York. Maria James received a very slight education, but from her earliest youth evinced a poetical talent very remarkable in a person circumstanced as she was; occupying generally the position of a nursery-maid, or servant in families in the towns of that state. Her poems, with a preface by Alonzo Potter, D. D., now Bishop of Pennsylvania, were published in 1839.

JACOBS, SARAH S.,

Is a native of Rhode Island, but resides at present in Cambridgeport, Massachusetts. Her poems, by which she made herself known to the reading public, bear the stamp of originality and beauty in no ordinary degree. She possesses evidently powers which she has not yet fully unfolded to the world.

K.

KINNEY, E. C.,

Was born and educated in the city of New York. Her maiden name was Dodge. She was married to Mr. William B. Kinney, editor of the Newark Daily Advertiser. Mrs. Kinney wrote almost from her childhood, and her productions were thrown off with the greatest ease; yet she always shrank from publicity, and her early efforts appeared under an assumed name. Her poems have been published principally in the Knickerbocker and Graham's Magazine; and have never yet been collected. All the qualities which mark a ready writer appear in her poems; ease, melody, and grace; if they are wanting in thought and strength, the glimpses of those powers that appear in her writings, give evidence that the author has higher capabilities than she has yet unfolded to the world.

CULTIVATION.

Weeds grow unasked, and even some sweet flowers
Spontaneous give their fragrance to the air,
And bloom on hills, in vales, and everywhere —
As shines the sun, or fall the summer showers —
But wither while our lips pronounce them fair!
Flowers of more worth repay alone the care,
The nurture, and the hopes, of watchful hours;
While plants most cultured have most lasting powers
So, flowers of genius that will longest live,
Spring not in Mind's uncultivated soil,
But are the birth of time, and mental toil,
And all the culture Learning's hand can give:
Fancies like wild flowers, in a night may grow;
But thoughts are plants whose stately growth is slow.

THE QUAKERESS BRIDE.

The building was humble, yet sacred to One
Who heeds the deep worship that utters no tone;
Whose presence is not to the temple confined,
But dwells with the contrite and lowly of mind.
'T was there all unveiled, save by modesty, stood
The Quakeress bride in her pure satin hood;
Her charms unadorned by the garland or gem,
Yet fair as the lily just plucked from its stem.
A tear glistened bright in her dark, shaded eye,
And her bosom half uttered a tremulous sigh,
As the hand she had pledged was confidingly given,
And the low-murmured accents recorded in heaven.

L.

LARCOM, LUCY,

Was born in Massachusetts. While she was employed as an operative at Lowell, she first began to write, and her earliest effusions, both in prose and verse, appeared in "The Lowell Offering," and were received with particular favour. At present, Miss Larcom is employed as a teacher in Illinois.

LAWSON, MARY LOCKHART,

Is of Scotch extraction, but was born and resides in Philadelphia. She has written poems for the various periodicals that do honour both to her intellect and her heart.

LEE, ELEANOR PERCY,

Daughter of Judge Ware, of Mississippi, and sister of Mrs. Catharine Warfield, married Mr. Lee, of Mississippi. She, together with her sister, has published two volumes of poetry, one entitled, "Wife of Leon, and other Poems;" and the other, "The Indian Chamber, and other Poems."

LITTLE, SOPHIA L.,

Daughter of Hon. Asher Robbins, of Rhode Island, was born at Newport, in 1799. In 1824, she married Mr. William Little, of Boston, where Mrs. Little has since resided. She is a poetess of much merit. Her principal works are, "The Last days of Jesus;" "The Annunciation and Birth of Jesus, and the Resurrection;" "The Betrothed;" and "The Branded Hand," besides many fugitive poems. She has also written a prose work called "The Pilgrim's Progress in the Last Days."

LOCKE, JANE E.,

Is a native of Massachusetts. Her poems first appeared in the American Ladies' Magazine, about 1830. Since then she has written for several periodicals, and also published a volume of miscellaneous poems. The book met with much favour from the many friends of the author, and her talents have availed to benefit herself and her family. Besides poetry, Mrs. Locke has written some interesting prose papers, and shows an earnest desire to do good in all her productions. She resides in Lowell.

LOWELL, MARIA,

By birth Miss White, is a native of Watertown, Massachusetts. In 1844, she was married to the well-known poet, James Russell Lowell, and by her own writings has shown that she is truly his "sister spirit." There is great tenderness of feeling, and simplicity, in all the productions of her pen; and her household lyrics are full of pathos and beauty. The poetical genius of women has displayed its best powers when employed, as it usually is, to exalt religious hopes, hallow domestic feelings, and beautify the humble duties of life.

THE MORNING-GLORY.

We wreathed about our darling's head
The morning-glory bright;
Her little face looked out beneath,
So full of life and light,
So lit as with a sunrise,
That we could only say,
"She is the morning-glory true,
And her poor types are they."

So always from that happy time
We called her by their name,
And very fitting did it seem —
For, sure as morning came,
Behind her cradle bars she smiled
To catch the first faint ray,
As from the trellis smiles the flower
And opens to the day.

But not so beautiful they rear
Their airy cups of blue,
As turned her sweet eyes to the light,
Brimmed with sleep's tender dew;
And not so close their tendrils fine
Round their supports are thrown,
As those dear arms whose outstretched plea
Clasped all hearts to her own.

We used to think how she had come,
Even as comes the flower,
The last and perfect added gift
To crown love's morning hour
And how in her was imaged forth
The love we could not say,
As on the little dewdrops round
Shines back the heart of day.

We never could have thought, O God,
That she must wither up,
Almost before a day was flown,
Like the morning-glory's cup;
We never thought to see her droop
Her fair and noble head,
Till she lay stretched before our eyes,
Wilted, and cold, and dead!

The morning-glory's blossoming
Will soon be coming round:
We see their rows of heart-shaped leaves
Upspringing from the ground;
The tender things the winter killed
Renew again their birth,
But the glory of our morning
Has passed away from earth.

Oh, Earth! in vain our aching eyes
Stretch over thy green plain!
Too harsh thy dews, too gross thine air,
Her spirit to sustain:
But up in groves of paradise
Full surely we shall see
Our morning-glory beautiful
Twine round our dear Lord's knee.

M.

MAY, CAROLINE,

Is daughter of the Rev. Edward Harrison May, of New York. For some time she published her poems anonymously, or under the signature of Charomaia. In 1848, she edited a work called, "Specimens of the American Female Poets," and evinced much taste and true poetical feeling in the selections she made. In 1850, there appeared another volume of selections by the same author, entitled "Treasured Thoughts from Favourite Authors." This work is worthy its name; its perusal will convince the reader of the judgment and discrimination of the compiler. It is full of lofty and refined sentiments and noble truths, selected from the best English classics.

LILIES.

Every flower is sweet to me—
The rose and violet,
The pink, the daisy, and sweet pea,
Heart's-ease and mignonette,
And hyacinths and daffodillies:
But sweetest are the spotless lilies

I know not what the lilies were
That grew in ancient times—
When Jesus walked with children fair,
Through groves of eastern climes,
And made each flower, as he passed by it,
A type of faith, content, and quiet.

But they were not more pure and bright
Than those our gardens show;
Or those that shed their silver light,
Where the dark waters flow;
Or those that hide in woodland alley,
The fragrant lilies of the valley.

And I, in each of them, would see
Some lesson for my youth:
The loveliness of purity,
The stateliness of truth,
Whene'er I look upon the lustre
Of those that in the garden cluster.

Patience and hope, that keep the soul
Unruffled and secure,
Though floods of grief beneath it roll,
I learn, when calm and pure
I see the floating water-lily,
Gleam amid shadows dark and chilly.

And when the fragrance that ascends,
Shows where its lovely face
The lily of the valley bends,
I think of that sweet grace,
Which sheds within the spirit lowly,
A rest, like heaven's, so safe and holy.

THOUGHT.

So truly, faithfully, my heart is thine,
Dear Thought, that when I am debarred from thee
By the vain tumult of vain company;
And when it seems to be the fixed design
Of heedless hearts, who never can incline
Themselves to seek thy rich though hidden charms,
To keep me daily from thy outstretched arms—
My soul sinks faint within me, and I pine
As lover pines when from his love apart,
Who, after having been long loved, long sought,
At length has given to his persuasive art
Her generous soul with hope and fear full fraught:
For thou'rt the honoured mistress of my heart,
Pure, quiet, bountiful, beloved Thought!

"MAY, EDITH,"

Is the *nomme de plume* of one of the most youthful and most promising poets of America; she was born in Philadelphia, but for the last four years has resided at Montrose, a place in a secluded but most beautiful part of Pennsylvania. It is now about three or four years since her first poems appeared, and they displayed a degree of thought, finish and beauty so unusual in the first attempts of writers, that they immediately commanded attention, and "Edith May" is now one of the best known of the many young aspirants for fame in this country. Her writings are about to be collected and published in one volume.

PRAYER.

I have a thought of one who drawing close
Over her brow the sackcloth, in its folds
Crouched, shutting out from her refusing eyes
God's gift of sunshine. While the all-pitying skies
Wooed her with light she would not look upon;
While earth entreated her, and passing winds
Plucked at her garments, and around her flung
Invisible arms, light, urgent, clasping arms,
Her heart made answer—I have lain so long
On thy cold breast, Despair, did I arise
I should reel wildly, staggering with cramped limbs,
Through the white, glaring sunshine. Hide me, night!
Lest the full glories of the universe
Smite me with blindness, and exulting earth
Under the blue triumphal arch of Heaven
Victoriously passing, blast my sense
With her insulting gladness! Once I prayed.
Once, when dismay, want, guilt, pressed me so close
I faced them in mere madness, and beholding,
From mine appalled heart sent up a shriek
That *must* have pierced the hollow ear of space,
Startling the angels, holding in suspense,
Awhile, the eternal harmonies. Vain heart!
Could the mute prayer that on its fiery track
Followed in trembling haste, prevail so far?
Amid the roll of twice ten thousand harps
Struck by white-handed seraphim, the voice
Of that unfathomed sea of human woe,
Making perpetual moan about His throne,
And surging to His footstool, dost thou dream
That its weak cry rose audibly?
Did sleep
On her imploring senses lightly rest
His hand in benediction? The still air
To her astonished gaze grew all instinct,
Moted with airy forms forever drawn
Up by some genial influence. With bent heads,
With hands clasped mutely, and looks downward dropped,
Else searching space, onward they pressed, and drew
Her wrapt soul with them. Tears and sighs fell thick,
Mixed with low, broken murmurs, and a sound,
Distinct, of music that flowed clearly on,
Like a bright singing stream that lifts its voice
Amid the mourning of sere autumn boughs
Bent with wet leaves and rain. The dense, dull air
As 'twere a vail they parted, and it lay
Above the earth like the dusk cloud that hangs
Over some populous mart. Yet upward still
Through that black space of which the hue of night
Is a pale mock; and she who fled with them
Whither she questioned not, from that great height
Back glancing, saw the universe as one
Who looking from a mountain top beholds
Faint, clustering lamps that twinkling through the gloom
Mark where a city stands. And upward still
'Till through the cloaking dark a sword of light
Flashed suddenly! Then over, and around
There shined a brightness of ten thousand suns
All concentrate, and her scared spirit stood
In its full courts of Heaven. *She* might not look
On the great glory, but the seraphim
That leant upon their harps forever there

Turned with bright, solemn faces, lost, transfused
Into one rapturous thought. *She* only saw
How all the assembled prayers of all the worlds
Entreated, silent. Various their guise;
Some with pure eyes uplift that dared to look
Straight on Divinity, and some, with dust
On their pale foreheads. There were infant-prayers
Crowned with faint halos; saintly prayers that might
But for some traces of forgotten tears,
Have swelled the ranks of Heaven. While yet she looked
On the pale verge of light, there stood a Form
Forlorn, close mantled, that with tottering feet
Crept nearer. Hers! she know it well. Her heart
Shrank with a deadly fear. Oh God, the prayer
That on the steps of the wild shriek that bore
Woe, horror, and defiance up to Heaven
Followed with faint entreaty! That weak moan:
That mute, despairing thing that from her heart
Scarce struggled to her lips, and there fell prone
As one across a threshold. Staggering on,
With its pale hands uplift, closer it drew,
And while she looked to see it thrust without
Into surrounding darkness, rapt and calm
Stood the ranked angels. Near, oh God, it came!
Then with the mien of her who touched His robe
When the crowd pressed Him, springing to the throne
With a low cry, fell prostrate.
In their sheaths,
Why slept the keen swords of the cherubim?
Lo! every knee was bowed; round every brow
There bloomed fresh amaranth; from every lip
Burst such transcendent melody, the stars
Grew musical with its echoes, and dull earth
Dreamed of it in her slumbers! Last of all
Rose that pale Form and cast the mantle back,
And drank in the pure light with steadfast eyes,
And showed God's seal, that, stamped upon its brow,
Burned like a star.
There was great joy in Heaven.

FROST PICTURES.

When, like a sullen exile driven forth,
Southward, December drags his icy chain,
He graves fair pictures of his native North
On the crisp window-pane.

So some pale captive blurs with lips unshorn
The latticed glass, and shapes rude outlines there,
With listless finger, and a look forlorn,
Cheating his dull despair.

The fairy fragments of some Arctic scene
I see to-night; blank wastes of polar snow,
Ice-laden boughs, and feathery pines that lean
Over ravines below.

Black frozen lakes, and icy peaks blown bare,
Break the white surface of the crusted pane;
And spear-like leaves, long ferns, and blossoms fair,
Linked in a silvery chain.

Draw me, I pray thee, by this slender thread;
Fancy, thou sorceress, bending vision-wrought
O'er that dim well perpetually fed
By the clear springs of thought!

Northward I turn, and tread those dreary strands,
Lakes where the wild-fowl breed, the swan abides;
Shores where the white fox, burrowing in the sands,
Harks to the droning tides.

And seas where, drifting on a raft of ice,
The she-bear rears her young, and cliffs so high
The dark-winged birds that emulate their rise
Melt through the pale blue sky.

There, all night long, with far-diverging rays,
And stalking shades, the red Aurora's glow;
From the keen heaven, meek suns with pallid blaze
Light up the Arctic snow.

Guide me, I pray, along those waves remote,
That deep unstartled from its primal rest;
Some errant sail, the fisher's lone light boat,
Borne waif-like on its breast!

Lead me, I pray, where never shallop's keel
Brake the dull ripples throbbing to their caves;
Where the mailed glacier with his armed heel
Spurs the resisting waves!

Paint me, I pray, the phantom hosts that hold
Celestial tourneys when the midnight calls;
On airy steeds, with lances bright and bold,
Storming her ancient halls!

Yet, while I look the magic picture fades;
Melts the bright tracery from the frosted pane;
Trees, vales, and cliffs, in sparkling snows arrayed,
Dissolve in silvery rain.

Without, the day's pale glories sink and swell
Over the black rise of yon wooded height;
The moon's thin crescent, like a stranded shell,
Left on the shores of night.

Hark! how the north wind, with a hasty hand
Rattling my casement, frames his mystic rhyme.
House thee, rude minstrel, chanting through the land
Runes of the olden time!

M'CARTEE, JESSIE G.,

WIFE of the Rev. Dr. M'Cartee, Minister of the Reformed Dutch Church in Goshen, N. Y., is the daughter of Divie Bethune, of New York, and the granddaughter of Isabella Graham, so well-known for her piety and benevolence. Her poems have appeared principally in the different magazines and annals of the day. She has never made a collection of them, though they are fully worthy of it, displaying as they do, a cultivated and refined mind, a heart full of sympathy and elevated by strong religious feeling, and an easy and harmonious flow of versification.

MEIGS, MARY NOEL,

BETTER known as M. N. M., under which initials her writings were published for a long time, is a native of New York. Her maiden name was Bleecker. In 1834, she was married to Mr. Pierre F. M'Donald, who died in 1844. During the succeeding year, she published a volume called "Poems by M. N. M." Her other works were several juvenile books, and articles both in prose and poetry for the periodicals. In 1848, she was married a second time, to Mr. Meigs, of New York.

N.

NICHOLS, REBECCA S.,

WAS born in Greenwich, New Jersey. Her father was Dr. Reed of that place, who afterwards removed to Louisville, Kentucky, where Miss Reed was married to Mr. W. Nichols. In 1839, Mr. Nichols removed with his family to Cincinnati, where they now reside. Mrs. Nichols began her career as a poetess at a very early age. Her first articles were published under the signature of "Ellen," but latterly she writes under her own name, and that of "Kate Cleveland." At one time she was the editress of a periodical called "The Guest," to which she herself was the principal ornament. In 1844, Mrs. Nichols published a work called "Bernice, or the curse of Minna, and other Poems."

O.

OLIVER, SOPHIA HELEN,

Is a native of Lexington, Kentucky, where she was born in 1811. At the age of twenty-six she was married to Dr. Oliver of Louisville; and in 1842, her husband being appointed a professor in one of the medical colleges of Cincinnati, she accompanied him to that city, where she now resides. She is known as a writer only by her poems, which are easy and graceful, and flow with a natural harmony that can afford to slight some of the rules of art.

P.

PEABODY, ELIZABETH PALMER,

Daughter of Dr. N. Peabody, is descended on the mother's side from the two Joseph Palmers, one of whom was President and the other Secretary of the first Provincial Congress that assembled in Massachusetts to consider British wrongs; and both of whom, the father as Brigadier-General, the son as his aid, were engaged in the battle of Lexington. Miss Peabody was born May 16th, 1804, at Billerica, and lived in her early life in Salem, Mass., but, since 1822, has resided principally in Boston, where she has been engaged in education and literary pursuits. She first published a "Key to Hebrew History;" and a "Key to Grecian History;" she next wrote the "Records of a School," which went into the second edition: and also contributed to the early numbers of the "Journal of Education;" to the "Christian Examiner" of 1834, in which are some articles on the "Spirit of the Hebrew Scriptures;" and to the "Dial," in which she wrote the articles on Socialism. In 1849, Miss Peabody edited "The Æsthetic Papers," to which she contributed an article "On the Dorian Culture," more elaborate than anything else she has written; and a paper upon "The Significance of the Alphabet," besides several shorter articles and poems. Her latest work is a school-book, entitled the "Polish-American System of Chronology," being a modified translation of General Bem's method of teaching history on a Chronological System.

Miss Peabody's writings are of a class unusual to her sex. They evince great learning and research, a mind free from the trammels of prejudice, and capable of judging for itself on whatever subject its attention may be turned, one whose aim is high — no less than the progressive improvement of her race, and who presses forward to the end she has in view, with an earnestness and energy proportioned to its importance. Her poems are harmonious, and show more thought than is usually seen in such occasional effusions. Still we look for a greater work from her pen than any she has yet sent forth. Miss Peabody is of the transcendental school of writers, though not among the mystics. We do not endorse all her ideas, but only commend her philanthropic spirit.

PHILLIPS, ANNA H.,

Is one of the numerous band of young writers of whom our country may well be proud. She is a native of Lynn, Massachusetts; and hitherto has written only under the name of "Helen Irving."

PINDAR, SUSAN,

Is the daughter of Charles Pindar, a Russian by birth, and holding for a time the appointment of Russian Consul to Florida. She was born at a place then called "Pindar's Vale," and adjoining the present residence of Washington Irving. Miss Pindar was early left an orphan, and by the subsequent death of her brothers, almost without a relative in this country. Her first productions appeared in the Knickerbocker; in 1849, she published a juvenile book entitled "Fireside Fairies," and in 1850, another called "Midsummer Lays." Her poems have never been collected in a volume, though they seem truly worthy of such an attempt at preservation.

THE SHADED FLOWER.

From a dark cloud's breast a raindrop fell,
In a grateful summer shower,
Through the tangled leaves of a vine-clad dell,
Till it rested at last in the opening bell
Of a little shaded flower.

Then the sun looked forth, and his gladdening beam,
Soon drank the shower-dew up,
He smiled on the mountain, the valley, and stream,
But he did not kiss with his warm bright gleam,
The drop in the blossom's cup.

"How sad is my fate," the floweret sighed
With the glittering weight oppressed,—
"My sisters smile in their graceful pride,
While I am condemned this load to hide,
Within my trembling breast."

Then she bowed her head on her fragile stem
And slept through the long, still night,
But when she awoke, the prisoned gem,
Shone like a glorious diadem,
As it flashed in the morning light.

The scorching sun at the noontide hour,
Looked down on the blossoms gay,
They drooped, and paled, 'neath his withering power,
All save the little shaded flower,
And she quailed not before his ray.

Then to glisten afar, in the rainbow's dye,
He bade the drop depart,—
But the flower looked up with a trusting eye.
Though the drop no more in her breast might be,
It had freshened the life at her heart.

And is it not thus in adversity's hour,
When the soul is with grief oppressed
Our spirits bow 'neath misfortune's power
And we nurse like the little shaded flower
A sorrow in the breast?

And may we not hope, when our grief is fled,
That a stronger faith will be given,
And the tears which our burdened hearts have shed
Shall form when the night of gloom is sped
A rainbow of hope in Heaven?

S.

SAWYER, CAROLINE M.,

Was born in 1812, in Newton, Mass. Her maiden name was Fisher. In 1832, she was married to the Rev. Dr. Sawyer, a pastor over one of the Universalist churches in New York, where they resided until 1847, when they removed to Clinton in the same state, where Dr. Sawyer was chosen President of the Universalist Seminary. Although Mrs. Sawyer did not publish till after her marriage, she began to write both tales and poems at a very early age; by her writings we can readily perceive that her education has been thorough and extensive, and that the author possesses a mind of much power. Her translations from the German are made with faithfulness and spirit, and her original poems especially are marked by deep thought and command of language.

PEBBLES.

Give me the pebble, little one, that I
To yon bright pool may hurtle it away;
Look! how 't has changed the azure wave to grey,
And blotted out the image of the sky!
So, when our spirits calm and placid lie —
When all the passions of the bosom sleep,
And from its stirless and unruffled deep
Beams up a heaven as bright as that on high,
Some pebble — envy, jealousy, misdoubt —
Dashed in our bosom's slumbering waves to jar,
Will cloud the mirrored surface of the soul,
And blot its heaven of joy and beauty out.
Sin! fling no pebble in my soul, to mar
Its solemn depths, and o'er it clouds to roll!

SHINDLER, MARY B.,

Was born on the 15th of February, 1810, in Beaufort, S. C., where her father, the Rev. B. M. Palmer, was pastor of an Independent or Congregational church. When she was about three years old, her father removed to Charleston, S. C., his native place, where he remained for the succeeding twenty-five years. Here Miss Palmer enjoyed the best advantages of education, being placed at an early age under the care of the Misses Ramsay, daughters of the historian; and sent, when she became old enough, to some of the best northern schools. Her poetical talents were very early developed, her first piece of poetry having been written at the age of ten; soon after her final return from school, some of her productions fell into the hands of a friend, who showed them to Mrs. Gilman, at that time editress of the juvenile periodical called the Rose-Bud; she inserted these poems, and encouraged Miss Palmer to write; but it was not till years after, when she had drunk deeply of the bitter waters of affliction, that her heart poured out its sorrows through her pen.

In June, 1835, Miss Palmer was married to Mr. Charles E. Dana, and in 1837, he, with his family, consisting of his wife and child, a boy of about two years of age, removed to Bloomington, Iowa. Here the husband and child died within two days of each other, and Mrs. Dana was left alone in a land of strangers. In October of the same year she returned to her parents; and it was during her residence with them that the greater part of her works was written. These were composed, not with any view to publication, but as she herself says in one of her letters, "Burning thoughts were struggling within my breast, and I must give them utterance. My friends encouraged me to write, because they thought that the expression of my grief would relieve me, and so, in truth, it did. But when I had accumulated a mass of manuscripts, they urged me to their publication, giving as a reason, that what had comforted me in my sore extremity, might comfort other afflicted ones, and it was with this hope and this idea, that I first appeared before the public."

In 1840, Mrs. Dana's first work, "The Southern Harp," was published by Parker & Ditson, of Boston, and met with the greatest success; in 1841, she published a volume called "The Parted Family, and other poems;" and also "The Northern Harp." All of these works passed through several editions. In 1843, she published "Charles Morton, or the Young Patriot, a tale of the American Revolution;" and during the next two or three years, two prose tales written for seamen, one called "The Young Sailor," and the other "Forecastle Tom." About 1844, Mrs. Dana's religious views underwent a great change. She had been always much troubled about some of the Calvinistic doctrines, and inclined to question the soundness of their dogmas. One doubt brought on another, till she finally became a Unitarian. This caused a great commotion among her friends; letters poured in upon her from all quarters, and finally she felt herself driven to the necessity of replying publicly to some of the communications. In 1845, her largest prose work, entitled "Letters to Relatives and Friends" &c. was published in Boston.

Soon after her return home, Mrs. Dana removed with her parents to Orangeburg, a village about eighty miles from Charleston. Here her parents both died, in the summer of 1847, while she was absent on a tour to the North, undertaken on account of her health. Mrs. Dana, however, still continued to reside there, and in May, 1848, she was married to the Rev. Robert D. Shindler, a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, to which church she was united some months after her marriage. In 1850, Mr. and Mrs. Shindler removed to Upper Marlboro, Md., where they are at present residing.

Besides the works already mentioned, Mrs. Shindler has written many articles for Magazines and Reviews; but another work from her pen is greatly needed, a refutation of her arguments in favour of Unitarianism, which were esteemed the best that had ever been put forth in a popular form; as Mrs. Shindler has now relinquished that belief, her own searching mind must have detected the fallacies of its doctrines. Her style is well suited to these dissertations. Clear, candid and courteous in her expressions of opinion, she never wounds the feelings of an opponent, while her earnest search after truth attracts those who feel little interest in the subject.

SMITH, EMMELINE S.,

By birth Miss Sherman, is a native of New Baltimore, New York. In 1836, she was married, and removed to the city of New York, where she now resides. In 1847, Mrs. Smith published a work called "The Fairy's Search, and other Poems." Besides this, she has written for several of the principal periodicals. A vein of cheerful content and of reverent piety runs through all her poems, which are also full of felicitous expressions and graceful harmony.

SPROAT, ELIZA S.,

Was born in and still resides in Philadelphia. She has written but little for publication, and only in poetry; yet all her productions that have appeared show so much ease and grace, that doubtless they form but a small part of her actual writings. She is a Teacher in one of the public schools, and holds a high place in her profession, the next in importance to that of mother. The office of Teacher is peculiarly adapted to improve female talent; the young lady who is distinguished as a good instructress, is in the sure way to perfect her own education.

STOWE, HARRIET BEECHER,

Was born in Litchfield, Connecticut. Daughter of the Rev. Dr. Beecher, now of Cincinnati, and sister of Miss Catharine Beecher, whose sketch we have given, the subject of our brief notice could hardly fail of enjoying great advantages of moral as well as intellectual culture. From the age of fifteen till her marriage, Miss Harriet Beecher was associated with her sister in the cares of a large female seminary. Teaching is an excellent discipline, both of the heart and mind, of a young lady; those are fortunate who, either from necessity or from a wish to do good, pass some intervening years in this praiseworthy profession before they take on themselves the responsibilities of a household of their own. Miss Harriet Beecher was thus fitted to be a congenial companion of the Rev. Calvin E. Stowe, whom she married when about twenty-one. Her husband is a man of profound learning, then the Professor of Languages and Biblical Literature in the Divinity School at Cincinnati; he is now one of the professors in Brunswick College, Maine. Mrs. Stowe has been the model of a good wife and mother; of her seven children six are living, so that the greater portion of her time, thoughts, and strength has been spent in the important duties of the family. Yet she has found time to contribute to several periodicals. Her writings are deservedly admired for their sprightly vivacity and artistic finish combined with moral sentiments of the loftiest stamp, expressed in such a familiar way, that it makes wisdom seem like a pleasant friend, instead of a grave Mentor. None of our female writers excel Mrs. Stowe in the art of entertaining her readers; the only regret is, that she does not write more. "The May-Flower," a collection of her stories, was published in 1849, and has, of course been very popular.

From "The Tea-Rose."

There it stood, in its little green vase, on a light ebony stand, in the window of the drawing-room. The rich satin curtains, with their costly fringes, swept down on either side of it, and around it glittered every rare and fanciful trifle which wealth can offer to luxury, and yet that simple rose was the fairest of them all. So pure it looked, its white leaves just touched with that delicious creamy tint peculiar to its kind; its cup so full, so perfect; its head bending, as if it were sinking and melting away in its own richness — oh! when did ever man make any thing to equal the living, perfect flower!

But the sunlight that streamed through the window revealed something fairer than the rose—a young lady reclining on an ottoman, who was thus addressed by her livelier cousin: "I say, cousin, I have been thinking what you are to do with your pet rose when you go to New York; as, to our consternation, you are determined to do. You know it would be a sad pity to leave it with such a scatter-brain as I am. I love flowers, indeed; that is, I like a regular bouquet, cut off and tied up, to carry to a party; but as to all this tending and fussing which is needful to keep them growing, I have no gifts in that line."

"Make yourself easy as to that, Kate," said Florence, with a smile; "I have no intention of calling upon your talents; I have an asylum in view for my favourite."

"Oh, then, you know just what I was going to say. Mrs. Marshall, I presume, has been speaking to you; she was here yesterday, and I was quite pathetic upon the subject; telling her the loss your favourite would sustain, and so forth; and she said how delighted she would be to have it in her greenhouse; it is in such a fine state now, so full of buds. I told her I knew you would like to give it to her; you are so fond of Mrs. Marshall, you know."

"Now, Kate, I am sorry, but I have otherwise engaged it."

"Who can it be to? you have so few intimates here."

"Oh, it is only one of my odd fancies."

"But do tell me, Florence."

"Well, cousin, you know the little pale girl to whom we give sewing?"

"What! little Mary Stephens? How absurd, Florence! This is just another of your motherly, old-maidish ways; dressing dolls for poor children, making bonnets, and knitting socks for all the little dirty babies in the neighbourhood. I do believe you have made more calls in those two vile, ill-smelling alleys behind our house, than ever you have in Chestnut-Street, though you know everybody is half-dying to see you; and now, to crown all, you must give this choice little bijou to a seamstress girl, when one of your most intimate friends, in your own class, would value it so highly. What in the world can people in their circumstances want with flowers?"

"Just the same as I do;" replied Florence, calmly. "Have you not noticed that the little

girl never comes here without looking wistfully at the opening buds? And don't you remember, the other morning she asked me so prettily if I would let her mother come and see it, she was so fond of flowers?"

"But, Florence, only think of this rare flower standing on a table with ham, eggs, cheese, and flour, and stifled in that close little room where Mrs. Stephens and her daughter manage to wash, iron, and cook."

"Well, Kate, and if I were obliged to live in one coarse room, and wash, and iron, and cook, as you say; if I had to spend every moment of my time in toil, with no prospect from my window but a brick wall and dirty lane, such a flower as this would be untold enjoyment to me."

"Pshaw, Florence; all sentiment! Poor people have no time to be sentimental. Besides, I don't believe it will grow with them; it is a greenhouse flower, and used to delicate living."

"Oh, as to that, a flower never inquires whether its owner is rich or poor; and Mrs. Stephens, whatever else she has not, has sunshine of as good quality as this that streams through our window. The beautiful things that God makes are his gifts to all alike. You will see that my fair rose will be as well and cheerful in Mrs. Stephens' room as in ours."

"Well, after all, how odd! When one gives to poor people, one wants to give them something *useful*—a bushel of potatoes, a ham, and such things."

"Why, certainly, potatoes and ham must be supplied; but, having ministered to the first and most craving wants, why not add any other little pleasures or gratifications we may have it in our power to bestow? I know there are many of the poor who have fine feeling and a keen sense of the beautiful, which rusts out and dies because they are too hard pressed to procure it any gratification. Poor Mrs. Stephens, for example; I know she would enjoy birds, and flowers, and music, as much as I do. I have seen her eye light up as she looked upon these things in our drawing-room, and yet not one beautiful thing can she command. From necessity, her room, her clothing, all she has, must be coarse and plain. You should have seen the almost rapture she and Mary felt when I offered them my rose."

"Dear me! all this may be true, but I never thought of it before. I never thought that these hard-working people had any ideas of *taste!*"

"Then why do you see the geranium or rose so carefully nursed in the old cracked teapot in the poorest room, or the morning-glory planted in a box and twined about the window? Do not these show that the human heart yearns for the beautiful in all ranks of life? You remember, Kate, how our washerwoman sat up a whole night, after a hard day's work, to make her first baby a pretty dress to be baptized in."

"Yes; and I remember how I laughed at you for making such a tasteful little cap for it."

"True, Katy, but I think the look of perfect delight with which the poor mother regarded her baby in its new dress and cap, was something quite worth creating; I do believe she could not have felt more grateful if I had sent her a barrel of flour."

"Well, I never thought before of giving any thing to the poor but what they really needed, and I have always been willing to do that when I could without going far out of my way."

"Ah! cousin, if our heavenly Father gave to us after this mode, we should have only coarse, shapeless piles of provisions lying about the world, instead of all this beautiful variety of trees, and fruits, and flowers."

"Well, well, cousin, I suppose you are right, but have mercy on my poor head; it is too small to hold so many new ideas all at once, so go on your own way;" and the little lady began practising a waltzing step before the glass with great satisfaction.

T.

TALLEY, SUSAN ARCHER,

Is a native of Virginia, and resides now near Richmond. Her mind was very early and remarkably developed, but at the age of nine she lost her hearing entirely. This, however, seems to have had little effect upon her mental faculties, and she became a writer when very young. Her poetry is remarkable for its melody as well as for its depth of feeling. Miss Talley is also an artist.

TUTHILL, CORNELIA,

Was born in New Haven, Connecticut. Her first book, "Wreaths and Branches for the Church," was written when she was quite young, almost a school-girl. It is a collection of tales illustrating the different festivals in the "Christian Year," and met with a very favourable reception. Her next work was entitled, "Christian Ornaments, or the Spirit of the Church." Not long after appeared three juvenile books called, "The Boy of Spirit;" "Where are we happiest;" and "Hurra for New England." About 1849, appeared "The Belle, the Blue, and the Bigot, or Three Fields of Woman's Influence." She is still a young writer, and as each successive work marks improvement in thought and style, we may hope for something from her pen, superior to any work that she has yet sent forth.

W.

WARFIELD, CATHARINE,

Who, with her sister, Mrs. Eleanor Lee, is favourably known as a poetess, is the daughter of the Hon. Nathaniel Ware of Mississippi. He afterwards removed to Cincinnati, where Miss Catharine Ware married Mr. Warfield of Lexington, Kentucky. In 1843, Mrs. Warfield and Mrs. Lee published a volume, entitled, "The Wife of Leon, and other Poems, by Two Sisters of the West;" and in 1846, she published another collection of

their writings, called, "The Indian Chamber, and other Poems." Mrs. Warfield is also a prose writer; her articles, published anonymously in annuals and periodicals, show great power of imagination and ingenious constructive talents. She would doubtless succeed in novel-writing, if the genius of American authors had opportunities for culture, and incitements to exertion. An international copyright, checking the overflow of British republications, would give American writers a place in our own field of literature. Mrs. Warfield would then cultivate her fine talents more assiduously.

WELLS, ANNA MARIA,

Was born in Gloucester, Massachusetts. Her maiden name was Foster. She began to write when young, but published little till after her marriage to Mr. Wells, in 1829. Her first work, "Poems and Juvenile Sketches," appeared in 1831, since which time she is only known in the literary world as a contributor to periodicals, nor does she often appear there, being engaged in a work of greater importance than writing poetry, namely, that of instruction. She has a seminary for young ladies, and deserves much honour for the manner in which she has sustained and educated her fatherless children.

NATURE.

Blest are the pure and simple hearts,
  Unconsciously refined
By the free gifts that heaven imparts
  Through nature to the mind.
Not all the pleasures wealth can buy,
Equal their happy destiny.

For them the Spring unfolds her flowers;
  For them the Summer glows;
And Autumn's gold and purple bowers,
  And Winter's stainless snows,
Come gifted with a charm to them
  Richer than monarch's diadem.

WOODBRIDGE, ABBY DWIGHT,

Is descended, on her father's side from Dr. Jonathan Edwards, and on her mother's from one of the first settlers of Hartford, Conn. She was born in Maine, but spent the greater part of her childhood and youth in Stockbridge, Mass., her father's native place. In 1836, Miss Woodbridge removed to Albany, and for nearly ten years was associated with Mr. Crittenden in the care of the Albany Female Academy. In May, 1846, she removed with the same gentleman to Brooklyn, when he undertook the charge of the Academy in that place, where she has since resided. Her occasional contributions to periodicals have made her name known to the readers of poetry; her writings are her amusement and relaxation in her hours of leisure, and show much purity of taste and ease of expression.

WOODMAN, HANNAH J.,

Is a native of Boston, Massachusetts. She has been for some years engaged in teaching, but in the intervals allowed by her avocation, she has devoted herself with success to literary pursuits. Her most important work is a volume entitled "The Casket of Gems." She has also written some smaller books.

BRITISH.

A.

ABDY, MRS.,

Has been hitherto principally known by her contributions to many of the Annuals and Magazines of the day. As a prose writer, her tales are natural and interesting; as a poet, many of her pieces are distinguished by a purity of diction and loftiness of sentiment, which leave her little behind the best writers among her sex. Her spiritual gifts are consecrated to the service of religion; and her verse is full of that serenity and cheerfulness which only a warm faith can inspire. Her only printed work is a "Volume of Poems," for private circulation. Mrs. Abdy has written several tales that would do credit to many of the high names in literature,—her moral is always sound and practical—her characters equally remote from insipidity or exaggeration, while a gentle humour pervades the whole. We would recommend "The Long Engagement," as a happy specimen of her manner.

THY MAIDEN NAME.

Thy Maiden Name — oh! how that word recalls
  Thoughts of glad meetings and of happy faces;
I see thee bounding in thy father's halls,
  Once more arrayed in girlhood's blooming graces:
Loose float thy nut-brown locks, thy step is light,
  Thy harp is ever tuned to songs of gladness,
Kindred and friends extol thee with delight,
  And none but lovers look on thee with sadness.

Thy Maiden Name — the scene is changed, and now
  I see thee standing at the sacred altar;
Thy robes are spotless, gems are on thy brow,
  Bright are thy blushes, thy faint accents falter;
Awhile the hazel eyes with tears are dim,
  Leaving a home of kindness and protection,
But soon they smile with trusting faith on him
  Who owns the treasure of thy young affection.

Thy Maiden Name — since thou that name resigned,
  Time, which has somewhat dimmed thy sportive beauty,
Has strengthened the firm qualities of mind
  Befitting the calm sphere of matron duty;
Thy loved, thy chosen, estimates thy worth,
  Nor do thy hopes e'er dwell upon another,
Save on the children who surround thy hearth,
  Hearing sweet words of wisdom from their mother.

Thy Maiden Name — though soft its flowing sound,
  Though high and pure its stainless reputation,
I will not mourn its loss — since thou hast found
  A nobler duty, home, and designation:
Never, I feel, can England's downfall be,
  Counting such wives and mothers in her pages;
Whose lives, displayed in their posterity,
  Perchance may cast a light o'er future ages.

WHERE SHALL I DIE?

Where shall I die? — Shall Death's cold hand
Arrest my breath while dear ones stand
In silent watchful love, to shed
Their tears around my quiet bed?
Or, shall I meet my final doom
Far from my country and my home?
Lord, to Thy will I bend the knee;
Thou evermore hast cared for me.

How shall I die?—Shall Death's harsh yoke
Subdue me by a single stroke?
Or shall my fainting frame sustain
The tedious languishing of pain,
Sinking in weariness away,
Slowly and sadly, day by day?
Lord, I repose my cares on Thee;
Thou evermore hast cared for me.

When shall I die?—Shall Death's stern call
Soon come, my spirit to appal?
Or shall I live through circling years
A pilgrim in this vale of tears;
Surviving those I loved the best,
Who in the peaceful church-yard rest?
Lord! I await Thy wise decree;
Thou evermore hast cared for me.

Yet, oh, sustain me by Thy power!
Be with me in Life's parting hour:
Tell me of power and pardon won
Through the dear mercies of Thy Son;
Then should I feel resigned to go
From Life's brief joy and fleeting woe,
If I in death the Saviour see,
Who evermore hath cared for me.

AUSTIN, SARAH,

Belongs to a family of literary celebrity, the Taylors of Norwich. She is perhaps better acquainted with German literature than any living writer not a native of Germany; and is also a classical scholar, and generally accomplished. She has made several successful translations, stamped by the approval of the original writers: some fragments from Goëthe—Ranke's "History of the Popes,"—and "History of the Reformation." Her "Fragments from the German Prose Writers, illustrated with Biographical Notes," has attained considerable popularity, and gone through several editions.

B.

BRAY, MRS.,

Is a native of Devonshire. Her first husband was Charles Stothard, Esq., whom she greatly assisted in his antiquarian researches, and hence her knowledge of the arts and antiquities of her country. In 1836 she published a very amusing book, "Description of Devonshire, bordering on the Tamar and Tavy." In 1841 she produced an excellent description of her travels on the continent,—"The Mountains and Lakes of Switzerland," &c. She has besides published several novels, which are not without merit—but do not equal her graver works. "De Foix, or Sketches of Manners and Customs of the Fourteenth Century," "The Protestant," "Talba," "Trelawney of Trelawney." Her happiest literary effort is generally considered to be the "Traditions, Legends," &c. of Devonshire, in a series of letters to Southey, a book full of information and entertainment. Mrs. Bray has set an example or fashion of literature, in which ladies might excel, vastly to their own advantage as well as to the profit of society. Instead of vapid novels let us have vivid descriptions of natural scenery, and pictures of actual life.

BROOKE, CHARLOTTE,

Is a poetess of considerable reputation. Some of her poems have a sweetness of flow and delicacy of sentiment that seem made out of music, rather than for it. She seems only to have wanted some deep incitement, such as a sense of duty imparts to a woman's genius, in order to have excelled.

A LOVER'S LINES.

As the sweet blackberry's modest bloom
Fair-flowering, greets the sight;
Or strawberries, in their rich perfume,
Fragrance and bloom unite,
So this fair plant of tender youth
In outward charms can vie,
And, from within, the soul of truth,
Soft-beaming, fills her eye.

Pulse of my heart!—dear source of care,
Stol'n sighs, and love-breathed vows!
Sweeter than when, through scented air,
Gay bloom the apple-boughs!
With thee no days can winter seem,
Nor frost nor blast can chill;
Then the soft breeze, the cheering beam,
That keeps it summer still!

BULWER, LADY,

Has gained an unfortunate celebrity both from unhappy family occurrences, and from the manner in which she has used her talents to avenge her real or fancied injuries. Her maiden name was Wheeler, only daughter of a respectable widow who resided in London. Miss Wheeler is represented to have been "a pale, slender, beautiful girl;" Edward Lytton Bulwer, fresh from college, saw and loved her; they were married against the wishes of his mother. The sequel is too well known to require detail—there was "incompatibility of temper"—unhappiness—separation. It was not till after this last event that Lady Bulwer became an author; we regret to say that her pen has not improved the respect we should like to entertain for one who has suffered. She is unquestionably a woman of talents; but her genius is not always well-directed. There is, throughout her works a sort of daring, a way of writing that seems like loud talking, when you are disposed to beg for less vociferation. "Chevely," her first novel, has some good scenes and fine passages, but it is a book of which we cannot approve; its tendency is wrong, its views of life unsound; still in reading it we feel disposed to make allowance; it appears like the outpourings of a sadly grieved spirit. Her next work, "The Bubble Family" is, in a literary point of view, a better book; yet it is disfigured by a coarse, sailor-like humour, such as would amuse coming from Captain Marryatt; from the pen of a *lady* it is sadly out of keeping. "Bianca Capello" shows great acquaintance with Italian learning, yet is rather a dull book. Lady Bulwer, however, displays so much information upon this interesting portion of Italian history, that we wonder she did not choose the simple vehicle of memoirs rather than this cumbrous romance. "The Peer's Daughters" is a later novel, and displays a minute knowledge of

French history and manners, during the reign of Louis XV. The London critics have praised this work very highly. She has written other novels. With all Lady Bulwer's faults as a writer, she certainly excels the "immortal" Sir Edward in the main point—she is evidently a sincere and candid person; she is superior to cant, or to moralizing for effect.

BURY, LADY CHARLOTTE,

Was in her youth esteemed "The beauty of the Argyle family." As Lady Charlotte Campbell, she was one of the early friends of Sir Walter Scott; the notice of a beautiful young woman of the highest rank whose taste for literature enables her to appreciate genius, could not be otherwise than flattering to a young poet whose fame was yet to be established. Lady Charlotte after she became a widow was left in moderate circumstances with a family to advance: this state of things recommended her to an office in the household of the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline, where she was admitted to the close intimacy of her mistress, from whom she received every sort of kindness, including large presents in money. She seems to have but indifferently requited these benefits, by a very scandalous publication, entitled, "Diary illustrative of the times of George IV." in which, all the foibles of the unfortunate Caroline of Brunswick are held up to ridicule. This book appeared anonymously, but as it underwent a most scathing review from Lord Brougham, in which he proclaimed the author, and as Lady Charlotte never offered any denial, there can be no doubt that she is the delinquent. She has written a great number of what are termed "Fashionable novels," which have not survived their little hour. Some of them, if that may be considered an honour, have been drawn from the oblivion into which they had sunk to be republished in America, in the twenty-five cent form, to augment the immense supply of steamboat and rail-car literature. We will add the names of some thus distinguished. "A Marriage in High Life;" "The Divorce;" "Love;" "The Separation;" "Flirtation;" &c.

CALDERON DE LA BARCA, FRANCES ERSKINE,

Is by birth a native of Scotland, her father being a descendant of the Earls of Buchan, and a grandson of the celebrated Colonel Gardiner mentioned in Scott's Waverley, who fell at Preston-Pans. The wife of Colonel Gardiner was Lady Frances Erskine, daughter of the Earl of Buchan, and famous in her time both for her beauty and her correspondence with Dr. Doddridge, as well as other celebrated divines. Mr. Inglis, the father of Madame de Calderon, lost his property, when she was quite young, and in consequence removed with his family to Normandy, where they resided for several years. After her father's decease, Miss Inglis accompanied her mother and the rest of the family to America. For six years Fanny Inglis assisted in the instruction of a school, established by her mother and sister in Boston, and was considered an excellent teacher. This portion of her history is a model for young ladies, who should cheerfully assist in sustaining themselves and others dear to them whenever such necessity occurs. Fanny Inglis while in adversity showed herself worthy of estimation and esteem, and the honour she gained is all the higher, because paid to her talents and virtues when the smiles of fortune were withdrawn.

In 1838, Miss Inglis was married to his Excellency Don Calderon de la Barca, a collateral descendant, we believe, of the great dramatist, Calderon, and went to reside at Washington. In 1840, M. de Calderon being appointed to Mexico, they passed two years there, and the experiences of those years have been recorded in the book which has rendered Madame Calderon so justly celebrated. Her work entitled "Life in Mexico," was published in 1843; it is written in a spirited, graphic, and fascinating style, and it is impossible not to feel that the brilliant pictures in it are drawn from nature; by reading it we obtain an insight into the ways of tropical life, and the habits of the Mexicans of all classes, for she observes every thing. The general accuracy of her account has never been questioned, while a slight vein of romance running through her description, has infused a spirit of life and vivacity into her book, making it a most delightful as well as useful work. In 1844, M. Calderon being again named minister to the United States, the family returned to Washington, where they have since resided. During the last seven years, after three years of devoted study, Madame Calderon has become a Roman Catholic, with a thorough conviction that she has embraced the true faith.

From "Life in Mexico.'

OF THE WOMEN.

You ask me how Mexican women are educated. In answering you, I must put aside a few brilliant exceptions, and speak *en masse*, the most difficult thing in the world; for these exceptions are always rising up before me like accusing angels, and I begin to think of individuals, when I should keep to generalities. Generally speaking, then, the Mexican señoras and señoritas write, read and play a little, sew, and take care of their houses and children. When I say they *read*, I mean they know how to read; when I say they write, I do not mean they can always spell; and when I say they play, I do not assert that they have generally a knowledge of music. If we compare their education with that of the girls of the United States,—it is not a comparison but a contrast. Compare it with that of Spanish women, and we shall be less severe upon their *fainiente* descendants. In the first place the climate inclines every one to indolence, both physically and morally. One cannot pore over a book when the blue sky is constantly smiling in at the open window; then out of doors, after ten o'clock, the sun gives us due warning of

our tropical latitude, and even though the breeze is so fresh and pleasant, one has no inclination to ride or walk far. Whatever be the cause, I am convinced it is impossible to take the same exercise with the mind or with the body in this country, as in Europe or in the Northern States.—Then as to schools, there are none that can deserve the name, and no governesses. Young girls can have no emulation, for they never meet. They have no public diversion and no private amusement. There are a few good foreign masters, most of whom have come to Mexico for the purpose of making their fortune by teaching or marriage, or both, and whose object naturally, is to make the most money in the shortest possible time, that they may return home and enjoy it.—The children generally appear to have an extraordinary disposition for music and dancing, yet there are few girls who are proficients in either.

When very young they occasionally attend the schools, where boys and girls learn to read in common; or any other accomplishments that the old women can teach them; but at twelve they are already considered too old to attend to these promiscuous assemblages, and masters are got in for drawing and music, to finish their education. I asked a lady the other day, if her daughter went to school. "Good heavens!" said she, quite shocked, "she is past eleven years old!" It frequently happens that the least well-informed girls are the children of the cleverest men, who, keeping to the customs of their forefathers, are content if they confess regularly, attend church constantly, and can embroider and sing a little. Where there are more extended ideas, it is chiefly amongst families who have travelled in Europe, and have seen the different education of women in foreign countries. Of these the fathers occasionally devote a short portion of their time to the instruction of their daughters, perhaps during their leisure evening moments; but it may easily be supposed that this desultory system has little real influence on the minds of the children. I do not think there are above a half a dozen married women, or as many girls above fourteen, who, with the exception of the mass-book, read any one book through in the whole course of the year. They thus greatly simplify the system of education in the United States, where parties are frequently divided between the advocates for solid learning, and those for superficial accomplishments; and according to whom it is difficult to amalgamate the solid beef of science with the smart sauce of *les beaux arts*.

But if a Mexican girl be ignorant, she rarely shows it. They have generally the greatest possible tact; never by any chance wandering out of their depth, or betraying by a word or sign that they are not well informed on the subject under discussion. Though seldom graceful, they are never awkward, and always self-possessed. They have plenty of natural talent, and where it has been thoroughly cultivated, no women can surpass them. But they love indolence: said a beggar-woman to my English maid,—"Ah, if you only knew the pleasure of doing nothing!"

COPLEY, MRS.,

Ranks among the best living writers of juvenile books. Her "Early Friendships" is a very pleasing story, conveying a useful moral and told in a well-turned style. Another interesting book of hers is "Little Harry and Uncle Benjamin," which teaches useful lessons for boys.

COSTELLO, LOUISA STUART,

Is an industrious and agreeable writer. Her first work, "Specimens of the Early Poetry of France," showed research and taste bestowed on a subject which rarely interests any one save a native of Paris. Her next book was a pleasant one—"Summer among the Boccages and the Vines." She also wrote "A Pilgrimage to Auvergne," "The Queen Mother," and some others. But her most important work is "Memoirs of Eminent Englishwomen;" published in 1844, in four volumes, with a number of well-executed portraits. There are, in all, thirty-seven biographies given, including England's proudest names, and she has had many daughters of whom she may justly boast. Mrs. Costello evidently put her heart in this work; it is, however, purely English in its sentiments and turns of thought—that rank is greatness, and that high birth gives the high soul.

D.

DARUSMONT, FRANCES,

Better known as Miss Fanny Wright, was left an orphan at the age of nine years, with a younger sister, the two being heirs to a considerable property. They were placed under the guardianship of a man who was an accomplished adept in the philosophy of the French Encyclopædists. Her parents had been strict Presbyterians, and, apparently, she was brought up in that faith; yet the poison of the French philosophical ideas was instilled with zeal into her young and eager soul, that should have been moulded by a pious mother's wise care; for, with warm feelings and a mind of strong powers, Fanny Wright had an enthusiasm of nature which *would* have its way. If such women are trained rightly, what noble beings they become!

When Miss Wright came of age, she found that the Old World was a hard field for her philanthropic plans. She had been taught by her infidel friend, and honestly believed, that religion, or the priest, rather, was the greatest obstacle in the way of human happiness and social improvement. She therefore came to the New World to see another phase of society. Her travels and observations at that time extended through three years, from 1818 to 1820; and her work, "Views on Society and Manners in America," evinced a hopeful mind, enlarged and liberal political views, with no expressed hostility to the Christian religion, which she found here not in state establishments,

but in the hearts of the people. Her second work, "A Few Days in Athens," published in 1822, is dedicated to Jeremy Bentham. In this she endeavours to prove the truth and utility of the Epicurean doctrine — that pleasure is the highest aim of human life. It is written with vigour, and the classic beauty of its style won much praise; but its tendency is earthward.

Miss Wright returned to America about 1825, and settled at Nashoba, Tennesee, with the avowed intention of cultivating the minds of some negroes whom she emancipated, and thus proving the equality of races. Her philanthrophy was doomed to disappointment. She finally abandoned her plan; came to the eastern cities and began a course of lectures, setting forth her particular views of liberty. She was followed and flattered by many men in New York, particularly; who formed "Fanny Wright Societies," with notions of "reform" similar to the present communists of France. Rarely did an American woman join her standard, and so Miss Wright could find no true friend; for between the sexes there can be no real bond of generous sympathy without Christian sentiment hallows the intercourse. Miss Wright left America for France, where she had before resided. Here she married M. Darusmont; a man who professed her own philosophy; the result has not been happy for her. They separated some years ago; she returned with their only child, a daughter, to America, where she owns landed property. Her husband is endeavouring to wrest this from her, and the matter is now undergoing examination in the law courts of the West. Meantime, Madame Darusmont has recommenced her philanthropic labours on behalf of the coloured race. In justice to her, it must be said that she is not like the fanatics who would destroy the Union to carry out an abstract principle of human rights— she seeks to prove the slave may be made worthy of freedom, and she does this at her own care and cost. There is no doubt that she has sought to do good, and it is a sorrowful thought that such a mind should have been so misdirected in its forming-time. We have been told by a lady who lately conversed with Madame Darusmont, that she ascribes her errors of opinion (there is no substantial charge against her purity of conduct) to the misfortune of her early training; that she has freed herself from many of these errors, and we hope she will yet be redeemed from the heavy servitude of infidelity, and find that true liberty and happiness which the Gospel only can give the human soul.

DUFFERIN, LADY,

Is the grand-daughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and a sister of the Hon. Mrs. Norton. She was educated with much care by an accomplished mother, and, like her more celebrated sister, displayed great precocity of talent; writing in rhyme as soon as she was able to write at all. She married the Hon. Capt. Price Blackwood, who died soon after he had succeeded to the title of Dufferin and Claneboy. Lady Dufferin has not published much; she is principally known through her songs and ballads, which, both for comic humour and pathos, are among the best in our language. "The Irish Emigrant's Lament," written by her, will compare favourably with any lyric in the English tongue. Indeed, for its simple, touching pathos, it is almost unequalled. We have only to regret that she has written so little. Her poems have never been collected.

E.

EGERTON, LADY FRANCES,

Accompanied her husband on a journey, which gave occasion to his "Mediterranean Sketches," and from her pen "Journal of a Tour in the Holy Land." The Quarterly Review says of this work, "Lady F. Egerton's little volume, taken all in all, well justifies the respect with which we have always heard her name mentioned. Although she travelled with all the comfort and protection which station and wealth could secure to her, and the smooth ways of pilgrimage now permit, yet that one indispensable qualification which the Christian reader demands in all who presume to approach the altar-place of our faith, the absence of which no array of learning and no brilliancy of talent can supply — namely, the genuine *pilgrim's heart* — that we find in Lady F. Egerton's unpretending journal, more than in any other modern expedition to the Holy Land we know." The sweetest praise Lady Egerton could receive for her literary genius, would be poor to the compliment her husband has paid her at the close of his work; the offices he awards to her of "Guide, companion, monitress and friend," are significant of the true womanly virtues of her heart, and of the entire sympathy of their intellectual pursuits. Fortunate is the woman thus wedded.

F.

FAWCETT, HELEN,

The most popular English tragic actress now living. Her genius for the histrionic art is said, by good judges, to be remarkable; but the palmy age of the theatre has passed; pageants and buffoonery bear sway where Mrs. Siddons reigned the Queen of the dramatic world; and Miss Fawcett must divide the laurel with some French danseuse, or English clown.

FULLERTON, LADY GEORGIANA,

Is a novelist of extraordinary power; we scarcely know a fiction of the last ten years that so completely takes hold of the reader as "Ellen Middleton." The main incident is a most extraordinary one, and being introduced into the very beginning of the book, produces a situation that would have completely overthrown an ordinary writer; this author however maintains the interest without a pause. The work is made too long by the introduction of many useless characters and

incidents;—but this defect may easily be forgiven, where there is so much to engage the attention. "Grantley Manor," the next publication of Lady Georgiana, has been much admired; we consider it very inferior to "Ellen Middleton."

G.

GASKILL, MRS.,

By birth Miss Stromkin, is the wife of a Unitarian clergyman at Manchester, where she resides. Her two largest works are "Mary Barton, a Tale of Manchester Life," and "Morland Cottage,"—which are written with power, and evince an earnest desire to alleviate the condition of the suffering lower classes of her own country, together with the ability to develop her thoughts in a narrative at once interesting and pathetic. Her characters are life-like and well sustained, and her language and descriptions of natural scenery are particularly fine. She promises to become a very popular authoress, judging by what she has already done. The Edinburgh Review thus compliments the author; "The literary merit of 'Mary Barton' is in some respects of a very high order. Its interest is intense: often painfully so; indeed, it is here, we think, that the charm of the book and the triumph of the author will chiefly be found. Its pictures and reflections are, however, also full of those touches of nature which 'make the whole world kin:' and its dialogues are managed with a degree of ease and naturalness rarely attained even by the most experienced writers of fiction." Yet the reviewer objects to the tendency of Mrs. Gaskill's work, because it exaggerates the picture of sufferings among the poor. We fancy those who endure the sad lot of factory life in England, will not think her statements are sufficiently darkened.

OUT OF EMPLOY.

"There were homes over which Carson's fire (his mill had been burnt down) threw a deep, terrible gloom; the homes of those who would fain work, and no man gave unto them; the homes of those to whom leisure was a curse. There the family music was hungry wails, when week after week passed by, and there was no work to be had, and consequently no wages to pay for the bread the children cried aloud for in their young impatience of suffering. Many a penny that would have gone little way enough in oatmeal or potatoes, bought opium to still the hungry little ones, and make them forget their uneasiness in heavy troubled sleep. The evil and the good of our nature came out strongly then. There were desperate fathers; there were bitter-tongued mothers (O God! what wonder!); there were reckless children; the very closest bonds of nature were snapt in that time of trial and distress. There was faith such as the rich can never imagine upon earth; there was "love strong as death," and self-denial among rude, coarse men, akin to that of Sir Philip Sydney's most glorious deed. The vices of the poor sometimes astound us *here:* but when the secrets of all hearts shall be made known, their virtues will astound us in far greater degree. Of this I am certain.

GRAHAM, MARIA,

Has been a frequent traveller, and has recorded her experience in a pleasant and useful manner. Her first work, "Journal of a Residence in India," was published in 1819. Her next was "Voyage to Brazil, and residence there during nearly three years," published in 1820. Then followed "Journal of a Residence in Chili during the year 1822;" and a "Voyage from Chili to Brazil;"—these are her principal works.

GRAY, JANE S.,

Is daughter of William Lewers, Esq., of Castle Clarney, in the north of Ireland. When very young she went to America, and was married to the Rev. John Gray, D. D., and since that event has resided at Easton, Pennsylvania, where her husband is pastor of one of the Presbyterian Churches. Her poems are the natural effusions of an imaginative and refined mind, inclined by a love for harmony to mould her thoughts to rhyme. They are stamped by a true womanly spirit of piety and household affection, and please both for the sentiment and the simple and graceful manner in which it is expressed.

GRIFFITH, MRS.,

In conjunction with her husband, Major George Darby Griffith, has produced a capital book of travels, called "A Journey across the desert from Ceylon to Marseilles." This very extended field has afforded scope to many sketches of scenery and circumstances new to the Western World. The style is attractive, and we are equally pleased with the lively descriptive powers of the lady—and the graphic illustrations of the gentleman.

GROSVENOR, LADY,

Now Marchioness of Westminster, has written one very clever work, "Narrative of a Yacht Voyage;" two volumes, published in London, 1842. An English critic says of this: "It is simply, a sensible, healthy, and well-written work, utterly free from all affectations, and especially from that which apes humility, and betraying the woman of rank chiefly in the total absence of all attempt to display it. None indeed can open these volumes without feeling that they are conversing with a high-bred, independent-spirited woman—too proud to condescend to be vain—who, having read well, and thought well, and been surrounded from infancy with society of the highest intellect, and objects of the finest art, becomes instructive without any pretension to teach, and interesting, though giving only the simple narrative of her every-day life." What enhances the interest, is that Lady Grosvenor appears to have written this work for her own daughters; the mother is often paramount to the author. Her duties are her pleasures; she makes no parade of sentiment; all is natural and therefore agreeable.

GUEST, LADY CHARLOTTE,

Was born in Wales, and has done much to elucidate its language and literature. She has translated, from "The Mabinogion," an ancient Welsh work, four tales into English, adding many valuable notes, which show much antiquarian lore and just philosophy. She has been a contributor to the Cambrian Quarterly; and her researches and translations have been highly commended. Another lady, Anna Gurney, of Norfolk, niece, we believe, of Mrs. Fry, has also given much time to these antiquarian pursuits. Through the unwearied efforts of these two women, much of the early history of their country has been sought out, set in order, and thus will be preserved.

H.

HODSON, MARGARET,

By birth Miss Holford, is very favourably known as a poetess. Her chief work, entitled, "Margaret of Anjou," is a poem in ten cantos, in which the story of this unfortunate Queen is eloquently and graphically told. She has also written "Wallace, or the Flight of Falkirk," and some miscellaneous verses. Her poetical writings display a strong, romantic, vigorous genius, lofty and daring in its flight, and essentially firm and healthy in its constitution. Like Miss Baillie, she finds that simplicity is the truest strength; and she never exhibits the slightest leaning towards the rhapsodical or the sentimental. Her stories are skilfully conducted, and like a thread of gold is the vivid interest which runs through them from the first to the last.

MARGARET OF ANJOU.

Now who is she, whose awful mien,
Whose dauntless step's firm dignity,
Whose high arch'd brow, sedate, serene,
Whose eye, unbending, strong and keen,
The solemn presence hint of conscious majesty?
* * * * *
But she is calm:—a peace profound
On the unruffled surface rests;
Yet is that breast in iron bound,
And fill'd with rude and sullen guests.
No female weakness harbour'd there,
Relentings soft, nor shrinking fear,
Within its centre deep abide:
The stern resolve, the purpose dire,
And grim revenge's quenchless fire,
The intrepid thought, cold, thawless pride,
And fortitude in torture tried,—
These are its gentlest inmates now,
Tho' lawless love, they say, once heard its secret vow.

MATERNAL LOVE.

In Margaret's fierce and stormy breast
A thousand warring passions strove;
Yet now, unbid, a stranger-guest
Dispersed and silenced all the rest—
Thy voice, Maternal Love!
Ambition, Hatred, Vengeance wild,
Hot Ire, and frozen Pride were flown,
While gazing on her lifeless child,
On Heaven she cried, in frenzied tone,
"Oh, save my gallant boy! oh, Edward! oh, my son!"

HOUSTON, MRS.

Daughter of Mr. Jesse, an author of some celebrity, is a lively, fluent writer who has produced two books to enlighten the world by her travelling observations; the first is called, "Texas and the Gulf of Mexico," being an account of a yacht voyage she made to Texas with her husband in 1843; her last work, "Hesperos," describes a journey through the United States. This lady is not sufficiently particular in her sources of information; inferior authorities are always accessible to the ordinary traveller, and Mrs. Houston is as well satisfied with the lazy gossip of a low-bred rustic she meets in a steamboat, as if she had conversed with Washington Irving. This credulity has led her into the error natural to such a frame of mind, of depicting as general and national customs which prevail only partially, and in inferior society. Her works want accuracy and judgment. Such writings pass away like ephemera: even the faults are hardly worth comment; yet sometimes the statements and opinions of Mrs. Houston are so obviously incongruous that we are amazed she should have committed such a blunder as to record them.

A STEAMBOAT COMPANY.

There were some very fair faces and graceful figures in that motley crew. Some New York families had been picked up at their villas at Poughkeepsie, and other places on the river, and were returning to the city for "the season." Many of these were distingué and unexceptionable in dress, manners, and appearance; ladies, of whose ladyhood it would be impossible to doubt. But let them do anything but speak, anything but drawl forth their words, and scream out their surprise, and say, "What," "Ay," and "Ha, aw," in a lengthened tone, of which it would be impossible to convey an adequate idea. This is a great pity; for the American ladies are often agreeable, and almost always well read; indeed, I have every reason to think that they are superior to us in general knowledge and erudition, as they are in acuteness of observation. All these good gifts are, however, marred by a want of softness of manner, and by a deficiency of those "good gifts which grace a gentle*woman*." The "guessing" and "expecting" are also by no means confined to the gentlemen; and the frequent use of those favourite verbs would, in my opinion, spoil the charm of any conversation.

HUGHS, MARY,

Formerly Robson, was born in Newcastle upon Tyne. She married Mr. Thomas Hughs, a native of Dundee in Scotland. Within the year after their marriage, 1818, they emigrated to America, and almost immediately on their arrival Mrs. Hughs with the active and efficient assistance of her husband, and under the patronage of the well-known philanthropist John Vaughan, Esq., commenced a school for young ladies in Philadelphia, and it is believed few undertakings ever rose more rapidly into popularity, as many of the mothers

of the present generation, in the most distinguished families in the city, can testify. After having continued their establishment in the same house in which it was commenced, for twenty-one years, Mr. and Mrs. Hughs purchased a farm in the neighbourhood of Doylestown, Bucks County, to which they retired. Before leaving England Mrs. Hughs had written a number of juvenile books of much merit—"Aunt Mary's Tales;" "Ornaments Discovered;" "Stories for Children;" "Metamorphosis;" and "The Alchemist." On reaching the United States, Mrs. Hughs was most agreeably surprised and gratified to find that her books had been republished here, and were very popular. These works were her letters of introduction, and thus her success in her school was secured. Mrs. Hughs has contributed to several American periodicals, and written "Emma Mortimer;" "The two Schools;" "Julia Ormond," "Buds and Blossoms;" and "The Ivy Wreath;"—books which have done more good than the novels of the Bell family; and when moral goodness shall have its right estimate, such pioneers in the path of Christian education will be honoured above those, no matter how gifted, whose talents have been used to subvert truth, or to corrupt imagination.

K.

KAVANAGH, JULIA,

Is the author of a work, "Women in France," illustrative of French heroines. It has enjoyed a merited popularity, as it contains much information in little compass. It is, however, not free from inaccuracies, which could scarcely be avoided, in so comprehensive and rapid a plan. We will note one, on the subject of Madame de Genlis, whom she represents to have used her musical abilities, when a girl, as a passport to great assemblies, and to have received remuneration for her efforts. This was a rumour invented when most of Madame de Genlis' contemporaries were removed from the gay world, but we have the unquestionable authority of Madame de Crequi, to refute such gossip. Madame de Genlis belonged by birth and alliance to the ancient nobility of France: her talents for music, and recitation no doubt made her more welcome in circles where her social position brought her, and the only recompense she received was the applause of gratified vanity. Miss Kavanagh has written a novel, called "Natalie," which has been favourably received. In the following she gives a graphic portraiture of woman's natural piety.

THE "GODDESS OF REASON."

The French women always shrank with horror from these impious saturnalia. It was only by threats that Chaumette could induce Mademoiselle Maillard, the actress, to take the part of Goddess of Reason in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. Momoro compelled his handsome wife to receive the same degrading honours in Saint-Sulpice, where she is said to have fainted away with shame. A young girl of sixteen died with grief and horror at the impieties in which she had been compelled to participate. It is not without reason that the church has bestowed upon woman the name of "the devout sex." There is a faith in her soul over which reasoning, or the specious sophistry too often called such, has no power. She believes, because it is in her nature to look up to higher things than this world can give, and she neither asks nor needs any proof, beyond that in her own heart, to tell her that God and Providence are not idle human inventions. This moral and religious influence of woman considerably checked the progress of atheism and materialism in France. No inquisition and no laws could prevent religious mothers from rearing up their children in the faith of God, and the contempt of man's authority.

L.

LAMBERT, MISS,

"THE Handbook of Needlework" has made this lady's name familiar to the learned and the unlearned; with many it is the only book they peruse, and to it they return again and again with ever-new interest. Garrick was said by Dr. Johnson to contribute to the gayety of nations; Miss Lambert may be truly eulogised as adding to the pleasure of nations, and filling up the blanks in many a droning existence, animating the stupid to interest, and rousing the indolent to exertion. Pedantry may strive to undervalue her labours, but her readers are more numerous from the palace to the cottage than those of the most admired poetess or novelist. Her book has penetrated into regions where Mrs. Norton is unknown, and even time-honoured Miss Edgeworth ignored; not only in the drawing-rooms of London and Washington, but in the wild settlements of Oregon, (we speak it advisedly) and in the burning cities of Hindoostan, "The Handbook of Needlework" is a favourite volume.

LONDONDERRY, MARCHIONESS OF,

BY birth Harriet Vane, has written an elaborate description of her travels and adventures, entitled, "Visit to the Courts of Vienna, Constantinople," &c., published in 1844. It is fortunate for literature that ladies of rank take an interest and a share in its productions.

LOUDON, MISS,

Is the wife of the well-known agriculturist and gardener, J. C. Loudon.—She is an ingenious and industrious writer;—participating in her husband's tastes and pursuits, and improving by his counsel, she has published several useful little works for amateur florists, "The Ladies' Flower-garden;" "Practical Instruction in Gardening, for Ladies;" "The Young Naturalist's Journey;" and in another volume she has aimed at still more extensive utility. "Philanthropic Economy, or the Philosophy of Happiness."

LOWE, MISS,

Is daughter of the Dean of Essex. In 1840, she published a volume entitled "Poems, chiefly Dramatic," in which she displays unusual powers of lofty and harmonious versification; it is evident that her studies and the bent of her mind have both led her to drink deep from the rugged but ever fresh and invigorating fountain of the ancient classics. Her style somewhat resembles Milton's. Here is an extract from her "Cephalus and Procris," which sings in strophe and antistrophe like an ancient tragic chorus.

HOUR OF NIGHT DEPARTING.

Soft pacing down the western sky,
Sad-suited night in silence goes;
Her dragons slow, with sleepless eye,
She guideth to repose.
And following still the noiseless wain,
I must not loiter from her train;
Nor ever gaze on light's gay throng,
Nor join my sisters' dance and song,
When glows the orient main.
Her cypress veil, far-floating spread,
In darkness shrouds my drooping head,
And solemn is our gliding tread
Towards Erebus' domain.

LYNN, ELIZA,

Was born in Keswick, Cumberland County, where she now resides. Miss Lynn has written several works of great merit; "Ayeth;" and "A Romance of the days of Pericles," are considered the best. "Ayeth" contains some wonderful descriptive touches, as the following will show; the scene is laid without the walls of Thebes, near the celebrated statue of Memnon.

SUNRISE NEAR THEBES.

Mute lay the world. A sleep and a quiet like that of death was spread over all, and the still shape of repose brooded over the universe. Even the very airs were asleep around the trees and dreaming with the flowers; and the grass blades did not stir, nor the buds pour out their incense.

One faint line of glory in the east, quivering along the horizon like a thread of gold; the stars clustered near, paling away, and the dark-hued mist heaping up a gorgeous throne of purple;—one faint line, widening and growing brighter—stealing over the mountain crests like a radiant messenger from the sky—touching the high branches of the trees,—descending the temple's lofty pillars—glowing on the obelisks—circling the head of the statue with a crown of silver light—beaming on the eye, resting on the lip; and a voice of music, at first as soft as the whispering of young birds in the noontide, then deepening into a wild thrilling of spirit's melody poured out from the statue. And it spread round and about its living waves, full it grew, a sea, a very flood of harmony;—a hymn of praise—the articulate thanksgiving of dumb nature—the kindling into life and worship, by the light of Love, the very stones of the ground.

M.

MARKHAM, MRS.,

As her cognomen is placed on the title-page of many books, though some assert it is fictitious. This writer has, however, laboured with much success for the improvement of the young. Three generations have had the benefit of her little "Histories of France," and of "England," where the leading facts are produced divested of philosophic comments so dry and useless to children. Her other works are judiciously prepared, and all have been successful. Many editions have been published in the United States.

MEREDITH, LOUISA A.,

Whose maiden name was Twamley, is an accomplished artist with her pencil, as well as an agreeable and well informed writer. Her first publications were in the fashion of very elegant gift books;—"Our Wild Flowers;" and "The Romance of Nature," and illustrated by exquisite flowers copied from drawings after nature by the authoress. The literary matter is full of information, where science, free from pedantry, instructs in every page. After her marriage in 1844, she accompanied her husband to Australia, and the journey gave rise to "Notes and Sketches of New South Wales;" a book which cannot fail to please every intelligent reader, though its day of novelty is over—and though the country it treats of is totally without any associations of interest except to the speculator or professed philanthropist. To the genuine lover of nature "no spot is waste"—and our authoress furnishes both pleasure and improvement, by her sprightly sallies, and accurate observations of natural phenomena. Her prose has almost made her poetry forgotten; here is one flower:

THE BLUE-BELL.

Have ye ever heard, in the twilight dim,
A low, soft strain,
That ye fancied a distant vesper hymn,
Borne o'er the plain
By the zephyrs that rise on perfumed wing,
When the sun's last glances are glimmering?

Have ye heard that music with cadence sweet,
And merry peal,
Ring out, like the echoes of fairy feet,
O'er flowers that steal?
And did ye deem that each trembling tone
Was the distant vesper-chime alone?

The source of that whispering strain I'll tell;
For I've listened oft
To the music faint of the blue hare-bell,
In the gloaming soft;
'Tis the gay fairy-folk the peal who ring
At even-time for their banqueting.

And gaily the trembling bells peal out
With gentle tongue,
While elves and fairies career about
'Mid dance and song.
Oh! roses and lilies are fair to see;
But the wild blue-bell is the flower for me.

MÉTEYARD, ELIZA,

Better known by her signature of "Silverpen," writes chiefly for the London periodicals. She is a favoured contributor to Eliza Cook's Journal, and has written for some of the American Magazines. Miss Méteyard is of the progressive school, but has none of the gloom or misanthrophy which those whose wishes to do good outrun their power, often display. She is cheerful, and strives to improve the habits and minds of the poor, as an effective means of bettering their physical condition. This is a department of benevolence too often overlooked; and one which the tender and refined soul of woman is best qualified to advance. Miss Méteyard has the true sense of the beautiful in nature and art, and feels it may bless the poor as well as the rich. She deserves much praise for her efforts in the cause of reform.

MORLEY, COUNTESS OF,

Is author of several novels, which have attained considerable popularity both in England and America. Among these, the best, perhaps are "Dacre;" "The Divorced;" and "Family Records;" the first is considered very good.

P.

PLANCHÈ, MATILDA,

Is the youngest daughter of J. R. Planchè, the English dramatic author. She resides at present near London. Five of her little works have been republished in America, entitled "A trap to catch a Sunbeam;" "Old Joliffe;" "The Sequel to Old Joliffe;" "A Merry Christmas;" and "Lucy's Half Crown." That these simple little tales have been popular, is fully shown by the fact that more than twelve thousand of them have been circulated in this country alone. The aim of the author is evidently an exalted one; to show the beautiful light which goodness sheds on the soul, to exhibit the power of a cheerful spirit to sustain and invigorate the mind, and to prove how much good may be done by a loving and earnest heart, amid the common ways, and with the limited means of the poorest among us; yet the moral is not obtruded, and the narrative is natural and interesting. Miss Planchè is one of the most promising among the youthful authors of England.

POOLE, MRS.,

Is a sister of the celebrated "*Egyptian Lane.*" She has written an unaffected little book, as an humble auxiliary to the profound lucubrations of her brother. She has no learning, and affects none, but she gives an unvarnished account of the domestic life of the modern Egyptians, which is agreeable, as all *true* and *new* knowledge ever must be. Her descriptions of the climate, phenomena of the Nile, and kindred topics, are undoubtedly accurate, but comprehend nothing more than has often been given by others. We cannot take leave of the work without noticing what is to us its most serious defect — we mean the new orthography — which shocks all our early and fond associations. "A rose may smell as sweet by any other name;" but no caleefeh or darweeshe can ever work the spell that fascinates in our old Caliph Haroun or the dervish we have marvelled at in childhood. And it is insufferable to see our chivalric hero of the crusades, Cœur de Léon's Saladin, nicknamed Salah-ed-Deen.

POSSONBY, CATHARINE,

Has written chiefly for the Magazines and Annuals. Her poetry exhibits tenderness of feeling, and the religious sentiment which always elevates the fancy. She has also written several prose works — "The Countess D'Auvergne; or, Sufferings of the Protestants in the Sixteenth Century," is a work of literary merit, and interesting in its displays of Christian heroism.

POSTANS, MRS.,

Is author of "Cutch, or Random Sketches taken during a Residence in one of the Northern provinces of Western India." She resided many years in the province of Cutch, and her work is considered one of the most faithful pictures of Life in India, giving a minute account of the feudal government and customs, the religious sects and superstitions of the people. The aristocratic distinctions of caste are rigidly preserved, and the chiefs are haughty, debauched, and cruel.

SACRIFICE OF A HINDOO WIDOW.

News of the widow's intentions having spread, a great concourse of people of both sexes, the women clad in their gala costumes, assembled round the pyre. In a short time after their arrival the fated victim appeared, accompanied by the Brahmins, her relatives, and the body of the deceased. The spectators showered chaplets of mogree on her head, and greeted her appearance with laudatory exclamations at her constancy and virtue. The women especially pressed forward to touch her garments — an act which is considered meritorious, and highly desirable for absolution and protection from the 'evil eye.'

The widow was a remarkably handsome woman, apparently about thirty, and most superbly attired. Her manner was marked by great apathy to all around her, and by a complete indifference to the preparations which for the first time met her eye. From this circumstance an impression was given that she might be under the influence of opium; and in conformity with the declared intention of the European officers present to interfere should any coercive measures be adopted by the Brahmins or relatives, two medical officers were requested to give their opinion on the subject. They both agreed that she was quite free from any influence calculated to induce torpor or intoxication.

Captain Burnes then addressed the woman, desiring to know whether the act she was about to perform were voluntary or enforced, and

assuring her that, should she entertain the slightest reluctance to the fulfilment of her vow, he, on the part of the British government, would guarantee the protection of her life and property. Her answer was calm, heroic, and constant to her purpose: 'I die of my own free will; give me back my husband, and I will consent to live; if I die not with him, the souls of seven husbands will condemn me!' * * *

Ere the renewal of the horrid ceremonies of death were permitted, again the voice of mercy, of expostulation, and even of entreaty, was heard; but the trial was vain, and the cool and collected manner with which the woman still declared her determination unalterable, chilled and startled the most courageous. Physical pangs evidently excited no fears in her; her singular creed, the customs of her country, and her sense of conjugal duty, excluded from her mind the natural emotions of personal dread; and never did martyr to a true cause go to the stake with more constancy and firmness, than did this delicate and gentle woman prepare to become the victim of a deliberate sacrifice to the demoniacal tenets of her heathen creed.

R.

RIGBY, MISS,

Has not contributed as *much* to our current literature as many other English authoresses — but the few volumes for which the world is indebted to her, place her in the very first class among writers of tales and travels. It chanced that the elder sister of this lady married an Esthonian baron, who has established his residence on his family estates; — she was induced to visit this expatriated relative, and hence we obtained "Letters from the Baltic," published in 1841. This work at once made its way with the public and the reviewers. Solid information and novelty of description conveyed in the most graceful style, brightened by wit, animated by the enthusiasm of an artistic taste, such are the attractive qualities of "Letters from the Baltic." We know of no other book that gives so clear, so true, and so detailed an account of life in the Russian Empire. "Russia, the country where the learned man wastes his time, the patriot breaks his heart, and the rogue prospers," such is her concluding observation on quitting St. Petersburg. In 1846 appeared "Livonian Tales;" they are three in number, and all well written.

S.

SALE, LADY,

Wife of Sir Robert Sale, has distinguished herself greatly for the noble courage with which she bore the dangers and sufferings incident to the terrible war in Afghanistan, the generous assistance she rendered others, and the calm good sense and unshaken faithfulness which characterize her record of the siege of Cabul and the retreat and destruction of the British army. Her work was published in 1843 — "A Journal of the Disasters in Afghanistan." The book must be read to form a correct idea of Lady Sale's character, and of the heroic fidelity to duty which lives in the soul of a woman. Sir Robert Peel said, when addressing Parliament on the subject of that war, "We are now acknowledging military services; but I never should excuse myself, if, in mentioning the name of Sir Robert Sale, I did not record my admiration of the character of a woman who has shed lustre on her sex — Lady Sale, his wife."

SANDFORD, MRS.,

Wife of the Rev. John Sandford, wrote a little work much commended on its appearance — "Woman in her Social and Domestic Character." This was reprinted in Boston in 1832. At that time few works on the subject of woman's duties and influence had appeared since Mrs. More and the Rev. Mr. Bennet wrote their stiff treatises. Mrs. Sandford keeps religion constantly in view, and thus inculcates *moral goodness* as the cardinal quality of worth for the sex. So far, her work is excellent; but she falls into the grave error which every English writer has done in making *reason and physical power superior to moral goodness.* She constantly describes woman as *inferior* to man. While such is the tone of British writers their works will do little for the cause of Christianity. That the Saviour's precepts are more generally and perfectly obeyed by women than by men, no person will question; if to be a Christian and do good is the highest glory of humanity, above physical strength, which is held in common with animals, above mental power, which, without this moral goodness, is used in the service of devils, then woman's nature is the superior; and those who teach otherwise are really promoting the kingdom of darkness — the reign of licentiousness and infidelity.

SEWELL, ELIZABETH M.,

Is sister of the Rev. William Sewell, A. M., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Oxford, and well known as the author of "Hawkstone," and as the editor of her works. Miss Sewell's first publication was anonymous — "Stories on the Lord's Prayer," about 1843. The next, "Amy Herbert," established her reputation as a graceful and useful writer, both in England and America. It was followed, at intervals, by "Gertrude," "Margaret Percival," in two volumes, "Laneton Parsonage," and "The Earl's Daughter;" besides, she united with her brother, the Professor, and the Rev. W. Adams, in bringing out a volume called "The Sketches," consisting of stories, of which she wrote "Walter Lorimer." She is also author of a little volume entitled "Is it a Dream?" All her works have been republished in the United States and widely circulated. Pious sentiment is the predominating characteristic of the writings of this amiable lady. Belonging to

what is styled the High Church, she delineates with much effect the educational power of religion. Her parents, persons of great worth and respectability, are deceased, and she resides with other members of her family at Seagrove Cottage, in the Isle of Wight.

SHARPE, LOUISA,

Is an Englishwoman by birth, and celebrated for her talents as an artist. She can create as well as imitate, and in her original paintings there is a high tone of moral as well as poetical feeling. Her works are exquisitely graceful and feminine, and she evinces real genius. Her sister, Eliza Sharpe, shows an almost equal talent as an artist, and her paintings are much in the same style. There is also another sister who has given evidences of genius in the same art. One of the sisters has married a German gentleman — Mr. Seyfarth, of Dresden.

SINCLAIR, CATHARINE,

Daughter of Sir John Sinclair, the celebrated agricultural writer, was born in Edinburgh. She is the author of many elegant and ingenious books, and has a great deal of vivacity, a good understanding, and a well-cultivated mind. Her observations upon character are acute, and her delineations of society happily executed. Superior to her other merits is the guiding principle of religion and high-toned morality that pervades all she has written. The following are her principal works: "Hill and Valley, or Wales and the Welch," 1839, "Shetland and the Shetlanders, or the Northern Circuit," "Scotland and the Scotch, or the Western Circuit," "Modern Society, or the March of Intellect; a Tale," "Modern Accomplishments," 1838, "Modern Flirtations, or a Month at Harrowgate," 1841, "Scotch Courtiers and the Court," dedicated to the Poet Laureate, 1842, "Holiday House; — Tales for Children," "Lord and Lady Harcourt," 1850, and "Jane Bouverie," 1851.

In one of Sir John Sinclair's works he alludes to the influence which his sister's writings had had on their father — making him a convert to the religion of the Bible; very different from nominal Christianity. No higher praise could be given to her genius and her piety.

TEMPEST, MISS,

Of the Grange, near Ackworth, sister to Sir Charles Tempest, Bart., of Broughton Hall, in the county of York, has been appointed overseer of the poor for the parish of Ackworth, together with John Hagues, cow-leech, also of the parish of Ackworth. The appointment was made at Wentbridge on the 26th ultimo, and is endorsed by "two of her majesty's justices of the peace."

Such is the announcement in the Gloucester (Eng.) Chronicle of 1849. Truly, we see no reason why ladies should not hold such appointments in every country; they have leisure to attend to the duty of visiting the poor, which is a most important part of the relief needed.

T.

TULHAME, MRS.,

An Englishwoman, who has made experiments by a chemical process to mix gold, silver, platina, lead, arsenic, and other metals with the texture of silks, in a manner to change these into real gold and silver ore stuffs. She wrote an "Essay on Combustion," with the view of a new art of dyeing and painting, wherein the phlogistic and antiphlogistic hypotheses are proved erroneous. As yet, her ideas have not been realized in the manufactories of England; from which, however, the inference is not to be drawn, that in future an improvement could not be made to give rise to a new branch of industry and luxury founded on her invention.

V.

VESTRIS, MADAME,

The grand-daughter of Bartolozzi, the celebrated engraver, was born in London, January, 1797. She was carefully educated, and with no view to the stage; but her marriage with Armand Vestris, the dancer, in 1813, induced her to appear on the boards of the theatre, where she met with the greatest success. Her fine voice enabled her to undertake the most difficult operatic parts, in which she always succeeded. She excelled principally in comedy. Her character is by no means irreproachable.

W.

WALDIE, MISS,

Has written an interesting work — "Rome in the Nineteenth Century."

Y.

YOUNG, CHARLOTTE,

Has lately published a volume — The World's Complaint, and other Poems" — which has been favourably received by the British critics. One of these remarks that "Miss Young displays poetical powers of the highest order, and seems destined to take a very distinguished place among the poetesses of the present generation."

EVENING.

How like a tender mother,
With loving thoughts beguiled,
Fond Nature seems to lull to rest
Each faint and weary child!
Drawing the curtain tenderly,
Affectionate and mild.

Hark! to the gentle lullaby
That through the trees is creeping —
Those sleepy trees, that nod their heads
Ere the moon as yet comes peeping,
Like a tender nurse, to see if all
Her little ones are sleeping.

One little fluttering bird,
Like a child in a dream of pain,
Has chirp'd and started up,
Then nestled down again.
Oh! a child and a bird, as they sink to rest,
Are as like as any twain.

FRENCH.

A.

AYGARD, MARIE,

Is distinguished as the contributor of very agreeable tales to the periodicals; she has also published one novel of considerable merit, entitled "Mademoiselle Clairval."

Modern French novels bear a reproach, which, as far as male writers are concerned, they fully deserve, of revolting coarseness and of ambiguous morality. In justice to French women, it must be observed, that from the first of these charges they are entirely free,—and from the last most generally. They never throw aside, as their brother authors do, conscience as an inconvenient weight. They cannot always be acquitted of absurdity in metaphysics, but their aims tend to what is right. These observations are not meant to be applied to those ladies who, taking upon themselves the name and garb of men, have approximated their views and delineations to the male standard of propriety.

B.

BASTIDE, JENNY,

Now Madame C. Bodin, has been a very industrious writer. We have before us a list of a dozen different works from her pen. Among these are "L'Abbé Maurice;" "Anaïs;" "Caliste;" "Jeanne;" "Reveries dans les Montagnes;" "Savinie;" "Scènes de la vie Anglaise;" "Sévérine;" and "Stenia."

BAWR, MADAME,

Is one of the progressives; a writer for the people. Her tales are not incentives to the demoralizing practice of communism; she rather teaches patience and hope, than present change and tumult. Among her works the following are considered the best — "La fille d'honneur;" "Flavy;" "Robertine;" and "Sabine."

C.

CHALLIE, MADAME DE,

Is distinguished among the living authoresses of France, not only for devoting herself to the highest regions of moral and political philosophy, but for having succeeded in producing a work which is admitted by enlightened judges to be classed among the most distinguished writings of the day. We allude to the book called "ESSAI SUR LA LIBERTE, L'EGALITE, ET LA FRATERNITE." which was published in Paris, July, 1850. The title, it must be confessed, is rather appalling; associated as it is with so much that is absurd, and so much that is horrible; but we can encourage the reader to pass over this scare-crow, and he will find the utmost interest, and the most instructive views, from the clear good sense and enlightened intellect that has dictated the essay. Madame de Challié shows these three principles originally implanted by God in the bosom of man, afterwards obscured and corrupted by the vices of Paganism, at last purified and restored in the human life of Christ, and from that time exercising an ever-increasing influence. At this moment, when every month produces a sterile revolution, when patent theories for communities to exist independent of religion, self-denial, activity, and all elevating sentiments, are every day propounded, we hail with respect a book which pleads in every page with convincing reasoning the cause of true liberty, sound morality, and individual activity, fortified and regulated by the Christian spirit. The author deserves particular commendation. Hitherto English women have claimed the dignity of ethical and scientific treatises, while the French women of the present day, however witty and intelligent, have distinguished themselves in the comparative trifling department of the novelist. Madame de Challié has opened the way to a more thoughtful and a more important field of literature, where we trust she will be followed by some of her ingenious compatriotes. We translate the following from the French reviewers of the Essay:

"When we learn that this book, consecrated to the explanation of the highest metaphysical and moral truths, is the work of a very young woman, who gives to such studies the short time that she spares from a life modestly devoted to domestic duties, we feel encouraged as to the state of society, some of whose phases appear so unsound. There are yet many strong and pure minds, who, in the obscurity of the fireside, maintain in the bosom of families the feeling and the love of rectitude; and counterbalance in this way, the disorderly passions which walk abroad. *Man*, with all his pretensions to moral energy, is often weak — his heart is drawn different ways by contrary impulses — and his understanding swayed by a thousand uncertainties. Woman asks strength and enlightenment from God; she finds in her faith a perspicacity and firmness that all the science in the world cannot give. In every age, in every crisis of our history, Christian women have exercised a powerful influence on French society; this influence they will still exercise — it is even by them that the materialism which threatens us will be overcome — we will see realized the words of St. Paul, "Quench not the Spirit."

CRAON, PRINCESS DE,

Is author of several novels and tales that have been popular with a certain class — the exclusives of Parisian readers. The most popular of her works are "Le Siége d'Orleans;" "Une Soirée en Famille;" and "Thomas Morus."

CUBIÈRE, MADAME DE,

Is a novelist of some talent. She has written the following; "Emerick de Mauroger;" "Léonore de Bizan;" and "Monsieur de Goldau."

F.

FOA, EUGENIA,

Is a writer of works for children, and much esteemed for her services in the cause of education. No branch of literature is more appropriate to female genius than this, apparently humble, but in effect most important art of preparing suitable reading for juvenile minds. Madame Foa's works are sound in morals and agreeable in style.

R.

ROBERT, CLEMENCE,

Is a Parisian and one of the most popular contributors to public amusement among the writers of the Roman Feuilleton. Her stories are for the most part interesting; — generally they are based upon some historical event. "Vincent de Paule" is one of the best, in which the evangelical piety of that father of the fatherless is beautifully described. It would be useless and impossible to give a catalogue of all the productions of so fertile a pen, but we will mention some of the most noted of her tales — "Louise de Lorraine;" "Anne de Mantoue;" "Le Capitaine Mandrin;" "Le Cardinal Wolsey;" "Jeanne de Castille." The style of this lady is clear and expressive; her sentiments are always delicate and refined. There is in the minds of many, a brand of impropriety upon French novels — this, with one or two notorious exceptions, is just only when applied to the writings of FrenchMEN — the romances of the lady authors are almost universally free from any taint of indelicacy, and their morality is based upon the truths of religion.

S.

SOR, CHARLOTTE DE,

Is a writer of romances and tales for the annuals. Her best works are said to be "Le Berger Roi;" "Le duc di Bassano;" "Napoleon en Belgique;" "La plus heureuse femme du monde;" and "Souvenirs de duc de Vincenze."

V

VALMORE, MADAME DESBORDES,

Is a writer of good talents. She has been particularly successful in poetry of a plaintive style. Some of these tender little effusions are true offsprings of genius. She has also written several tales which have won favourable notice.

VALDOR OR WALDOR, MELANIE,

DERIVED from her father a learned bibliopolist, an early taste for books. Breathing naturally the atmosphere of a literary society, she has grown up under intellectual influences, and has secured a very respectable place among the Parisian women of letters. Her tales have had considerable popularity; some of the best are "Alphonse and Juliette;" "Pages de la Vie Interieure;" "La Rue aux Ours;" and "Auguste."

Various names may be added to the foregoing list:—Mesdames ARAGON; D'AYZAC; DE BRADY; DUPRIN; D'HAUTPOUL; SAINT-OUEN; SEGALAS; SOUMET; SENANCOURT; ULLIAC-TREMADEURE; and VOIART: these are all named in M. de Vericour's "Modern French Literature," as living female writers of some note. None of their works have reached America, nor have we been able to learn sufficient respecting the books or their authors to warrant any particular account of either.

We might also give the names of several Socialist women distinguished for their eloquence in the clubs during the years 1848–9. Such meetings being now suppressed, these women have no way of publicly displaying their talents, as the journals are not free. So far as we have seen the speeches of these female politicians reported, they invariably appeal to religious sentiment, to the example and precepts of Jesus; yet, probably, few have ever read the Bible, or know its real requirements. In this ignorance is the source of those troubled fountains which overwhelm every system of French policy. The mothers of France do not understand the need of *truth* "in the inner parts" — the conscience. The Bible has been withheld from them; the dogmas of the church or the teachings of the priest are substituted instead of the idea of responsibility to the Lord of heaven and earth. His revealed Word — which Rome acknowledges to be true — has never been allowed to circulate in France; not one family in a thousand have a copy in their homes. Therefore the *moral sense* of woman is darkened, and she lends her aid to promote evil, believing it to be good. Men have established the law of force to regulate society, and that of wisdom is banished from the land. Nearly half a million of Frenchmen are soldiers, taken from those employments which they ought to follow and support the females of each household; instead of which the women are left to do "man's work." Is it strange then that they begin to claim also his rights?

"The great misfortune of the villages (he might have added of the whole country) is the degradation of the women through labours which belong to men," says Aimè Martin. Nothing will ever raise the moral condition of France till she restores woman to her own employments, provides for female education, and gives the Bible to her people.

GERMAN.

B.

BACHERDEHT, THERESE VON,

Has written "Letters from the South"—(Theresen's Briefe dem Süden)—and a novel entitled "Lydia;" her works are not of any particular interest except to the friends of the author.

D.

DUERINGSFELD, IDA VON,

Has published a novel, "Antonio Foscarini," said to be entertaining and to give a good picture of Venetian life in the fifteenth century.

E.

EGLOFFSTEIN, JULIE, COUNTESS VON,

A distinguished German artist, was for many years *demoiselle* d'honneur to the Grand Duchess Luise Weimar. Her vocation for painting was early displayed, but combated and discouraged as derogatory to her station. A journey to Italy undertaken on account of her health, fixed her destiny for life; yet in her peculiar circumstances it required real strength of mind to take the step she has; but a less decided course could not well have emancipated her from trammels, the force of which can hardly be estimated out of Germany. There is nothing mannered or conventional in her style, and she possesses the rare gift of original and creative genius.

"When I have looked at the Countess Julie in her painting room," says Mrs. Jameson, "surrounded by her drawings, models, and casts—all the powers of her exuberant enthusiastic mind flowing free in their natural direction, I have felt at once pleasure, and admiration, and respect. It should seem that the energy of spirit and real magnanimity of mind which could trample over social prejudices, not the less strong because manifestly absurd, united to genius and perseverance, may, if life be granted, safely draw upon futurity both for success and for fame."

F.

FRANTZ, AGNES,

Has written many romances, poems and saga, which have given her considerable distinction among the female writers of her own country.

FREILIGRATH, IDA,

Wife of the celebrated poet, is said to possess high literary talent. She has assisted her husband in his translations from the English poets, and has written original articles, prose and poetry, of much merit.

FROHBERG, REGINA, VON SALOMON,

Is a writer of romances and tales innumerable. Some of her juvenile stories are much esteemed.

FREYBERG, BARONESS VON,

By birth Electrina Stuntz, is one of the most celebrated female artists in Germany. She resides near Munich, but no longer paints professionally; yet though she is the careful mother of a large family, she still finds some moments to devote to her art. It is as a portrait painter that she acquired her high reputation, and in that branch of the art she is almost unequalled. She excels in children; and while she equals Angelica Kauffman in grace and delicacy, she far surpasses her in power both of drawing and colouring.

G.

GERSDORF, WILHELMINE VON,

Is a very voluminous novelist; her writings are of the spirituelle cast, and though comprising over thirty volumes, are sufficiently varied in scenes and characters to secure popularity and encourage her unflagging industry.

H.

HOHENHAUSEN, HENRIETTA VON,

Daughter of Baron von Hohenhausen and his wife Philippine Amalie whose sketch is given at page 355, was carefully educated, and has displayed similar tastes with her mother. Henriette is author of several novels, and has written poems which have been commended by German critics.

HUILE, HENRIETTE, VON HOFFMEIER,

Is a writer of romances and poems. Her works are not much known.

HÜLSHOF, ANETTE VON DROSTE,

Is a poetess of much repute. She resides in Münster, where her poems have given her a warm place in the hearts of all who appreciate pure and beautiful thoughts framed for the lyre.

L.

LYSER, CAROLINE,

Is an improvisatrice and poetess of considerable celebrity.

LOQUEYSSIE, MADAME DE,

A German artist residing in Dresden, has acquired great celebrity in her profession. She is an excellent copyist. In particular she counterfeits rather than copies Correggio's Magdalene so beautifully that she is paid one hundred guineas for each copy. In this department of art, women are fitted to excel.

M.

MAREZOLL, LOUISE,

Has written some interesting works; the best, perhaps, is a "History of the Swiss Revolution," which has been noticed with commendations by the German critics. She was also for several years editor of a periodical — "The Women's Journal," which met with much success.

N.

NEUMANN, MADAME,

Is author of a number of novels and legends. She writes under the cognomen of Sartori.

P.

PFEIFER, CHARLOTTE BIRCH-,

Is noted as an actress and play-writer. She entered upon the stage in Munich in the year 1821, and was immediately received with great enthusiasm. She afterwards abandoned the stage to devote herself to the preparing of plays. Her best efforts are "The Fair of Frankford in the year 1297;" "Hinks and the Freedman."

S.

SIDLAR, LUISE,

An artist of Germany, is a native of Weimar. She has attained considerable celebrity in her profession.

STENGEL, FRANZISKA VON,

Resides at Manheim. She has written many historical romances, and gained considerable reputation for learning, as well as talent.

T.

TWIERLEIN, ADERKEID VON,

A German poetess, (her maiden name was Stolterforth,) was born at Eisenach, September 12th, 1800. She was made a royal Bavarian Canoness in a convent on the Rhine, and became afterwards the wife of the privy councillor, Baron von Twierlein. She resides at present at Geissenheim, in the Rheingau. The characteristics of her poetic writings are tender and lowly feelings and great thoughtfulness, combined with a very elegant diction. Among the best of her productions we may count "Stolzenfels," (Castle Proudrock,) and the epic, "Alfred, King of the Anglo-Saxons."

W.

WINKEL, MADEMOISELLE DE,

A native of Dresden, in Prussia, has distinguished herself by her talent for painting. She particularly excels as a copyist.

Other names might be given as deserving, perhaps, as some we have recorded; but there is, as yet, little in the development of female genius in Germany that merits much attention except in a comparative view. The time of woman's best influence has not yet come for the people of that "many-sided" empire. Mrs. Jameson very truly observes that "The Germans assign to no female writer the same rank which in England we proudly give to Joanna Baillie and Mrs. Hemans. I could hear of none who had ever exercised any thing like the *moral influence* possessed by Maria Edgworth and Harriet Martineau in their respective departments, nor could I learn that any German woman had yet given public proof that the most feminine qualities were reconcilable with the highest scientific attainments, like Mrs. Marcet and Mrs. Somerville."

ITALIAN

B.

BANDELLINI, TERESA CORELLA OLYMPIA,

Is remarkable as an improvisatrice. Teresa began her career as a dancer, but the superiority of her powers improving soon threw that accomplishment into the shade.

BELGIOSO, PRINCESS,

Is a very remarkable woman, celebrated for her beauty and wit, but more distinguished for the part she took in the late attempt at revolution in Italy. Raising a troop of two hundred men at her own expense, she actually led them herself, against the Austrians, and is allowed to have shown both skill and bravery which would have done honour to an experienced soldier. We have the utmost repugnance to see women, whose mission is "to serve and save," mingling personally in the horrors of war; we consider her then as entirely passing out of her proper sphere of duty; but we cannot help noting that wherever she has assumed the military function she has manifested no lack of mental ability for the direction of the undertaking. Probably this is owing to the fact that a woman never goes into the battle but from the feeling of duty — her country, or some dear one, is to be served; her intuitive *moral sense* gives her the power which men must gain by study and practice.

Madame Belgioso is now occupied with literature. She contributes to some of the leading journals of Paris and New York, and her articles stand comparison with those of any of her *collaborateurs*. She has been a judicious patron of the arts, and her conversational talents are very much admired.

The Sultan of Turkey has lately granted to this lady some tracts of land on the Gulf of Nicomedia for herself and the Italian emigrants attached to her fortunes.

BROCCHI, GABARDI MANTICA,

Of Treviso, is the only daughter of Count Gio Brocchi, formerly Judge in the Venetian Republic. Her father spared no pains in her education; he was himself her first instructor, and afterwards he obtained the assistance of some of the most eminent *literateurs* of Italy to improve her in various studies. She had a natural genius for poetry which was cultivated by every mode of training and encouragement. Besides attaining various modern languages, she became a proficient in moral philosophy, logic, geometry, and the belles lettres. After her marriage with Major Gabardi di Carpi, the cares of a numerous family withdrew her from exercising her talents except for the benefit of her children. She still delights a small circle of friends with her graceful improvisations, and carefully pursues every study which she deems of utility for the instruction of her beloved offspring. She has translated into verse one canto of Chateaubriand's "Martyrs," and has written various poems.

C.

CARACCIOLO, MARIA RAFFAELLA,

Resides in Naples. She had the misfortune to lose her mother while she was in the age of infancy. Her father, however, laboured conscientiously to give her an excellent education. She was admitted to the "*Arcadia*" under the name of Leucippe Citeria. She has received honourable notice for her literary productions — and is not less worthy of praise for the admirable fulfilment of all her domestic duties. Her works are, "Translation of some of Fenelon's writings;" "Translation from the English of some classic authors," preceded by an affectionate dedication to her father.

F.

FIORINI, ELIZABETTA,

Of Terracina, has cultivated elegant literature with success — is an excellent linguist, and well versed in science. Her special tastes are for Mineralogy and Botany. In the last, she has contributed some well-written tracts, remarkable for clearness and beauty of arrangement.

I.

IVREA, MANZOLI DEL MONTE, GIOVANNA,

Was born in Genoa. She received the rudiments of her education at the convent of Benedictine nuns in Genoa, and was afterwards placed at the monastery of St. Andrew in the same city, where her studies were pursued on a more extended base. After her marriage with count Manzoli del Monte, she resided in Modena, and indulged in the desire of improvement, for which she was furnished with opportunities. She was instructed in Natural Philosophy by Father Pompilio Pozzetti, a man of great erudition, who directed her in the study of the classics, as well as in every science. Her own inclinations led her almost exclusively to experimental science — but to gratify the earnest wish of her husband, she devoted part of her time to imaginative works, and these met with distinguished success. She was invited to be a member of "The Arcadia," at Rome, of the Academy of the *Indefessi* at Alexandria, and that of *Arts, Letters, and Science* at Modena.

She has written "La Tarquinia, a vision in verse," "A collection of Sonnets," "A collection of Epigrams, and several Odes.

M.

MILESI, BIANCA,

Of Milan, has been very carefully educated by judicious parents. Possessing a mind capable of the highest cultivation, every thing which instructors can effect has been done to render her thoroughly accomplished. Not satisfied with a proficiency in the lighter intellectual acquirements, the most profound studies have received her patient and indefatigable attention. As her abilities and her laborious course of study were well known, her first appearance in the Republic of Letters was greeted with an applause that her subsequent works have fully justified. She is a respectable artist, having studied painting at Rome, and developed a genius for that art, which would have rendered her remarkable even without her scientific honours.

MONTI, PERTICARI COSTANZA,

Of Ferrara, is daughter of the great Vincenzo Monti; she has an hereditary claim to genius. The *sons* of great men are proverbially deficient, whether from the impartiality of nature, who will not confine her gifts to one family, or because the great man is too much occupied with the cares of greatness to fulfil the important though minute offices of a parent. Whatever may be the case in general, Monti devoted himself to the education of this his only and beloved child, and he was fully rewarded by the result. Costanza diligently pursued the studies he directed; she became an excellent Greek and Latin scholar, as well as mistress of the modern tongues of Europe. Perfectly versed in general literature, she added skill in music and painting to her accomplishments. It was her fortune to become the wife of that illustrious man whose death Italy still deplores. Her marriage did not abate her ardour for intellectual pursuits; she persevered in her course of study, and wrote poems that met with unanimous applause. She returned in her widowhood to her father's house, where, entirely devoted to study, she lives in seclusion. So much solid information joined to the graces of a poetical imagination, render the name of Constanza Monti worthy to accompany that of her immortal father in the annals of literature.

MOSCHENI, COSTANZA,

Of Lucca. This lady is endowed with great activity of mind. She has written much, and published a translated poem, and an original one in octave rhyme, which are highly praised.

V

VERONESE, ANGELA,

Of Treviso. Under the Arcadian name of Aglaia Anassilide, she began at an early age to produce the aspirations of her muse. The Abé Bernardi, and the Abé Viviani were so struck by the talent of these little effusions, that they offered the young authoress valuable criticisms and instructions. So rapid was her improvement, that she received praise and encouragement from the celebrated Cesarotti. Her style is elegant, and beauty of thought, embellished by a fine imagination, is seen in all her poems.

VERZA, CURTONI-GUASTAVEZA SILVIA,

Is a Venetian. This erudite and excellent lady was happily formed by nature — of an amiable disposition, and wisely balanced character, adapted to fulfil every duty. Educated in a Benedictine convent, her first wish was to continue among the sisters who had guided her childhood. An acquaintance with her future husband banished these thoughts of seclusion — and a happy marriage brought a brief felicity to her life. She lost the object of her affections, and her days have since been passed in widowhood. This affliction has perhaps given the tender flow which distinguishes her "Elegys;" poems that breathe the very soul of sorrow. She has written poetic epistles to her nephew, and some agreeably sketched portraits of friends in lively prose.

Her works are comprehended in several volumes published at Verona.

Z.

ZANARDI-BOTTIONI, SPECIOSA,

Was born at Fontanellato in the Parmesan territory, a place where there was nothing to awaken a thirst for knowledge, a place where emulation could not exist, and where the loudest blasts of Fame's trumpet are never heard. Genius, however, is not the slave of place or circumstance. Speciosa was accustomed from a child to aid her father, a petty apothecary, in the work of his shop; as the drugs passed through her hands, her thoughtful mind observed the chemical effects, which led to experiments, examination, reading. She chanced to become known to a lawyer of Parma, Signor Bottioni — a correspondence ensued, in which she displayed the utmost natural eloquence and grace. She afterwards became his wife, and went with him to live in Parma, where there is no want of learned men or libraries. Her first care was to select the best masters, and, after acquiring a knowledge of Italian literature, she would not be satisfied without studying the Latin and Greek authors in their original languages.

She has published several prose and poetical works, and some dramas, among which may be cited "Madame de Maintenon," which is formed on a well-managed plot — and developed by naturally sustained characters.

We might easily add to this list, as the Italians are proud of their literary women, and give celebrity on very slight grounds. We have before us sketches of over five hundred female scholars and writers, more than sixty of whom were living a few years since. But as no new ideas are allowed in a country governed by bigotry and brute force, there is little of variety or of interest in the writings of these amiable ladies. Poems borrowed in their form and spirit from the antique, trite translations upon moral subjects, and reproductions of obsolete ideas in science, make up the staple of the female literature of Italy. Still, that women do study, and are encouraged to write, are facts full of the promise of future good to the people of that lovely land.

POLISH.

Poland only lives as a country in the hearts of its people; a separate head for its female writers may seem unneccessary; but its literature is now its life, and while that continues patriotic and pure, there is hope in the future. The most important portion of literature for the Poles is now that which appeals to moral sentiment and diffuses the love of the true and the good. The most important books are those prepared for the young. In this department women are the best writers, and it is cheering to find there are many daughters of Poland doing whatever they can in the field of letters. Among these are the Princess Lucy Giobroye, Princess Rosalie Lubomirska, Countess Ostrowska; Mesdames Malecka, Tyzenhaus, and Widulunska; and Mademoiselle Korzeniowska.

There is one other lady whose productions we have seen more particularly praised. Her name is Tanska, Clementina, — born near Warsaw, in the year 1800. She has written a number of tales, founded on historical events, connected with Poland, which have given her works great popularity. She has also written poetry that is commended by her countrymen. There are themes of thrilling interest for a Polish bard — but these could not be whispered loudly except by one who was weary of life. Alas, for poor Poland!

RUSSIAN

B.

BUNINA, ANNA,

KNOWN in the literary world as the translator of Blair's Sermons into Russian. This was good service to the cause of religion as well as learning. Madame Banina is said to excel in the languages.

D.

DUROFF, MADEMOISELLE,

PUBLISHED, in 1837, her own "Memoirs," in two volumes. The work was printed at St. Petersburg, and attracted considerable attention. The authoress entered, in 1806, by the name of Alexandroff, into the Russian military service, and distinguished herself in the campaigns by her intrepidity. When her sex was discovered, the Emperor Alexander granted her an audience, and conferred on her the cross of St. George. Her memoirs are said to be interesting.

J.

JARZOFF, MADEMOISELLE,

OBTAINED in 1837, the prize offered by the Imperial Academy of Sciences at Petersburg, for "Useful Reading for Children." Her books for the young are much praised

K.

KULMAN, MADEMOISELLE,

Is a writer of popular tales, chiefly for the journals. There are now a number of public journals at St. Petersburg, devoted to literature and education which afford facilities to the exercise of female talent.

R.

ROSTOPCHIN, COUNTESS,

Is esteemed highly in her own country as a graceful poetess. A collection of her poems was published at St. Petersburg in 1843; of this work a British critic observes,—"The Countess Rostopchin has given proof of very superior talent in this volume. Though none of the pieces are of very great length, and manifest no power therefore in regard to sustained effort, they display imagination, feeling, and originality of thought. Some of the writer's earlier productions might have been omitted without any injury to the collection."

S.

SHAKOVOA, ELIZABETH,

BORN about 1785, is a poetess of note in her own language.

So little is known of Russian literature out of Russia, that we can only give the names of those women we find recorded with distinguished praise by their own countrymen. Among these are some of high rank;—Princesses GALITZIN, OUROUSOFF, and VALKONSKY; the Countess GOLOVKIN; Mesdames BOUNIN, BELAGA and POUTSCHOFF; and MINNA VON MAEDLAR.

SPANISH.

G.

GEORGE, ANITA,

WAS born in Cuba, where she has chiefly resided. Her parents were Spanish, but she, from her childhood, was taught to speak and write English. In 1848, she came to the United States and passed some time in Boston, where she completed a work she had previously commenced; viz.: "Annals of the Queens of Spain, from the period of the Conquest of the Goths down to the reign of her present Majesty, Isabella II., with the Remarkable Events that occurred during their reigns, and Anecdotes of their Courts." The work was published in 1850 in two volumes. As this is the only work, of which we find any account, written by a Spanish woman, since the time of St. Theresa, who died in 1582, it deserves special attention. Three hundred years have passed over the world since the holy Carmelite nun wrote the "History of her Life;" during these centuries, while so much has been done for mental improvement by the women of Protestant Anglo-Saxondom and enlightened France, not a ray of intelligence has beamed for the land crushed in its development of soul by the Inquisition. The usurped power of the Romish priesthood over the human mind operates more deleteriously on the female, than on the male intellect. Woman, having that instinctive *moral sense* which seeks always the true and the good, in order to teach her children rightly, must be kept in total ignorance, not only of God's holy Word, but of the history of the past, of science, and of philosophy, in order to allow the priests' dogmas to have their full influence. They take the work of education out of the hands of mothers: wherever this is done, moral darkness must prevail and intellectual power lose its influence to improve humanity. The work of Mrs. George would never have been written, had she not been taught to speak and write in the language which allows liberty of thought and expression. Her book shows historical research and a minute knowledge of the ancient régime of Spain.

SWEDISH.

B.

BERGER, MADAME,

Who was Countess of Cronhjelm by birth, has acquired some celebrity as a novelist and poetess during the present century. Her tale in verse, entitled, "Capriciosa," is considered one of her best works.

K.

KNORRING, BARONESS,

Is a novelist of some note. Mrs. Mary Howitt, who translated one of her works "The Peasant and his Landlord," says "The Baroness Knorring stands (in her own country) side by side with the author of 'Home,' and 'The Neighbours.'" These excellent ladies, Miss Bremer and the Baroness Knorring, are doing much for the improvement in morals as well as literary taste of the Swedish people. The last named writer takes an earnest part in the Temperance cause. "The Peasant and his Landlord" is a story in point, affording "one more of the many demonstrations which we every day meet with, of the highest and purest natures being driven from their proper course, and oppressed and perverted by the worst. It affords, also, a grand lesson on the subject of Temperance; and proves that though one false step often leads to ruin, which is retrievable only by death, yet that uprightness and virtue, through suffering and through death, work out their own salvation."

N.

NYBERG, MADAME,

Is a poetess, (living a few years since) who has usually written under the name of Euphrosyne. Her poems were favourably received in her own country.

HUNGARIAN.

We have left till the last, and out of its order, this country, because wishing to draw to its noble-hearted women particular attention.

Hungary with the world in general, has, during a long time, merged its identity in the great Germanic Empire; its history, its literature, its fame, have been considered as only a part of Germany's celebrity. The late patriotic struggles of this ancient kingdom have, however, restored its national claims, and we are now ready to become interested in the annals of Hungary; in its heroes and its heroines. Some of the most important of the last have found their places in parts of this "Record." Maria Theresa and Appolonia Jagiello have been duly commemorated; we now advert to a few whom, in the meagre and confused pages of Hungarian history, have given indications of force of character.

Since the year 1392, when Maria daughter of Louis the great received the crown in her own right, it has frequently encircled the brow of a woman, and, considering the rudeness of the peasantry, the intolerance of the nobles, and the low tone of political morality that prevailed in those countries, the queens appear to have worn the purple to as much advantage as the kings. In the very early story of the kingdom we must note that Christianity was introduced there by a woman.

In the tenth century, Sarolta, wife of the then sovereign, Geiza, became a convert to Christianity at Constantinople. She persuaded her husband to adopt her creed, to form churches and invite Christian priests to settle in his domain. Her good influence extended still farther: she educated her son, Stephen, afterwards canonized, who succeeded his father. St. Stephen, as he was called, was the greatest man of his era. He devoted his life to two objects — the introduction of Christianity into Hungary, and the establishing a monarchy that should protect the liberties of the people. He considered the Christian religion the promoter of civil freedom. His farther history is foreign to our design, yet we must remark that St. Stephen and St. Louis, two of the most conscientious and worthy kings that can be found, were sons of pious, able, and influential mothers.

Hungarian women seem always to have been characterized by courage and magnanimity. The action of Maria Theresa in appealing to her people, holding her son in her arms, has been very much admired. In 1132, a Queen Helena, wife of King Bela II., appealing to the Diet of Arad on behalf of her husband, overpowered and mutilated by a rival, led her two sons by the hand and pleaded for her husband, whose eyes had been put out. Her eloquence prevailed, and what, in that barbarous age was considered meritorious, her husband's wrongs were cruelly avenged.

Another Queen Maria, in the fifteenth century, finding the king sinking into subserviency to the nobles, infused into him the spirit of resistance to the demands of the Diet. On one occasion, she feared not to seize a pen, and, drawing a line through a resolution which authorized a committee to infringe the royal prerogative, wrote on the margin "Unus Rex — unus princeps," and returned the document to the Diet.

In 1683, we find Princess Helena Zringi defending a fortress for two years with all the conduct of an experienced captain. When, at length, she surrendered to the troops of Leopold and he shut her up in a nunnery, she escaped, fled in disguise and joined her husband, then a prisoner in Turkey.

The heroines of our day have shown that, with more enlightened purposes, they are not behind the old dames of Hungary in daring and courage. Many more peculiarly feminine traits — conjugal devotion, unpretending patriotism, unshaken fortitude in duty, and disinterested generosity, abound among the victims of 1849.

BENEFACTRESSES*

A.

ARGYLL, DUCHESS OF,

FORMERLY Lady Villiers, one of the noblest of Scotland's peeresses, is lending her aid to ameliorate suffering and to reform the erring. She has recently originated in Scotland a system of visitation of prisons by members of societies formed for the purpose, and the most gratifying success has attended their benevolent exertions. The first Visiting Society was established at Inverary; and, though the Duchess had at first considerable difficulties to overcome, the happy results which followed the visitations encouraged her to persevere until the efficacy of the system recommended itself to the public; and similar societies have now been set in operation in most of the towns of the North.

These efforts to lift up the fallen and succour the miserable are greatly to be commended; but there is a higher benevolence — that of assisting to instruct the ignorant and keep the innocent from temptation. The Duke of Argyll, who is head of the Campbell family, has lately been delivering lectures in Glasgow on popular reading; thus, both husband and wife are engaged in furthering the revolution of ideas which places reformation as the aim of law and knowledge, as the guarantee of order. We record the brave deed of the Duke — for brave it is to hazard the exclusiveness of rank by demonstrations favourable to popular education — because it gives pleasing evidence that he sympathizes in the earnest benevolence of his wife, the Duchess of Argyll.

One great change must come in the Old World before that manner of popular education which does good, and not evil, is accomplished. The women must be fitted for educators and placed at the head of the greater portion of schools for the young. God has given to the female sex *moral sense* in the superior degree; as He has given to the male sex *mechanical talent*. This *moral sense* is what is needed in the work of rightly comprehending and moulding the young soul; as mechanical talent is requisite to discover the properties and fashion the forms of matter. Scotland has led the way in freeing religion from the trammels of the state; what glory it would be if she would lead the way in the work of popular education!

* We place under this head a few names, of the living, chiefly, who are in different ways working for the cause of humanity. That such exertions of talent are of higher worth than any which mere *literary genius* can attain to, is unquestionable. By bringing a group of these "angels of mercy in the female form" together, we show what might be, what will be accomplished, when woman, placed in her sphere, is *fully* fitted for her duties and freely permitted to do what she can. Her sphere is the educational in all its forms, if not in all its branches. Every thing man learns should have a worthy motive, every thing he does a worthy aim. To inspire his soul with the love of the good and noble is woman's province in her relations of wife, mother, sister, daughter. She is the first teacher; the best exemplar of the Christian graces and virtues; the preserver of domestic purity. Ought she not to receive every advantage of learning which can improve her natural gifts as the teacher Heaven appointed for the young?

C.

CHASE, ANN,

WHOSE maiden name was M'Clarnonde, was born in the north of Ireland. Her ancestors on both sides were from Scotland, and she is only the second generation from those born there. The first of the family who emigrated to Ireland was a clergyman — the Rev. Mr. Irvine, of Glasgow. His wife was Jean Douglas, of Edinburgh, a lineal descendant from the Douglas so well known in

Scotch history. Her father died in 1818, when Ann was only eleven years of age. The family were left in straitened circumstances, and, after many struggles to maintain their position at home, followed the tide which an overruling Providence has so long been directing westward, and found a home in America. They landed in New York in 1824, where Ann remained one year with her mother. Deprived of her guardianship and left an orphan indeed, she removed to Philadelphia, where her eldest brother had established himself in business. With that high independence and energy of character which has marked her whole course of life, she immediately took a share in her brother's business; attending personally to the in-door department, and keeping the books of the concern. In a letter detailing these changes she says; "I joined my brother in his mercantile pursuits, and was his book-keeper, with an interest in his business. I made myself well acquainted with the mercantile profession in its various branches, and found my mind benefited no less than my pecuniary circumstances. Industry and integrity of purpose are the chief handmaids of fortune. They fortify the mind for the vicissitudes of life." These sterling qualities, with a desire to be always useful, and a high regard for truth, both in word and action, have been the prominent characteristics of the life of this remarkable woman.

In 1832, Miss M'Clarnonde, with her brother, removed to New Orleans, and thence, in August,

1834, to Tampico, in Mexico. Here they became acquainted with Captain Franklin Chase, the worthy Consul of the United States at Tampico, to whom Miss M'Clarnonde was married in 1836.

For twelve years Mr. and Mrs. Chase pursued the even tenor of their way, undisturbed, to any great extent, by the numerous changes which took place in the government of Mexico. Under the protection of the American flag, their business was prosperous. A very considerable fortune crowned their industry and enterprise. Their house was the open asylum of all American strangers, where the kindness and hospitality of home awaited them, and where the sick were cared for by Mrs. Chase with maternal assiduity and skill.

But a change at length came over them and their fortunes,—a change which was destined, on the one hand, to rob them of what they had accumulated in prosecuting quietly the arts of peace, and, on the other, to make their names conspicuous in the annals of war, and to place Mrs. Chase, especially, in an enviable and heroic position as a benefactress both of America and of Mexico; the unostentatious achiever of a bloodless and expenseless victory.

It is said in the Proverbs of Solomon, that "he who ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." Surely, then, she who, *by* ruling her spirit in the exercise of a wise and prudent ingenuity accomplishes the capture of an important city without loss of blood or treasure, is entitled to a high rank among the truly great and good.

The movement of the army of observation from Corpus Christi to Point Isabel was the signal for Mexican hostilities. On the 12th of May, 1846, a decree was published by the Central Government, declaring the property of all resident Americans confiscated and devoted to the purpose of carrying on the war. This was followed immediately by another, commanding all American citizens residing near the coast to retire, within eight days, at least twenty leagues into the interior, or depart from Mexico by sea. Those who remained in Mexico would be regarded as hostages until the termination of the war.

Mr. Chase was, at this time, American Consul at Tampico. He was extensively engaged in trade on his own account, and had a large stock of goods on hand, with many debts outstanding among the Mexicans. These were all confiscated by the decree, and he compelled to abandon the place.

Mrs. Chase, availing herself of the inalienable rights of a British-born subject, determined to remain in Tampico and take care of her husband's interests. He put her in legal possession of all his property, which she was empowered to use not only for herself, but to promote the success of the Americans. Though narrowly watched, and though all communication with the enemy had been strictly forbidden as an act of treason, she contrived means to hold a correspondence with her husband, and, through him, to inform the American officers of all that was transpiring in the city. She had also a correspondent in the city of Mexico, from whom she obtained direct intelligence of the movements and plans of the government, which she also communicated.

Some weeks passed in this way. In the meantime, Mrs. Chase had drawn out a plan of the city, with the position of the troops and cannon relied on for its defence, which, with a survey of its harbour and river, she conveyed to Commodore Conner, as soon as he arrived in the vicinity, proposing that he should make an immediate assault, and assuring him that he would get easy possession of the city. Just at this moment tidings came of the capture of Monterey, increasing to the highest pitch the exasperation of the Mexicans. The spite of the mob was vented chiefly upon Mrs. Chase. Her house was attacked and robbed, and even the authorities began to consult what they should do with that "refractory woman." Her servants were taken from her, and her person surrounded with others, who would be only spies upon her conduct. This change, with a woman's sagacity, she turned to good account. Pretending to place confidence in the spies, she showed them her plans of the city, which they understood had been sent to her from the American squadron for her advisement. She told them that the city would, probably, soon be bombarded, while a force of 25,000 to 30,000 men would be landed below, to assault it in the rear, and that, when taken, it would not be strange if the whole garrison were cut to pieces. In making this communication, she enjoined the strictest secrecy, advising them only to avail themselves of the opportunity to effect their own escape.

Full of this important secret, the honest spies hastened to head-quarters, and revealed the whole matter to the captain-general. Great was the consternation of that worthy officer, to find himself in so perilous a post, and great was the consternation of the city, when the news was spread abroad. All was uproar and confusion. Despatches were immediately sent to Santa Anna, at San Luis Potosi, who gave orders that the town should be evacuated on the approach of the Americans, the artillery and munitions of war being first removed to a place of safety. The greatest activity prevailed. The country, for miles around, was scoured, to procure mules to transport the baggage. Two hundred and ninety were loaded and despatched into the interior in the course of the first night. A deputation waited upon Mrs. Chase, to learn how soon the attack might be expected. Allowing them to fear that it might be very early, they held a general council, civil and military, to decide what should be done. Many were in favour of burning the city, and leaving only a ruin for the enemy to possess. But the owners of property, seconded by the British consul, prevailed to prevent this plan from being carried into effect. Meanwhile, Mrs. Chase had sought protection from the British Consul, but it was refused, on the ground that she was the wife of the American Consul, and acting in his name, and therefore could not claim the protection of a subject of a neutral power.

Having sent a full account of all these matters to Commodore Conner, Mrs. Chase next prepared

to take advantage of the general consternation in the city, and secure a bloodless victory. She caused a tall flag-staff to be erected on her house, for the purpose of hoisting upon it the stars and stripes of her adopted country. This she did, as soon as the Mexican troops had withdrawn, and the Spitfire and the Vixen, soon after coming up the river, found the American ensign already planted over the battlements of the city. The city authorities were exceedingly irritated, on seeing this premature display of victory on the part of a mere woman, and threatened instant vengeance, if the flag were not struck. They even threatened to cut it down; but Mrs. Chase went up, and clasping it in her arms, declared they should cut her down with it.

On learning the approach of the armed vessels below, the Mexicans left Mrs. Chase and her flag unmolested, and raising a flag of truce, proceeded down the river to make their peace with the invaders. Thus, without striking a blow, the important city of Tampico fell into our hands, subdued by the wisdom and courage of a single woman.

Tampico was important in more than one sense. It is the second seaport in the Gulf, and, next to Vera Cruz, the most important key to the metropolis. A considerable quantity of stores were found there, which, of course, fell into our hands. It was absolutely necessary that we should possess the place in order to the prosecution of the plans of the army. It was there that General Scott appointed his rendezvous, and made all his preparations for the masterly attack on Vera Cruz.

Now, all these advantages were secured to us by the energy, decision, and contrivance of Mrs. Chase, without the expenditure of a single dollar, or the loss of a single life. To gain the same by the ordinary course of war would have cost a million, or more, of dollars, and many lives of the Mexicans, at least, with, probably, some loss on the side of our brave men.

The service rendered the United States by Mrs. Chase, has been highly appreciated, and gratefully acknowledged. The officers of the Army and Navy recognised it, not only by personal testimonials and commendations, but by changing the name of the principal fort at Tampico, and calling it Fort *Ann*, in honour of its real conqueror. The press, throughout the land, accorded to her the praise of a proud achievement. The ladies of New Orleans, as the representatives of the ladies of the country, testified their high sense of her worth, and the benefit of her self-sacrificing beneyolence, by presenting her a handsome service of plate.

She deserves all these testimonials, for she saved a city from the horrors of warfare. She continues to reside in Tampico where Mr. Chase is still United States Consul, while Mrs. Chase is considered a benefactress by the people of that city, whom she is endeavouring to aid in the improvements which their intercourse with Americans has taught them to value. Thus the adopted children of our great Republic, daughters as well as sons, are serving their chosen country, while their deeds do honour to the land of their birth.

COLQUOHN, JANET,

Was the youngest daughter of Sir John Sinclair of Ulster, eminent in Scotland for his enterprise and philanthropy. Her mother was Miss Maitland, who dying early left two little daughters, Hannah and Janet. The eldest was the Miss Sinclair of whom Legh Richmond wrote the memoir; she died in 1818, aged thirty-eight years, and after her death a little volume was published containing her beautiful "Letters on the Principles of Christian Faith."

Janet, the subject of our sketch, was born in 1781, carefully and religiously educated; and married at the age of nineteen to Sir James Colquohn, Baronet; she became the Lady of Rossdhu.

In 1805, the year of her removal to Rossdhu, Lady Colquohn began her diary, which she kept steadily for forty years; a signal proof of her self-discipline and energy in duty, as well as of her piety which thus found expression and expansion. She was mother of five children whom she watched over with great care; her three sons she assisted to instruct, and her daughters' education she entirely conducted.

In every department of female knowledge she was perfect: her own home was a model of order, industry, and judicious economy — these things are important, as showing that in her deeds of extraordinary benevolence, she was not neglecting those common duties which so often wholly engross the time of her sex.

Soon after her settlement at Rossdhu, she began to visit the cottagers on her husband's estate; then the neighbouring poor claimed her attention; thus she went on, administering alms, advice, sympathy, as each were needed. At a later period, when in Edinburgh, she adopted a similar course of visiting among the sick and miserable in that city, where so many are paupers.

In 1818, Lady Colquohn began to interest herself in that great cause, yet to be accomplished throughout the earth — Female Education. She

built a school-house, and established a School of Industry for girls not far from Rossdhu, and almost daily visited it and taught one class herself. With this she associated a Sunday School. She instituted in this Sunday School a new plan of instruction, where she was the only teacher; it is thus explained in her Diary:

"I have begun a new plan at our school on Sundays—a class for grown-up girls. They commit nothing to memory. But I explain the Bible and Catechism. The class is flourishing and always increasing. Several old people attend regularly, and I hope to have more. My own maids also asked leave to go; so, with the children, I have a pretty large congregation, and it needs some *nerve*. But I hope to be enabled to go on, and I hear it is much liked. May God send a blessing."

Besides all these labours, Lady Colquohn found time to write; and though of a most retiring disposition, she felt that she might do good with her talents, and a sense of duty impelled her to publish. Her first book was a tract entitled "A Narrative founded on Facts," in 1822. The following year appeared "Thoughts on the Religious Profession and Defective Practice in Scotland." Both productions were sent out anonymously, but their great success encouraged her to go on. In 1825, she sent out "Impressions of the Heart," &c. This work was widely circulated, and from its good sense and high-toned spirituality, together with its refinement of taste and delicacy of feeling every where displayed, many of her personal friends suspected the authoress. Sir James Colquohn died in 1836; and, owing to the sweet example of his wife, died a Christian. Her biographer, the Rev. James Hamilton, thus alludes to her influence over her husband; "At first proud of her beauty and her elegant manners, Sir James Colquohn learned to value his wife's gentle wisdom and unworldly goodness, till at last harmony of affection merged in harmony of faith. She saw his prejudices against evangelical religion. She scarcely hoped to remove them by conversation; but she prayed for 'oil in her lamp,' and sought to make her own light shine. Her prayers were answered; her consistency was rewarded."

A short time previous to the death of her husband, Lady Colquohn published another book, "The Kingdom of God," to which she gave her name, her father on his death-bed having enjoined her to do this.

She continued the school for girls, and her readings and expositions at her Sunday School, and visitings among the poor and afflicted. Thus in the round of steady usefulness she filled up every day. One of her duties, distributing tracts, we have not named, nor have we space to give the details of her noble charities. She was an active member of many benevolent Societies, the projector of several, and to all she gave freely of her own wealth. She was one of the examples, we might with truth say leaders, but prefer, as she would do, a term more befitting to her sex,—of the secession, and of the establishment of the Free Church in Scotland. It is doubtful if a single individual did more to prepare the religious public for this great step in human improvement and real Christianity than Lady Colquohn. Her writings had made the subject of personal religion and accountability to God, not to a hierarchy, familiar to the people. Her last appearance as an author was in 1839, in "The World's Religion, as contrasted with genuine Christianity." She died October 21st, 1846, aged sixty-five years. We will close with Mr. Hamilton's summary of her character and personal appearance.

"Tall and dignified, with an ample and intellectual forehead, and with beautiful Grecian features, lighted up by a fine complexion, an eye mildly penetrating, there was something peculiarly prepossessing in the youthful appearance of Lady Colquohn. A total absence of all affectation superadded the perfecting charm of a sweet unconsciousness. Her elevated mind and graceful manners were instinct with feminine refinement and inherent nobility; and though in later years her complexion had faded and her figure stooped, there came the more brightly forth the reassuring gentleness, the delicate consideration, and the tact in diffusing happiness, which are among the loveliest attributes of the Christian lady.

"Thus devoted and thus endowed, it was her blessedness to accomplish much for that Redeemer whom she loved so ardently and followed so affectionately. In the nearest circle of her kindred, in her own household, amongst her younger and older neighbours, to the poor of other places, to casual visitors, she was the source of incalculable benefits. Irrespective of her munificent contributions and unwearying exertions in the cause of Christian Philanthrophy, the friends of the Gospel felt a perpetual solace in her presence, and were comforted to think that in the most polished society, was exhibited such a specimen of pure and consistent piety. Her light shone to the last, and was brightest at the end, and her Father in heaven was glorified.

"On the whole I have never seen any character so blameless and harmless and without rebuke; so free from infirmities, and so adorned by virtues."

D.

DIX, DOROTHEA L.,

Was born in Massachusetts, and passed her childhood and youth in Boston, or its vicinity. She was an apt scholar, and began early to make her talents useful. Gathering around her in the home of her grandmother, an excellent and respectable lady, a select school of young girls, to whom she was less like a teacher than a loving elder sister, gaining their confidence and leading them on with her in the way of improvement, Miss Dix became known by her virtues and won her way to public esteem. At this time she cultivated her literary taste, and prepared several books; the first, published in Boston, 1829, entitled "The Garland of Flora," is proof of that genuine love of flowers and of poetry which marks

the delicately-toned mind, disciplined by reflection, as well as study. Miss Dix afterwards prepared a number of books for children, among which were "Conversations about Common Things," "Alice and Ruth," "Evening Hours," and several others. Her name was not given to any of her works, but we allude to them here to show that a refined literary taste and genius are compatible with the most active philanthropy, even when compelled to seek its objects through researches that are both painful and terrible.

The declining health of Miss Dix made a change necessary; and as, by the decease of her relative, she had been left sufficiently provided for to render her own exertions unnecessary for herself, she gave up her school in 1834 and went to Europe. In Liverpool she was confined by a long and dangerous illness, but, notwithstanding her weak condition, she gained, while abroad, much valuable information, particularly about charitable institutions. In 1837 she returned to Boston, and soon commenced visiting the Poor-House and Houses of Refuge for the unfortunate. She also became interested for the boys in the Naval Asylum. Then she went to the Prisons and Lunatic Asylums; every where seeking to ameliorate suffering and intruct the ignorant. In this course of benevolence she was encouraged by her particular friend, and, we believe, pastor, the Rev. William E. Channing, D. D., of whose two children she had at one time been the governess. For about ten years, or since 1841, Miss Dix has given her thoughts, time, and influence to ameliorate the condition of poor lunatics, and to persuade the public to furnish suitable asylums; also to improve the moral discipline of prisons and places of confinement for criminals. For this purpose she has visited every state in the Union (except, perhaps, one) this side of the Rocky Mountains; travelling, probably, a number of miles which would three times circle the globe. Every where seeking out intelligent and benevolent men, she has endeavoured to infuse into their hearts the enthusiasm that kindled her own. Visiting the poor-houses, the prisons, the places of confinement for the insane, she has learned their condition, pleaded their cause, and materially incited the exertions of individuals and legislative bodies to provide suitable asylums for this suffering class. In founding the state hospitals in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Indiana, Illinois, Louisiana, and North Carolina, her exertions were of much importance by preparing the public mind to sympathise with this peculiar charity. But Miss Dix did not stop at this point. In her enthusiasm she sees only two classes of people — the insane and the sane; the one to do, the other to be done for; so she carried her cares to Congress, and, in the sessions of 1848–9, presented a memorial asking an appropriation of five millions of acres of the public domain to endow hospitals for the indigent insane. The grant was not made, and she again appeared in Washington in 1850, renewing her application, but increasing the amount of land required to *ten millions of acres*. A favourable report was made; a bill was framed, passed the House, but was lost in the Senate for want of time.

There are two kinds of philanthropy; one has its source in the heart, the other in the conscience; the first induces pity, the second justice, or the sense of right. The last is the most difficult, but, on a large scale, the most beneficial; it is the philanthropy which should guide rulers who make and administer the laws of a free government. The benevolence of pity is for individuals who can examine into cases of distress and interest the feelings of such as are willing to bestow charities out of their own means. Public pity, invoked contrary to the principles of justice, often induces the warm-hearted, in order to accomplish present relief, to do what is wrong in itself and fraught with great calamities in the end. The philanthropy of the good Las Casas was of this kind. Pitying the woes of the red race that he saw wasting beneath a cruel servitude, he consigned the black race to the horrors of intestine wars and expatriation in addition to servitude; at the same time, by his misdirected benevolence, inflicting on the white Christian man a stain, a sin, an evil, for which no created being can, as yet, find the remedy nor foresee the result.

Rulers wishing to gain praise for philanthropy, do, at the public cost, high-sounding deeds of charity, to be known of all men. Throughout Christian Europe, the more oppressive the government, the more magnificent the charitable establishments. Not education, but alms, is the right of the people there. Many of these charities, so called, are the worst of evils. Every Foundling Hospital and Lying-in Asylum for frail mothers is a shame and a curse to the city and the nation that established it; yet doubtless much of real benevolent feeling has been lavished on such institutions. It follows that charity, to be beneficial, must be rightly directed; that good intentions are not always to be trusted, lest lavish generosity to one object interrupt or set aside the just provision for other and more important objects. Ten millions of acres of land at the public price is worth *twelve millions of dollars!* Is not this an immense amount to be given for the support of *twenty-three thousand insane persons?* That is the largest estimate for the United States. Moreover there is already provision made by public and private institutions, for the relief of this class of unfortunates in twenty-two of the thirty-one States. Would it not be well to bestow a portion of the national domain in preventing lunacy? Nearly one-fifth of the insane reduce themselves to this deplorable condition by intemperance and other vices; the result of neglected childhood and ignorance. *Two millions of children and youth in our country are now growing up without school instruction!* Ignorant foreigners with their children are thronging to our land. The parents neither know the value of education, nor are able to obtain it for their children. It must be given them; instructors must be fitted and sent among them. Twenty thousand additional female teachers are required at this moment,

in order that the moral instruction of the young in our country may keep pace with physical and mental development.

Is it not the duty of the American Government to provide for popular education, rather than to bestow gratuities on any class of people?

That no one is better fitted to plead the cause of the ignorant poor than Miss Dix, her success in her present benevolent mission proves. That she sees the need of institutions for this neglected class of the community, is apparent from her Memorials. In that presented at the Congressional session of 1850, she remarks justly—"The whole public good must be sought and advanced through those channels which most certainly contribute to the moral elevation and true dignity of a great people." Unless education is universal, how can this moral elevation and true dignity be attained? Again—"*Primarily*, then, the highest order of means for confirming the prosperity of a people, and the duration of government, must be the education of the ignorant, and restoring the health and maintaining the sick mind in its integrity." Thus she places as the *first* duty of legislators, the education of the people. Cannot these two objects be combined? At the next session of Congress, why not allow half of the twelve millions of property to be allotted for popular educational purposes? to found and endow Normal Schools, one in each State and Territory, and prepare Female Teachers, and send them through the length and breadth of our country? Already Oregon has required such teachers; and every where they are needed.

We make these suggestions in the hope that some one, Miss Dix we should prefer, would take up the cause of neglected childhood, as the surest way of curing the evils and sufferings that afflict humanity. Christ healed the lunatic; but He took young children in his arms and blessed them, and declared them to be of his kingdom. What an awful thought it is, that Christian legislators are not in earnest to save these little ones from falling under the power of the kingdom of darkness!

Miss Dix could worthily plead for these innocents. She has a peculiar gift of winning success. The secret of her power is her earnest zeal, and her untiring industry. She acquires a thorough knowledge of her subject. She draws up her papers with unequalled skill. We have before us two of her Memorials—one presented at Harrisburg, the other at Washington. They are models for the study of whoever would prepare petitions to a public body of men. So clearly does she set forth the object and arrange the arguments in favour of her plan, that the Committee to whom it is referred, *adopt her Memorial as their own Report*. The advantage this gives of success is wonderful. In framing her Memorials, she follows the manner commended by Sterne—takes single cases of suffering—paints pictures at which the heart is so moved that the understanding loses its power, and yields to the idea that no misery is so terrible as that of a raving maniac! He is a drunkard, perhaps, who has sacrificed his time, property, and health, to his sensual appetites. He has wilfully destroyed his own mind; yet he must be provided for at public expense—not merely with every necessary—but with comforts, luxuries; the means of instruction, and even *amusements*; while his broken-hearted wife, his beggared children are left to the hardest poverty, to struggle on as they may without sympathy or relief! Is it not a charity as necessary, as noble to provide the means of support, instruction, and improvement, for that hungry, ragged, but *sane* group of innocent beings, who may be preserved from temptation, and thus made useful members of society, as it is to restore consciousness to a soul so embruted in sin, that it cannot, by human agency, be recovered from its fall?

But Miss Dix only sees the insane, and those who follow her reasonings, or rather descriptions, are *almost* if not *altogether* persuaded she is right. Then she is gentle in manners and has a remarkably sweet voice; wonderful instances are told of its power, not only over the lunatic, but over the learned. She goes herself to the places where Legislators meet, and pleads with those who have the control of public matters. Thus she is engaged, in season and out of season, in *one* cause, to her the most important of all—and she succeeds. Her example is a remarkable proof of the power of disinterested zeal concentrated on one purpose.

FELLER, HENRIETTA,

A NATIVE of Lausanne, Switzerland. Her family was one of the most respectable in the place, and her education and accomplishments such as to entitle her to hold a prominent position in a society where literature and the refinements of social intercourse are greatly valued. She married M. Feller, one of the magistrates of that city, a man highly esteemed, whose independent circumstances surrounded her with all the elegancies of life.

Madame Feller had been educated in the Protestant faith, and thought herself a Christian, though she had never made personal piety a sub-

ject of much thought. Nevertheless, like most mothers, she was faithful to teach her only child, a lovely little girl, whatever of truth and goodness she knew herself, and it was through the death of this cherished child that Madame Feller was brought to view religion as a solemn and all-important duty. Her husband followed their child to the grave in a few years. His death was that of a Christian; and, in submission to the will of her Heavenly Father, Madame Feller now devoted her life to the good of others. Every creature of God's had claims upon her sympathy. Her strong and ardent mind would not be satisfied with that passive goodness, in which most of her sex who call themselves Christians, are content to pass their lives. She wanted to work in the cause of her Saviour. She felt that labourers were needed in His service, and she determined to devote herself as a missionary in His cause. In 1835 she joined at Montreal two of her friends, M. and Madame Oliveir, who had gone out to Canada to open a Missionary School. Here she commenced her labours among a people who are described as "a degraded race, wanting the common necessaries of life, without instruction, ignorant of the Bible and of the love of God to man, living in the most stupid indifference and insensibility, and dying with scarcely a hope or thought of eternal life."

Among these people Madame Feller took up her residence, earnest in the desire to do them good, and undeterred by the doubts and dislike of those who in their blind ignorance distrusted the hand which succoured them.

Partly on account of ill health, but chiefly from the opposition he met with, M. Oliveir and his wife were compelled to leave Montreal soon after Madame Feller joined them. But she remained, strong in the hope of doing good.

On leaving Switzerland, Madame Feller provided, as she supposed, sufficient funds to support herself for life in America. She had intended all her missionary labours should be at her own expense. She brought her money with her, and placed it in the hands of a gentleman of Montreal, who was considered honest and safe. But he failed in business, and so completely was he ruined that she could not recover one dollar of her deposit. To add to her distress, she was prevented getting up a school in Montreal by the prejudices of those who had persecuted M. Oliveir; and after struggling in vain against the tide, she was compelled to take refuge at St. Johns. Here too she met with opposers, and as she had no funds, could do nothing. She had written to her friends in Switzerland of her destitute condition, but before help arrived, she was reduced to great distress. Her utterly forlorn condition at St. Johns weighed heavily upon her heart. But this cloud did not long oppress her. She remembered she was doing God's work, and that she must not faint under trials that had been foreshadowed to her. Means of support from her friends in Switzerland soon reached her, and she again began to teach all the pupils she could obtain, adults as well as children, to read the Bible. That was her mission. The necessity of her labours may be somewhat understood from the fact that there then was not more than one in twenty, of the French colonists in Canada, who could read, and scarcely a copy of the Bible to be found among the Catholic population.

Madame Feller had obtained considerable influence at St. Johns. So conciliating were her manners, so pure and peaceful her life, so devoted was her heart to the cause of doing good to the wretched, and instructing the ignorant, that many who regarded her as a heretic, could not but admire her zeal, and bless her charity. But when the first rebellion in Lower Canada broke out, the blind fury of those who felt they were oppressed, but were not qualified to discriminate between their friends and foes, was, at St. Johns, turned against Madame Feller and her adherents. She was driven by violent outrages from the country, and with about sixty of her pupils and supporters, took shelter in our republic. She was received at Champlain, whither she fled, with the greatest kindness; though her sufferings during her flight had been severe, and during the winter she passed in the United States, she and her poor followers had to endure many privations. But as soon as order was in some measure restored in the Provinces, the British authorities invited Madame Feller to return, promising her protection for the future, and urging her to appear against those who had injured her, and they should be punished. She accepted with gratitude the offer of returning to her mission labours, but she steadfastly refused to witness against those who had injured her.

"I came to Canada," said she, "to do good to all, so far as I have the ability — to those who injure and persecute, as well as to those who love and aid me. What these poor people did, they did in ignorance. I pity and forgive them, and only desire the opportunity of doing them favours."

Her resolution soon became known, and the true Christian spirit of her conduct subdued her enemies. From that time she was comparatively unmolested. Her school increased, her influence augmented, and her character was respected even by those who still opposed her mission. In the autumn of 1836 she removed to Grand Ligne, a settlement about twenty miles from Montreal, where she opened her school. In July, 1837, Madame Feller was visited by the Rev. Mr. Gilman, pastor of a Baptist Church in Montreal. He found her with her school in a barn, open to the wind and rain. She herself was living in a small garret. Impressed with her devotion, he determined to use every exertion to obtain a house for the Mission. In Montreal and in the various towns in the United States, he met with a warm and cheering response to his call for aid; sufficient funds were soon obtained to warrant the commencement of the building, and the Mission house was subsequently finished on a much larger scale than was at first projected; — the visits of Madame Feller to the Atlantic cities for several successive years, having signally prospered. This institution and its branches now have over three hundred pupils.

There is a Normal department, where about thirty young men, French Canadians, are preparing themselves to become teachers, colporteurs or missionaries; and there is also a female department of the same kind lately established. The great aim of those engaged in this benevolent enterprise, is to teach all the children in the Canadas to read, and then place a Bible in the possession of every family.

Madame Feller's character has been purified in the fiery baptism of adversity. She lives for others, and in the devotion of heart and soul to the cause of benevolence, her powers of mind have acquired such strength, comprehensiveness, and discernment, as few of either sex can ever attain. By her wisdom and perseverance, she has overcome what seemed before impossibilities, and has planted the most extensive and important educational and missionary establishment that the Protestants have ever had in British America: and she is now the beloved mother, the revered Directress of the whole. Her fifteen years of labour have only served to add new energies to her nature, new graces to her soul. Nothing discourages, nothing disturbs her. To her God she commits herself and her cares, with the same trust and love a favourite child feels in the arms of its father.

F.

FISKE, CATHARINE,

A TRUE Benefactrice, because she *earned* what she *gave*, and, while doing deeds of mercy, never forgot the claims of justice. Catharine Fiske was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, on the 30th of July, 1784. Her father died when she was a few months old, committing his only precious child to her heavenly Father. Her mother married a second husband, who was not a provident man; he removed with his family to different places, residing for a time in Vermont, in one of its most remote and wild settlements. Still, the self-education of Catharine Fiske went on wherever she was, for she had a mind that *would* improve. One who knew her well gives this account of her early years:

"She ever appeared different from most other children, in that she was remarkably uniform in her feelings and perfectly mild as to temper. When ever so much crossed or tried she had good command over her passions. She was never gay and flighty, like others of her age; never in the least uneasy at her situation, let it be ever so unpleasant. She could always find some one that had many more unpleasant tasks to perform than herself, and patiently endured all her disappointments, which were many, in early life. She was very fond of her little companions, endeavouring as much as possible to make them cheerful and happy. And *they* were not all that she endeavoured to make happy, for the *aged* she always felt interested in, and endeavoured to do all for them that came within her sphere. She was uncommonly attached to books, and read a great many hours and days when other children were at play. And when she did not understand the author, some one must explain it to her satisfaction, or she could not very willingly lay her book aside; and, when once made to understand, it was never forgotten. She was exceedingly kind in her feelings toward the poor and distressed, administering to their wants all that was in her power. Her opportunities for school were rather limited, even for those days, excepting that her friends at Worcester gave her some advantages in schooling."

She commenced her life-profession of teacher when only fifteen, continuing it till her death, May 20, 1837, aged fifty-three years. She was a faithful and efficient labourer in the service of humanity; preparing the young, especially of her own sex, for their important stations and responsible duties. For a number of years she was instructor in the public or district schools, but in 1814 she opened her Female Seminary at Keene, New Hampshire, where she presided during the remainder of her life. Thus for twenty-three years was she steadily engaged; having under her care, in all, more than two thousand five hundred pupils, young ladies from every state in the Union; and her success in moulding this variety of characters to an uniform model of high moral excellence was astonishing. In no single instance did her influence fail to effect a salutary impression; nor ever did a pupil leave her school but with respect for its principal.

The following summary of her merits as an instructor is from the pen of a learned clergyman,* who had known her long and intimately;

"Miss Fiske's *tact* in eliciting the dormant energies of some minds, and the stimulus afforded to those that were apt to learn, rendered her interesting to all who came under her immediate supervision. There was nothing that they would not try to do; they attempted nothing but what they successfully accomplished; being led on at every step by a kindness and plainness that gave novelty and interest to each subject. She seemed to act under the impression that 'whatever was worth doing at all, *was worth doing well.*'

"How it was that she made provision for such a numerous household, and superintended all its culinary and economical concerns while she was giving directions how to manage her farm, at the same time teaching the chemistry of making bread, demonstrating the astronomical and mathematical calculations of Newton and La Place, pointing out from the wild flower of the valley of the Ashuelot the great principles to which Linnæus devoted himself, enforcing with appropriate remarks the syllogisms of Hedge and the mental and moral sentiments of Watts on the Mind, together with remarks appropriate to the smallest girl to initiate her into the mysteries of her mother tongue, I need not stop to tell nor attempt to describe! All do know that it was accomplished

* Rev. Z. S. Barstow, pastor of the Congregational Church in Keene. Of the wonderful abilities as a teacher possessed by Miss Fiske the author of this work can testify; having been for a time under her instruction, and also entrusting her daughters in their childhood to her forming care.

with a simplicity and want of display, *as though it required no effort*, and as if there were nothing to exhaust the mind or to disturb its equilibrium; thus showing the 'perfection of art by concealing' its machinery and exhibiting only its happy results!"

She performed all these things while, often, a sufferer from pain, her health being delicate always, and often so feeble that a person of less fortitude in duty would have become a confirmed invalid. Her strength was not physical, but moral; this was the compelling power of her mind. Among her papers was found a document without date, but apparently written in early life, in which she specifies the course that, by the help of God, she was resolved to pursue; in it are these resolutions:

"The Sabbath I will keep with due and sincere attention. I will speak with truth and candour, which is to speak as I think, if I speak at all. I will do *as I pretend and profess*, perform and make good my promise, and *really be what I pretend to be*. Likewise, I will abstain from all excessive recreation, all idle and vain thoughts, and all kinds of procrastination. I will not precipitately nor unjustly, nor maliciously censure any fellow-being; but pity, admonish, and relieve, when possible. In a word, I will do as I would that they should do unto myself.

"I *will believe the Gospel promises, obey its commands, and read them with all possible attention.* I will read such other books as are clothed with unaffected piety and real morality. I will avoid irreligious companions, and associate with the virtuous, with sincere attention to their conversation. I will earnestly strive not to swerve from the strictest rules of virtue and piety."

Her piety was not only without ostentation, but almost without expression in words — it was through her daily deeds that the beauty of her Christian character was manifested. The field of her usefulness was, by no means, limited to public instruction. In her household, at the fireside, her life was one sweet strain of moral humanity; the inspiring breath of every virtue; a benign gospel, preached to every listening and attentive ear in tones and acts of kindness and love, in a spirit of overflowing benevolence, and in the silent teachings of patience under sufferings. In one of her morning prayers, written for her family and school, which, in a soft, but clear and impressive voice, she daily read, this passage occurs:

"Oh, our God, we can form most serious resolutions of amendment in our temper and conduct, but these resolutions we shall be unable to perform without the aid of thy spirit. Give us grace, O God, that we may be guarded against pride, covetousness, malice, and every vicious feeling; that we may observe the laws of equity and truth in all our dealings; that we possess the religion of Jesus Christ in all its purity, visiting the widow and fatherless, and keeping ourselves unspotted from the world."

Such principles were her guide in the daily business of life; and her management of all the means of doing good, pecuniary as well as moral, was, even in her worldly affairs, a pattern of foresight and wise economy which few men have equalled. By her steady perseverance and upright course she accumulated, for a country village, an "elegant sufficiency;" her property being, on her decease, appraised at 'over *ten thousand dollars*. This she had earned and saved unaided and alone; supporting, meanwhile, her mother, widowed a second time, and always giving liberally to such charities and plans for improvement as the community around her required. Miss Catharine Fiske may truly be styled the Benefactress of Keene. No individual did so much as she during the twenty-six years of her sojourn there for the material prosperity of that pleasant town, combined with the intellectual and moral improvement of the people; and the elevated and refined tone of social life which now distinguishes it, inducing many intellectual and rich denizens of Boston and other cities to make it their chosen place of retreat, is, in a great measure, traceable to the influence of her school and her beautiful exhibition of the character of an educated Christian lady. And who shall estimate the amount of good to families, society, the whole land, which her influence had in moulding the characters of her pupils, the twenty-five hundred young girls committed to her care? Most of these are now mothers, stamping on thousands and thousands of young, unformed minds, the seal of those eminent virtues they honoured in her. Many an impression may be faint, but if it be *true*, it will come out brighter and clearer as the fires of passion and temptation burn around it. Was she not a public Benefactress? Her visible influence for good did not cease with her life. She had no relation but her aged mother. The disposition made of her property showed, to quote again from the excellent sketch of Mr. Barstow, "the desire of Miss Fiske that it might do good from generation to generation." Her first expressed wish was that her beloved mother should have every possible comfort during her life; then she directed a certain and liberal annuity to one faithful assistant teacher, who had been a long time in the school; then provision was made for the relief of domestics and any of her pupils reduced to distress; after a term of years, when all these private benefactions had been accomplished, the residue of the property and its accumulations were to go in aid of the first Charitable Asylum for the Insane established in New Hampshire.

In the wise allotment of Providence, men are the providers, women the dispensers; the earnings of the one sex, to become most beneficial, should be submitted to the economy of the other. Few are the instances recorded where a female has accumulated property; what she earns is for immediate and pressing exigencies, to supply which is really the province of the stronger sex. Miss Fiske is a remarkable exception; she united in her character the best qualities of both the sexes. Well might Mr. Barstow close his notice of her by asserting that "she was a woman of great originality, of uncommon powers, of great influence, of true humility, of comprehensive plans,

and of real philosophical greatness." Her history belongs to her country. And may it show all that the circumstances of birth, orphanage, or physical weakness, and, in our country, we may add, of respect which talents and virtue will secure. May sex, militate nothing against the usefulness and it show the trifling, the giddy, and the thoughtless, that it is no proof of greatness to despise religion, and that true piety is the only passport to heaven!

H.

HILL, FRANCES M.,

Deservedly honoured for her long and beneficial exertions in the cause of female education in Greece, was born in the city of New York. Her father, John W. Mulligan, Esq., still living, is a lawyer of high repute, one of the oldest members of the bar in that city. Besides Mrs. Hill, two other daughters of Mr. Mulligan have been teachers in the missionary school at Athens; the father who has educated his children so wisely and encouraged them to employ their talents in the service of God and humanity must be worthy of the exceeding great reward he is enjoying in their extended usefulness and wonderful success.

The marriage of Miss Frances M. Mulligan with the Rev. John H. Hill, seems to have been one of those unions ordered in heaven for an example of the conjugal happiness Christians may enjoy if suitably mated, while by their united faith and labours every obstacle in the path of duty is removed or surmounted, and the good accomplished is almost incredible. Such has been the mission of Mr. and Mrs. Hill.

In 1831, there was an attempt made by the Protestant Episcopal Church in America to assist the most ancient Eastern Church of Christ, that of the Greek. In pursuance of this plan the Rev. John H. Hill and his wife were sent to Athens, to found and superintend such seminaries of learning and Christian morals as they might find practicable and useful. Athens, on their arrival, presented to them, when entering within its crumbling walls, a scene of desolation such as inevitably follows in the bloody train of war. The city was one mass of ruins, over and among which these missionary teachers had then to pick their almost pathless way. In the course of a few weeks they began to gather around them the destitute half-clad and ignorant daughters of Greece, although many of these were among the well-born, who had been reduced to poverty by the war, which had, for a time, levelled all classes. Upon Mr. and Mrs. Hill was devolved the momentous task of moulding the new social features of the Greek people just escaped from Turkish bondage, and soon to take their position among the civilized nations of Europe.

Mrs. Hill immediately commenced her school for girls, in which Mr. Hill has always been her coadjutor, adviser, and what God designed the husband should be to his wife, her protector and head. It is a beautiful trait in the character of Mrs. Hill, worth remark, in this age of innovation, when foolish women (meaning those who do not place *duties* paramount to *rights*) are clamouring for independence in the married as well as single state, to note the sweet modesty which characterizes her sentiments on the subject. In a letter to a friend, she thus alludes to her position: —

"I think you will agree with me that if it had not been for the establishment of the mission to Greece, I might have passed the even tenor of my life like thousands of others, unnoticed and unknown, save in the family circle; or, at the most, not beyond my intimate friends. If my name has become more known to the public than that of other female members of the mission, it has been simply on account of my connexion with him, who is at its head." She goes on to give a due share of praise to the assistants, and says that what has been accomplished "is owing to the combined efforts of *all* who have been engaged in the work."

Mr. Hill opened a school for Greek boys at the same time; it has succeeded and done much good, but the greatest blessing to Greece has been the school for girls. Divine Providence is thus surely working out through the special influence of the female sex, a wonderful system for regenerating the Eastern World. That such a change of sentiment should occur respecting the capacity of women to acquire knowledge and become the teachers of national schools in the country where, until twenty years ago, all learning was confined to the other sex, seems little short of a miracle. Mrs. Hill has so graphically described the process that we will quote from her admirable letter, premising that the school was opened in the magazine or cellar of the house in which they resided—that the first day she had twenty pupils and in two months one hundred and sixty. That not more than six could read, and only ten or twelve knew a letter.

"We began with the *alphabet!* but even before the point had been reached where elementary education advances to that of a higher order, circumstances already pointed out the necessity of providing for it. Our views were transmitted

to some of our friends in the United States—they met with a gratifying response from many ladies of very high character in our own communion; and some ladies of different denominations united in a society, under the direction of Mrs. Emma Willard of Troy, New York, for the avowed purpose of educating female teachers in Greece under our immediate care and superintendence. This department continued in very successful operation from 1834 to 1842. In the meanwhile, and during this period, another progressive change took place. Athens, which had been under the Turkish rule until 1833, became in 1834 the capital of the new kingdom of Greece, and the families of those who were connected with government, came to reside in Athens. No provision having been made in any quarter for the education of the daughters of these families, an appeal to us on the part of the parents of such to permit their daughters to enjoy those privileges of education which we were affording to the native females of Athens exclusively, could not be put aside—and in this manner, the daughters of the most influential and best educated families in Greece, were added to those who were already with us and who were destined to be employed in extending the same benefits to their fellow countrywomen. About the same time, in consequence of the destitution of means which existed nearly throughout the Levant, applications were made to us from the more wealthy families in Smyrna and Constantinople, and Jassy and Bucharest, in the North and East, as well as from the Ionian Islands in the West. And at one period we actually had pupils from all those places congregated under our roof. The domestic establishment of our Mission from 1837 to 1842, embraced 60 pupils, while at the same time there were no less than from 500 to 600 in daily attendance upon the schools, as *externes*. The Greeks, however, with a laudable pride, were not willing to allow strangers to do everything for them. They were not long in setting on foot measures for bearing a part themselves, in the great work of female education. A society was formed (in Greek, ἡ φιλεκπαιδευτικὴ Ἑταιρία) which had for one of its objects the preparation of female teachers. To this Society, in 1842, we made over the whole of our domestic establishment. The necessity which had imposed upon us this duty, had ceased, and the *impulse* had been given: the work, moreover, had become much too laborious for those who were engaged in it. The funds of that Society are continually increasing by liberal donations from wealthy Greeks residing in Germany, in the Danube provinces, and elsewhere.

With regard to the number of pupils who have been educated in our schools, it would be difficult to make an exact estimate. If we assume 250 for the annual average of such as had completed their education, and gone out into the world; and if we commence our reckoning from 1836, i. e. five years after we commenced our labours here, we may fairly, I think, put down the number at 3500. I have no wish to exaggerate numbers, and I hope I am within the limit of facts.

Although there are no female schools which can, strictly speaking, be called *branches* of the Mission School at Athens, there is scarcely one throughout the Kingdom, of which either the Directresses or some of the Teachers, have not been educated, wholly or in part, by us. For years we had a Normal School for the education of female teachers, sent to us by the Government from different provinces of the Kingdom. Several of these, by the terms of the agreement we made with the Government, after being examined and receiving their Diplomas, were sent into the Morea and other parts to open schools in their respective districts as Government Teachers. One of these laboured most effectually in the island of *Hydra* for seven years, where no school for females had *ever existed*. The school she established is still continued there, and is very flourishing—but she, after seven years' labour there, returned, and is now one of the most efficient of our teachers in the Mission Schools.

The effects of female education here has been most gratifying. We have had the pleasure of observing many of our early pupils in domestic life, as wives and mothers at the head of their families, discharging the high trust reposed in them, with a care and assiduity most exemplary and praiseworthy. We know of many instances where the Mother who had been educated under our eye, has waited with anxiety for the period when she could place her children under the salutary influence of our system of instruction. We have seen the powerful effect of a good and virtuous education overcoming the custom of ages, and the power of *Mammon*. Many parents who have had *no other dowry* to bestow upon their daughters but this—"that they had been educated in our schools,"—have married their daughters to men of education and good sense, able to support them well—and we have seen their mothers coming to us with tears of gratitude, acknowledging the lasting benefits conferred by education, when they found that an instructed mind was prized by men of sense, more than money or lands.

This is a concise summary of the progress of female education in Greece; and I think *I may add* that the female sex has made greater use of their advantages, and greater improvement in proportion to their advantages, than the male sex."

Such immense benefits to a nation are the work of one true missionary family, where the object has been to lay the foundation of Christian character in the hearts of little children, the girls receiving equal instruction with the boys. Is there a Mission School in the world that has ever accomplished so much good within the same number of years? and done the work with so little expense?

We might describe its blessings to the Greek people, and the great popularity it enjoys; tell how the rulers of that land pay homage to the moral power of the missionaries, and consider it an honour that Mrs. Hill's school for girls is in their chief city; how distinguished foreigners give praise to her noble deeds, and acknowledge this institution as the chief agent of improvement in

Athens; how the whole nation looks to her and her husband as its Benefactors; but the limits of this sketch will not permit. It is enough to say that the great work of the American Mission in Greece is acknowledged to be the means of incalculable and unqualified good to the land of Pericles and Aspasia; who never, in their proudest triumphs, enjoyed that of ruling over the moral sense and enlightened conscience of their admirers.

Only one branch — an important one — of instruction needs to be added to make the system of Mrs. Hill complete—that of preserving health. Women are the natural guardians of infancy; they should be carefully instructed in Medical Science. Anatomy, Physiology, Hygiene, are studies more appropriate to their condition and duties than to those of men. That the one sex has monopolized all the knowledge on this science is no reason they should continue to hold it, any more than because the old Greek philosophers taught only by lectures, therefore books should be thrown aside. The art of printing has opened the temple of learning to woman; every year is giving new and unquestionable proofs that she is the heaven-appointed help of man in all that really improves the race. Health is one of the first earthly blessings; it is necessary to the best development of the soul, as well as body; — let the art or science which teaches how to preserve it and to restore it, be taught to those who are watchers by the cradle of infancy, and soothers by the couch of suffering. The whole East, Mahommedans as well as Christians, might be reached by the ministry of pious female physicians for their own sex. The important practice of Midwifery has never passed into the hands of men in the land where the son of a midwife was the wisest heathen philosopher who has ever appeared. The greatest benefaction the Mission at Athens could now confer on humanity, would be to educate Female Physicians, into whose hands might be given the care of women and children.

P.

PETER, SARAH,

Is the projector and real founder of the "School of Design for Women," established in Philadelphia, an institution promising much usefulness to the country as well as being particularly beneficial to a portion of her own sex. Such services deserve a record that will keep them in remembrance.

Mrs. Peter, now wife of William Peter, Esq., British Consul for the State of Pennsylvania, was born near Chillicothe, in Ohio. Her father, the Hon. Thomas Worthington, held high offices in that State, had been Governor and United States Senator, and was warmly and deservedly esteemed. Indeed he was one of those truly called "Fathers of Ohio," for he was among its first and most efficient settlers. Born in Virginia, inheritor of a large estate, he emancipated his slaves, sold his pleasant home and removed with his family to the then wild region of the West. His wife was a most excellent woman, one of the noble matronage of America, whose piety, prudence and energy have moulded the characters of men not only able to win freedom but who are worthy of its privileges and blessings. Inheriting from such parents a mind of strong and energetic powers, Miss Worthington was trained to use her talents for high and holy purposes; the false idea often promulgated that girls are to be the ornaments merely of society was not suffered to enervate her character with that sickly sentimentality which is only refined selfishness. She was taught that her genius to be really noble must be usefully em-

ployed; that wisdom consists in keeping one's lamp always trimmed and burning, an injunction binding equally on both sexes. She was carefully and liberally educated, or rather had entered on such a course, for the grave error was committed by her parents of permitting her to be taken from school and married at the age of sixteen. Her first husband was Edward King, son of Hon. Rufus King, of New York. He died in 1836, leaving her with two sons, whose training she had carefully superintended. They were then fitted for college; she took them to Massachusetts, entering them at Harvard University, and settled herself in Cambridge for the ensuing four years to watch over their education and to perfect her own. We give these particulars of her private life not only as highly honourable to her, but as an example and encouragement to all widowed mothers, and mothers however situated, who can do much, if they will earnestly endeavour, both to cultivate their own talents and develope and direct the minds of their sons. A girl of sixteen is not educated; it is wrong, it is cruel to impose on immature youth the cares and sorrows of married womanhood; few have the constitution, courage and moral energy to overcome the disadvantages of such an early marriage. The subject of our sketch did surmount them all, improving her own mind in order to instruct her sons, maintaining always her dignified position as their moral guide and intelligent friend whose wise counsel they

considered it a privilege to enjoy and by following they escaped the temptations and vices which destroy so many of our young men; she has the reward of her faithfulness, in seeing her living son pursuing an honourable career, and, the one summoned away, living the life and dying the death of a Christian. In 1844, Mrs. King's second marriage took place, and she became Mrs. Peter. Her sons were settled in life. She could devote her leisure to those benevolent plans which had for a long time been near her heart.

Mr. Peter was ready to aid her; he was not jealous of female talent and influence; good men seldom are. Particular circumstances had directed her thoughts to the condition of her own sex. She saw that to improve the world it was necessary to begin with its first teachers. Women had the forming power; it was needed that they should not only be fitted for this high and responsible office, but be held in great honour because God had given them such mighty moral influence. To rescue them from the degradation of inferiority which the sensuality and infidel philosophy of man have sought to throw on the mental powers of the female sex, was and is her aim. In order to effect this she has sought to open employments more elevating as well as remunerating to those who are compelled to support themselves, not that Mrs. Peter would counsel women to compete with men for worldly distinctions; or make their claims to honour rest on contributing an equal share to the pecuniary wealth of the state. God designed woman for the higher office of all that is lovely and good. If she were to enter into the business of the world and become as eager in its pursuit as man, there would be no hope of improvement for the race. But instances occur even in our favoured land, where females are bound, in duty, to sustain themselves—perhaps others. In order to assist these, Mrs. Peter projected the opening of a School of Design for women; her motives and her efforts are so truly and touchingly set forth in her letter to the president of the Franklin Institute (for the promotion of the mechanic arts—a school for young men, &c.,) that we will quote a few passages:—

"Having for a series of years observed with deep concern the deprivation and suffering to which a large and increasing number of deserving women are exposed in this city and elsewhere, for want of a wider scope in which to exercise their abilities for the maintenance of themselves and children; and, after bestowing much thought and enquiry with reference to the best means of alleviating the miseries incident to their condition, I resolved, about two years since, to attempt the instruction of a class of young girls in the practice of such of the arts of design as were within my reach. I selected this department of industry, not only because it presents a wide field, as yet unoccupied by our countrymen, but also because these arts can be practised *at home*, without materially interfering with the routine of domestic duty, which is the peculiar province of women.

"In the month of November, 1848, I gathered a drawing class of some twenty young women, under the instruction of an accomplished teacher. A few months later he was assisted by the gratuitous lectures, on perspective, of a gentleman who kindly offered his services. About the same period a class was formed from among the pupils to draw and engrave maps; but after a time, in consequence of the impossibility of procuring a permanent teacher, this part of my plan was relinquished. At the expiration of a year, several of the pupils commenced the art of wood engraving, which they still practise with every prospect of success. Meantime the drawing class has steadily pursued its way, exhibiting a degree of perseverance which assures to its members, sooner or later, the remuneration which they deserve.

"It is believed that such a School of Design, wisely managed, and on a scale worthy of its locality, would be conducive of great benefit by adding to the productive industry of Philadelphia in a department where the demand greatly exceeds the supply; and that it would also prove a valuable adjunct to many arts and trades which require the invention or reproduction of forms and patterns for articles of use or ornament, as, for instance, household goods and utensils of every description, mouldings and carvings, paper hangings, carpets, calico printing, &c., &c., for which patterns must now be procured from abroad, at much expense and uncertainty.

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"For our men, there are now, and there must long continue to exist, so many more direct and more easily to be attained avenues to fortune, that high excellence in the industrial arts of design can rarely be expected from them. Our women, on the contrary, are confined to the narrowest possible range of employment; and owing to the unceasing drain, by emigration to the West and elsewhere, of young and enterprising men, we have a constantly increasing number of young women, who are chiefly or entirely dependent upon their own resources, possessing respectable acquirements, good abilities, sometimes even fine talents, yet who are shut out from every means of exercising them profitably for themselves or others. To such as these the establishment of a School of Design opens at once the prospect of a comfortable livelihood, with the assurance of a useful and not ignoble career."

This appeal had a good effect. The officers of the Franklin Institute consented to take "The School of Design for Women" under their care, provided a sum sufficient to insure the efficiency of the plan could be raised from the liberality of the community. By the earnest exertions of Mrs. Peter and other friends of the benefaction, the necessary funds were soon obtained, without any appeal to legislative aid.

On the 2d of December, 1850, all preliminaries having been settled, the "School of Design for Women" was opened. The subscribers, students and friends attended; Bishop Potter (of the diocese) presided, and, before invoking the Divine blessing, made an address full of wise suggestions and warm hopes: after the prayer, Hon. J. R. Ingersoll delivered an eloquent speech in favour of female education. The school is prospering.

W.

WHITTLESEY, ABIGAIL GOODRICH,

WIDELY known as the benefactress of mothers, was born in Ridgefield, Connecticut, where her father, the Rev. Samuel Goodrich, was then settled as pastor over the Congregational Church. He afterwards removed to Berlin, in that state, where Miss Goodrich was chiefly educated. Her family are remarkable for piety and talents; among these may be named her two brothers, the Rev. Charles A. Goodrich and the Hon. Samuel G. Goodrich, (Peter Parley,) who have long been known as able and interesting writers.

Miss Goodrich, under her wise and pious instructors, became in early youth devoted to the service of her Saviour, and, fortunately for her happiness, met with a congenial mind and heart in the Rev. Samuel Whittlesey, to whom she was married in 1808. He was then the settled clergyman in a country parish, where he continued, eminently successful, for many years, while his amiable wife became intimately acquainted with the habits, circumstances, and wants of women who live in the country. In this respect, her experience contributed to fit her for the post which she subsequently occupied; viz., that of a writer in behalf of mothers, and particularly as the editress of a magazine devoted to their interests. In this relation to the literary and religious public she has long been known and deservedly admired. The periodical referred to was for many years conducted by her under the name of the "Mother's Magazine." She is now the editress of a new one, commenced a year or two since, entitled "The Magazine for Mothers and Daughters."

But Mrs. Whittlesey had other experience than that pertaining to the country antecedently to her entrance on the profession of authorship in the line above-mentioned, and which fitted her still further for this honourable and useful calling. After Mr. Whittlesey, at his own request, received a dismission from his pastoral relation at New Preston, he took in charge the "American Asylum of the Deaf and Dumb," at Hartford, in which very responsible station Mrs. Whittlesey's efficient labours, as well as those of her husband, contributed largely to the prosperity of the institution. Subsequently, they had charge of large and flourishing female seminaries in Canandaigua and in Utica, N. Y. Coming in contact, thus, with many of her sex in the forming period of life and in the process of intellectual and moral education in which she herself had so direct an agency, her observations and experience were of the utmost consequence to her in her appreciation of the wants of the mothers and daughters of the land. She saw, also, how necessary was the development of female character and influence.

With such a stock of knowledge and experience, and with an ardent desire to serve her Divine Master in doing good to her sex and the world, she projected the "Mother's Magazine." It was in the city of Utica that this important undertaking was matured and carried into effect; the publication commencing in the year 1833. The "Mother's Magazine" was as original in its conception as it has proved to be able in its execution and useful in its influence. It was the offspring of much thought, consultation, and prayer, attended, indeed, with the usual anxiety and misgivings incident to new enterprises. The projector of the work, however, was probably less apprehensive of the result than many others, though even she could hardly have conjectured "whereunto this would grow" through the series of years it has continued. It is commonly found in experience, that they who have the talent or the grace to conceive and bring into existence important measures for human benefit are the most hopeful of success. They see beyond others in that particular in consequence of the thought and mental struggle which their project has cost them. They have considered more closely its bearings and relations, and feel more keenly the want which originated it. What other minds less gifted with foresight or more sceptical as to results rather desire than expect, is with them often reduced to a moral certainty.

Mrs. Whittlesey's feelings were deeply interested in that portion of her sex which she wished more particularly to reach. This she sometime previously evinced in procuring the tract "An Address to Mothers," to be written. She was therefore the person, in view both of her ability and her zeal, her advantages and experience, to prepare a medium of communication with her sisters, the mothers of the land. She proposed in her Magazine the twofold object of enlightening the minds of this portion of her sex on the subject of their relation to the community and to the church and the duties growing out of that relation; and at the same time of presenting the motives and encouragements to appropriate and effective labour in their own peculiar sphere. Then, she hoped to operate, through mothers, on all classes of the community; on the male part, as well as the female; on husbands, and fathers, and sons, as well

as wives, and daughters, and the sex generally. But it was to do only woman's work by woman's agency. It was in no Mary Wolstonecraft spirit that the good which she wished to bring about was to be sought. It was not by trenching on the province of men, nor by usurping their place, that she would effect a reformation or improvement in the whole subject of the moral training of the young, and arm woman with her true power. Woman she would keep to her own influence, but it was an influence neither inconsiderable, nor doubtful. It was not to be confined within narrow limits. It could not be easily evaded whenever or wherever it should appear. It was insinuating, permeating like the air; it was gentle as the dews, reaching and blessing alike the root and the branches of the living, intellectual, moral being. It was truly a material work that Mrs. Whittlesley through her journal sought to accomplish — the preparation and efficiency of mothers as agents in moulding the character of their offspring. It was a truly feminine, delicate, graceful, though dignified and potent work.

Having laid her own beloved ones in their infancy upon God's altar, and sought by all appropriate means to train them for the service of their Divine Master, and having joyfully seen the most of them in the morning of life dedicating themselves to his service, she has, with convincing power and energy, urged the mothers of the land to employ those means in the education of their children which in her case God had so signally blessed. She has given great prominence to the cause of missions in the pages of her journal, and entreated parents to train up their children not only for the church at home, but with special reference to extending the triumphs of the cross in heathen lands. Many children of missionaries have been committed to her maternal care, and have obtained through her the means of education and support; but, not content with this, she gladly surrendered her first-born son to become a foreign missionary. His qualifications for usefulness and his long course of training were such as to excite the fond hope that he would be long spared to labour on earth; but the Master was in these fast ripening him for some higher post of responsibility in the upper sanctuary. A long life of service to the church at home could never have made him so holy a man as did the few years he was employed in missionary labour in India.

Maternal Associations have long been subjects of her fostering care. Through her influence and correspondence these institutions were greatly multiplied in this country, in Europe, and other foreign lands, before the commencement of her Magazine, one design of which was to extend their influence and to furnish a means of communication between them.

In her personal appearance Mrs. Whittlesey is prepossessing and dignified; in her address easy and unaffected; in her conversation gentle, deliberate, and persuasive; in her natural temperament genial, warm, and sympathetic; in her judgment sound and discriminative, arriving at her conclusions less, perhaps, by a formal process of induction, than by a native aptness and a sanctified taste. She was made for influence in whatever path of life she might have chosen. In that which Providence has actually assigned to her, she has sought to wield it for the noblest ends. We rejoice in its extent, since it is apparent that she views it only as a talent to be employed in her Saviour's service. For her efforts to raise the standard of maternal hope and fidelity, to sow the seeds of domestic virtue and happiness far and near, and to improve and elevate the character of female influence in general, she is destined, we believe, to be long and affectionately remembered as a most efficient and noble Benefactress.

VARIOUS NAMES.

Many other ladies are distinguished for beneficent acts and influences of great importance to humanity and religion; a few of these we will particularize.

The Marchioness of Hastings, (by birth Flora Muir Campbell, Countess of Loudoun,) lent her efficient aid to the female missionaries in Calcutta while her husband was Governor-General of Bengal. On the arrival of Miss Cooke—better known as Mrs. Wilson—in India, the Marchioness kindly received, encouraged and assisted her to found those "Female Schools" which are doing more than any other human influence to Christianize the heathen. The noble lady often went herself to the abodes of the poor natives, visiting lanes and gulleys where Europeans are seldom seen, and by her kindly and gentle persuasions induced the miserable mothers to allow their little daughters to attend school. Thus she laboured in the true mission cause, visiting the schools, furnishing work for the pupils, and giving rewards to the deserving.

Lady Amherst, whose husband, Lord Amherst, succeeded the Marquis of Hastings in the Governorship of India, is also distinguished for the interest she took in the success of "The Ladies' Society for Native Female Education in Calcutta," of which she was Patroness.

Mrs. Priscilla Chapman is another benefactress of the poor heathen. She has been an earnest helper in obtaining funds in England for the support of the Female Schools in India. Her work "Hindoo Female Education," published in London, 1839, had great influence in awakening public attention to the importance of providing instruction for the native female population of the East.

Madame Boivin, a French woman, deserves a distinguished place among those who devote great talents to the cause of her own sex. She held, for many years, the office of Sage-Femme of the Maison des Accouchemens in Paris, and by her successful practice and excellent writings has opened the way for women to become physicians for their own sex and for children. Her medical works are held in high repute by the faculty of America as well as of France.

SUPPLEMENT.*

A.

ADAMS, SARAH FLOWER,

Was the youngest daughter of Benjamin Flower, an English political writer and reformer of some note residing in Cambridgeshire. Her elder sister, Eliza Flower, as well as Mrs. Adams, was gifted with a rare genius, which she devoted to music.

An English critic remarks of her: "Eliza Flower, in musical composition, attained a higher rank than, before her time, had been reached by any of her sex. Nor is it too much to say, that she has been excelled by no living composer in the particular order of composition to which she devoted herself. The first, and, as yet, but partial collection of her works, entitled 'Adoration, Aspiration, and Belief,' contains strains of an originality and sublimity, combined with a felicitous musical expression of words, as adapted to congregational and social worship, which have never been surpassed. Another victim of consumption, she died in 1846; and the delicate constitution of her sister gave way, and finally sunk under the blow."

Mrs. Adams was a poet; her "Vivia Perpetua" has been greatly admired. She wrote, occasionally, criticisms, but her soul was breathed forth in her devotional lyrics. She died in August, 1848; one of her own beautiful hymns, the following, was sung over her grave:

He sendeth sun, he sendeth shower,
Alike they 're needful to the flower;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father! thy will, not mine, be done.

Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs whom they trust and love?
Creator, I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to thee;
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father! thy will, not mine, be done.

O, ne'er will I at life repine;
Enough that thou hast made it mine.
Where falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing with parting breath,
As comes to me or shade or sun,
Father! thy will, not mine, be done.

*Notwithstanding our care, a few precious names were overlooked in their proper order; others, that were arranged in the Era of the Living when we began our Record, are now numbered amongst the dead; these are included in the Supplement

ARBOUVILLE, COUNTESS D',

Who died in April, 1850, was a woman of real genius. Her writings appeared in Paris, at first anonymously. She was by nature almost morbidly sensitive and unwilling to be known as a candidate for literary honours, but the entire success of her works made her friends desirous to claim for her the praise awarded to the author. Her first work was "Resignation," published in 1846; then appeared successively "The Village Doctor," "The Histoire Hollandaise," and a volume of poems called "The Manuscript of my Aunt," the introduction to which is a touching little story of early death. The poems are principally elegies, ballads, and verses of that unpretending order; like her prose works, they are tender, elegant, and mournful. The prominent characteristic of her tales is the poetic melancholy which inspires every thought and colours every picture. Love of the most refined, the most true, the most absorbing nature, is every where the theme; every where its victim is doomed to suffering. A dark veil shadows every scene. The delicacy of style, thought, and narrative is indescribable. Her best production is the "Histoire Hollandaise." This tale is beautifully written; it is like a strain of mournful music that rends our very souls, unbroken by a note of joy.

"Like wintry suns, it rose in tears,
Like them, in tears it set."

Very powerful is the effect of the ballads as they are introduced; like Desdemona's song of "Willow," they have a presaging woe about them that weighs upon the spirit and prepares for the coming ill. As poems of that sort they have great merit, even taken as *disjecta membra*.

The death of Madame d'Arbouville must be deplored as a loss to the reading world, which reasonably have anticipated admirable things from her pen.

C.

CALLCOTT, LADY,

Was the daughter of Rear-Admiral George Dundas. The following sketch is from the London Athenæum:

"Few women had seen so much of the world or travelled so much, and none, perhaps, have

turned the results of their activity to more benevolent account. A great part of her early life was spent either at sea or in travel, and to the last no subject was more animating to her than a ship, and no hero excited her enthusiasm to so high a degree as Nelson.

She was born in the year 1788, and before she was twenty-one years of age she was travelling in India, the wife of Captain Thomas Graham, R.N. According to the account of her travels, she went to India in 1809 and visited all the three presidencies, making acquaintances at all of them learned for oriental knowledge and research. She visited the caves of Elephanta, the Island of Salsette, the excavations of Carli in the Mahratta Mountains, and Poonah, the Mahratta capital. On her return to Bombay she voyaged along the coast as far as Negombo, afterwards visiting Trincomali, on the east side of the Island, on her way to Madras. From Madras she went to Calcutta, which terminated her travels in India, as she only returned to the Coromandel coast to embark for England in the beginning of 1811. She published these travels in 1812, being then twenty-four years of age. Ten years afterwards she sailed with Captain Graham for South America. In the mean time she had resided in Italy and published two works; one, "Three Months in the Environs of Rome," 1820; a second, "The Memoirs of the Life of Poussin," in the same year. Captain Graham, who commanded the Doris, died on the voyage to South America, and his remains were carried into Valparaiso and interred within the fortress. His wife was in Chili during the series of earthquakes which lasted from the 20th of November, 1823, and scarcely a day passed without receiving violent shocks. It was with difficulty she escaped from her house, which was partly laid in ruins.

During her stay in South America, Mrs. Graham became the instructress of Dona Maria, now Queen of Portugal. Some years afterwards she married Mr. Callcott, the Royal Academician, and with him again visited Italy. Among the published fruits of this tour may be mentioned Lady Callcott's account of Giotto's Chapel, at Padua; a privately printed work, with exquisite outlines—remembrances drawn by Sir Augustus Callcott—and a kind contribution to the illustrated edition of the Seven Ages of Shakspeare. Lady Callcott also published a "History of Spain," in 2 vols., in 1822; and after the commencement of her illness, arising from the rupture of a blood-vessel, she published "Essays towards the History of Painting," 1836, which involved so great an amount of labour that her declining health and strength obliged her to abandon it before completion. She died in 1843, aged fifty-five. In her character she was noble, direct, generous, forgiving, quick, sensitive, kind, sympathetic, and religious; all that knew her will hold her memory in affectionate remembrance. Her acquirements and knowledge were extensive. She was an artist, both in feeling and practice, an excellent linguist, and her memory was extremely accurate and tenacious.

None felt Lady Callcott's loss more than the little children, who were always encouraged as loved and welcome guests, and for whom her kindness had always prepared some little present of a doll. Not a small part of her last years was spent in providing amusement and instruction for them, and successfully, too; she wrote for them "Little Arthur's History of England," and a delightfully simple and natural tale, "The Little Brackenburners." Her last work was a "Scripture Herbal."

COMSTOCK, SARAH DAVIS,

Was the daughter of Robert S. Davis, of Brookline, Massachusetts. She early became a member of the Baptist church in her native town, and gave full evidence of being imbued with the self-denying spirit of a Christian. The Rev. Grover S. Comstock, a clergyman in the Baptist Church, selected her as his companion in the life of toil and hardship he had chosen as a missionary to Burmah, and she faithfully fulfilled the task she then undertook in a true martyr-spirit. In June, 1834, Mr. and Mrs. Comstock were publicly consecrated to the work in Boston, and sailed immediately for their field of labour, which they reached on the 6th of December, in the same year. In his labours between Arracan and Burmah, Mr. Comstock found his wife of great assistance. Whenever women came near their house, she would instantly leave her occupations, if possible, to tell them of the Saviour; she collected a school, translated the Scripture Catechism, and administered both medicine and advice to the sick, besides teaching her own children and attending to household duties. In the evening, whenever she could be out, she might often be found with several native women collected around her, to whom she was imparting religious knowledge.

Mrs. Comstock's faith was strong that ere long Arracan would, as a country, acknowledge God as its ruler, and in this expectation, she laboured until death came to lead her away to her infinite reward. She died of a disease peculiar to the climate on the 28th of April, 1843; leaving four children, two of whom had previously been sent to America for instruction; the other two soon followed her to the grave. Nothing could exceed the sorrow expressed by the natives for her loss. More than two thousand came on the day after her death to share their grief with her afflicted husband, who survived her loss but for a few months.

CZARTORYSKI, ISABELLA PRINCESS,

Wife of Prince Adam Czartoryski, was born in Warsaw about the year 1743. She was a lady of refined and cultivated taste in literature, and a lover of nature. Her first published work was on "Gardens," magnificently illustrated, in which she displayed her peculiar talents and gave much valuable information. She embellished the grounds of her beautiful residence at Pulaway according to the principles set forth in her work, but she did not enjoy it long: it was confiscated to the Russians. She afterwards wrote "The Pilgrim of Doramil," based on Polish history, and intended to promote morality, which work has been much

admired. Her daughter has written several excellent stories depicting the manners and domestic life of the Polish peasantry. Princess Czartoryski died in 1835. Her family is a branch of the Jagellons, rightful heirs to the hereditary throne of Poland.

D.

DASHKOVA, EKATERINA ROMANOVNA,

A Russian Princess, was born in 1754. She wrote comedies and novels, such as the authors of that country prepare, containing about fifty pages per volume. She also made some valuable translations from French and Italian literature.

A Russian critic says, "Twenty or thirty pages are sufficient for a volume; 150 pages are divided into three volumes. Moreover, Russian words are of seven, eight, and ten syllables, which in English would be of only two and three syllables. Thus, 150 Russian printed pages would only fill about 60 or 80 English."

DONNÉ, MARIA DALLE-,

Was born 1776, in a village called Roncastaldo, eighteen miles from Bologna. Her parents were worthy people, placed in humble life, but she had an uncle who was an ecclesiastic, and he, struck with her uncommon intelligence as a child, determined to take charge of her education, and for this purpose carried her home with him to Bologna. This good priest had apartments near the medical college, and was on terms of the most intimate friendship with the celebrated and learned Dr. Luigi Rodati. The latter, observing the quick talents of the little girl, took pleasure in asking her questions to exercise her mind, and at last became so interested in her mental developments that he instructed her in Latin and the other parts of knowledge which are in general reserved for those intended for professional studies. Besides his own cares, he obtained for her the friendship and tuition of Canterzani; a man who could boast of an European reputation, as his fame for learning and knowledge extended through that continent. He was so delighted with the genius, the industry, and amiable character of Maria, that he neglected nothing to cultivate her abilities to the utmost. The most abstruse sciences were studied and thoroughly investigated, and her natural inclinations tending to medical researches, she was led to the study of comparative anatomy and experimental physic. Her masters were, besides Canterzani and Rodati, the noted surgeon, Tarsizio Riviera, a man of most profound erudition, the great physician Aldini, and the pathologist Uttini. These gentlemen, who valued Maria as much for her excellent disposition and conscientious character as for her shining qualifications, considering that she was extremely poor, deliberated whether she should assume the profession of medicine as a means of support. A deformity of the shoulders, which deprived her of a share in the ordinary amusements of young persons, seemed to isolate her among her companions; and these learned professors, perfectly convinced of her competency, persuaded her to offer herself as a candidate for a medical degree, and, by practising this useful and honorable art, to provide for herself. She, with characteristic good sense, objected that the prejudice against her sex assuming such functions would prevent her admission, whatever might be her qualifications. This was undeniable, but her friends thought if she would submit herself to a public and close examination for three days, that all prejudice must be dispelled by evident and incontrovertible facts. On the 1st of August, 1799, the vast building used for the purpose of the examination was thronged. Every man of science, every doctor, speeded to witness the defeat, as he anticipated, of this presumptuous young woman. She was modestly attired in black; her tranquil countenance and decorous mien seemed equally removed from arrogance and false shame. The ordeal she went through was of the most trying sort. Difficulties were offered that the proposers themselves were unable to solve. The candidate, without the smallest discomposure, with most profound analysis, and with the clearest reasoning, manifested her perfect acquaintance with every subject propounded. The assembly kindled into enthusiasm, and she was unanimously invested with every honour the faculty had to distribute. From that time, under the title of Doctress, she practised medicine with the greatest success. Nor was her knowledge limited to that science — it could not be denied by unwilling men, that this woman could compete with them on all points; whether of philosophy or eloquence. Her Latin speeches were second to none, and her lectures were delivered in the most elegant and forcible manner. In the sequel she was nominated Professor of Obstetrics, and presided over a school for women in that branch of medical art. To her pupils she was motherly, generous, and kind; but as an instructress she was eminently severe. She considered their functions of such importance that she exacted the most particular knowledge, and would admit no neglect.

The Doctress found time to cultivate the belles

lettres, and excelled in writing both Latin and Italian verses, but of this accomplishment she thought so lightly that she never kept any copies of her productions. In music she had attained sufficient proficiency to play on the organ in her parish church, St. Caterina di Saragozza, when any emergency demanded her aid.

In 1842, this excellent, pious, and valuable woman, having dismissed her servants one evening, retired to bed. In a short time one of the women heard a slight groan from her mistress; she ran to the bed, and found her seized with apoplexy. She hurried for a physician, but it was too late; when he arrived, Maria was dead.

DRUZBACKA, ELIZABETH,

Born in Poland in 1693, was celebrated as a poetess. She wrote some very beautiful idyls, full of the sweetest descriptions of nature, in which it is said she has excelled Thomson. She died in 1763, aged seventy years.

F.

FONTAINES, MARIE LOUISE CHARLOTTE COUNTESS DE,

Was the daughter of the Marquis de Giorg, Governor of Metz. Mademoiselle de Giorg married the Count de Fontaines, by whom she had a son and a daughter. She died in 1730.

Madame de Fontaines acquired considerable reputation by her novels, which are of the school of Madame La Fayette, to whom she is inferior in sensibility, and in the power of developing character; the French critics pronounce her diction to be purer; a merit which resulted from the epoch when she wrote; the language being at that time more settled than it was when "The Princess of Cleves" was composed. Voltaire, who was on terms of intimate friendship with Madame Fontaines, wrote some verses in her praise, in which he equals her style to that of Fenelon. This is a very exaggerated compliment. More just and more acceptable it would have been to confess that the plot of his fine tragedy, "Tancrède," is taken from one of her novels — "The Countess of Savoy." La Harpe, in his analysis of "Tancrède," indicates its source. In this play, the great beauty of the poetry and the very interesting and powerful evolvement of the characters evince so superior a genius to the mere formation of the story, that the poet might have yielded up to the lady what was due to her without a single leaf falling from his laurel. But, man-like, he did not choose to acknowledge that he had been *helped* by a woman, while availing himself of the advantage.

FOUQUÉ, BARONESS CAROLINE DE LA MOTTE,

Was the first wife of the Baron de la Motte Fouqué, so well known for his inimitable tale of Undine. She ranks among the most accomplished women of Germany. Her works are numerous, and have attained a high degree of celebrity; we will indicate a few of them: "Letters on Greek Mythology," "Letters from Berlin," "Women of the World," "Woman's Love," "The two Friends," "The Heroine of La Vendée," "Tales," in four volumes, "Theodora," "Henry and Maria," "Lodoiska and her Daughter."

G.

GERMAIN, SOPHIE,

Born at Paris in 1776, made, at a comparatively early age, an extraordinary progress in the mathematical sciences, and, in 1816, obtained the prize of the Academy of Sciences for a memoir on the vibration of elastic laminæ. She pursued this subject further in her "Recherches sur la théorie des surfaces élastiques," published in 1820; in another memoir presented to the Academy in 1826, and in an article in the "Anales de physique et chimie," which appeared in 1828. During the revolution of the three days, she was quietly engaged at Paris in the preparation of a memoir on the curvature of surfaces, which was, when finished, inserted in Crelle's Journal of the Mathematics. She died in 1831 of a cancer. Distinguished as she was by her acquirements and performances in the exact sciences, her attention had been far from being exclusively confined to them, but was, on the contrary, directed, in no inconsiderable degree, also to natural science, geography, history, and the speculations of philosophy.

HALL, SARAH,

Born at Philadelphia on the 30th of October, 1761, was daughter of the Rev. John Ewing, D. D., who was for many years Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, and Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia. Although brought up in the troublesome times of the Revolution, and when it was not customary to bestow much cultivation on the female mind, with access to few books or other of the usual means of study, Miss Ewing became the mistress of accomplishments

such as few possess. From her earliest years her active and inquisitive mind was ever on the alert for knowledge, and, fortunately, she possessed, in the society of her father — one of the most distinguished scholars of his day — a prolific source of information, which she failed not to improve to the utmost. By means of conversations with him, and observing the heavenly bodies under his direction, she became quite a proficient in the science of astronomy, which, through her whole life, continued one of her favourite pursuits. She also obtained a critical acquaintance with the principles of grammar, and an extensive knowledge of the ancient classics, by hearing her brothers recite their Latin and Greek lessons to their father, and by listening to the conversations of the learned men who frequented his house. True genius is stimulated to exertion by the obstacles that embarrass it in the pursuit of knowledge; and in the case of Miss Ewing the difficulties which she was obliged to surmount only served to redouble her industry and to give increased value to the hard-earned acquisitions of her mind.

In 1782, Miss Ewing was married to Mr. John Hall, the son of a wealthy planter in Maryland, to which state they removed. Here she spent about eight years; but her taste was not for retirement; she loved books, society, and her friends too well to be satisfied with a country life in a secluded neighbourhood, and they removed to Philadelphia, where Mr. Hall filled successively the offices of Secretary of the Land Office, and Marshal of the United States for the District of Pennsylvania. Here they remained till 1801; then they resided in Lamberton, New Jersey, till 1805; thence they removed to Mr. Hall's paternal estate, in Maryland, where they lived until 1811; they then returned to Philadelphia, where Mr. Hall died, in 1826. Mrs. Hall survived her husband only four years, dying on the 8th of April, 1830, aged sixty-nine.

During all these removals and the vicissitudes which occasioned them, Mrs. Hall never neglected, in the least particular, her duties as the head of a family; and in order to find time for reading without infringing on them, she, for the last forty years of her life, devoted to this exercise the hours usually appropriated to repose.

When the Port Folio was established by Dennie, in 1800, she was one of the literary circle to whom that work was indebted for its celebrity. Some of the most sprightly essays and pointed criticisms which appeared in this paper at the time of its greatest popularity, were from the pen of Mrs. Hall. When the Port Folio came under the direction of her son, she continually aided him in his labours; and her contributions may readily be distinguished, as well by their vivacity, as the classic purity of their diction. She was an admirable letter-writer, and possessed uncommon powers of conversation, which she exercised in a manner at once instructive and entertaining. While her children were young, it was her practice to allure their minds to study by such conversation as would awaken curiosity and give a proper direction to the taste, the judgment, and the heart; and, instead of influencing them by authority in the choice of books, to instil into them such principles as would induce them to make the proper selection.

Throughout her whole life Mrs. Hall was always a sincere and humble Christian; and, although an innate delicacy of mind induced her to withhold the expression of every thought and feeling which concerned only herself, yet she was remarkably exact in her religious observances, and assiduous in teaching not only her children, but all within her influence, that belief and those hopes which formed the consolation of her own life. She delighted to converse on religious topics, and few men excelled her in profound knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. She studied these with diligence and prayer, and became as eminent for scholarship in this department of learning, as she was for wit, vivacity, and genius. The only book she ever published, "Conversations on the Bible," a duodecimo of 365 pages, affords ample testimony that her memory is entitled to such praise. This work, which was very well received, both in this country and in England, contains a fund of information which could only have been collected by diligent research and profound thought. While engaged in this undertaking she began the study of the Hebrew, to enable herself to make the necessary researches, and attained a considerable proficiency in this difficult language. When it is stated that Mrs. Hall commenced this work after she had passed the age of fifty, when she had been the mother of eleven children, and that during her whole life she was distinguished for her industry, economy, and attention to all the duties of her station, it must be allowed that she was no ordinary woman. Her other writings were confined to contributions to the leading literary periodicals of the day.

HARCOURT, AGNES D',

Abbess of the celebrated convent of Longchamp, near Paris, founded by the pious sister of St. Louis, Isabella de France, was the daughter of Juan d' Harcourt. She was appointed Abbess in 1263, two years after the establishment of the convent, by Isabella, and remained so till her death, in November, 1291. Agnes had received an education worthy of her illustrious birth, as was fully proved by the work she left: it was the "Life of Isabella," written with so much *naiveté* and such an exquisite simplicity, as to be considered one of the most valuable works of the early French writers. Before the revolution of 1789, the Abbey of Longchamp possessed the original manuscript of this work, written with the greatest care, perhaps by Agnes herself, on a roll of vellum.

HAYS, MARY,

An Englishwoman of good talents, who made the condition and welfare of her own sex her chief object of study. Her only work of consequence was entitled "Female Biography; or Memoirs of Illustrious and Celebrated Women of all Ages and Countries;" in three volumes.

I.

JAMES, ANNIE P.,

Was born in Salem, Massachusetts, on the 22d of December, 1825. Daughter of Mr. Joshua Safford, of that city, she was carefully educated by her parents. When less than ten years of age she commenced a journal, which she continued till her death; and even at that early age she evinced a mind of unusual capacity and depth, and a lovely disposition. In September, 1842, Miss Safford became a member of the Baptist Church in Salem, of which she afterwards was so bright an ornament. From the time of her first union with the church she was deeply interested in the missionary cause, and was elected Corresponding Secretary of the "Boardman Missionary Society." In the early part of 1847, Dr. Sexton James, of Philadelphia, about to become a missionary to China, visited Salem and was introduced to Miss Safford. The intimacy ended in a marriage, which took place in October of the same year, and in November they set sail for China. They arrived at Hong-kong on the 25th of March, 1848, and a few days after went on a visit to Canton, as there was no prospect of their having an opportunity to proceed to Shanghai, their place of destination, for some weeks. On the 13th of April, Dr. and Mrs. James embarked on board the schooner "Paradox" to return to Hong-kong, and on the 15th, just as they came in sight of the port, a sudden squall came up. The schooner was thrown on her side and sunk almost instantly. Dr. James and his wife were in their cabin, and, it is supposed, were drowned immediately. Their bodies were never recovered.

J.

JOAN, THE POPESS,

According to a story long believed but now acknowledged to be a fiction, was a woman who, for a time, held the keys of St. Peter, and was the acknowledged head of the Roman hierarchy. The legend says that she was a native of Metz. Her name was Gilberta, or Agnes; she fell in love with an Englishman at Fulda, went to travel with him, studied at Athens, and visited Rome. Continuing to conceal her sex, she took the name of *Johannes Angelina*, and rose, by her talents, from the station of a notary to the papal chair under the name of John VIII. This was between the years 854–6. She governed well, but, having become pregnant by a servant, or, as some say, by a cardinal, she was delivered in a solemn procession, and died on the spot, near the Coliseum, which place the popes are said to have avoided ever after in their processions. Such is the fable, which we give solely because it is found in so many authors, though it is unworthy of credit. Two Protestants, learned and impartial men, (Blondell and Bayle,) concur in their conclusion that the story of Pope Joan is a baseless fiction.

L.

LLANGOLLEN, THE LADIES OF,

That happiness is to be sought in the obvious paths of that state of life in which it has pleased God to place us, that the largest heart and most excited heroism of virtue may find scope in the duties that lie nearest to us, are truths that have been demonstrated for ages. But there is a sort of Quixotism in some minds that spurns the condition allotted by Providence. These people try to "go farther" than the rest of the world, and, it must be added, they invariably "fare worse."

Lady Eleanor Butler was born in Dublin, 1761. While in her cradle she had the misfortune to lose both her parents, and from her earliest recollection she formed a tender intimacy with Miss Ponsonby, their imaginations being incited by the circumstances — that they were born in Dublin on the same day of the year, and both lost their parents at the same epoch. It was easy for two romantic, warm-hearted girls, to persuade themselves that they were born for each other, and that they would renounce all other ties, and fly to a solitude where friendship was to supply the charm for every care. Thus agreeing together, they fled secretly from Ireland, and, having heard of the romantic beauties of Wales, they went to Llangollen, took a cottage beautifully situated near the top of a mountain, and commenced their life of friendship. However, their guardians having discovered their retreat, compelled them to return to Dublin. The young ladies were obliged to submit, but declared that on coming of age they would return to Llangollen; which they did.

Miss Ponsonby was not rich, but Lady Eleanor possessed considerable property. She purchased the cottage, and built upon its site an elegant residence, replete with every comfort and luxury they desired. Here they actually dwelt for the remainder of their lives, which were lengthened to old age. They were visited by many strangers, and enjoyed such society, though professing to love solitude. As they grew old and the romance of the situation faded, their latest visitors represent them as insipid old women, eagerly listening to news of the world, and seeming to derive their principal amusement from superintending the farm. Miss Ponsonby, unfortunately, survived her friend for many tedious years. The blank that remained to her may be imagined. She died about 1830; the exact date we have not ascertained.

LEE, MARY ELIZABETH,

A writer of prose and verse, was born at Charleston, South Carolina, on the 23d March, 1813. She belonged to an old family which had always maintained a highly respectable rank in society. Mary at a very early period evinced the possession of a delicate and sensitive organization with large promise of talent. She was fortunate in early literary associations, which, in a considerable degree, were made to supply the want of a

close and methodical education. She soon exhibited an eager appetite for books. For these she abandoned the usual amusements of childhood. Indeed, she never entertained them. The toy and the doll, so essential to juvenile happiness, contributed at no period to hers. Her pleasures were

derived wholly from reading, and the conversation of those whose attachment to letters was decided. In this way she added daily to her intellectual resources, and stimulated, even to excess, the sole desire of her mind. Her memory was one of remarkable capacity, and she retained without an effort whatever commended itself to her imagination. She thus laid in rare stores for thought, which, as she advanced to maturity, were never left unemployed. Her faculty for the acquisition of languages, with or without a tutor, was singularly large; and, with a memory so retentive as that which she possessed, it was never exercised in vain. Until the age of ten, her education was entirely carried on at home. When, at this period, it was deemed advisable to enlarge her studies in accordance with the increasing developments of her mind, and she was sent to school, its exercises and excitements were found to prey upon her delicate constitution. The very emulation which such an institution almost necessarily provokes in an ardent and eager nature, was injurious to hers. Her health became impaired, and it was found necessary when she was but twelve years of age to withdraw her once more to the placid sphere of domestic study. Here, then, and almost at this early period, she began the education of herself — that most valuable of all kinds of education, and the only one which makes school education of value. In the securities of home she pursued her voluntary tasks with equal industry and pleasure. Her application was sleepless, her acquisitions surprising. She succeeded in obtaining a considerable mastery over the French, Italian, and German languages, while perfecting herself by constant attention in all the graces of her own. In these exercises she naturally became a contributor to the periodical literature of the country. Her vein was at once direct and delicate; simple, unaffected, and truthful, yet full of grace, sweetness, and beauty. Her tone was grave, mostly, almost to solemnity, yet relieved and warmed by a fancy that, if never frolicsome, was at least usually cheerful. With her increasing reputation, her verses soon made their way into most of the popular periodicals of the day. Several of her pieces fastened themselves upon the memory, and became grateful to the hearts, of her readers. Their unobtrusive sweetness, their grave delicacy, the propriety of their sentiments, and uniform gentleness and purity of tone, beguiled those sympathies which the delicate constitution of her genius would never have sought to coerce. "The Lone Star," "Correggio's Holy Family," "The Hour of Death," "The Deathbed of Prince Henry," "The Blind Negro Communicant," and many other pieces, in this manner stole silently upon the popular affections and served to extend her reputation. Her practice in verse, as is commonly the case, preceded her exercises in prose. At a later day she became as diligent in the latter as in the former province. Essays, sketches, tales, all proceeded rapidly from her pen, and were eagerly read in the annuals and magazines into which they found their way. Sometimes she ventured upon a critical paper for the reviews, and, through this medium she has given us some just and thoughtful criticisms upon foreign writers. One volume, designed by her for the young, entitled "Social Evenings, or Historical Tales," was published by the Massachusetts School Library Association, and is stated to be one of the most popular of the collection. Its characteristics are simplicity, good sense, accuracy of statement, and compactness of detail, all carefully chosen and grouped in accordance with the leading purpose of the publication. At a later period in life her labours were continued amidst great suffering, and with a constant apprehension of a fatal termination. Her constitution, always delicate, was gradually yielding to her complaint, which was assisted in its progress by the intense activity of her mind. But this very activity, which helped her foe, was her principal solace. Of the tenacity with which she held to her employments we may form some notion from a single fact. Her right hand having become paralyzed, she transferred the pen to the left, and acquired a new style of penmanship, which, entirely different from that which she wrote before, is yet singularly uniform, and even spirited and graceful. She bore her afflictions with a wonderful fortitude, a sweet, becoming cheerfulness, and a still unwearied exercise of her mental faculties, all concurring to illustrate the pure and noble Christian spirit, the cultivation of which had been carefully blended with that of her intellectual and moral nature. After years of suffering, she expired peacefully and hopefully in the arms of her family, on the 23d of September, 1849, at the early age of thirty-six. A selection from her poetical writings has recently been made and published in Charleston by Messrs Walker and Richards in a beautiful duodecimo of 224 pages.

A tolerable portrait prefaces this volume, which has been edited, with a touching and graceful memoir, by her friend and pastor, the Rev. S. Gilman, D. D.

LÉZARDIÈRE, MADEMOISELLE,

Was a native of France. Without any encouragement she manifested an invincible taste for historical researches. In this she met with great opposition from her family. At a period when France, as a nation, was given up to most frivolous pursuits, when the court was occupied entirely by futile pleasures, to say no worse, it seemed monstrous, and inadmissible to commonplace people, that a young girl should give up the world, and the usual routine of girlish life, to devote herself to musty manuscripts and severe study. Her perseverance, however, removed all obstacles, and she was at last indulged by her parents with the means of carrying out her views. She devoted the best years of her youth to the most laborious literary pursuits; living in solitude, unknown by the public, but encouraged by the approbation and sympathy of a few scientific men, among whom her principal friend was Malesherbes, the heroic advocate of Louis XVI. After twenty-five years of careful research, her work was printed anonymously, under the title of "Theory of the Political Laws of the French Monarchy." Alas! the book was printed in 1790, when the very word *monarchy* was an abomination. It was published after the Revolution, but the time was past; political science had also undergone a revolution, and the labours of a lifetime were lost. Augustin Thierry, unquestionably the best judge in the world of the subject of Mademoiselle Lézardière, since his own writings have formed an epoch in the manner of studying and treating such researches, gives her almost the preference over all the learned men who were her predecessors in this study. He speaks highly of her erudition and philosophic mode of reasoning; her theory he completely destroys, as he does those of all the foregoing savants, not excepting the great Montesquieu. After refuting her errors, he says,—

"We must admit, however, that the theory of Mademoiselle Lézardière is consistent, ingenious, and often full of sagacity. She appears gifted with remarkable powers of analysis. She seeks out and sets forth all the important problems, and never leaves them till she has exhausted every text that bears upon them. In a word, there is not here, as in the preceding systems, an aimless scattering of the primitive elements of our history; they are all recognised and admitted; and it is by an almost insensible inflection that the author has bent them to her own system. * * * If her book had appeared at the right time, perhaps it would have divided public opinion and have founded a sect, like the system of Mably; perhaps, as it is more complete, more profound, and nearer the originals, it would have gained the suffrage of the deepest thinkers. In reality the two theories are much alike: the same element is in the book of Abe Mably, but in that of Mademoiselle Lézardière it is more strongly marked, and, above all, more learnedly argued."

The science of political history is so difficult, and demands so much learning, that few have written sagaciously upon it, and we have, therefore, given Mademoiselle Lézardière the honourable testimony of Thierry, which her merit had well earned.

M.

MACOMBER, ELEANOR,

Was born in 1801, at Lake Pleasant, Hamilton County, New York. Here her childhood and youth were passed until she removed to Albany, where she first formed that determination to which she adhered so nobly through all obstacles — of devoting her life to Him who had given up His for us. In 1830 she was sent out by the Missionary Board of the Baptist denomination as teacher among the Ojibwas at Sault de Ste Marie, in Michigan. Here she continued for nearly four years, when, her health failing, she returned to her friends. In 1836 she connected herself with the Karen mission, Burmah, and went out to Maulmain in the latter part of the same year. After her arrival she was stationed at Dong-Yahn, about thirty-five miles from Maulmain. Here she lived and laboured almost alone, doing the great work which was assigned her. In the midst of discouragements she fainted not, but performed labours and endured afflictions almost incredible. When she arrived at the scene of her future labours, she found vice and sin reigning triumphant. On every hand intemperance and sensuality were observable. She immediately commenced in their midst the worship of God. On the Sabbath the people were drawn together to hear the story of the cross, and during the week her house was thrown open for morning and evening prayers. By her perseverance she soon collected a small school, and, in less than a year, a church of natives, numbering more than twenty persons, was formed and placed under the care of the Rev. Mr. Stephens. Intemperance, sensuality, and other vices gradually disappeared, and the Christian virtues took their place.

The idea of a weak, friendless, and lone woman trusting herself among a drunken and sensual people, and there, with no husband, father, or brother, establishing public worship, opening her house for prayer and praise, and gathering schools in the midst of wild and unlettered natives, is one full of moral grandeur. Intelligent, active, and laborious, Miss Macomber was not content with teaching all who came to her; she went out to the surrounding tribes, attended only by one or two converts, and, fording rivers, crossing ravines, climbing high hills and mountains, she everywhere carried the doctrines of salvation. Even the heathen heart was touched by this spectacle, and this estimable woman was respected and loved by those who hated the Gospel she taught.

Miss Macomber died April 16th, 1840, of the jungle fever, at Maulmain, where she had been carried for the purpose of obtaining medical aid.

Her death was deeply lamented by the natives; even those who did not love the Saviour mourned the loss of His servant, whose kindness and hospitality they had experienced, and followed her to the grave with wails of sorrow.

M'CREA, JANE,

Daughter of James M'Crea, an Episcopal clergyman of New Jersey, was residing in 1777, with her brother, near Fort Edward, on the western bank of the Hudson. She was betrothed to a young royalist named David Jones, a captain in Burgoyne's army. He sent a number of Indians with a letter to her, urging her to place herself under their escort and to come to him. Fearful of some mischance, Captain Jones despatched another party of Indians on the same errand. These two bands meeting, began to dispute about the reward that was to be divided between them; violent words followed, and, in the midst of the quarrel, one of the chiefs shot Miss M'Crea. She fell immediately, and the Indian scalped her; and then, fearful of pursuit, they all fled. Her brother, hearing of his sister's fate, came and buried the body. Captain Jones did not long survive this sad disaster.

MATILDA,

Queen of Henry I. of England, daughter of Malcolm Canmore, king of Scotland. See her biography in Second Era, page 131.

MARTIN, MRS. BELL,

Was daughter of Mr. Martin, a rich commoner of England. She inherited a very large landed property, several estates of which were in Ireland.

Miss Martin married her cousin, whose name was Bell; he took her family name by act of Parliament. Mrs. Bell Martin was an authoress of some repute. She wrote "Julia Howard," a novel of considerable merit, and also several works in the French language. But she was more eminent for her virtues than her genius. During the troublous times of the famine in Ireland, Mrs. Bell Martin attempted, in the spirit of true humanity, to prevent the poor people on her estates from suffering the horrible privations endured by the labourers in general. Her tenants amounted to as many as twenty thousand, and her lands to over two hundred thousand acres. She caused important improvements to be made, in order to give work and wages to the people, till her own means became straitened. Then, obliged to retrench her expenditures, she left her own country to travel in America and learn the manner of living in a republic where all are in comfort. She was taken ill on the voyage, and died ten days after reaching New York, near the close of 1850.

MAURY, MRS.,

Of Liverpool, England, wrote two works on the United States, "The English Woman in America," and "The Statesmen of America." We have had such frequent occasions to resent the want of candour in British tourists; we have so fretted and winced at their merited and unmerited sneers, that when we find one willing to love us *and our faults*, gratitude and patriotism arise to disarm criticism. We are truly obliged to Mrs. Maury for her enthusiasm; and we say, not ungraciously but deprecatingly, that too much praise is the next thing to too much blame, as it spirits up our ill-wishers to question our veritable deserts. Setting aside this *engouement* for every thing American, Mrs. Maury is an agreeable, ingenious writer; some of her sketches of *insignificant* people are painted with a vigour and animation that would do credit to certain of the great literary reputations of the day. Mrs. Maury's enthusiasm for every thing in the New World was no doubt to be attributed, in part, to the circumstance that Mr. Maury was an American by birth. His native State was Virginia, and hither the family came in 1848; Mrs. Maury anticipating much happiness in this, her adopted country. But she was not to realize her hopes here; she died in a few months after her settlement on their estate in Virginia.

MAYO, ABIGAIL,

Wife of Colonel John Mayo, of Richmond, Virginia, did much for the cause of female education in that city and state. Gifted with a superior mind and great moral excellence, she understood, intuitively, as it were, the good influence that cultivated intellect gives the sex. There were no Female Seminaries then at the South; those who wished to give their daughters the advantages of education were obliged to send them from home, or keep a governess in their own family. Mrs. Mayo resolved to remedy this; she established a school, placing at its head Mrs. Broome, niece of Lord Nugent, and cousin of Lord Byron, an English lady, who, leaving Canada for the United States, had been befriended by Mrs. Mayo. The Seminary was successful. Two of Mrs. Mayo's daughters, one now the wife of General Scott, the other of Dr. R. H. Cabell, of Richmond, were among the accomplished pupils educated in this school. The good effect of the experiment has never been lost. Richmond has since been famed for its excellent Female Seminaries.

MIRBEL, LEZINSKA RUE DE,

Was born at Paris, daughter of a commissary of the marine. She belonged to a family, every branch of which was opulent, except her own. Nature had endowed her, however, with a firmness of character and a loftiness of spirit which rendered poverty honourable, as, instead of degrading, it spurred her to those exertions which have given her name a European celebrity. She determined, at a very early age, to accomplish an object which she set before herself; that was, to become independent by her own efforts, and to supply the wants of her mother and her young brother. After long and due consideration, she determined upon applying herself to miniature painting, which she felt was her particular vocation. She was then eighteen, and remarkable for beauty and intelligence. Having entered herself as a student with Augustin, she regulated her hours upon the strictest rules of industry and method; every moment had its employment; a time was allotted to the necessary practice of her art; a time to reading, and a time to needle-work. Up at four o'clock in the morning, she was always ready and never hurried; the evening she devoted to society, and the day to the most persevering labours. Her youthful spirit knew no languor, either moral or physical. Filling her place gracefully in the drawing-room, in the studio she was the most severe and indefatigable of students. Preparing by earnest and fatiguing application her distant future success—

> "For sluggard's brows the laurel never grows
> Renown is not the child of indolent repose."

The besetting sin of miniature painters is want of skill in drawing; Augustin could teach her the way of mixing and laying on colours, and the little mysteries of the trade; but this was not art, it was not drawing. A friend of her family, M. Belloc, a very distinguished connoisseur, advised her to withdraw from the school of Augustin, and to give herself up exclusively and strenuously to the study of drawing. She took this judicious advice, and under his friendly direction applied herself to copy the greatest masters of her special branch of art. Her talent became rapidly developed, and she soon acquired a distinguished reputation. After her marriage with M. de Mirbel, she continued her efforts for improvement, which were attended by fame, fortune, and success. While the merit of her miniatures was acknowledged all over Europe, her charming manners and intelligent mind rendered her house the resort of the most distinguished literary and artistic personages of the day. She died in September, 1849, deeply regretted by all who could estimate her genius and worth.

MOSEBY, MARY WEBSTER,

Wife of John G. Moseby, Esq., of Richmond, Virginia, was gifted with poetic genius of no ordinary power. Her only published work was of undoubted merit, "Pocahontas, a Legend; with Historical and Traditional Notes;" issued in 1840. She also wrote for periodicals, and was highly esteemed for her virtues and literary accomplishments. Deeply versed in the holy Scriptures, and giving much time to Biblical researches, she was always at home on religious topics; and fervent piety was the loveliest attribute of her genius. Her father was Mr. Robert Pleasants, and she was connected by blood with the Randolph family. Mrs. Moseby died in Richmond city in 1844, aged fifty-two.

N.

NORDENFLYCHT, MADAME,

Was a Sweedish writer of popular songs, which, in her day, gained her great celebrity. She also wrote a volume of elegies and epistles, remarkable for their truth and tenderness. They spread her reputation far beyond her own country; Gesner, Haller, and Holberg, have each celebrated her talents. She had retired from the world on the loss of her husband, and in this retirement wrote her sweet verses. This drew intellectual people to her house, and very soon her drawing-room was the focus of the first literary society formed in Sweden; and this habit of meeting was continued weekly after the death of Madame Nordenflycht, under the classical title of "Utile Dulci."

O.

ORLEANS, MARIE D'

Was the third daughter of Louis Philippe, the king of the French. Her genius was the pride of her family, and her early death was a sore affliction, for she possessed great loveliness of character, and her piety and intelligence made her truly beloved and respected. Early manifesting artistic talent, and having made good proficiency in drawing and painting, she essayed her powers as a sculptor. Several of her productions in marble won the critical commendation of the best judges, not over-willing to concede this laurel to a woman, even though a king's daughter. She finally determined to attempt a work which would be associated with the most wonderful epoch of French history, and one of the most noble heroines the world has ever produced. This was the figure of Joan of Arc, completed in 1836, which places the artist at the head of the French sculptors. It may very confidently be predicted that, in future years, when the late political agitations and mutations in the Orleans family will occupy an unregarded page of general history, when the Ulyssean craft of the father and the "regal alliance" of the sons will be of no interest to mankind, then the immortal fruits of the genius of this unassuming young woman will cast a lustre over the name of Orleans.

In the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth centuries, amidst the disgusting barbarities, the perfidious warfare, the licentiousness, that form the annals of that most disgraceful period of

French history, what name is it that we turn to with interest, what figure do we contemplate with some congeniality? Not the brute warriors, nor manœuvring statesmen, but the poet, Charles d'-Orleans, whose verses, from their national spirit, paved the way to the deliverance and regeneration afterwards effected by the maiden of Domremy.

P.

PICKERING, ELLEN,

An English novel-writer, of whom it may truly be said that she has given more innocent amusement in the way of this literature, with less of dangerous excitement, than any one author of her class. She wrote rapidly, having in the course of a few years sent forth a dozen or more of works; among which, "The Grumbler;" "The Fright;" "Nan Darrell;" and "The Quiet Husband," are distinguished for the unflagging interest, for different causes, which they exercise over the imagination of young readers.

Miss Pickering, judging from her books, must have had a mind which felt and cultivated the feminine qualities of delicacy, honesty, purity; her principles are excellent; nothing coarse in thought or language ever sullied her page. Her enthusiasm is always in favour of virtue and truth. But she too often sacrifices probability to the wish of showing the perfection of her heroine in the most attractive light. For instance, the "Admirable Crichton" could hardly have equalled the facility with which her poor heroine, under the most unpromising circumstances, becomes perfectly accomplished; arts and sciences which usually require time, money, excellent instructors, are attained by her in one brief visit, where a well-educated friend imparts both practice and theory; or the crumbs, let fall by a half-educated governess, work miracles for the neglected child. The young lady, too, is at fifteen or sixteen equal to the most complicated situations; her judgment is never at fault; and as to human frailty, that is an inadmissible supposition.

As a pendant, the uncle, grandfather, cousin, or whoever may be the oppressor, is a wretch quite devoid of the milk of human kindness. All the mixed motives that sway this earth's denizens have been without impression upon the adamant of his heart, until the right moment comes for him to show the sunny side of his nature; the habits of thirty or forty years are then laid aside as easily as gloves when we return from a walk. These are blemishes in the character of Miss Pickering's novels, and may have an injurious influence on those who expect to realize scenes similar in actual life. But the author is always sedulous to point a wise moral, though not always judicious in the means.

Miss Pickering's last work was "The Grandfather," which she did not live to finish. She died near London, in 1843. The novel was completed by her friend, Elizabeth Youatt, and published in 1844. All her works have been republished in the United States, and widely circulated, in the cheap form principally.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH,

Of France, sister of Louis XVI. See page 303.

QUEENSBURY, CATHERINE HYDE, DUCHESS OF,

Was the daughter of Henry, Earl of Clarendon and Rochester, and wife of Charles Douglas, third duke of Queensbury. She was a celebrated beauty, and received tributes from Pope and from Prior. Forty years after the well-known poem of Prior, Walpole left on her toilet the following doggerel lines:—

"To many a Kitty, Love his car,
Would for a day engage,
But Prior's Kitty, *ever* fair,
Retains it for an age."

A forgotten poet, Whitehead, has celebrated her octogenary charms. Since the Grecian Helen, no lady seems so nearly to have filled a century of praise. What is rare in a woman so admired, she was modest, unaffected, devoted to her family and friends. She and the duke were fond of literary society, and maintained an intimacy with Swift, Pope, and especially Gay. To the last, the duchess was unspeakably kind; she not only gave him the shelter of her roof, but paid attention to the minute, every-day comforts, which the unpractical poet could never manage for himself. At the prohibition of his opera, "Polly," their graces were so warm in their resentment, that they were forbidden to appear at court. The duchess corresponded with many persons of note; her letters are to be met with dispersed among the collections that are brought forward for the gratification of modern curiosity. They exhibit considerable sprightliness and good sense. The style is unstudied, but not defective. The following extract may be made, as it is pleasing to see the tenderness of heart it shows. Gay had been dead two years at the time it was written.

—— ——- "For four or five years last past, we had set our hearts on a certain hill, that I am sure you have heard me mention; and now, not only of that, but of the whole estate we are in possession, and as yet I have not felt delighted, only mighty well satisfied. Is not this astonishing? I often want poor Mr. Gay, and on this occasion extremely. Nothing evaporates sooner than joy untold, or even told, unless to one so entirely in your interest as he was, who bore at least an equal share in every satisfaction or dissatisfaction that attended us. I am not in the spleen that I write thus; on the contrary, it is a sort of pleasure to think over his good qualities. His loss was really great, but it is a satisfaction to have once known so good a man. As you were as much his friend as I, it is needless to ask your pardon for dwelling so long on this subject."

Besides her fondness for literature, the duchess had a taste for painting, in which art she was something of a proficient. She died in 1777, surviving her husband one year.

ROBERTS, EMMA,

Was born about the year 1794, and descended from a Welsh family of great respectability. After her father's decease, Emma Roberts, who was the younger of two sisters, resided with her mother, a lady of some literary pretensions, in the city of Bath, where she early devoted herself to the acquisition of knowledge. While prosecuting her researches for her first literary performance, she evinced so much diligence and perseverance, that the officers of the British Museum, where she was accustomed to study, were induced to render her every assistance in their power. This work was published in two volumes, in 1827, under the title of "Memoirs of the Rival Houses of York and Lancaster; or the White and Red Roses," and, although it is written in a perspicuous and pleasing manner, yet it did not meet with that success to which it was entitled by its merits.

On the death of her mother, and the marriage of her sister to Captain R. A. M'Naughten, of the Bengal army, Miss Roberts was induced to accompany her brother-in-law and sister to India, in 1828, where she spent the two following years between the stations of Agra, Cawnpore, and Etawa, in the upper provinces of the Bengal Presidency. A spirited account of these places subsequently appeared from her pen in "The Asiatic Journal," the first description being published in December, 1832. A selection of these papers was made in 1835, under the title of "Scenes and Characteristics of Hindoostan," and, unlike most works upon India, it met with a favourable reception from the English public. During her residence at Cawnpore, Miss Roberts published a little volume of poetry, entitled "Oriental Scenes," which she dedicated to her friend, Miss Landon. It was republished in England, in 1832, and contains some very pleasing specimens of glowing description and graceful imagery.

The death of her sister, which took place in 1831, caused Miss Roberts to return to Calcutta. Here her pen was in constant activity, and, besides various contributions to periodicals, she undertook the task of editing a newspaper — "The Oriental Observer." After residing for a year in Calcutta, the loss of her health forced her to return home, and she reached London in 1833. Here she continued her literary efforts, and the amount of labour performed by her would appear astonishing to any one who did not know her industry and readiness in composition. History, biography, poetry, tales, local descriptions, foreign correspondence, and didactic essays, by turns employed her versatile powers. She also edited "The Sixty-fourth Edition of Mrs. Rundle's New System of Cookery, &c.," to which she added several receipts of her own. A pleasing biographical sketch of Mrs. Maclean, or L. E. L., was also written by the same lady, which was published with "The Zenena, and other Poems," in 1840. In the fall of 1839, Miss Roberts formed the bold design of travelling to India through Egypt, accompanied only by a female friend. Previous to her departure she entered into an agreement with the Asiatic Journal to transmit, on her journey, a series of papers for publication descriptive of her route. The last of these communications appeared in the same number which announced her death; and since then they have been collected and published under the title of "Notes of an Overland Journey through France and Egypt, to Bombay, by the late Miss Emma Roberts."

On the evening of the 29th of October, Miss Roberts and her friend landed in the harbour of Bombay, having been less than two months in performing their hurried journey from London. Her aid was almost immediately requested by the conductors of periodical works at Bombay, and she likewise undertook the editorship of a new weekly paper — "The Bombay United Service Gazette." She also engaged in schemes for improving the condition of the native women, by devising employment for them suited to their taste and capacity, and in her "Notes" appear some sensible remarks on native education.

These multifarious engagements in a tropical climate soon proved too much for Miss Roberts' constitution, already weakened by excessive exertion. She died suddenly, on the 16th of September, 1840, while on a visit to a friend at Poonah, and was buried near Mrs. Fletcher; better known to the English world by her maiden name of Jewsbury. The death of Miss Roberts excited universal sorrow, among both natives and Europeans, in India, and many flattering tributes were paid to her memory in the public journals.

REEVE, CLARA,

Was born in 1745, at Ipswich, England, daughter of a clergyman. An early admiration of Horace Walpole's "Castle of Otranto" induced Miss Reeve to imitate it in a Gothic story entitled "The Old English Baron." Mr. Chambers, in his Cyclopædia, says of this work,—

"In some respects the lady has the advantage of Walpole: her supernatural machinery is better managed, so as to produce mysteriousness and effect, but her style has not the point or elegance

of that of her prototype. Miss Reeve wrote several other novels, 'all marked,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'by excellent good sense, pure morality, and a competent command of those qualities which constitute a good romance.' They have failed, however, to keep possession of public favour, and the fame of the author rests on her 'Old English Baron,' which is now generally printed along with the story of Walpole."

"The Old English Baron" was published in 1777, and Miss Reeve died in 1803.

S.

SAUSSURE, MADAME NECKER DE,

Was the daughter of M. de Saussure, and born in the city of Geneva about the year 1768. Her father, a man of profound learning, was very careful to cultivate the mind of his daughter, and yet very fearful she would display her learning pedantically.

At the age of nineteen she married M. Necker, nephew of the celebrated minister of finance, and, as was then considered, very brilliant prospects opened before the young couple. The Revolution destroyed these hopes, but it brought the uncle and nephew and their families together, and Madame de Saussure became intimate with Madame de Staël. "From that time my thoughts were more particularly directed towards moral science and literature," says Madame de Saussure, in a letter to an American friend.*

The troubles of Geneva obliging M. Saussure and his family to pass some years in Switzerland, where the education of their children became the chief occupation of both parents, it was not till after the decease of her husband that Madame de Saussure began to publish her writings: she thus describes her feelings and opinions on her own authorship:

"It was not until my youth had passed that I appeared before the public under my own name, and I congratulate myself that it was so. The works that I should have written in early life would not have satisfied me now. The attempt to write would probably have been beneficial to me; but there are so many causes of excitement in early life, personal affections and the desire to win the love and esteem of others occupy the mind so fully, that the young rarely press steadily onward to the most elevated mark. My education had been of an exciting nature, and the circumstances of my life were calculated to foster a spirit of romance. It is very probable, therefore, that my early writings would have been imbued with more fancy than good sense. In this last of all my works that I now send you, I have believed it my duty to paint the destiny of woman, dark as the pictures may be, in true colours; but possibly the recollections and habits of youth have acquired too much power over me. You will judge. But I hope that, at least, age, deafness, sorrows, and the active duties of religion, have rendered my motives simple and pure, and have formed, in some respects, such a character as I have pourtrayed for the example of others."

"The last of all her works" to which she alludes, was "Progressive Education;" her best and most important production. It was translated into English and published in Boston. It deserves to have a place in every mother's library.

Madame de Saussure also wrote a "Biography of Madame de Staël," and translated from the German Schlegel's "Course of Dramatic Literature;" but her most earnest efforts were directed to the cause of education. She does not evince brilliancy of genius, yet few, if any, of the French female writers have displayed such good sense and Christian principles in their productions. She died in 1847.

SCOTT, JULIA H.,

Was born in 1809, in the northern part of Pennsylvania. Her maiden name was Kinney. She began to write verses when she was very young, and her first pieces were published when she was little more than sixteen. For several years Miss Kinney continued to write with much ability for several of the different periodicals. In 1835 she was married to Dr. David L. Scott, of Towanda, where she died in 1842. Her poems, together with a biography of the writer, by Miss S. C. Edgarton, were published in 1843. Her songs are those of "the household;" full of gentle and feminine feeling and tender pathos.

SHUCK, HENRIETTA,

Was born in Kilmarnock, Virginia, on the 28th of October, 1817. She was the daughter of the Rev. Addison Hall, a Baptist clergyman of that place, and there her early years were spent. In 1831, Miss Hall was summoned from Fredericksburg, where she was at school, by her father to attend a camp-meeting which was held near her birth-place. She was converted on that occasion, and was baptized on the 2d day of September, 1831, when she was hardly fourteen; but her extreme youth did not prevent her from keeping faithfully the vows she so early took upon herself. On the 8th of September, 1835, Miss Hall was married to the Rev. J. Lewis Shuck, a missionary about to be sent by the Baptist church to China, for which country they embarked on the 22d of September. They reached Singapore in May, 1836, where their eldest son was born, and in the following September they arrived at Macao, where they remained till March, 1842, when they removed to Hong-kong. While at Macao, Mr. and Mrs. Shuck were allowed to prosecute the study of the Chinese language, the instruction of youth, and teaching the people. On their arrival at Hongkong they renewed their labours on an enlarged scale, and without restraint. Mrs. Shuck interested herself principally in the schools. She possessed considerable knowledge of the written language, and still greater familiarity with the colloquial of the Chinese, and devoted joyfully and successfully her time and talents to the mission. During the last year of her life, a new

* Miss Emma Willard, of Troy.

school-house had been erected, and a school gathered under her care of twenty Chinese boys and six girls, besides her own four children. Her prospects of usefulness had never been greater than during this year. But in the midst of her highest hope, while children were seeking instruction and the heathen were enquiring the way to Christ, her life was suddenly cut short. She died on the 27th of November, 1847, soon after the birth of her fifth child.

Under a secret conviction that her end was near, she had "set her house in order," and was prepared for the event, while, at the same time, she prosecuted her daily duties with her usual cheerfulness, and laid out plans for labour which would have required a long life to perform. During Mrs. Shuck's eight years' residence in China she did much to help her husband in his work, besides giving direct instruction. Her aid and ready sympathy were always offered to the stranger or the afflicted, and she was constantly employed in acts of kindness and charity.

SMITH, MARGARET HARRISON,

Long known as one of the earliest and most honoured of those educated women who went to Washington when it was made the seat of the American government, and gave, by their goodness, intelligence, and true refinement of feeling, that tone of Christian courtesy to the manners which is befitting the Metropolitan society of a Free Republic.

Mrs. Harrison Smith was a native of Pennsylvania, and born in 1778. Her father was Colonel John Bayard, who was in the public service during the revolutionary war, commanding a regiment of cavalry from Philadelphia. He was likewise Speaker of the Pennsylvania Legislature under the first Constitution of that State, when her Legislature consisted of but one body. It may be interesting to remark that as Speaker he signed the first legislative act ever passed in the United States for the abolition of slavery.

The associations of Colonel Bayard were chiefly with the leading whigs of that period, and his daughter thus early imbibed the ardent sentiments of American liberty which she retained during life. At the age of thirteen years we find her in New Brunswick in the family of Mr. Kirkpatrick, (afterwards Chief Justice of the State of New Jersey, who had married her elder sister.) In a short journal of that time, we learn that even at that age she had commenced writing poetry, her imagination having been warmed and excited by the beautiful scenery surrounding the Institution at Bethlehem, where she received her education, as also by the peculiar habits and duties of that Moravian Seminary. From the time of leaving school until the year 1800, she lived at intervals in Philadelphia, New Brunswick, and New York, in each place surrounded by a literary circle of acquaintances, devoting most of her time to reading and study. Aware then of the fervour of her imagination, she endeavoured to cool it by the perusal of works of a serious and useful kind; and thus while she cultivated that faculty, she strove to strengthen her mind, and make herself fit for the practical duties and virtues of life. She appears even then to have acquired a knowledge of her own character, and to have pursued her various studies actuated by a principle of duty; having entered thus early on the right path, we may say that this principle governed her conduct throughout life, and enabled her at all times to sacrifice self.

In the fall of 1800, she was married to Samuel Harrison Smith. This event, at all times a most important one to woman, was peculiarly so to her, for it was to separate her from her family and friends, and introduce her upon an entirely new stage of existence in the new Metropolis of the nation. Mr. Smith, upon the invitation of his friend Mr. Jefferson, then the Vice-President of the United States, and just about to become the President, had determined to establish the National Intelligencer at Washington, and immediately after his marriage he accordingly removed to that city. At this period Washington was literally a forest and swamp, with few or rather no conveniences or comforts; its houses mostly new and unfinished; Pennsylvania Avenue, now its crowded thoroughfare, a road dangerous for carriages to traverse. Mrs. Harrison Smith's letters tell of many a romantic wandering among its woods, and gathering of wild-wood flowers. From that day until her death in 1844, she resided in Washington or its immediate vicinity, mingling in all its varied society, and becoming personally acquainted with all the distinguished politicians of the country and foreign scientific visitors assembled there. Her taste for literature continued unabated, and indeed grew in strength, and she was at times led to compose and publish several tales and sketches.

Her first work she was induced to publish from motives of benevolence, devoting its proceeds (having no other means) to the assistance of a charitable institution in which she was deeply interested, and in the founding of which she had taken an active part. Indeed none of her writings was with a view to personal emolument, but to amuse and occupy the period which she spent in the retirement of the country, and in the hope that the moral inculcated by them might be of service to others, leading them to reflection and the purest virtue. Her first work, "A Winter in Washington, or the Seymour Family," in two volumes, was published in 1827. Her next, "What is Gentility?" appeared in 1830; and then she began contributing to the Journals. She wrote many classical tales (for she was versed in ancient as well as modern literature) and biographical sketches, in a spirited, agreeable vein, that was her natural style. Among these are "Presidential Inaugurations;" "The Cornelias;" "Roman Sketches;" "Aria;" "Deserted Child;" "William H. Crawford;" "Constantine;" and many others, published in the Lady's Book and Southern Literary Messenger. But her literary merit was of little consequence compared with her moral goodness, that beneficence of soul which always seemed ready to flow out on every side where her influ-

ence by word or deed could reach. In every portion of her life, Religion and its history was to her a subject of active interest and study; and this study had brought to her mind the perfect conviction of the truth of the Bible; and the ever and immediate presence of the great God, Creator, Protector, and Saviour, was to her a reality. In the days of her peace and calmness she could repose her head on His bosom; in the hours of distress and anguish humbly and meekly she threw herself at His feet, in the full confidence that whatever He ordered was right. Her whole life was a beautiful illustration of the power of the Christian religion to exalt the female character and give hope and happiness to the lot of woman.

T.

THURSTON, LAURA M.,

By birth Miss Hawley, was born in Norfolk, Connecticut, in 1812. Her early youth was passed in teaching. In 1839, she was married to Mr. Thurston, of New Albany, Indiana, at which place she had been engaged in her professional pursuits, and where she died in 1842. She wrote under the signature of "Viola," and her poems first appeared generally in the western papers. Ease, harmony, and sensibility, are the principal characteristic of her productions.

V.

VAN LENNEP, MARY ELIZABETH,

Daughter of the Rev. Dr. Hawes, pastor of the Baptist church in Hartford, Connecticut, was born in that city, April 16th, 1821. The childhood and youth of Miss Hawes were spent principally in Hartford and New Haven, where her advantages were great. Her parents were qualified, mentally and morally, to give her suitable instruction, and favoured by God with pecuniary ability. In early youth she was distinguished for her love of truth, her gentleness, and her sympathizing disposition. While in her tenth year, Mary Hawes lost a younger brother, and soon after his death she became, in heart and life, a Christian. Her father waited long, and observed the young disciple narrowly, before he would permit her to make a public profession of her faith; but, satisfied by her consistent deportment, he at last welcomed her among his flock, and she never gave him cause to regret the step he had sanctioned. She became a zealous and active member of the church, and devoted herself especially to the Sunday School and the missionary cause.

On the 4th of September, 1843, Miss Hawes was married to the Rev. Henry J. Van Lennep, a missionary to Turkey, under the patronage of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. They sailed from Boston on the 11th of October of the same year, and arrived at Smyrna in December. In May, 1844, the mission family removed to Constantinople, where Mrs. Van Lennep commenced a school, numbering at first only five scholars, to which she devoted herself with her usual zeal and fidelity. Her career, which had promised to be one of much usefulness, was not permitted to be long. She was attacked by a painful disease early in August, of which she died on the 27th of September, 1844. Her body lies buried in the Protestant grave-yard near Constantinople.

VIRMEIRO, COUNTESS,

A noble Portuguese lady, obtained, in 1771, a prize proposed by the Academy at Lisbon for the best tragedy; and the laurel-crown was awarded to her. The title of her tragedy was "Osmia." On opening the sealed envelope accompanying the manuscript, there was found only a direction, in case "Osmia" should prove successful, to devote the proceeds to the cultivation of olives, a fruit from which the Portuguese might derive much advantage. It was not till ten years afterwards that the name of the modest writer was known. She died in 1773.

LONGEVITY.

That women live longer than men is conceded by all writers on the subject. This circumstance goes far to prove the more perfect organization of the female; because, in addition to her superior delicacy and complexity of structure, she has to develop and sustain the life of her offspring, which would exhaust her own, were she not endowed with a degree of vitality above that of the male. In machinery, made by human ingenuity, is not that which unites delicacy and complexity of workmanship with the greatest variety and durability of action accounted the most perfect? In 1830, it was found that, in the city of New York alone, out of 8009 persons upwards of seventy years of age, 4175 were women, to 3824 men!

MARY BENTON,

Is the oldest living female of whom we have received notice. She is an English-woman, residing at Gateshead—born February 12th, 1731, and is 120 years old. Her faculties are still useful.

BAILLIE, JOANNA,

Died at her residence, in Hampstead, near London, February 23, 1851, aged eighty-seven. See Sketch, page 574.

AMERICAN MISSIONARY WOMEN.

THE office of mother is the highest a human being can hold. On its faithful and intelligent performance hangs the hope of the world. Next to the sacred office of the mother in her family, who takes the children God has given her and trains them for His service on earth and His kingdom in heaven, comes that of the mother in Israel, the faithful female Missionary, who gathers under her loving care the lost lambs of Christ's flock.

The Saviour and Apostles bear such ample witness to the worth of woman's services in the true church, it would seem a marvel that men who profess to be Christians should ever have disregarded those examples and degraded her from the rank of visible helper, which Christ gave her, if we did not recur to the "beginning" and there find the solution.

"I will put enmity between thee and the woman," said the Lord God to the serpent or spirit of evil. Every wicked man — and the hypocrites are not few — in the church, and the "old leaven" of sin remaining in good men, are at "enmity" with the superior moral truth and purity of the female sex. Hence the devices of Satan, through his human agents, to keep from woman all means of knowledge, all opportunities of active influence in the Saviour's cause. Hence licentiousness, the degradation of woman to the sensual passions of men, reigns over the whole heathen world. Would that it reigned only there! but in three-fourths of those nations which profess Christianity, women are kept in almost total ignorance of their own powers, and, of course, have not the knowledge of their own duties. None but the Protestant Church has God's Word for its law. All other churches are ruled by the civil or spiritual authority of men. Everywhere these men, kings or priests, are at "enmity" with the development of female intellect, which would, with its heaven-kindled light, soon unveil the monstrous falsehoods, corruptions, and impurities, which now are hidden under the mask of religious forms, ceremonies, and traditions.

The Protestant Church is slowly but surely moving onward in its Gospel duty of evangelizing the world; but these movements are almost entirely confined to Great Britain and the United States. The American Protestant Churches entering on missionary labours among heathens and infidels, adopted from the first the apostolic manner of disseminating divine truths and teaching human duties. They employed women as well as men. With the ordained missionary preacher went his wife as the "help" Heaven had appointed him, and the success has been most encouraging.

It was my wish to give the world a Record of the deeds of these noble women. A number of them are noticed in the body of this work, but far the greater portion have, as yet, no history but with their own families and in the hearts of those they have served. Still, it will be an encouragement to such of the sex as wish to work in God's cause, to read even the *names* of their sisters who have felt the same desires and hopes, and gone forward, doing what they could.

American Foreign Missionaries of both sexes have, in one respect, peculiar claims on the sympathy of the Christian world. They leave their own country, the protecting power of their own government, and, resting only on the Saviour's promise — "Lo, I am with you alway" — they carry His Gospel into the darkest places of the kingdom of evil, and plant their homes in the land of Buddha, of Brahm, of Fo, of Mahomet, without shrinking from the conflict with all that is most vile, loathsome, and miserable, in the prosecution of their voluntarily assumed duties. In such places has dwelt many a pious daughter of America, and the success of Foreign Missions is greatly owing to their intelligence and zeal.

It will be seen by the list of names that I have obtained records of the Female Missionaries sent out by four of the great denominations of American Christians. From the Methodist Episcopal Church the names were not furnished, I regret to say, as that large branch of the true Church owes much of its prosperity to its pious women. In the last Annual Report — thirty-second, 1850 — of the Methodist Missionary Society, there are the names of life-subscribers and of those who have given bequests. Of the latter the largest was made by a woman — Mrs. Frey, widow of the Rev. Christopher Frey, gave $2516.71, and more than one-third of the eleven thousand life-subscribers are women.

Great Britain has the oldest Protestant Missionary Societies, and sends many female helpers; but their names were not accessible to me. I hope some one among their own people will give the Record of such heroines who do honour to the British nation. The Sketch of Mrs. Wilson (see page 555) is one of the holiest records of British Christianity in India. Has any man done there a greater work for the cause of Christ than did that self-educated woman? The pious daughters of England only want suitable education and encouragement, and they would go forth by hundreds and gather the poor little heathen children into schools, and carry messages of the Saviour's love to the miserable heathen mothers. Teaching the ignorant and ministering to the sick of their own sex must be the work of educated Christian women.

As yet, how meagre are the means for the training of Female Missionaries! Though female teachers have much the largest share in the gratuitous labour of Sunday-schools in our country, and write two-thirds of the books for children and youth, yet there is not one liberally-endowed seminary for young women in the United States; while for young men there are one hundred and twenty-five colleges. A change in this system is now imperatively needed. Three-fifths of the human race are still in heathen darkness. One-half of these are females, who can never be reached by the ministrations of men. Ought not the missionary's wife who is sent among heathen people to be able to instruct her own sex wherever she goes? Does she not need as careful and complete an education as her husband — that is, to be instructed in the languages, moral and mental philosophy, physiology, and every sort of knowledge pertaining to the human nature, which, at its very source, is put by God himself under her forming care?

One important department of a mother's duty is to preserve the health of her family, and so train her son that he shall go forth to his allotted task of "subduing the world" with a sound mind in a sound body.

How can she do this, unless she understands the laws of health? Medical science belongs to woman's department of knowledge; and never will it be well with the world till she is permitted, ay, encouraged, to study it, and become the physician for her own sex.

To pious, intelligent women, thus prepared, what a mission-field for doing good would be opened! In India, China, Turkey, and all over the heathen world, they would, in their character of physicians, find access to the homes and the harems where women dwell, and where the good seed sown would bear an hundred-fold, because it would take root in the bosom of the sufferer, and in the heart of childhood.

That the practice of midwifery by men should ever have become tolerated among Christian nations, is one of those monstrous anomalies in right reason as well as custom, which, if we did not *know* existed, we could never believe. In this respect, heathen women are superior to those of Christian America. It is devoutly to be hoped such an humiliating reproach may soon be removed. Man-midwifery is unscriptural and unnatural; and good men will unite in the efforts now making to give this branch of medical practice to the care of educated women, who may make their profession of great service in the cause of missions abroad as well as of Christian morals at home. Two public seminaries for the education of these physicians are already incorporated — one at Boston, under the care of "The Female Medical Education Society," which has had about sixty students; the other is "The Female Medical College of Pennsylvania," located at Philadelphia, which has received about forty students. Thus, over one hundred American females are now pursuing medical studies with the view of becoming physicians for their own sex and for children. God grant them success!

Christ commissioned women to teach the Apostles of His resurrection from the dead; Apollos was instructed by a woman; deaconesses were appointed in the churches; Timothy owed his faith to his female teachers, and the "Elect Lady" was addressed by the holiest among the Apostles, as worthy of great honour for her Christian character. Such were the women of the New Testament!

FEMALE MISSIONARIES

OF THE

AMERICAN BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

☞ Those marked with an (*) are deceased.

NAMES.	Maiden Name.	Husband's Name.	Where Born.	Field of Labour.	When sent.
Abbott, A., Mrs.	Wilson	Amos Abbott		Mahrattas	1834
Abraham, Sarah L., Mrs.	Biddle	Rev. Andrew Abraham	England	South Africa	1849
Adams, Sarah C., Mrs.	Van Line	*Newton Adams, M.D.	New York	South Africa	1834
Adams, Fidelia, Miss			Vermont	N. Y. Indians	1837
Adams, Mrs.		Rev. Moses A. Adams		Sioux	1848
Adger, Elizabeth R., Mrs.	Shrewsbury	Rev. John B. Adger	South Carolina	Turkey	1834
Agnew, Eliza, Miss			New York	Ceylon	1839
Aiton, Mrs.		Rev. John P. Aiton		Sioux	1848
*Allen, Myra, Mrs.	Wood	Rev. David O. Allen	Massachusetts	Mahrattas	1827
Allen, Orpah, Mrs.	Graves		Vermont	Mahrattas	1834
Allen, Nancy, Mrs.	Eames	Rev. Harrison Allen	Massachusetts	Choctaws	1829
Alexander, Mary Ann, Mrs.	M'Kinney	Rev. Wm. P. Alexander	Delaware	Sandwich Islands	1831
Allis, Emeline, Mrs.	Palmer	Samuel Allis	Connecticut	Pawnees	1836
Andrews, Mrs.		Rev. Lorrin Andrews		Sandwich Islands	1827
Andrews, P., Mrs.	Pierce	S. M. L. Andrews, M. D.	Connecticut	Sandwich Islands	1836
*Apthorp, Mary, Mrs.	Robertson	Rev. George F. Apthorp	Virginia	Ceylon	1833
*Aims, Mary, Mrs.	Maxwell	Rev. William Aims	Pennsylvania	Indian Archipelago	1835
Aims, Harriet, Miss				Choctaws	1842
Armstrong, Clarissa, Mrs.	Chapman	Rev. Richard Armstrong	Massachusetts	Sandwich Islands	1831
Austin, Lydia, Mrs.	Hovey	Daniel H. Austin	Connecticut	Osages	1821
Austen, Lydia, Mrs.	Chapman	Peter Austen	Connecticut	Choctaws	1836
Avery, Mary, Miss				Cherokees	1840
Ayen, Elizabeth, Mrs.	Taylor	Frederick Ayen	Massachusetts	Ojibwas	1828
*Bushnell, Lydia Ann, Mrs.	Beers	Rev. A. Beers	New Jersey	West Africa	1842
Bailey, Caroline, Mrs.	Hubbard	Edward Bailey	Massachusetts	Sandwich Islands	1836
Baldwin, Charlotte, Mrs.	Fowler	Dwight Baldwin, M.D.	Connecticut	Sandwich Islands	1830
Baldwin, Harriet, Mrs.	Fairchild	Rev. Caleb C. Baldwin	New Jersey	China	1848
Ball, Lucy K., Mrs.	Mills	Rev. Dyon Ball	Connecticut	Singapore	1838
Ballantine, Elizabeth, Mrs.	Darling	Rev. Henry Ballantine	New Hampshire	Mahrattas	1835
Bardwell, Rachel, Mrs.	Furbust	Rev. Horatio Bardwell	Massachusetts	Mahrattas	1815
Bardwell, Lavinia, Mrs.	Howes	Elijah Bardwell		Choctaws	1820
Barnes, Nancy, Mrs.	Woodbury		Massachusetts	Choctaws	1836
Beadle, Hannah, Mrs.	Jones	Elias R. Beadle	Connecticut	Syria	1839
*Bilden, Catharine, Miss				Choctaws	1845
Burham, Maria H., Mrs.	Nutting	Rev. Nathan S. Burham	Massachusetts	Siam	1839
Benjamin, Mary G., Mrs.	Wheeler	Rev. Nathan Benjamin	Rhode Island	Greece	1836
Benton, Loanza, Mrs.	Goulding	Rev. William A. Benton	Massachusetts	Western Asia	1847
Bingham, Sybil, Mrs.	Moseley	Rev. Hiram Bingham	Massachusetts	Sandwich Islands	1819
Bird, Ann, Mrs.	Parker	Rev. Isaac Bird	Massachusetts	Syria	1822
*Bishop, Elizabeth, Mrs.	Edwards	Rev. Artemas Bishop	Massachusetts	Sandwich Islands	1822
Bishop, Delia, Mrs.	Stone		New York	Sandwich Islands	1827
Bishop, Asenath, Miss			New York	N. Y. Indians	1823
Bissell, Theresa, Miss				Cherokees	1839
*Bissell, Mrs.		Lewis Bissell		Choctaws	1845
Blain, Mrs.		William C. Blain		Chickasaws	1823
Blatchley,		Abraham Blatchley, M.D.		Sandwich Islands	1822
Bliss, Emily, Mrs.	Curtis	Rev. Isaac Bliss	New York	Sandwich Islands	1836
Bliss, Cassandra, Mrs.	Hooper	Rev. Asher Bliss	Massachusetts	N. Y. Indians	1832
Bliss, Isabella H., Mrs.	Porter	Rev. Edwin E. Bliss	Maine	Nestorians	1843
Bliss, Eunice B.	Day	Rev. Isaac G. Bliss	Massachusetts	Western Asia	1847
Blunt, Harriet, Mrs.	Ellsworth	Ainsworth E. Blunt	Connecticut	Cherokees	1822
Boggs, Isabella W., Mrs.	Adger	Rev. George W. Boggs		Mahrattas	1832
Bond, Ellen M., Mrs.	Howell	Rev. Elias Bond	Maine	Sandwich Islands	1841
Bosworth, Mrs.		Fenner Bosworth		Cherokees	1825
Boutwell, Helen, Mrs.	Crooks	Rev. Wm. T. Boutwell		Ojibwas	1834
Bradley, Catherine, Mrs.	Wheeler	Hanover Bradley	Connecticut	N. Y. Indians	1823
*Bradley, Emilie, Mrs.	Royce	Daniel B. Bradley, M.D.	New York	Siam	1834
Breath, Sarah Ann, Mrs.	Young	Edwin Breath	New York	Persia	1849
Breed, Mrs.		David Breed		Choctaws	1848
Brewster, Sarah, Mrs.	Withrow	Sidney L. Brewster		Maumees	1831
Bright, Charlotte, Mrs.	Stoker	Samuel B. Bright	Pennsylvania	Osages	1821
Brown, Sarah F., Miss			New Jersey	Ceylon	1839
Brown, Lydia, Miss			New Hampshire	Sandwich Islands	1834
Bryant, Dolly F., Mrs.	Bursiel	Rev. James C. Bryant	New Hampshire	South Africa	1846
Buer, Eliza R., Miss				Choctaws	1825
*Burgess, Mary, Mrs.	Grant	Rev. Ebenezer Burgess	Connecticut	Mahrattas	1839
Burgess, Mrs.				Mahrattas	1848
Burnham, Anna, Miss				Choctaws	1822
Burnell, Martha, Mrs.	Sawyer	Thomas S. Burnell	Massachusetts	Ceylon	1849
*Butler, Esther, Mrs.	Post	Elizur Butler, M.D.	Connecticut	Cherokees	1820
Butler, Lucy, Mrs.	Ames		Massachusetts	Cherokees	1827
Butler, Anna, Mrs.	Parker	John A. Butler	Maine	South Africa	1850
Butrick, Elizabeth, Mrs.	Proctor	Daniel S. Butrick	Massachusetts	Cherokees	1817
Byington, Sophia, Mrs.	Nye	Rev. Cyrus Byington		Choctaws	1820
*Calhoun, Emily P., Mrs.	Reynolds	Rev. Simeon H. Calhoun	Massachusetts	Syria	1849
Campbell, Dolly, Mrs.	Farran	R. Campbell		Ojibwas	1835
Capell, Mary Ann, Miss			New York	Ceylon	1846
Castle, Angeline L., Mrs.	Tenney	Samuel N. Castle	Vermont	Sandwich Islands	1836
Caswell, Anna, Mrs.	Hemmenway	Rev. Jesse Caswell	Vermont	Siam	1839
Chamberlain, Mrs.		Daniel Chamberlain		Sandwich Islands	1819
Chamberlain, Maria, Mrs.	Patten	Levi Chamberlain	Pennsylvania	Sandwich Islands	1822
Chamberlain, Flora, Mrs.	Hoyt	William Chamberlain	Connecticut	Cherokees	1817
*Champion, Susan, Mrs.	Larned	Rev. George Champion	Massachusetts	South Africa	1834
Chandler, Charlotte M., Mrs.	Hopkins	Rev. John E. Chandler	New York	Madura, India	1847
Chapin, Mary Ann, Mrs.	Tenney	Alonzo Chapin, M. D.	Massachusetts	Sandwich Islands	1831
*Cheny, Charlotte F., Mrs.	Lathrop	Rev. Henry Cheny	Connecticut	Madura, India	1836
Choate, Mary B., Miss				Osages	1833

AMERICAN MISSIONARY WOMEN.

NAMES.	Maiden Name.	Husbands' Name.	Where Born.	Field of Labour.	When sent
Clark, Mary, Mrs.	Kittredge	Rev. Ephraim W. Clark	New Hampshire	Sandwich Islands	1827
Clough, Eunice, Miss.			New Hampshire	Choctaws	1829
Coan, Fidelia, Mrs.	Church	Rev. Titus Coan	New York	Sandwich Islands	1827
Coan, R. S., Mrs.	Power	Rev. G. Whitefield Coan	New York	Persia	1849
Cochran, Deborah W., Mrs.	Plumb	Rev. Joseph G. Cochran	New York	Nestorians	1847
Colton, Maria, Miss				Choctaws	1846
Cooke, Delia, Miss			Connecticut	Ojibwas	1825
Cooke, Juliette, Mrs.	Montague	Amos S. Cooke	Massachusetts	Sandwich Islands	1836
Conde, Andelucia, Mrs.	Lee	Rev. Daniel T. Conde	Vermont	Sandwich Islands	1836
*Condit, Azuba C., Miss				Borneo	1836
Congar, Mrs.		Abijah Congar		Cherokees	1819
Cope, Emily, Mrs.	Rilbourne	Rev. Edward Cope		Madura	1836
Copeland, Abigail H., Mrs.	Rice	Henry K. Copeland	Massachusetts	Cherokees	1839
Crane, Julia A. J., Mrs.	Ostrander	Rev. Nathaniel M. Crane	New York	Madura	1836
Crane, Maria D., Mrs.	Turnbull	Rev. Oliver Crane	New York	Western Asia	1849
*Crosby, Harriet E., Miss				Choctaws	1844
Cummings, Abigail M., Mrs.	Stearns	Rev. Seneca Cummings	New Hampshire	China	1848
Cushman, Laura, Mrs.	Bardwell	Calvin Cushman	Massachusetts	Choctaws	1820
Day, Mrs.		Killog Day		Cherokees	1842
*Dean, Sarah, Mrs.	Coleman	Erastus Dean	Massachusetts	Cherokees	1822
De Forest, Catharine S., Mrs.	Sergeant	Henry A. De Forest	Massachusetts	Syria	1842
*Dibble, Maria M., Mrs.	Tomlinson	Rev. Sheldon Dibble		Sandwich Islands	1830
Dibble, Antoinette, Mrs.	Tomlinson			Sandwich Islands	1839
Dickenson, Mary J., Miss				Choctaws	1844
Dimond, Ann Maria, Mrs.	Auner	Henry Dimond	New York	Sandwich Islands	1834
Dodd, Lydia H., Mrs.	Babbitt	Rev. Edward M. Dodd	New Jersey	Salonica	1849
Dodge, Martha W., Mrs.	Merrill	Asa Dodge, M. D.	Maine	Syria	1832
Dodge, Emeline, Mrs.	Bradshaw	Roderick L. Dodge, M. D.	Vermont	Cherokees	1834
Dodge, Sally, Mrs.	Gale	Nathaniel B. Dodge	Massachusetts	Osages	1821
*Dole, Emily H., Mrs.	Ballard	Rev. Daniel Dole	Maine	Sandwich Islands	1841
Doolittle, Sophia A., Mrs.	Hamilton	Rev. Justus Doolittle	New York	China	1850
*Doty, Clarissa D., Mrs.	Ackley	Rev. Elihu Doty	Connecticut	Borneo	1836
Doty, Eleanor A., Mrs.	Smith		New Jersey	China	1847
*Downer, Lucinda, Miss				Choctaws	1845
Dulles, Harriet L., Mrs.	Winslow	Rev. John M. Dulles	Ceylon	Madras	1849
Dunbar, Esther, Mrs.	Smith	Rev. John Dunbar	Massachusetts	Pawnees	1836
Dunmore, Susan, Mrs.	Wheeler	Rev. George W. Dunmore	Massachusetts	Western Africa	1850
*Dwight, Elizabeth, Mrs.	Barker	Rev. H. G. O. Dwight	Massachusetts	Turkey	1830
Dwight, Mary, Mrs.	Lane		Massachusetts	Turkey	1839
Dwight, Mary, Mrs.	Billings	Rev. Robert O. Dwight		Madura	1835
*Dyer, Mrs.		Anson Dyer		Choctaws	1820
Eckard, Margaret E., Mrs.	Bayard	Rev. James Eckard	Georgia	Ceylon	1833
Edwards, Jerusha, Miss				Choctaws	1848
Elliot, Mary, Mrs.	Ward	John Elliot	Vermont	N. Y. Indians	1827
Eeles, Myra, Mrs.	Fairbank	Rev. Cushing Eeles	Massachusetts	Oregon Indians	1838
Ellis, Sarah, Mrs.	Hoyt	Sylvester Ellis	Connecticut	Cherokees	1822
Ellsworth, Eliza, Mrs.	Tolman	John C. Ellsworth	Vermont	Cherokees	1821
Ellsworth, Mrs.	Coleman	Frederick Ellsworth		Cherokees	1822
Ely, Louisa, Mrs.	Everest	James Ely	Connecticut	Sandwich Islands	1822
Ely, Catherine, Mrs.	Bissel	Edmund F. Ely	Sault St. Marie	Ojibwas	1835
Emerson, Ursula S., Mrs.	Newell	Rev. John Emerson	New Hampshire	Sandwich Islands	1831
Ennis, Henrietta B., Mrs.	Haines	Rev. Jacob Ennis	New York	Borneo	1836
Etis, Mary, Miss			Pennsylvania	Osages	1821
Everett, Mrs.		Rev. Joel S. Everett		Turkey	1845
Fairbank, Mrs.		Samuel B. Fairbank			1846
Farrar, Cynthia, Miss			New Hampshire	Mahrattas	1827
Fay, Catharine, Miss.				Choctaws	1845
*Fernal, Mrs.		Luke Fernal		Cherokees	1826
Ferny, Mrs.		Rev. William Ferny		Mackinaw	1823
*Finney, Susanna, Mrs.	Washburn	Rev. Alfred Finney	Vermont	Cherokees	1819
Fish, Fidelia, Miss				Persia	1843
Fleming, Margaret, Mrs.	Scudder	Rev. John Fleming		Creeks	1833
Fletcher, Elizabeth W., Mrs.	Safford	Rev. Adin H. Fletcher	New Hampshire	Ceylon	1846
Foote, Rosanna, Mrs.	Whittlesey	Rev. Horace Foote	Ohio	Syria	1848
Forbes, Rebecca D., Mrs.	Smith	Rev. Cochrane Forbes	New Jersey	Sandwich Islands	1831
Ford, Ann J., Mrs.	Tooker	Rev. George Ford	New York	Madura	1847
Ford, Mary, Mrs.	Perry	Rev. Jonathan E. Ford	Massachusetts	Syria	1848
Foster, Nancy, Miss				Choctaws	1827
Fox, Caroline A., Miss				Choctaws	1848
French, Jane, Mrs.	Hotchkins	Rev. Ozzo French	New York	Mahrattas	1839
French, Sarah C., Mrs.	Allison	Rev. Henry S. G. French	Maine	Siam	1839
Frost, Clarissa, Mrs.	Emerson	Rev. Edward Frost	New Hampshire	Bombay	1827
Fuller, Catharine, Miss			Massachusetts	Cherokees	1828
Gage, Betsey, Mrs.	Putnam	David Gage		Choctaws	1826
Garey, Frances M., Mrs.	Skinner	Lucius Garey		Maskinaw	1834
Gaston, Mrs.		George B. Gaston		Pawnees	1840
Giddings, Eliza, Miss				Cherokees	1846
Gleason, Bethial W., Mrs.	Tracey	Anson Gleason	Connecticut	Choctaws	1823
Goodall, Hannah, Miss.			Massachusetts	Ojibwas	1828
Goodell, Abigail P., Mrs.	Davis	Rev. William Goodell	Massachusetts	Turkey	1822
Goodrich, Mrs.		Rev. Joseph Goodrich		Sandwich Islands	1822
Goulding, Harriet, Miss				Choctaws	1846
Grant, Judith T., Mrs.	Campbell	Asahel Grant, M. D.	New York	Persia	1835
Graves, Mary, Mrs.	Lee	Rev. Allen Graves	New York	Mahrattas	1817
Gray, Mary A., Mrs.	Dix	William H. Gray	New York	Oregon	1838
Green, Theodicia, Mrs.	Arnold	Rev. Jonathan S. Green	Connecticut	Sandwich Islands	1827
*Gront, Hannah, Mrs.	Davis	Rev. Aldin Gront	Massachusetts	South Africa	1834
Gront, Lydia, Mrs.	Bates	Rev. Lewis Gront	Vermont	South Africa	1846
Gront, Mrs.				South Africa	1840
Gulick, Fanny H., Mrs.	Thomas	Rev. Peter J. Gulick	Connecticut	Sandwich Islands	1827
Hall, Margaret, Mrs.	Lewis	Rev. Gordon Hall	England	Mahrattas	1816
Hall, Frances A., Mrs.	Willard	Rev. Alanson C. Hall		Madura	1834
Hall, Sarah L., Mrs.	Williams	Edwin O. Hall	New Jersey	Sandwich Islands	1834
Hall, Isabella, Mrs.	Murray	Moody Hall	New York	Cherokees	1817

NAMES.	Maiden Name.	Husband's Name.	Where Born.	Field of Labour.	When sent.
Hall, Betsey, Mrs.	Parker	Rev. Sherman Hall	Massachusetts	Ojibwas	1831
Hall, Matilda, Mrs.	Hotchkiss	Chauncey Hall	Connecticut	Mackinaw	1828
Hall, Emeline, Mrs.	Gaylord	William Hall	Connecticut	N. Y. Indians	1834
Hall, Margaret, Miss				N. Y. Indians	1840
Hall, Lydia S., Miss				Choctaws	1845
*Hamlin, Henrietta A. L., Miss	Jackson	Rev. Cyrus Hamlin	Vermont	Turkey	1838
Hancock, Mrs.		Joseph W. Hancock		Sioux	1849
Harris, Marianne, Mrs.	La Tourette	Rev. Thomas Harris	New Jersey	N. Y. Indians	1822
Hazen, Martha R., Mrs.	Chapin	Rev. Allen Hazen	Connecticut	Mahrattas	1847
*Hebard, Rebecca W., Mrs.	Williams	Rev. Story Hebard	Connecticut	Syria	1835
Hemenway, Lucia, Mrs.	Hunt	Rev. Asa Hemenway	Vermont	Siam	1839
Henderson, Nancy, Miss				N. Y. Indians	1824
Herrick, Elizabeth H., Mrs.	Crosby	Rev. James Herrick	Vermont	Madura	1846
*Hervey, Elizabeth H., Mrs.	Smith	Rev. William Hervey	Massachusetts	Mahrattas	1830
Heydenburk, Huldah W., Mrs.	Warren	Martin Heydenburk	New York	Mackinaw	1828
Hinsdale, Sarah C., Mrs.	Clark	Rev. Abel R. Hinsdale	New Hampshire	Nestorians	1841
Hitchcock, Rebecca, Mrs.	Howard	Rev. Harvey R. Hitchcock	New York	Sandwich Islands	1831
Hitchcock, Nancy, Mrs.	Brown	Jacob Hitchcock	Connecticut	Cherokees	1820
*Hitchcock, Sophronia, Mrs.	Sumner	Asa Hitchcock		Cherokees	1823
Hitchcock, Lucy, Mrs.	Morse		Massachusetts	Cherokees	1829
Hoisington, Nancy, Mrs.	Lyman	Rev. Henry R. Hoisington	Massachusetts	Ceylon	1833
Holladay, Ann Y., Mrs.	Minor	Rev. Albert Holladay	Virginia	Persia	1837
Holland, Electa, Mrs.	Hopkins	William Holland	New Hampshire	Cherokees	1823
*Hooper, Vina, Mrs.	Everett	William Hooper	Massachusetts	Choctaws	1823
Hooper, Eliza, Mrs.	Fairbanks			Choctaws	1827
Holman, Lucia, Mrs.	Ruggles	Thomas Holman, M. D.		Sandwich Islands	1819
Holmes, Sarah A., Mrs.	Van Wagener	Rev. James Holmes		Chickasaws	1826
Howes, Mrs.		Rev. Henry A. Howes		Turkey	1841
Hopkins, Mrs.		Robert Hopkins		Choctaws	1843
Hosmer, Angelina, Miss				Choctaws	1849
Hotchkin, Philena, Mrs.	Thacher	Ebenezer Hotchkin	Pennsylvania	Choctaws	1823
Hough, Elizabeth J., Miss				Choctaws	1849
*Houston, Mary R., Mrs.	Rowland	Rev. Samuel R. Houston	Virginia	Greece	1834
Hows, Lucy, Mrs.	Hutchinson	Zachariah Hows		Choctaws	1823
Howland, Susan, Mrs.	Reed		Massachusetts	Ceylon	1846
Hoyt, Esther, Mrs.	Booth	Andrew Hoyt	Connecticut	Cherokees	1817
Hubbard, Emma, Mrs.	Burge	George W. Hubbard	New Hampshire	Mahrattas	1834
Hudson, Mrs.		John S. Hudson		Mackinaw	1825
Huggins, Lydia, Mrs.	Pettijohn	Alexander G. Huggins	Ohio	Sioux	1835
Huggins, Fanny, Miss			Ohio	Sioux	1839
Hume, Hannah D., Mrs.	Sackett	Rev. Robert W. Hume	Massachusetts	Mahrattas	1839
Hunt, Abigail, Mrs.	Nims	Phineas R. Hunt	New York	Madras	1839
Hunt, Mrs.		Rev. T. Dwight Hunt		Sandwich Islands	1844
Hunter, Elizabeth, Mrs.	Grozer	George C. Hunter	Massachusetts	Syria	1841
Hutchings, Elizabeth C., Mrs.	Lathrop	Rev. Samuel Hutchings	Connecticut	Ceylon	1833
Ireland, Jane, Mrs.	Wilson	Rev. William Ireland	New Hampshire	South Africa	1849
Ives, Mary A., Mrs.	Brainerd	Rev. Mark Ives	Connecticut	Sandwich Islands	1836
Jackson, Mary A., Mrs.	Sawyer	Rev. William C. Jackson	Massachusetts	Turkey	1835
James, Margaret E., Mrs.	Spobel	Benjamin V. James	Georgia	West Africa	1834
James, Phebe G., Mrs.	Jacquitt	Woodbridge L. James	Connecticut	Ojibwas	1841
Jewell, Mrs.		Moses Jewell		Choctaws	1818
Johnson, Lois S., Mrs.	Hoyt	Edward Johnson	New Hampshire	Sandwich Islands	1836
*Johnson, Mrs.		Rev. Stephen Johnson		Siam	1841
Johnson, Marianne C., Mrs.	Howe	Rev. Thomas P. Johnson	Vermont	Turkey	1833
Johnson, Mrs.		Andrew Johnson		Sandwich Islands	1830
Jones, Miriam, Mrs.	Pratt	Rev. Willard Jones	Massachusetts	Persia	1839
Jones, Eunice G., Mrs.	Robinson	Abner D. Jones	Massachusetts	Choctaws	1835
Jones, Roxana, Mrs.	Stearns	Rev. Amasa Jones	Massachusetts	Osages	1821
Joslyn, Sophia M., Mrs.	Palmer	Mathias Joslyn	Vermont	Choctaws	1830
Judd, Laura, Mrs.	Fish	Gerrit P. Judd, M. D.	New York	Sandwich Islands	1827
Kanouse, Mrs.		John G. Kanouse		Choctaws	1818
Kelly, Hannah, Miss			Massachusetts	Cherokees	1827
Kerr, Sarah, Miss				Choctaws	1840
Keyes, Mary, Mrs.	Pettegrew	Rev. Nathaniel A. Keyes	Vermont	Syria	1840
Keyes, Harriet N., Miss				Choctaws	1845
*Kingsbury, Sarah B., Mrs.	Varuum	Rev. Cyrus Kingsbury		Choctaws	1819
Kingsbury, Electa, Mrs.	May		Massachusetts	Choctaws	1823
Kinney, Maria L., Mrs.	Watsworth	Rev. Henry Kinney	Ohio	Sandwich Islands	1848
Knapp, Charlotte, Mrs.	Close	Horton O. Knapp	Connecticut	Sandwich Islands	1836
Ladd, Charlotte H., Mrs.	Kitchel	Rev. Daniel Ladd	Vermont	Cyprus	1836
Ladd, Cornelia, Miss				Choctaws	1844
Lafore, Sophia L., Mrs.	Parker	Thomas Lafore, M. D.	Massachusetts	Sandwich Islands	1836
Lane, Rebecca, Mrs.	Philbrick	Rev. Joseph Lane	New Hampshire	N. Y. Indians	1827
Lanman, Julia H., Mrs.	Gray	Rev. John F. Lanman	South Carolina	Syria	1843
Lathrop, Jane E., Miss			Connecticut	Ceylon	1839
Lathrop, Mrs.		Edwin Lathrop		Choctaws	1850
*Laurie, Martha F., Mrs.	Osgood	Rev. Thomas Laurie	Massachusetts	Persia	1842
Lawrence, Mary, Mrs.	Hulin	Rev. John J. Lawrence	New York	Madura	1835
Leyburn, Elizabeth W., Mrs.	Moseley	Rev. George W. Leyburn	Virginia	Greece	1837
Little, Amelia M., Mrs.	Newton	Rev. Charles Little	New York	Madura	1847
Lindley, Lucy, Mrs.	Allen	Rev. Daniel Lindley	New York	South Africa	1834
*Locke, Martha L., Mrs.	Rowell	Edwin Locke	New Hampshire	Sandwich Islands	1836
Lockwood, Cassandra, Mrs.	Sawyer	Rev. Jesse Lockwood		Cherokees	1833
Loomis, Maria T., Mrs.	Sartwell	Elisha Loomis	New York	Sandwich Islands	1819
Lovell, Harriet M., Miss				Turkey	1845
*Lyons, Betsey, Mrs.	Curtis	Rev. Lorenzo Lyons	New York	Sandwich Islands	1831
Lyons, Lucia G., Mrs.	Smith			Sandwich Islands	1838
Lyman, Eliza, Mrs.	Pond	Rev. Henry Lyman	New Hampshire	Indian Archipelago	1833
Lyman, Sarah, Mrs.	Joiner	Rev. David B. Lyman	Vermont	Sandwich Islands	1831
Macomber, Mrs.		Stephen B. Macomber		Choctaws	1823
Marsh, Eunice O., Mrs.	Osman	Rev. Cutting Marsh	New York	Stockbridge Indians	1837
Marsh, Mary S., Mrs.	Skinner	Rev. Samuel D. Marsh	Connecticut	South Africa	1848
Maynard, Celestia A., Mrs.	Kirk	Rev. Eliphal Maynard	New York	Salonica	1849
M'Donald, Harriet T., Mrs.	Halsted	Charles M'Donald	New York	Sandwich Islands	1836

AMERICAN MISSIONARY WOMEN.

NAMES.	Maiden Name.	Husbands' Name.	Where Born.	Field of Labour.	When sent.
M'Farland, Betsey, Miss			Massachusetts	Ojibwas	1824
M'Kinney, Fanny M., Mrs.	Nelson	Rev. Silas M'Kinney	Massachusetts	South Africa	1847
M'Millan, Rebecca N., Mrs.	Brand	Rev. Geo. W. M'Millan	New Jersey	Madura	1846
Meigs, Sarah M., Mrs.	Peet	Rev. Benjamin C. Meigs	Connecticut	Ceylon	1815
Merrick, Emma, Mrs.	Taylor	Rev. James L. Merrick	England	Persia	
Merrill, Elizabeth A., Miss				Choctaws	1835
Miles, Susan L., Mrs.	Tolman	Rev. Cyrus T. Miles	Vermont	Ceylon	1849
Miner, Amanda, Mrs.	Head	Jesse Miner	Rhode Island	Stockbridge Indians	1828
*Minor, Lucy, Mrs.	Bailey	Eastman S. Minor	New Hampshire	Ceylon	1833
Mitchell, Eliza A., Mrs.	Richards	Rev. Colby C. Mitchell	Connecticut	Nestorians	1841
*Montgomery, Harriet, Mrs.	Woolley	William B. Montgomery		Osages	1821
Moore, Hannah, Miss				Cherokees	1841
Moseley, Sarah, Mrs.	Curtis	Rev. Samuel Moseley	New Hampshire	Choctaws	1823
Moulton, Lucinda, Mrs.	Field	Samuel Moulton		Choctaws	1820
Mudgite, Sophia, Miss				Stockbridge Indians	
*Munger, Maria L., Mrs.	Andrews	Rev. Sindol B. Munger		Mahrattas	1834
Munn, Louisa, Mrs.	Clark	Bethel Munn	New York	Sandwich Islands	1836
Munson, Abigail, Mrs.	Johnson	Rev. Samuel Munson		Indian Archipelago	1833
Muzzy, S., Mrs.	Robbins	Rev. Clarendon F. Muzzy	Vermont	Madura	1836
Myers, Catharine E., Miss			New York	Persia	1843
Nast, Erminia, Miss			Massachusetts	Cherokees	1825
Nevins, Maria L., Mrs.		Rev. Elbert Nevins		Borneo	1836
*Newell, Harriet, Mrs.	Atwood	Rev. Samuel Newell	Massachusetts	India	1812
Newell, Philomela, Mrs.	Thurston		Massachusetts	Mahrattas	1817
Newell, Rebecca, Miss				Maumees	1828
Newland, Mrs.		John Newland		Mackinaw	1828
Newton, Seely Mary H., Mrs.	M'Carthy	Samuel C. Newton	New Jersey	Cherokees	1821
Nichols, Elizabeth, Mrs.	Shaw	Rev. John Nichols		Mahrattas	1817
*North, Minerva, Mrs.	Bryan	Alfred North	New York	Singapore	1835
Nott, Mrs.		Rev. Samuel Nott		Mahrattas	1812
Noyes, Elizabeth A., Mrs.	Smith	Rev. Joseph T. Noyes	Massachusetts	Ceylon	1849
Ogden, Maria, Miss			Pennsylvania	Sandwich Islands	1827
Omsted, Mrs.		Jared Omsted		Choctaws	1831
Orr, Minerva, Mrs.	Washburn	James Orr	Vermont	Cherokees	1819
*Palmer, Clarissa, Mrs.	Johnson	Rev. Marcus Palmer, M.D.		Cherokees	1820
Palmer, Jerusha, Mrs.	Johnson		Connecticut	Cherokees	1833
Palmer, Sarah A., Miss				Cherokees	1837
*Paris, Mary, Mrs.	Grant	Rev. John D. Paris	New York	Sandwich Islands	1841
Parker, Mary E., Mrs.	Barker	Rev. Benj. W. Parker	Connecticut	Sandwich Islands	1832
Parker, Philena, Mrs.	Griffin	Henry Parker	Connecticut	Cherokees	1821
Parker, Mrs.	Webster	Peter Parker, M. D.		China	1842
Parsons, Catherine, Mrs.	Jennings	Rev. Justin Parsons	Connecticut	Salonica	1850
Pease, Lucinda, Mrs.	Leonard	Rev. Alonzo W. Pease	Massachusetts	Cyprus	1834
Peabody, Mary L., Mrs.	Herbert	Rev. Josiah Peabody	Maine	Turkey	1841
Peet, Rebecca C., Mrs.	Sherrill	Rev. Lyman Peet	Vermont	Siam	1839
Perkins, Charlotte, Mrs.	Bass	Rev. Justin Perkins	Vermont	Persia	1833
Perkins, Elvira G., Miss				Osages	1833
Perry, Harriet J., Mrs.	Lathrop	Rev. John S. Perry	Connecticut	Ceylon	1835
*Pierce, Mary E., Miss			New York	Siam	1839
Pixley, Lucia F., Mrs.	Howell	Rev. Benton Pixley	Vermont	Osages	1821
*Pohlman, Theodosia R., Mrs.	Scudder	Rev. Wm. J. Pohlman	New Jersey	Borneo	1838
Poor, Susan, Mrs.	Bulfinch	Rev. Daniel Poor	Massachusetts	Ceylon	1815
Pond, Cordelia, Mrs.	Eggleston	Samuel W. Pond		Sioux	1838
Pond, Sarah, Mrs.	Poage	Gideon H. Pond	Kentucky	Sioux	1835
Porter, Nancy A., Mrs.	Sikes	Rev. Rollin Porter	Connecticut	South Africa	1851
Post, Flora, Miss				Cherokees	1829
Potter, Laura, Mrs.	Weld	William Potter	Vermont	Cherokees	1820
Potter, Mrs.		Joshua Potter		Choctaws	1843
*Powns, Harriet, Mrs.	Goulding	Rev. Philander O. Powns	Massachusetts	Turkey	1834
Powns, Sarah L., Mrs.	Perry		Massachusetts	Turkey	1843
Preston, Jane F., Mrs.	Woodruff	Rev. Ira M. Preston	New York	Western Africa	1848
Pride, Hannah, Mrs.	Thacher	Wm. W. Pride, M. D.	Pennsylvania	Choctaws	1820
Proctor, Mrs.		Isaac Proctor		Cherokees	1822
Pulsifer, Mrs.		Charles Pulsifer		Ojibwas	1849
Ramsay, Mary, Mrs.	Wise	Rev. William Ramsay	Pennsylvania	Mahrattas	1830
Rancy, Charlotte, Mrs.	Taylor	Rev. Timothy E. Rancy	Massachusetts	Pawnees	1844
Read, Caroline, Mrs.	Hubbell	Rev. Hollis Read	Vermont	Mahrattas	1830
Redfield, Phebe, Mrs.	Beach	Abraham Redfield		Osages	1821
Remington, Esther, Mrs.		Rev. David Remington		Choctaws	1821
Rendall, Jane, Mrs.	Ballard	Rev. John Rendall	Massachusetts	Madura	1846
*Regna, Susan, Mrs.	Comstock	William C. Regna	Connecticut	Osages	1821
*Regna, Jane, Mrs.	Montgomery			Osages	1834
*Regna, Sarah S., Mrs.	Clapp	George Regna		Osages	1823
Regna, Mary H., Mrs.	Austin		Vermont	Osages	1827
Rice, Mary S., Mrs.	Hyde	William H. Rice	New York	Sandwich Islands	1841
Rice, Mary Susan, Miss			Massachusetts	Persia	1847
*Richards, Sarah, Mrs.	Bardwell	Rev. James Richards	Massachusetts	Ceylon	1815
Richards, Clarissa, Mrs.	Lyman	Rev. William Richards	Massachusetts	Sandwich Islands	1822
Richmond, Emeline, Miss				Chickasaws	1825
Riggs, Martha L., Mrs.	Dalzell	Rev. Elias Riggs	New Jersey	Turkey	1832
Riggs, Mary A. C., Mrs.	Longley	Rev. Stephen Riggs	Massachusetts	Sioux	1837
Riggs, Hannah, Miss				Maumees	1827
Robbins, Martha R., Mrs.	Pierce	Rev. Samuel Robbins	Connecticut	Siam	1836
Robinson, Maria, Mrs.	Church	Rev. Charles Robinson	New York	Siam	1833
Rockwood, Avis, Mrs.	Hooper	Gilbert Rockwood	Massachusetts	N. Y. Indians	1837
*Rogers, Mary, Mrs.	Ward	Edmund H. Rogers	New York	Sandwich Islands	1829
Rogers, Elizabeth M., Mrs.	Hitchcock		Massachusetts	Sandwich Islands	1834
Rood, Alzina V., Mrs.	Pixley	Rev. David Rood	Massachusetts	South Africa	1848
Root, Mary Ann, Miss				Choctaws	1847
*Root, Emily, Miss			Connecticut	N. Y. Indians	1827
Rowell, Mrs.		Rev. George B. Rowell		Sandwich Islands	1842
Ruggles, Nancy, Mrs.	Wells	Samuel Ruggles	Connecticut	Sandwich Islands	1819
Sampson, Mary L., Mrs.	Barker	William C. Sampson	New York	Mahrattas	1832
Sergeant, Delight, Miss				Cherokees	1827

AMERICAN BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

NAMES.	Maiden Name.	Husband's Name.	Where Born.	Field of Labour.	When sent.
*Satterlee, Martha A., Mrs.	Mather	Benedict Satterlee, M.D.		Pawnees	1836
Sawyer, Sophia, Miss			Massachusetts	Cherokees	1823
Schauffer, Mary, Mrs.	Reynolds	Rev. Wm. G. Schauffer	Massachusetts	Turkey	1834
Schneider, Eliza C., Mrs.	Abbott	Rev. Benjamin Schneider	Massachusetts	Turkey	1833
Scudder, Harriet, Mrs.	Waterbury	John Scudder, M.D.	New York	Ceylon	1819
Scudder, Fanny L., Mrs.	Walpole	Rev. Henry M. Scudder		Madras	1844
*Scudder, Catharine E., Mrs.	Hastings	Rev. W. W. Scudder	New York	Ceylon	1846
Seymour, Jane B., Mrs.	Leavitt	John L. Seymour		Ojibwas	1833
Shelton, Henrietta M., Mrs.	Hyde	Charles M. Shelton, M.D.	New York	Madura	1849
Shepard, Margaret C., Mrs.	Stow	Stephen Shepard	Pennsylvania	Sandwich Islands	1827
*Sherman, Martha E., Mrs.	Williams	Rev. Chas. S. Sherman	Connecticut	Syria	1839
Skinner, Persis, Miss			Lower Canada	Ojibwas	1830
Skinner, Pamela, Miss			Connecticut	Choctaws	1827
Slate, Juliette, Miss			Connecticut	Choctaws	1847
*Smith, Sarah L., Mrs.	Huntington	Rev. Eli Smith	Connecticut	Syria	1833
*Smith, Maria W., Mrs.	Chapin		New York	Syria	1841
Smith, Mrs.				Syria	1846
Smith, Abba W., Mrs.	Tenney	Rev. Lowell Smith	Massachusetts	Sandwich Islands	1832
Smith, Esther, Miss			New York	Cherokees	1832
Smith, Eunice T., Mrs.	Morse	Rev. John C. Smith	Massachusetts	Ceylon	1842
Smith, Marcia M., Miss			New York	Sandwich Islands	1836
Smith, Sarah G., Mrs.	White	Rev. Asa B. Smith	Massachusetts	Oregon	1838
Smith, Mrs.	Putney	John Smith		Choctaws	1820
Smith, Mrs.		Azariah Smith, M.D.		Western Asia	1848
Smith, Mrs.		James W. Smith, M.D.		Sandwich Islands	1842
Smith, Lucia G., Miss				Sandwich Islands	1836
Spalding, Eliza, Mrs.	Hart	Rev. Henry H. Spalding	Connecticut	Oregon	1836
Spaulding, Mary, Mrs.	Christie	Rev. Levi Spaulding	New Hampshire	Ceylon	1819
Spaulding, Julia, Mrs.	Brooks	Rev. Ephraim Spaulding	Massachusetts	Sandwich Islands	1832
Spooner, Abigail, Miss				Ojibwas	1841
Sproat, Floranthe, Mrs.	Thompson	Granville T. Sproat	Massachusetts	Ojibwas	1838
Starr, Eunice, Miss				Choctaws	1849
Steele, Mary, Mrs.	Snell	John Steele, M.D.		Madura	1836
Stetson, Ellen, Miss			Massachusetts	Cherokees	1822
Stuart, Mrs.		Rev. Thomas C. Stuart		Chickasaws	1821
Stevens, Julia, Mrs.		Rev. Jedediah D. Stevens		Sioux	1829
Stevens, Sabina, Miss				Ojibwas	1828
Stewart, Harriet B., Mrs.	Tiffany	Rev. Charles S. Stewart	Connecticut	Sandwich Islands	1822
Stewart, Eliza, Mrs.	Capen			Choctaws	1827
Stocking, Jerusha E., Mrs.	Gilbert	William R. Stocking	Connecticut	Persia	1837
*Stoddart, Harriet, Mrs.	Briggs	Rev. David T. Stoddard	Massachusetts	Persia	1843
Stoddard, Sophia D., Mrs.	Hazen		Vermont	Persia	1851
*Stone, Atossa, Mrs.	Frost	Rev. Cyrus Stone	New Hampshire	Mahrattas	1827
Stone, Abigail H., Mrs.	Rimbull		Maine	Mahrattas	1834
Stone, Catharine M., Mrs.	Arthur	Rev. Seth B. Stone	New York	South Africa	1850
*Stone, Elizabeth, Miss			Massachusetts	N. Y. Indians	1831
*Strong, Celia S., Mrs.	Wright	Rev. John C. Strong	Massachusetts	Choctaws	1847
Talmage, Mrs.	Congar	John Talmage		Cherokees	1819
Talmage, Mrs.		Rev. John V. N. Talmage		China	1850
Taylor, Martha E., Mrs.	Sturtevant	Rev. Horace S. Taylor	Ohio	Madura	1844
Taylor, Judith M., Miss			New York	Siam	1839
*Temple, Rachel B., Mrs.	Dix	Rev. Daniel Temple	New Hampshire	Malta	1822
Temple, Martha, Mrs.	Ely		Massachusetts	Malta	1830
Thayer, Susan, Mrs.	Whiting	William A. Thayer	Connecticut	N. Y. Indians	1822
Thayer, Relief, Miss			Vermont	N. Y. Indians	1832
Thompson, Ruth B., Mrs.	Johnson	Rev. John Thompson	Vermont	Cherokees	1828
Thompson, Eliza N., Mrs.	Hanna	Rev. Wm. Thompson	Maryland	Syria	1832
Thompson, Nancy, Miss			Virginia	Cherokees	1826
Thompson, Ann G., Mrs.	Avery	Rev. Leander Thompson	New Hampshire	Syria	1840
Thompson, Catherine, Mrs.	Wyckoff	Rev. Fred. B. Thompson	New Jersey	Borneo	1838
Thrall, Cynthia, Miss			Connecticut	Cherokees	1825
Thurston, Lucy, Mrs.	Goodell	Rev. Asa Thurston	Massachusetts	Sandwich Islands	1819
Tilden, Betsey, Miss			New Hampshire	Syria	1835
Tilton, Laura E., Miss				Choctaws	1845
Tinker, Mary T., Mrs.	Wood	Rev. Reuben Tinker	Massachusetts	Sandwich Islands	1830
*Todd, Lucy, Mrs.	Brownell	Rev. William Todd	New York	Madura	1833
Town, Hannah E., Mrs.	Cove	Elijah S. Town		Choctaws	1827
Town, Hannah, Mrs.	Hill	Joseph Town		Ojibwas	1835
Tracy, Emily F., Mrs.	Travelli	Rev. William Tracy	Pennsylvania	Madura	1836
*Tracy, Adeline, Mrs.	White	Rev. Ira Tracy	Massachusetts	Singapore	1834
Tracy, Alice H., Mrs.	Dana	Stephen Tracy, M.D.	Vermont	Siam	1836
Tracy, Susan, Miss				Choctaws	1844
Travelli, Susan, Mrs.	Irwin	Rev. Joseph S. Travelli	Pennsylvania	Singapore	1836
Tyler, Susan W., Mrs.	Clark	Rev. Josiah Tyler	Massachusetts	South Africa	1849
Vail, Julia, Mrs.		John Vail	New Jersey	Cherokees	1819
Vaill, Asenath, Mrs.	Selden	Rev. Wm. F. Vaill	New Jersey	Osages	1820
Van Doren, Jane A., Mrs.	De Graw	Rev. Wm. S. Van Doren		Borneo	1841
Van Duzee, Oral, Mrs.	Hobart	Wm. S. Van Duzee	New York	Sandwich Islands	1836
*Van Lennep, Mrs.	Bliss	Rev. H. J. Van Lennep	Mississippi	Western Asia	1840
*Van Lennep, Mary, Mrs.	Hawes		Connecticut	Turkey	1843
Van Lennep, Emily A., Mrs.	Bird		Syria	Turkey	1850
Van Tushel, Mrs.	Badger	Rev. Isaac Van Tushel		Maumees	1829
Venable, Martha A., Mrs.	Martin	Rev. Henry J. Venable	Kentucky	South Africa	1834
Walker, Mary, Mrs.	Richardson	Rev. Elkannah Walker	Maine	Oregon Indians	1838
*Walker, Prudence, Mrs.	Richardson	Rev. William Walker	Massachusetts	West Africa	1842
Walker, Mrs.	Shumway			West Africa	1846
Ward, Hannah W., Mrs.	Clark	Nathan Ward, M.D.	Vermont	Ceylon	1833
Ward, Jane, Mrs.	Shaw	Rev. Ferd. De W. Ward	New York	Madura	1836
Washburn, Abigail, Mrs.	Woodward	Rev. Cephas Washburn	Vermont	Cherokees	1818
Webb, Nancy A., Mrs.	Foote	Rev. Edward Webb	New York	Madura	1845
Webster, Marietta, Mrs.	Rawson	Elijah A. Webster	Massachusetts	Mahrattas	1835
Weed, Eliza H., Mrs.	Lathrop	Rev. Geo. L. Weed, M.D.	Massachusetts	Cherokees	1825
Wetmore, Lucy S., Mrs.	Taylor	Chas. H. Wetmore, M.D.	Massachusetts	Sandwich Islands	1848
Wheeler, Harriet, Mrs.	Wood	Rev. Leonard H. Wheeler	Massachusetts	Ojibwas	1841
Wheeler, Mrs.		John F. Wheeler		Cherokees	1835
Whitcomb, Hannah T., Miss				N. Y. Indians	1839

AMERICAN MISSIONARY WOMEN.

NAMES.	Maiden Name.	Husbands' Name.	Where Born.	Field of Labour.	When sent
White, Adeline, Miss			Massachusetts		
White, Helen M., Mrs.		Rev. David White	New York	Western Africa	1836
Whitney, Matilda S., Mrs.	Ward	Rev. George B. Ward	New Jersey	Syria	1830
Whitman, Narcissa, Mrs.	Prentiss	Marcus Ward, M. D.	New York	Oregon Indians	1836
Whit, Mary, Mrs.	Partridge	Rev. Samuel Whit	Massachusetts	Sandwich Islands	1819
Whitney, Maria K., Miss				Sandwich Islands	1844
Whittelsey, Anna C., Mrs.	Mills	*Rev. Samuel Whittelsey	New Jersey	Ceylon	1842
Whittelsey, Elizabeth K., Mrs.	Baldwin	Rev. Eliphalet Whittelsey	New Jersey	Sandwich Islands	1843
Whittelsey, Anna, Miss			New York	Syria	1851
Wilcox, Lucy E., Mrs.	Hart	Abner Wilcox	New York	Sandwich Islands	1836
Wilder, Abby T., Mrs.	Lindsly	Rev. Hyman A. Wilder	Vermont	South Africa	1849
Wilder, Mrs.		Rev. Royal G. Wilder		Mahrattas	1846
*Willey, Mary A., Mrs.	Frye	Rev. Worcester Willey		Cherokees	1846
Williams, Mrs.		S. Wells Williams		Canton	1848
Williams, Mehitable, Mrs.	Stearns	Rev. William Williams	Massachusetts	N. Y. Indians	1834
Williams, Louisa M., Miss				Choctaws	1834
Williams, Matilda, Mrs.	Loomis	Rev. Loring S. Williams	Connecticut	Cherokees	1817
Williams, Sarah, Mrs.	Pond	Rev. W. Fred'k. Williams	New York	Syria	1848
*Williams, Judith, Mrs.	Chase	A. V. Williams	New Hampshire	Choctaws	1818
Williamson, Margaret, Mrs.	Poage	Rev. T. S. Williamson	Kentucky	Ojibwas	1835
*Wilson, Ethalinda, Mrs.	Hall	Rev. Hugh Wilson	North Carolina	Chickasaws	1822
Wilson, Prudence, Miss			North Carolina	Chickasaws	1822
*Wilson, Mary J., Mrs.	Smithey	Rev. Alex. E. Wilson	Virginia	West Africa	1834
*Wilson, Sarah, Mrs.	Beatty	Rev. Henry R. Wilson	Pennsylvania	Choctaws	1834
Wilson, Emeline, Mrs.	Tomlinson	Rev. David M. Wilson	New Jersey	Syria	1847
Wilson, Mary, Mrs.	Hardcastle	Alex. E. Wilson, M. D.	New York	West Africa	1834
Wilson, Jane E., Mrs.	Bayard	Rev. J. Leighton Wilson	Georgia	West Africa	1838
Winship, Mrs.		Daniel H. Winship		Choctaws	1845
*Winslow, Harriet W., Mrs.	Lathrop	Rev. Miron Winslow	Connecticut	Ceylon	1819
*Winslow, Catherine, Mrs.	Waterbury		New York	Madras	1835
Wisner, Judith, Mrs.	Frissell	Samuel Wisner	Massachusetts	Cherokees	1820
Wolcott, Catharine E., Mrs.	Wood	Rev. Samuel Wolcott	Massachusetts	Syria	1840
Wood, Clarissa H., Mrs.	Williams	Rev. Joel Wood	New York	Choctaws	1820
*Wood, Martha M., Mrs.	Johnson	Rev. George W. Wood	New Jersey	Singapore	1838
Wood, Mrs.				Turkey	1842
Wood, Lucy W., Mrs.	Lawrence	Rev. Wm. Wood	Massachusetts	Mahrattas	1847
Woodward, Lydia, Mrs.	Middleton	Rev. Henry Woodward	New Jersey	Ceylon	1819
Worcester, Anna, Mrs.	Orr	Rev. Smith A. Worcester	New Hampshire	Cherokees	1825
*Wright, Martha, Mrs.	Egerton	Rev. Asher Wright	Vermont	N. Y. Indians	1832
Wright, Laura M., Mrs.	Sheldon		Vermont	N. Y. Indians	1833
Wright, Harriet, Mrs.	Bruce	Rev. Alfred Wright		Choctaws	1825
*Wright, Lucinda, Mrs.	Washburn	David Wright		Choctaws	1823
Wyman, Martha E., Mrs.	Weston	Rev. Robert Wyman	Maine	Ceylon	1841
Youngblood, Josephine, Mrs.	Mills	Rev. Wm. Youngblood	New York	Borneo	1836

MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

THE first formed in the United States was styled "The American Board of Commission for Foreign Missions," instituted June 29, 1810, by the Great Association of Massachusetts. The Congregational, Presbyterian, and Dutch and German Reformed Churches, were united in this Mission, which has continued its work during the last forty years. It has been greatly prospered. The foregoing list of names shows its female agents, and it has the sacred glory of numbering among its missionary women the first American martyr for the cause — Mrs. Harriet Newell!

"The American Baptist Mission Union" was formed in May, 1814, and has been in operation thirty-seven years. Among its female helpers are found some of the brightest and loveliest examples of Christian faith and zeal;—the two Mrs. Judsons and Miss Macomber are worthy to be ranked with the Phœbes and Priscillas of the early Church.

"The American Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society" was formed in 1830, and has been actively engaged about twenty years in its great work. Had it done nothing save found the Mission School at Athens, it would deserve the gratitude of all Christendom. Mrs. Hill is one of the noblest patterns of feminine usefulness in the cause of Christian education which the world has seen since the time of the "Elect Lady," whose commendation was that "her children were walking in the truth,"—doubtless those committed to her care for education, like the daughters of Greece to Mrs. Hill.

"The Western Foreign Missionary Society" formed at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, in 1832, comprising a portion of the Presbyterian Churches, was, in 1837, united to the Board of Foreign Missions of the "Old School" Presbyterians. These form the fourth section in this List of "Missionary Women."

Had the names of those sent out by the "Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America" been obtained, the list would have amounted to over one thousand. These are "honourable women," who have their memory in the hearts of all Christians. May the next forty years add an hundred-fold to their numbers! The denomination of American Christians which shall provide most liberally for female education, and employ most female agents, sending these out as missionaries' wives, teachers of children, physicians for their own sex — will take the lead in doing good, and, of course, in the true glory of the true Church.

FEMALE MISSIONARIES

OF THE

BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONS.

☞ Those marked with an (*) are deceased.

NAMES.	Maiden Name.	Husband's Name.	Where Born.	Field of Labour.	When sent.
Abbot, Ann P., Mrs.	Gardener	Rev. Elisha L. Abbot	New York	Burmah	1834
Arnold, Sarah, Mrs.	Allin	Rev. Albert N. Arnold	Rhode Island	Greece	1844
Ashmore, Martha Ann, Mrs.	Sanderson	Rev. William Ashmore	Massachusetts	Siam	1850
Bennett, Stella, Mrs.	Kneelend	Rev. Cephas Bennet	New York	Burmah	1828
Brayton, Mary H., Mrs.	Fuller	Rev. Durlin L. Brayton	Connecticut	Burmah	1837
Binney, Juliett, Mrs.	Pattison	Rev. Joseph G. Binney	Vermont	Burmah	1843
Barker, Jane, Mrs.	Weston	Rev. Cyrus Barker	England	Assam	1839
Beecher, Martha, Mrs.	Foote	Rev. John S. Beecher	New York	Burmah	1846
Bronson, Ruth M., Mrs.	Lucas	Rev. Miles Bronson	New York	Assam	1836
Bronson, Rhoda M., Miss			New York	Assam	1839
Barker, Elizabeth F., Mrs.	Churchill	Rev. Francis Barker	Massachusetts	Shawanoes	1839
Benjamin, Susan Ruggles, Mrs.	Stone	Rev. Judson Benjamin	Massachusetts	Burmah	1848
Bingham, Hannah, Mrs.	Brown	Rev. Abel Bingham	New York	Ojibwas	1828
Bond, Mary, Miss			Massachusetts	Ottowas	1835
Boynton, Elizabeth, Miss			Massachusetts	Creeks	1838
Blanchard, Mary, Mrs.	Walton	Rev. Ira D. Blanchard	Massachusetts	Delawares	1837
Brown, Eliza W., Mrs.	Ballard	Rev. Nathan Brown	Massachusetts	Burmah	1831
Brown, Cynthia, Miss			Michigan	Ojibwas	1833
Buel, Mary J., Mrs.	Raymond	Rev. Rufus F. Buel	New York	Greece	1840
Bullard, Ellen, Mrs.	Huntley	*Rev. Edwin B. Bullard	Vermont	Burmah	1843
Butterfield, Mrs.	Lamson	Rev. Leonard Butterfield	Massachusetts	Cherokees	1832
Campbell, Clarissa C., Mrs.	Conant	Rev. Harvey E. Campbell	Massachusetts	Burmah	1849
Case, Sylvia, Miss				Shawanoes	1837
Chandler, Helen Mar, Mrs.	Crossman	Mr. John H. Chandler	New York	Siam	1841
Clarke, Lois G., Mrs.		*Rev. Ivory Clarke	Maine	West Africa	1837
Cleaver, Rachel, Mrs.		Rev. Isaac Cleaver	Pennsylvania	Cherokees	1821
Colman, Elizabeth, Mrs.	Hubbard	*Rev. James Colman	Massachusetts	Burmah	1817
Compere, Susan, Mrs.		Rev. Lee Compere	England	Creeks	1822
Comstock, Sarah D., Mrs.	Davis	*Rev. Grover S. Comstock	Massachusetts	Burmah	1833
Constantine, Mary, Mrs.	Fales	Rev. A. A. Constantine	Massachusetts	West Africa	1840
Crocker, M. B., Mrs.	Chadbourn	Rev. W. G. Crocker	Maine	West Africa	1844
*Crocker, Rizpah, Mrs.	Warren	*Rev. Wm. G. Crocker	Massachusetts	West Africa	1838
Cross, Julia Ann, Mrs.	Putnam	Rev. Edm. B. Cross	Vermont	Burmah	1843
*Cummings, Sarah, Miss			Maine	Burmah	1832
Curtiss, M. A., Mrs.	Colburn	Rev. Chandler Curtiss	Massachusetts	Creeks	1834
Cutter, Harriet B., Mrs.	Low	Mr. Oliver T. Cutter	Massachusetts	Burmah	1831
Danforth, Frances A., Mrs.	Studley	Rev. A. H. Danforth	Massachusetts	Assam	1847
Davenport, Frances G., Mrs.	Roper	*Rev. R. D. Davenport	Virginia	Siam	1835
Day, Roenna, Mrs.	Clark	Rev. Samuel S. Day	New Hampshire	Southern India	1835
Day, Sarah, Miss			New York	Ottowas	1835
*Dean, Matilda, Mrs.	Coman	Rev. William Dean	New York	Siam	1834
*Dean, Theodosia A., Mrs.	Barker	Rev. William Dean	England	China	1838
*Devan, Lydia, Mrs.	Hale	Rev. Ths. T. Devan, M. D.	Massachusetts	China	1844
Devan, Emma E., Mrs.	Clark	Rev. Thomas T. Devan	New York	France	1848
Dickson, Harriet E., Mrs.	Widow		England	Greece	1839
Edson, Temperance P., Mrs.	Bruce	Rev. Ambler Edson	Massachusetts	Otoe Indians	1840
* Fielding, Maria P., Mrs.	Madeira	*Rev. Joseph Fielding	Pennsylvania	West Africa	1840
Goddard, Eliza A., Mrs.	Abbott	Rev. Josiah Goddard	Massachusetts	Siam	1838
*Hall, Catharine B., Mrs.	Morse	*Rev. Levi Hall	Massachusetts	Burmah	1836
*Hancock, Abigail S., Mrs.	Thayer	Mr. Royal B. Hancock	Massachusetts	Burmah	1831
Harris, O. C., Mrs.	Wadsworth	Rev. Norman Harris	Massachusetts	Burmah	1844
Haswell, Jane M., Mrs.	Mason	Rev. James M. Haswell	Massachusetts	Burmah	1835
Hough, Phebe, Mrs.	Mann	Rev. George H. Hough	New Hampshire	Burmah	1815
Howard, Theresa, Mrs.	Patten	Rev. Hosea Howard	New York	Burmah	1832
Hibbard, Sarah H., Miss			New Hampshire	Cherokees	1842
*Ingalls, Maria, Mrs.	Dawes	Rev. Lovell Ingalls	Massachusetts	Burmah	1835
*Judson, Ann, Mrs.	Hasseltine	Rev. Adoniram Judson	Massachusetts	India	1812
*Judson, Sarah B., Mrs.	Hall	Rev. Adoniram Judson	New Hampshire	Burmah	1825
Judson, Emily C., Mrs.	Chubbuck	*Rev. Adoniram Judson	New York	Burmah	1846
*Jencks, Caroline, Mrs.	Baldwin	Erasmus N. Jencks	Connecticut	Siam	1846
Jewett, Euphemia, Mrs.	Davis	Rev. Lyman Jewett	New York	Southern India	1848
*Johnson, A. Anna, Mrs.	Stevens	Rev. John Johnson	Maine	China	1847
*Jones, Eliza, Mrs.	Grew	Rev. John T. Jones	Rhode Island	Burmah	1830
*Jones, J., Mrs.	Leavitt	Rev. J. T. Jones	New Hampshire	Siam	1841
Jones, Sarah, Mrs.	Sleeper		New Hampshire		1847
*Jones, Elizabeth, Mrs.		Rev. Evan Jones	Pennsylvania	Cherokees	1821
Jones, Mrs.	Cunningham	Rev. Evan Jones	Kentucky	Cherokees	
Jones, Elizabeth, Miss			Pennsylvania	Cherokees	1821

AMERICAN MISSIONARY WOMEN.

NAMES.	Maiden Name.	Husband's Name.	Where Born.	Field of Labour.	When sent.
*Kellam, Elizabeth, Mrs.	Pierson	Rev. Charles R. Kellam	Massachusetts	Creeks	1836
Kelly, Jane, Miss		Wife of Mr. J. T. Jones	Maine	Ottowas	1843
*Kincaid, Almy, Mrs.		Rev. Eugenis Kincaid	Pennsylvania	Burmah	1830
Kincaid, Barbara, Mrs.	M'Bain		India	Burmah	1833
Knapp, Eunice R., Mrs.	Keyes	Rev. Hervey E. Keys	Massachusetts	Burmah	1849
Lathrop, Julia A., Miss			New York	Burmah	1843
Leach, Mary, Miss			New York	Ojibwas	1839
*Lewis, Mrs.		Rev. David Lewis	New York	Creeks	1832
Lillybridge, Lydia, Miss			New York	Burmah	1846
Lord, Lucy T., Mrs.	Lyon	Rev. Edward C. Lord	New York	China	1846
Love, C. G., Mrs.	Waterman	Rev. Horace T. Love	Rhode Island	Greece	1836
Lykins, Mrs.	M'Coy	Rev. Johnston Lykins	Indiana	Potawatomies	1828
Macgowan, M. A., Mrs.	Osborne	Dr. D. J. Macgowan	England	China	1845
*Macomber, Eleanor, Miss			New York	Burmah	1834
*Mason, Helen M., Mrs.	Griggs	Rev. Francis Mason	Massachusetts	Burmah	1829
Mason, Ellen, Mrs.	Huntley	Rev. Francis Mason			
Mason, Mrs.		Rev. James O. Mason	New York	Creeks	1838
M'Coy, Christiana, Mrs.	Polk	Rev. Isaac M'Coy	Kentucky	Potawatomies	1817
Meeker, E. D., Mrs.	Richardson	Rev. Jotham Meeker	Ohio	Ottowas	1827
Merrill, Eliza W., Mrs.		*Rev. Moses Merrill	New York	Otte Indians	1832
Moore, L. C., Mrs.	Irish	Rev. Calvin C. Moore	New York	Burmah	1848
Moore, Emily Frances, Mrs.	Whitehead		India	Burmah	1851
Moore, Elizabeth W., Mrs.	Forbes	Rev. William Moore	Vermont	Burmah	1847
Morse, Harriet H., Miss			Massachusetts	Siam	1847
Morse, Elizabeth S., Miss			Vermont	Delawares	1847
*Mylne, Elizabeth, Mrs.		Rev. William Mylne	Virginia	West Africa	1835
*O'Bryant, Mrs.		*Rev. Duncan O'Bryant		Cherokees	1823
*Osgood, Elhira, Mrs.	Brown	Rev. Sewall M. Osgood	New York	Burmah	1834
*Osgood, S. M., Mrs.	Willsey	Rev. S. M. Osgood			
Pasco, H., Mrs.	Sullivan	Rev. Cephas Pasco	Massachusetts	Greece	1836
Potts, L. A., Mrs.	Purchase	Rev. Ramsay D. Potts	Massachusetts	Ottowas	1826
Pratt, Olivia, Mrs.	Evans	Rev. John G. Pratt	Massachusetts	Shawanoes	1837
*Price, Mrs.		Rev. Jona D. Price, M.D.	New Jersey	Burmah	1818
Ranney, Maria, Mrs.	Gager	Mr. Thomas S. Ranney	New York	Burmah	1843
Rayner, Sarah, Miss			Massachusetts	Cherokees	1832
Reed, Jane G., Mrs.	Everts	*Rev. Alanson Reed	New York	Siam	1835
Rice, Mary, Miss			Massachusetts	Ojibwas	1830
Roberts, Elizabeth, Mrs.		Mr. Thomas Roberts	Pennsylvania	Cherokees	1821
Rollin, Sarepeta, Mrs.		*Rev. Davis B. Rollin	New York	Creeks	1834
Sheldon, Rachel H., Mrs.	Ripley	Rev. D. Newton Sheldon	Massachusetts	France	1835
*Shuck, Henrietta, Mrs.	Hall	Rev. J. Lewis Shuck	Virginia	China	1835
Simmerwell, Frances, Mrs.	Goodrich	Mr. Robert Simmerwell	Kentucky	Potawatomies	1824
*Simons, Caroline J., Mrs.	Harrington	Rev. Thomas Simons	Massachusetts	Burmah	1832
*Skinner, Eliza, Mrs.	Read	Rev. Benj. R. Skinner	Connecticut	West Africa	1832
Slafter, Maria, Mrs.	Maine	*Rev. Corodon H. Slafter	New York	Siam	1838
*Slater, Mary A., Mrs.	Ide	Rev. Leonard Slater	Vermont	Ottowas	1826
*Smedley, Mrs.		Rev. Joseph Smedley	Pennsylvania	Choctaws	1834
Stanard, Amanda W., Miss			Vermont	Potawatomies	1830
Stevens, Elizabeth L., Mrs.	Haven	Rev. Edward A. Stevens	Massachusetts	Burmah	1832
Stilson, Lucretia, Mrs.	Brownson	Rev. Lyman Stilson	New York	Burmah	1836
Stoddard, Drusilla C., Mrs.	Allen	Rev. Ira J. Stoddard	New York	Assam	1847
Taylor, Lucy H., Miss			New York	Creeks	1836
*Thomas, S. M., Mrs.	Willsey	*Rev. Jacob Thomas	New York	Assam	1836
Thomas, Charlotte, Mrs.	Bacheler	Rev. Benj. C. Thomas	Massachusetts	Burmah	1850
Thompson, Susan, Miss				Ottowas	1828
Upham, E. O., Mrs.	Newhall	Rev. Willard P. Upham	Massachusetts	Cherokees	1843
Upham, R. E., Mrs.	Wasson	Mr. Hervey Upham	Massachusetts	Cherokees	1843
Van Husen, Joanna, Mrs.	Brown	Rev. Stephen Van Husen	New York	Southern India	1839
Van Meter, Louisa, Mrs.	Hooker	Rev. Henry L. Van Meter	New York	Burmah	1848
Vinton, Calista, Mrs.	Holman	Rev. Justus H. Vinton	Connecticut	Burmah	1832
Vinton, Miranda, Miss			Connecticut	Burmah	1841
Wade, Deborah B., Mrs.	Lapham	Rev. Jona Wade	New York	Burmah	1823
Ward, Mrs.		Rev. William Ward		Assam	1850
*Webb, Catharine S., Mrs.	Watson	Rev. Abner Watson	Massachusetts	Burmah	1832
Webster, Abigail, Miss			Massachusetts	Shawanoes	1840
Wheelock, Eliza H., Mrs.	Newman	*Rev. Edw. H. Wheelock	Massachusetts	Burmah	1817
White, Charlotte H., Mrs.			Pennsylvania	Burmah	1815
Whiting, Elizabeth, Mrs.	Flint	Rev. Samuel M. Whiting	Connecticut	Assam	1850
*Willard, Sarah, Mrs.	Clark	Rev. Erastus Willard	Vermont	France	1835
Williard, Caroline, Mrs.	Morse		Maine	France	1846
Willmarth, Harriet, Mrs.	Willard	Rev. Isaac M. Willmarth	Vermont	France	1834
Wright, H. E. T., Miss			New Hampshire	Burmah	1849
*Waldo, S. Emily, Miss			Massachusetts	Greece	1844

NOTE.—In giving the list of all female missionaries sent out by the American Churches, some names may accidentally have been omitted, which we shall regret. Yet it must not be understood that, except those marked (*) dead, all are still engaged. Some, from their own failing health; others, on account of their husband's illness, have been compelled to return home. A few have been transferred to new stations; and all have done something in the Great Christian Work.

FEMALE MISSIONARIES

OF THE

AMERICAN EPISCOPAL FOREIGN MISSIONS.

☞ Those marked with an (*) are deceased.

NAMES.	Maiden Name.	Husbands' Name.	Where Born.	Field of Labour.	When sent.
Appleby, Mrs.		Mr. M. Appleby		Africa	1844
Baldwin, Mary B., Miss			Virginia	Athens	1835
Benton, C., Mrs.	Spencer	Rev. George Benton		Crete	1836
*Boone, Sarah, Mrs.		Rev. Dr. Boone		China	1837
Boone, Mrs.	Elliott	Right Rev. Dr. Boone	South Carolina	China	1844
*Chapin, Maria V., Miss		Bec. wife Rev. Dr. Savage	Vermont	Africa	1842
*Coggeshall, Martha D., Miss			Rhode Island	Africa	1842
Fay, Lydia M., Miss				China	1850
Graham, Mrs.		Rev. Richardson Graham		China	1844
Gillett, Eliza, Miss			New York	China	1844
Henning, Elizabeth, Mrs.	Newman	Rev. E. W. Henning		Africa	1844
Hill, Frances M., Mrs.	Mulligan	Rev. J. H. Hill	New York	Athens	1830
Hoffman, Virginia, Mrs.		Rev. C. C. Hoffman		Africa	1850
Jones, Emma G., Miss			Alabama	China	1844
Mulligan, Elizabeth, Miss		Sister of Mrs. Hill	New York	Athens	1830
Mulligan, Frederica, Miss		Sister of Mrs. Hill	New York	Athens	1835
Minor, Mary Stewart, Mrs.		*Rev. L. B. Minor	Maryland	Africa	1840
Morse, Jane, Miss			Massachusetts	China	1844
Payne, Anna, Mrs.				Africa	1837
*Patch, C. L., Mrs.	Lyon	Widow	Massachusetts	Africa	1844
Perkins, Mrs.		Mr. George A. Perkins	Massachusetts	Africa	1838
Rutherford, Elizabeth, Miss		Bec. wife of Dr. Savage	Rhode Island	Africa	1844
Robertson, Julia, Mrs.		Rev. Dr. Robertson		Constantinople	1839
*Savage, S., Mrs.	Metcalf	Rev. Dr. Savage		Africa	1838
*Southgate, Mrs.		Rt. Rev. Hor. Southgate		Constantinople	1839
Spencer, M. E., Miss		Sister of Mrs. Benton		Crete	1841
Syle, Jane, Mrs.		Rev. E. W. Syle		China	1845
Tenney, Caroline P., Miss				China	1850
Watson, Elizabeth H., Miss				Crete	1839
Wood, Mrs.		Rev. H. W. Wood		China	1844
Willifrid, Martha, Miss			Georgia	China	1850

NOTE.—At the first view we are inclined to exclaim—"How small the number of Female Missionaries sent out by our Episcopal Churches! And so it is—yet the few have done much, and are now wielding great influence. Is it not because these women were better qualified for their work than those of other denominations? Mrs. Hill, and her sisters, the Miss Mulligans, were thoroughly educated ladies, and equal to the great task devolved on them—that of rekindling from the pure flame of Gospel love the light of learning in Greece, so long darkened by idolatry and ignorance. In China, also, the female missionaries are especially commended by Bishop Boone, for their efficient services. How these services are directed, and the wonderful results for good which may be there wrought out by woman's agency, are well described in a letter from Miss Tenney, one of those recently sent to China. After alluding to the anxiety of the Bishop (Rev. Dr. Boone) for the establishment of a girl's school, she says:—

"The danger of the boys forming entirely heathen alliances, the importance of instruction while young, the influence of these girls as wives and mothers, the seclusion of *woman* in this country, so that the male Missionary cannot have access to her mind—her utter ignorance, as destitute of all instruction in knowledge—her degraded position compared with the daughters of Christendom—and more than all, the fact that *half* of this great nation is and will be composed of females who have immortal souls of priceless value—all this forms an appeal to which a Christian heart must warmly respond. I know not what measures the Foreign Committee may have already taken to advance this object, but such is our sense of the great and *immediate* need of a Female Institution, that we know not how to wait for the slow accumulation of funds by ordinary contributions. It has occurred to me that this object commends itself, in a peculiar manner, to the special attention, sympathy and aid of Christian females at home. The cost of the building will be about three thousand dollars. Now, though it is most ardently to be desired that every female member of the Episcopal Church should aid in the establishment and maintenance of this Institution, a few churches could easily supply our present need. Here is a fine opportunity for Christian women to manifest their gratitude for the blessings of the Gospel to them as women—aside from the great and glorious hopes it reveals for the future world."

FEMALE MISSIONARIES

OF THE

PRESBYTERIAN FOREIGN MISSIONS.

☞ Those marked with an (*) are deceased.

NAMES.	Maiden Name.	Husband's Name.	Where Born.	Field of Labour.	When sent.
Alward, Catharine, Mrs.	Vredenburg	Rev. Jonathan P. Alward	New Jersey	Western Africa	1840
Bushnell, Eleanor, Mrs.	Hanna	Rev. Wells Bushnell	Pennsylvania	Iowas and Sacs	1833
Boal, Martha, Miss			Pennsylvania	Iowas and Sacs	1833
Ballard, Sarah, Mrs.		Mr. Aurey Ballard	Connecticut	Iowas and Sacs	1834
Bradley, Sarah W., Mrs.	Douglass	Mr. Henry Bradley	Pennsylvania	Iowas and Sacs	1836
Buell, Seniora B., Mrs.	Vaughn	Rev. Wm. P. Buell	Virginia	Siam	1839
Bush, Annabella R., Mrs.	Hassett	Rev. Stephen Bush	New York	Siam	1848
Bowen, Mary, Miss			Ohio	Creeks	1849
Balentine, Nancy, Mrs.	Hoyt	Rev. Henry Balentine	Cherokee Nation	Creeks	1849
Campbell, Mary, Mrs.		Rev. James R. Campbell	Ireland	North India	1835
*Caldwell, Jane, Mrs.	Clark	Rev. Joseph Caldwell	Virginia	North India	1837
Craig, Jane, Mrs.		Mr. James Craig	Pennsylvania	North India	1837
Canfield, Charlotte, Mrs.	Reed	Rev. Orrin K. Canfield	New Jersey	Western Africa	1840
Cole, Caroline, Mrs.		Mr. Richard Cole	New Jersey	China	1843
Culbertson, Mary, Mrs.	Dunlap	Rev. M. S. Culbertson	New York	China	1844
Coulter, Caroline C., Mrs.	Crowe	Mr. Moses S. Coulter	Indiana	China	1848
Campbell, Maria J., Mrs.	Bigham	Rev. David E. Campbell	Pennsylvania	North India	1850
Davis, Julia, Miss			Pennsylvania	North India	1834
Dougherty, Maria, Mrs.	Higgins	Rev. Peter Dougherty	New Jersey	Chippewas	1838
*Dutcher, Susan, Miss			New York	Choctaws	1848.
*Freeman, Mary Ann, Mrs.	Beach	Rev. John E. Freeman	New Jersey	North India	1838
*Fleming, Margaret, Mrs.	Scudder	Rev. John Fleming	New Jersey	Chippewas	1838
Fullerton, Martha W., Mrs.	White	Rev. Robert S. Fullerton	Pennsylvania	North India	1850
Fullerton, Martha, Miss			Ohio	Omahas	1850
Gregory, Mary L., Mrs.	Montgomery	Rev. Caspar H. Gregory	Pennsylvania	Choctaws	1849
Green, Hannah M., Miss			New York	Creeks	1850
Henderson, Nancy, Miss			Virginia	Iowas and Sacs	1833
Hamilton, Mrs.		Rev. Wm. Hamilton	Pennsylvania	Iowas and Sacs	1837
Hepburn, Clara M., Mrs.	Leete	Dr. James C. Hepburn	Connecticut	Singapore	1840
Happer, Elizabeth, Mrs.	Ball	Rev. Andrew P. Happer	South Carolina	China	1847
Hodge, Elizabeth B., Mrs.	Holliday	Rev. Archibald A. Hodge	Virginia	North India	1847
Hay, Mary, Mrs.	Landis	Rev. Lawrence G. Hay	Indiana	North India	1850
Irvin, Elizabeth, Mrs.		Rev. Samuel M. Irvin	Pennsylvania	Iowas and Sacs	1835
Irvin, Elizabeth, Mrs.	Freeman	Rev. David Irvin	New York	North India	1846
*Jamieson, Rebecca S., Mrs.		Rev. Jesse M. Jamieson	Pennsylvania	North India	1835
Jamieson, Miss			Pennsylvania	North India	1847
Janvier, H. A., Mrs.	Allen	Rev. Levi Janvier	New Jersey	North India	1846
Kerr, Mary Ann, Mrs.		Rev. Joseph Kerr	Pennsylvania	Weas	1834
*Lowrie, Louisa A., Mrs.	Wilson	Rev. John C. Lowrie	Virginia	North India	1833
*Laird, Harriet, Mrs.	Meyer	Rev. Mathew Laird	Pennsylvania	Western Africa	1834
*Loughridge, Olivia D., Mrs.	Hills	Rev. R. M. Loughridge	New York	Creeks	1842
*Loughridge, Mary, Mrs.	Avery		Massachusetts	Creeks	1846
Loomis, Mary Ann, Mrs.	Luce	Rev. Aug. W. Loomis	New York	China	1844
Lilley, Mrs.		Mr. John Lilley	Pennsylvania	Creeks	1844
M'Ewen, Sarah, Mrs.	Symington	Rev. James M'Ewen	Pennsylvania	North India	1835
*Morrison, Anna Maria, Mrs.	Ward	Rev. John H. Morrison	New Jersey	North India	1837
Morrison, A. M., Mrs.			England	North India	1846
Morris, Mrs.	Harned	Mr. Reese Morris	Pennsylvania	North India	1837
M'Bryde, Mary, Mrs.		Rev. Thomas L. M'Bride	Georgia	Singapore	1839
M'Auley, Emma, Mrs.	Bayless	Rev. Wm. H. M'Auley	New Jersey	North India	1840
M'Kinney, Theresa, Mrs.	Dennis	Rev. Edmund M'Kinney	Pennsylvania	Creeks	1843
Mattoon, Mary L., Mrs.	Lourie	Rev. Stephen Mattoon	New York	Siam	1846
*Mackey, Elizabeth J., Mrs.	Blair	Rev. James L. Mackey	Maryland	Western Africa	1849
Martin, Jane M., Mrs.	Vansant	Rev. Wm. P. W. Martin	Pennsylvania	China	1849
Martin, Margaret, Mrs.	Wiley	Rev. Samuel N. Martin	Indiana	China	1849

AMERICAN MISSIONARY WOMEN.

NAMES.	Maiden Name.	Husbands' Name.	Where Born.	Field of Labour.	When sent.
Newton, Elizabeth, Mrs.	Janvier	Rev. John Newton	New Jersey	North India	1834
Orr, Eliza, Mrs.		Rev. Robert W. Orr	New Jersey	Singapore	1837
Owen, Augusta Margaret, Mrs.	Proctor	Rev. Joseph Owen	England	North India	1844
*Porter, Harriet, Mrs.		Rev. Joseph Porter	Indiana	North India	1835
Porter, Mary B., Mrs.	Parvin		Pennsylvania	North India	1849
Rogers, Julia, Mrs.	Riley	Rev. Wm. S. Rogers	New York	North India	1835
Rankin, Sarah, Mrs.	Comfort	Rev. John C. Rankin	New Jersey	North India	1840
Rankin, Mary G. Mrs.	Knight	Rev. Henry V. Rankin	New Jersey	China	1847
*Ramsey, Elizabeth B., Mrs.	Peck	Rev. James B. Ramsey	New York	Choctaws	1844
Ramsey, J. M., Mrs.	Livingston	Rev. James R. Ramsey	Pennsylvania	Creeks	1847
Robertson, Ann Eliza, Mrs.	Worcester	Mr. Wm. S. Robertson	Cherokee Nation	Creeks	1850
Reid, Elizabeth, Mrs.	Graham	Rev. Alexander Reid	New York	Choctaws	1850
*Scott, Christiana M., Mrs.	Houston	Rev. James L. Scott	Pennsylvania	North India	1838
Sawyer, Catharine A., Mrs.	Hammond	Rev. Robert W. Sawyer	New York	Western Africa	1841
*Speer, Cornelia, Mrs.	Brackenridge	Rev. Wm. Speer	Pennsylvania	China	1846
Seeley, Emmeline, Mrs.	Marvin	Rev. Augustus H. Seeley	New York	North India	1846
Simpson, Eliza P., Mrs.	Ross	Rev. George W. Simpson	Pennsylvania	Western Africa	1849
Shaw, Harriet R., Mrs.	Darling	Rev. Horatio W. Shaw	New York	North India	1850
Thompson, Nancy, Miss			Massachusetts	Creeks	1847
Thompson, F. K., Miss			New York	Choctaws	1851
Vanderveer, Jane, Miss			New Jersey	North India	1840
Wilson, Eliza G., Mrs.		Rev. James Wilson	Pennsylvania	North India	1834
Wilson, Sarah, Mrs.	Little	Rev. Henry R. Wilson	Virginia	North India	1837
Warren, Lydia D., Mrs.		Rev. Joseph Warren	New Hampshire	North India	1838
Wray, Georgiana, Mrs.	Dennis	Rev. John Wray	Pennsylvania	North India	1841
Walsh, Emma, Mrs.	Brett	Rev. John J. Walsh	New York	North India	1843
Way, Susan C., Mrs.	Quarterman	Rev. R. Q. Way	Georgia	China	1843
Woodside, Mrs.		Rev. John S. Woodside	Ireland	North India	1848
Wight, Elizabeth N., Mrs.	Van Dyke	Rev. Joseph K. Wight	New Jersey	China	1848
Whiteside, J. K., Mrs.		Mr. J. K. Whiteside	Pennsylvania	Chippewa	1850

NOTE.—The Missions of the American Presbyterian Church (Old School) have been in operation about thirteen years. Marked success has attended their efforts, especially in North India; and the schools for native children, chiefly instructed by the wives of the missionaries, are now giving promise of great good. Throughout the heathen world the apparatus of Christianity—so to speak—is prepared. The Bible has been translated into the languages of the greater portion of the nations and tribes of Asia and Africa. Tracts and other books are translated; printing-presses are established; what is needed is to reach the fountain of life in those lands, and bring the healing stream of God's Word to purify the stagnant pools and sweeten the bitter waters of sin and ignorance that now diffuse only death to the souls of the people. This fountain of life is the mothers of the land: through female aid in teaching these and their children, daughters particularly, the truth only can be rendered effective. Good men, American Protestant Christians even, have hardly yet conceived what influence pious, educated women might wield in this work. Yet, when we turn to the earliest annals of the true Church, we find this agency not only used, but openly acknowledged and commended. In St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans—his first on record—sent by Phœbe, who certainly held an office in the church at Cenchrea—he names seven other female "labourers" as among his best helpers:—Priscilla, Mary, Tryphena, Tryphosa, Persis, Julia, and the sister of Nereus. Phœbe was a succourer of many;"—so might missionary female physicians now become, and through their agency reach those whose conversion would, with heaven's blessing, ensure the speedy success of Christian missions.

In the "Medical Department" at Siam, as we learn from the last Report of the Presbyterian Mission, much good had been effected. "Six days in the week, Dr. House spends two hours a day at the floating house, used as a dispensary, except when absent on missionary tours in the interior, and during the prevalence of the cholera. New cases only were recorded, amounting to 1371, making in two and a half years since his arrival, 4488 patients." Very few of these were females; such cannot be reached by male practitioners, and must, therefore, suffer the agonies of bodily disease, one of their own sex, if properly qualified, might relieve, in addition to all other miseries and deprivations imposed on women in the East. In Calcutta, so long ruled by the English, where their physicians are employed freely by rich Hindoo men, it is only in cases of extremity among the women that one is called to their aid, and then only permitted to see the patient, so covered up and concealed, that only the tongue and wrist are exposed to view. As a measure of humanity only, the sending out qualified female physicians to those countries would be a great charity; but the aid such pious, intelligent ladies might give to the mission cause is incalculable. Very few men in this profession are willing to go out—very few have the faith and zeal needed for the work; but the daughters of America are, like Phœbe, ready to be sent, ready to become "succourers of many"—were they only suitably educated, encouraged and sustained.

Does any Christian man think I am claiming too much for my sex? Let him read, then, the following sentiments, written by that good and great divine, the Rev. Hugh Blair, D. D.—"The prevailing manners of an age depend more than we are aware of, or are willing to allow, on the conduct of women; this is one of the principal things on which the great machine of human society turns. Those who allow the influence which female graces have in contributing to polish the manners of men, would do well to reflect how great an influence female morals must also have on their conduct. How much then is it to be regretted that women should ever sit down contented to polish when they are able to reform—to entertain when they might instruct. Nothing delights men more than their strength of understanding when true gentleness of manners is its associate: united, they become irresistible orators, blessed with the power of persuasion, fraught with the sweetness of instruction, making woman the highest ornament of human nature."

LAST WORDS.

"Be good!" was the dying injunction of the great novelist to his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart. "It is the divinest thing to be good," wrote the pious John Foster to his unknown lady correspondent. "Goodness is beauty in its best estate," sings the old poet Marlowe; and the high-souled Tennyson strikes the key-note of human greatness in the sentiment, "'Tis only noble to be good."

This personal goodness, the complement of all the virtues and accomplishments of humanity, should be the grand aim of life. The true object of all philosophy is to discover the ways and means by which this aim may be wrought out in the best manner.

If you had a precious plant to rear and develop, would you trust it to the care of an ignorant person, who knew little or nothing of its nature, structure, properties, and uses? Would you not rather seek sedulously for one well skilled in the knowledge, theoretically at least, of plants, and their capacities for being improved by judicious culture, or injured by neglect and hurtful modes of training? Moreover, if this plant had been, by its Maker, consigned to the keeping of one guardian, in an especial manner, which could not be changed or superseded, would you not consider it true wisdom to qualify that person for the office of developing the tender shoots of the plant, pruning its luxuriance, and training its tendrils and its inclination in the right way to ensure its greatest perfection?

"It strikes me dumb to look over the long series of faces, such as any full church, court-house, London-Tavern meeting, or miscellany of men, will show there. Some score or two of years ago, all these were little, red-coloured, pulpy infants; each of them capable of being kneaded, baked into any social form you chose," says the strong-voiced Carlyle.

God gave to woman's keeping this forming power over humanity. Never will the best capacities, spiritual and physical, be developed in a healthy state, and directed heavenward, as the immortal should tend, until the female sex are fitted for their duties, and honoured when discharging them faithfully — duties, the first, the highest, the holiest, which the Creator has entrusted to human beings.

Each sex has an allotted part; the serious subjects of inquiry are, first, Which is the most important? Second, Has the female been allowed suitable means and opportunities to qualify herself for her vocation? The reader will easily discover that I place woman's office above man's, because moral influence is superior to mechanical invention, and her peculiar mission is to mould minds, while his deals with material things.

In the General Preface I alluded to my intention of giving, at the close of the work, "some suggestions respecting the means and ends of female education," &c. I have hardly room, now, to go into such details; these rather require a separate treatise, which I hope at some time to prepare. But whoever examines this "Record" will easily comprehend my sentiments. I do not hold with those who would place women in competition with men in industrial pursuits. Such a course would not only be destructive to feminine nature, but to society, because giving physical power a still greater predominance over moral influence than is now anywhere found. Even in France and Germany, where the ignorant peasant yokes his wife with his cow, and makes them drag the heavy plough, while he takes the lighter task of guiding it, the woman does not do her part from choice, but is compelled by her brutal husband. The American woman who *insists* that she is as capable of doing "man's work" as are the stronger sex, degrades herself even below the poor, ignorant female drudges of Europe, who have no opportunities of cultivating womanly dignity, and no sphere of womanly duties open before them.

Radical changes are not required in American life; what we need is to increase the power of the good influences and institutions now active, and to restrain that which is evil. For the first, there is wanted an additional number of normal schools, to prepare female teachers; also, an improved and enlarged system of instruction in many of the present female seminaries. Then

the office of teacher in the greater portion of public schools should be assigned to educated young women. In Massachusetts, this important change is fast gaining general favour. Of the 8163 teachers in the public schools of that State in 1849, *five thousand seven hundred and thirty-seven* were females—more than double the number of male teachers. In the other New England States, in New York and Ohio, female teachers are taking the places of the other sex, to the manifest advantage of popular education and morals.

Two associations have been formed, one by ladies of Boston, the other by eminent citizens throughout the Union, within the last four years, for sending female teachers from the Eastern or Northern States, to the South and West. About five hundred young ladies, educated, pious, and earnest in the cause of doing good, are already transplanted to their new sphere of duty. Besides teaching week-day schools, they organize and instruct Sabbath-schools, distribute tracts and Bibles; and probably those lovely young girls will exercise a pure moral influence over half a million of souls. Five of these were sent to Oregon, and everywhere more are invited. Miss Beecher, one of the most judicious philanthropists in our country, who has gained her knowledge from authentic sources, estimates there are two millions of children and youth in our Republic who require school instruction, wholly or in part; and *a hundred thousand female teachers* are wanted. What a glorious field for woman's faculties and virtues to find scope!

Medical science belongs to women more than to men. The female is the preserver;—the study of the laws of health, and of the healing art, would harmonize with her feelings and her intuitive faculties. She has a right to this knowledge, and to every means of acquiring it, so far as particularly concerns her own sex and children. A number of our countrywomen are now studying for this profession;—will not every true *man* aid the movement? (The Bible recognizes women only as midwives; there is no authority for classing a midwife with men.) In a few years, twenty thousand of these "ministering angels in female forms" will find ample employment; and the profession will be considered, like the duties of mother and nurse, which it nearly resembles, the proper sphere of the sex. The whole field of literature is now open to our women, and that of the fine arts is accessible.

These things accomplished, then legislation, which every year grows more favourable to female claims for protection, must be invoked to suppress those crimes and vices of men which destroy the happiness of home, where woman's world centres. Intemperance, gambling, licentiousness—these are the blasting sins that now defy law, and disgrace the manhood of American citizens. Surely there are enough good and true men, would these unite, to accomplish all salutary reforms. While they sleep, an enemy sows tares.

The bayonet or the ballot-box must govern the world. Wherever the latter rules, moral power is in the ascendant, and then woman's influence predominates. Would it not be better if the sex were admitted to participate directly in the administration of government, voting and holding offices equally with men? No! I reply unhesitatingly—No! Female power is not coercive, but persuasive. However salutary moral influences are, yet, in civil governments, the laws must be, in the last resort, upheld by force. This duty, women could not perform; nor could they share in the government, unless the other sex permitted. When men are prepared to do this from an appreciation of female goodness, they will be good themselves, and therefore better fitted than ever women can be to uphold and discharge all the duties of government. Besides, our American women have the controlling power over the young, and over social life; it is but just that the other sex should enjoy a separate theatre for the cultivation and display of their own talents and virtues.

Would the true wife desire to supersede her husband? Has the good, intelligent mother trained her son to the glorious ambition of serving his country, and gaining a noble fame? Would she, were it in her power, take the laurel from his brow, and place it on her own? Would she be willing any other woman should enter the lists against her son? If not, then is it right for this mother to encourage the competition of her own sex against the sons of other mothers?

Greatness is most perfect when it acts with the least display of *self;* Power is most efficient when moving the will through the heart. Let us, as American ladies, cultivate the virtues, the knowledge, the accomplishments, which will influence, imbue, and inspire the other sex to do the work of the world to the glory of God; then the woman will truly shine forth as the glory of the man!

LIST OF AUTHORITIES.

It would be like printing the catalogue of a large library to give the titles of all books examined in searching out authentic materials for this work. I shall name only the sources of general information from which I have drawn. New particulars have been sought by carefully reading the various works of those female writers from whom selections are made. The records of the living have generally been communicated to me from reliable sources; and it has been my earnest endeavour to give only that which is true. Of books that I have consulted, the first in importance and authority are —

The Holy Bible.
History of the Bible (Gleig).
Biographical Dictionary of Aiken.
" " Bayle.
" " Blake.
" " Chalmers.
" " Gorton.
" " Lempriere.
" " Platts.
" " Rose.
" " Watkins.
Biography and Mythology, Greek and Roman.
Biographie Universelle.
Répertoire de Litterature Française, &c.
Biografia delle Donne Italiane Illustrice nelle Scienze e Lettere.
Cenni Biografia e Ritratti d'insigni Donne Bolognese.
Viti e Ritratti delle Donne celebre d'ogni Paese.
Conversations Lexicon (German).
Dictionary of Painters.
" Musicians.
Nouveau Dictionnaire Historique.
Encyclopædia Americana.
Encyclopædia Britannica.
Cyclopædia of English Literature (Chambers).
Cyclopædia (Rees).
Penny Cyclopædia.
Chambers' Miscellany.
Female Biography (Mrs. Hays).
Sacred Biography (Hunter).
Biographie Nouveau des Contemporaires.
Female Biography (Knapp).

HISTORIES, LIVES, TRAVELS, REVIEWS, &c.

Ancient History (Rollin).
History of the Jews (Milman).
" of Christianity "
" of the Puritans (Neal).
" of the American Revolution (Ramsey).
" of the United States (Bancroft).
" of the Conquest of Mexico (Prescott).
" " Peru "
" of the Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire (Gibbon).
" of the Roman Republic (Ferguson).
" of the Middle Ages (Hallam).
" of the Italian Republics (Sismondi).
" of Greece (Thirlwald).
" of Chivalry and the Crusades (James).
" of England (Hume, Mackintosh, and Macauley).
" of Poland (Jones).
" of the Russian Empire, from its foundation to the death of the Empress Catherine II.
Northern Antiquities (Mallet).
Reign of Charlemagne (Coad).
History of Modern Europe (Russell).
" of the French Revolution (Thiers).
" of the Girondins (Lamartine).
" of Education (Smith).
" of Scotland (Robertson).
" of the Reformation (D'Aubigne).
" of India and the Hindoos (Ward).
" of Missions.
" of the Sandwich Islands (Jarvis).
Book of Martyrs (Fox).
Historical Sketches (Thierry).
History of French Literature (de Vericour).
History of Spanish Literature (Ticknor).
Germany (Madame de Staël).
Pictorial History of England.
Sketches from Venetian History.
Plutarch's Lives.
Prose Writings of Sir Walter Scott.
The Female Revolutionary Plutarch (Stewartson).
Life of Madame de Staël (Saussure).
" Mary, Queen of Scotts (Bell).
" Ferdinand and Isabella (Prescott).
" the Empress Josephine (Memes).
" the Duchess d'Abrantes.
" Schiller.
" Luther.
Memoirs of Mrs. Hannah More (Roberts).
" Lady Fanshawe.
" Mrs. Ann H. Judson (Knowles).
" Literary Ladies in England.
" the Court of Queen Elizabeth (Aikin).
" Count de Grammont.
" Mirabeau.
The German Museum.
La Belle Assemblée.
Christian Observer.
Missionary Register.
Modern Poets, with Biographical Notices (S. C. Hall).
Female Poets of Great Britain (Bethune).
" " " (Rowton).
" America (Griswold).
Prose Writers of America "
Poets and Poetry of the Ancients (Wm. Peter).
Lady's Book (Godey's).
Ladies' Magazine.
Ladies' Museum.
Ladies' Library.
Monthly Anthology.
A New Spirit of the Age.
Review, North American,
" Edinburgh,
" London Quarterly,
" Foreign Quarterly,
" North British,
" Westminster,
Blackwood's Magazine.
Spirit of Missions.
Missionary Herald.
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American and Foreign Christian Union.
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Homes and Haunts of the Poets (Howitt).
Queens of England (Strickland).
" Spain (George).
Women in France (Kavenah).
Woman and her Master (Lady Morgan).
Women of the American Revolution (Mrs. Ellet).
Les Femmes Célèbres de l'ancieme France (Le Roux de Lincy).
De l'Influence des Femmes sur la Littérature Françaises (Genlis).
Les Femmes Célèbres de 1789 a 1795, et leur influence dans la Revolution.
Memoires d'outre Tombe (Chateaubriand).
Goethe's Correspondence with a Child.
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Scenes and Sketches at Home and Abroad.
Sketches of conspicuous Living Characters in France.
The Education of Mothers, or the Civilization of Mankind (Aimé-Martin).
Legal Rights, Liabilities, and Duties of Women, &c. (Edward D. Mansfield).
Hindoo Female Education (Mrs. Chapman).
Frizzi Memorie per la Storia di Ferrara.
Vita di Vittoria Colonna di Rota.
Poliziano.
Agostini Scritto's Veneziani.
Opere di Olimpia Fulvia Morati.
Raccolta de Poeti Ferraresi antichi e moderni.
Bachini Vita ed Opere di Piscopia Cornaro. Parma, 1688.
Tiraboschi Storia literaria Venezia, 1795.
Bergalli Racconti delli piu illustri d'ogni secolo.

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